

at this happy end of all their troubles and adventures.

Burch did not wait for the heavy boat to touch the sandy beach of the cave, but, as soon as her nose got through the thin line of bushes which was all that his work with hatchet and hook had left, he promptly jumped overboard into the shallow water, and, pushing his way through, he gave a great cry of joy as he rushed into the cave, and went from one to the other of the little group, shaking each one by the hand with a vigour they could well have dispensed with, for the hand-grip of Jan Burch was a thing to be remembered.

The stern of the boat was jammed in the bushes as her bows touched the beach of the cave, and the whole crew, under Standen's and the officer's directions, were soon moving the heavy iron boxes from the places where they had rested so long into the stout ship's boat, not without wondering thoughts and muttered questions as to what these weighty coffers might contain.

Now that all was quiet in Santa Maria, and that the Quinta was deserted by the rioters, there was no need for Standen and Burch to take refuge on the Asturian warship, while there was a very strong necessity for them to remain in the city and look after the disjointed affairs