

who had just belayed the bunt-line, "you may be wanted to give a hand."

They followed Carl aft to the cabin, where lay the captain raving. They picked him up and laid him in his bunk. He raved and cursed, desperately fighting the air, while the mate and the sailor held him down. Suddenly he became quiet. The mate rose. "Come, we will go on deck. Boy, you may stay with him. Come for us if you need any help."

"Father, father, speak to me!" piteously cried Carl.

The captain opened his eyes and looked wonderingly before him. "Lad," he said, in a thick, choking voice, "how came you here?"

"Father, we thought you were dead—drowned!"

The captain's memory slowly came back to him. "Dead—drowned! Oh, yes; Donovan thought he had murdered me!" He gave a harsh laugh.

"Donovan!" cried Carl.

The captain sat up for a moment and then fell back, breathing heavily.

"Come closer to me, Carl," he whispered, huskily. The boy knelt down by him and held his father's burning hand. "He flung me overboard, Carl. Then, oh God; oh, God!"

He stopped speaking and breathed heavily.