

An hour later Mr. Darcy the collector returned, and after hearing the boys' story said he would at once cause inquiries to be made along the coast whether any white men had been thrown up alive.

"I fear that there is but little hope," he said, "for the surf on the coast in a cyclone like that we have had is tremendous, and even were anyone to float in on a spar he would probably be dashed to pieces when he approached the shore, and if he escaped that would be carried out again by the under tow. However, I will cause every inquiry to be made. The destruction has been terrible: numbers of villages have been swept away, and I hear that a great number of native craft are missing. Of course you will stop here for a few days with us to recover from your fatigue. I will rig you out until you can get fresh clothes made."

The lads stopped for a week under the hospitable roof of Mr. Darcy. No news came of any Europeans having been washed ashore alive, though several dead bodies were reported as having been cast up at various points. At the end of the week they were rigged up afresh, and Mr. Darcy procured passages for them in a dhow, bound for Calcutta. He laughed at the idea of the boys paying for their clothes or passage, and said he