

whisky-smuggling boat had been wrecked, the owner and skipper drowned, the four seamen (or toughs that had helped them) alone survived. And these four toughs were raising Hades on Van Doren's Island with the whole cargo of the wrecked sloop.

"Don't you want anybody along with you?" hailed the heavy-weight champion of the place, a man who could lift trees, but was, alas! a bully.

"What for?" asked Smith. "I ain't goin' out weight-liftin'!"

The bully determined to pick a quarrel with the men who smiled broadest over this response, but froze up temporarily. Just as he waded to the canoe, and was ready to step in, Smith called suddenly to the hotel-keeper:

"Tom!"

"Yap?"

"Look after them pups of mine, will you?"

"Sure."

That was all. If Smith wanted a deputy he would ask for one. Nobody need offer himself.

Away they went, the canoe leaving a long cut ripple like a white feather behind it. From the shore Smith could be espied tucking his head down, holding up his coat in front with his left hand, shielding a match in his right, lighting a cigar. A flutter of smoke whirled backwards. The six effigies dug into the water with their paddles.

II

THERE is, to-day, a saw-mill on Van Doren's Island. But it was only put up this year. They are taking the "big sticks" out of the place, but even till a year ago it was as when Smith drew close to it on