

PRISONERS OF THE SEA

observed Madeline, smiling. At this suggestion the old man vanished at once.

Above stairs all was hurry and excitement. Baillot had climbed into the rigging, and was studying the horizon with a small glass which he had found in the cabin below.

"What do you make, sir?" questioned Winters anxiously. The young man handed him the glass.

"Ay, ay, land! And that not far distant. If this 'ere craft has a nimble foot, as befits so fine a lady, we shall make it afore sunset! We can crowd all sail, sir, in this breeze."

The two set busily to work, and soon every stitch of canvas was set. Baillot sprang to the helm, the sails filled and the graceful hull began to move through the water.

"This is a glorious little craft, sir!" cried Winters. "See the spray fly from beneath her forefoot! But she's not built for bad weather, and that's a brewing for to-morrow. Give me the helm, sir, and get something into your hold."

"Tell Cato to fetch me a biscuit and do you go and eat, Winters," said Baillot, observing the ashen pallor which showed beneath the old man's tan. "You're starving, man!"

"Ay! mate, something's the matter," grumbled the sailor, laying his hand over the pit of his stomach. "I am not the man I was once!"

"You'll sing a different tune after a good meal. Come, begone; and don't show your face on deck in too great a hurry."

Left to himself the young man cast a thoughtful glance about the vessel. He was greatly perplexed by