

BY
STEWART EDWARD WHITE
AND
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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ly, The firing now became miscellaneous. No one paid any attention to anyone else.

cabin table est. I contributed malicious
my bit to their fear.

"These volcanic islands sometimes
entirely," I suggested, "and in that o
we'd be carried down by the suction.

It was intended merely to increase the
uneasiness, but, strangely enough, afte
few moments it ended by imposing its
on my mind. I began to be afrai
and I would sink, began to watch
it, began to share the fascinated terror
these men.

The suspense after a time became
bearable, for while the portent—whet
to physical or moral we too far un
its influence to distinguish between
tarily, our own souls did not expand
and I began to feel that I was
ed, edging out of me, to any extr

even to small boats. Then just as we were about to move toward some accommodation, a large motor launch appeared and sailed to the shore.

In the mouth of the arroyo chained red glow. A moment later the glow faded, and the black crust cracked in incandescent, rolled majestically out toward the grassy plain. The lava, in volumes of thousands, the ravine must have been growing larger and larger.

Before its scorching the grasses along the edge of the sea were smoking, our camp had already burst into flames. We had to shield our eyes with our hands, and the volcanic railing under the hands was growing warm.

Pulz turned an ashy countenance up.

"My God," he screamed. "What's to happen when she hits the sea?"

She hit the sea, and the sea boiled. The lava poured down the beach, and the sea of a thousand serpents. We felt the sea's suction under our feet, and the lava's suction toward the beach. The painted

beginning to crackle along the rail. I could see nothing but a mass of smoke. The crowd moved on, we could hear nothing for the roar of the steam, the burndient of explosions, and the clatter of thunder; but our nostrils were assailed by a most uncharitably medley of smells. "Hell's loose, going hard as the reed," I heard. Huge surges were racing in seaward, growing larger with each successive billow.

Handy Solomon raised his head, his intent, and struck his forehead. "That's the way," he screamed at the top of his voice, and jumped for the halliards.

Thackeray followed him, but no one moved. In an instant the two were striking and kicking savagely, rousing

companions to the danger. I was the only one who had snugged down to a stayail and knew of my mainsail. Thrackles drove peak and jumped for the cable. Handy Solomon, his eyes snapping, turned the wheel.

We finished just in time. I was too far away after tying the last gasket of forestal, while the deck upended and the mainmast headforemost into the board seupper. At the same time the smother of salt water blew over the rail, now far above me, to drench me thoroughly as though I had fallen board. I brushed out my eyes to find ship smack on 'er beam ends, and wind howling by from the sea.

I had a companion in the sea

them. Pulu and Thackles went to the extra dory, alongside, which miracle had escaped swamping. The N. B. disappeared in the gully. Perdora re-
Handy Solomon at the wheel; and E.
Solomon came directly over to me.
(To be continued.)

WESTMORLAND COUNTY MAN DEAD FROM

Richdson. Flags were at half mast
the blinds down in all the stores, a
procession passed by.

Coming Wedding.

The wedding of Fannie Maude, you
daughter of Daniel Richards, Frederic
to Joseph Edmond Petrie, of New
is announced to take place at the
of the bride's sister, River Charles
Saturday, March 30, at 8 o'clock
evening.

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