

affecting his sleep. When the gray dawn filled the room, and the scream of gulls began again, he wakened. Then he stirred, stretched, yawned, said "O hell!" three times, and sat up. He looked at Claridge, still on duty, took in the surroundings—the four snoring toughs who, shipwrecked on Van Doren's Island, had raised Hades there.

Jim went off to get the boat ready, and when Smith heard the grating of its keel on the beach as it was run out, he rose and whooped: "Tumble up, you sons of guns!" and up staggered his prisoners. He herded them before him from the store. They looked at him afresh in the morning light—at his tired face, his grim, weary expression, his dragged moustache, his dejected eyes, and they did as he bade them, waded, and got into the boat one after the other.

"Just you tie 'em by the legs to the thwarts, Jim—tight," said Smith. "I guess they might try to swim. There ain't goin' to be any tricks on the way down."

The man who had had his arm twisted asked if they were not to have any breakfast.

"Eh?" said Smith.

The coon looked at him, and seemed scared to repeat.

"Breakfast?" said Smith.

"I've put some grub in," said Claridge, "and water."

The man plucked up courage. He asseverated, with many oaths, that he would not touch an oar until he got some food.

"Now, ain't that interesting?" said Smith.

"I was going to let you off rowing altogether—seeing your arm is like that. But now—now, by