

against the mast, unceasingly watch the ocean. The boatswain is frightful to see. I feel that he will not anticipate the fatal moment, and that he will not postpone it. It is impossible to divine the captain's thoughts. His features are livid; he seems only to live in his look.

As for the sailors, they drag themselves across the platform, and with their burning eyes already devour their victim.

I cannot keep still, and I crawl towards the forward part of the raft.

The boatswain is still erect and looking.

"At last!" he cries.

The word makes me leap up. Douglas, Flaypole, Sandon, Burke, hasten aft. The carpenter convulsively grasps his hammer.

Miss Hervey cannot stiffen a cry.

Of a sudden Andre rises to his feet.

"My father?" he cries, in a choked voice.

"The lot has fallen on me," replies M. Letourneur.

Andre seizes his father, and puts his arms around him.

"Never!" he cries, with a groan. "You will first kill me! It was I who threw Hobbart's body overboard! It is I whom you must kill!"

The wretched boy!

His words redouble the rage of the executioners. Douglas, going up to him, tears him from M. Letourneur's arms, saying,—

"Not so much fuss!"