

## L'ESPÉRANCE

crimson stuff revealed a second cabin, also a marvel of comfort and beauty.

"'Tis nothing less than a fairy craft!" she said, shaking her head solemnly. "What if it dissolve in foam beneath our feet, and leave us luckless wanderers to sink to the ocean caves of the tricky sprites who created it?"

"Heaven forefend!" said Baillot with a grave smile. "Luckily for us it seems more substantial than the fabric which dreams are made of, though it is quite as strange and hard to believe in. I will send Cato with refreshments of some sort."

The women scarcely had time to look about them, when a light tap sounded on the cabin door. It was Cato bearing a tray laden with silver dishes. "More marvels, Cato?" inquired Madeline.

"De best ting yet, lady!" cried the old negro joyfully. "De Lawd mus' hab put dis yer ship here a purpose for us. Dar's de lubliest cook's galley ye eber see, with ebery kin ob saucepan, an' all shinin' like pure silver. An' dar's victuals fit to make a hungry man's mouf water. I didn't wait to do no fancy cookin' though, jest knocked up somethin' in a hurry, case I knew ye was 'bout starved."

The old negro had been busy setting forth the contents of his tray on a small richly carved table. His task finished, he paused a moment longer to say, "Dey's a makin' ready to get under way. I don' surely know, but I tink dey see lan'. I ain't in no hurry, de Lawd knows when I'll get anodder such kit o' saucepans."

"You had best get back to those same saucepans, Cato, or our hungry crew will be helping themselves,"