

'Surely, Captain Foster,' cried a lady, a young one, after some talk about the termination of the story had passed amongst those who had listened, 'you will not, I hope, tell us that your charming tale has ended?'

The Captain returned slowly to the seated groups, and said lightly:

'Why, Miss Howard, if I should be obliged to tell the whole story you would require to make another round voyage with me.'

'Ay, Captain,' exclaimed a gentleman, 'but you tantalize us by leaving the boat approaching the schooner with the girl awaiting her lover.'

'You know,' said Captain Foster gravely, 'that Miss Rose Island was alive and safe, and that she had killed Nassau for attempting to caress her. She was the girl to do it, and since the murder of Captain Cochrane she had made up her mind to do it. I am no hand at describing love-scenes, and I should prefer to leave to your imagination, which has helped me much in my narrative, the scene of the meeting of Arthur and Rose, and how in a few words she told him that Nassau had gone below after the schooner had started, but not before. On awaking to consciousness, she had hidden in her bosom the knife with which Captain Cochrane had been killed. Nassau's behaviour grew free. She threw him from her, drew out the knife, and, with the spring of a tigress, buried the weapon in the scoundrel's heart. The men then, as you know—accepting Nassau's death as coolly as if he had been a pig under the long boat—finding themselves without a commander or navigator, returned to the island.'

Here Captain Foster again paused as if he would make an end.