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were necessary to connect the head of our queer sail to the yard. There was still plenty of line left for a tack and sheet and halyards, which I rove through a sheave in the head of the mast. My impatience gave me very great energy indeed.

We had a good supply of fresh turtle, which needed boiling, and this, with other matters which it would only weary you to specify, gave my fair companion plenty to do. I was resolved not to quit the island without being well stocked with food, for should it come on to blow from the westward, I foresaw that our sail would not help us, that we should not be able to lay up in the wind more than six or seven points, so that we would stand to be blown away into the Atlantic eastward, where we might spend days without a view of a ship. My hope was too high perhaps to suffer me to contemplate such a probability as this with the least notion of its coming to pass, but my seafaring instincts governed me without my, perhaps, being sensible of their influence, and I schemed, in a mechanical sort of way almost, so to provision the boat that you might have thought we intended to sail to England.

When the cool of the evening came, I plucked some hundreds of plantains and oranges, which I carefully stowed away in the little lockers aft which served as seats in the boat's stern, and I then fired a torch and waded into the sea for crawfish meeting with a more plentiful harvest than had at any other time happened to me, inasmuch that I had to give up stooping and throwing them to Miss Grant through sheer aching of my back, though the sandy bottom was still black with the dusty lizard-like shapes of the creatures crawling into the sheen, when I extinguished my torch to step ashore. I also provided the boat with a stock of coconuts, but I never could discover a single turtle's egg, spite of my earnest exploring of the sand for several nights running during those past three weeks.

We were wearied rather than sleepy when the darkness was deepening into midnight. There was a young moon in the sky, with a wire-like waving of silver under her in the glooming sea, that spread very darkly to the stars. I had still several bundles of cheroots left, and lighting one of them, I brought our campstools close down to the wash of the ocean for the cool of the atmosphere upon the water, and to get away from the trees, in whose shadow the suffocating air of the day seemed to linger as though imprisoned. This was to be our last night on the island and neither of us could think yet awhile of shutting ourselves up underground. The phosphorescence of the water was shown by the light-green flashing that broke from each little purring breaker, as it melted into yeast and seethed soft as snow up the coral strand. But the ocean lay too silent and still for the fires to show themselves out upon its breast, as if it were not here and there you spied a greenish smoke-like burst, as though some huge jelly-fish were shining under the water, in the black brow of the silent swell that ran without sound and without break. The outline of our boat stood clear like a sketch in ink against the sand on the other side of the creek.

"We shall have much to tell," said I, "when we are released from this place; more than many will think credible, I dare say. 'Tis almost like some old Arab's yarn, this marooning of a young man and a lady, the old piratical lair underground yonder, the incident of the monkey, and, strangest of all, at least to my mind, the arrival of that boat there this morning with its tragic burden of dead and dying blacks. What will Alexander think?"

"If our meeting is much longer delayed," she answered, "he will think us lost."

"What grief for him, poor fellow!" said I; "but, then, you know, the meeting will be the sweeter for its unexpectedness."

She made no answer; nor, indeed, was I much surprised by her silence. In truth I had grown somewhat accustomed to a reserved attitude in her whenever I spoke of her sweetheart. However, I was in the humor, I can not say why, I am sure, to twain this chord just a little longer.

"Now," said I, "as to-morrow will see us under way—and the night, please God, safely on board ship, or within view of the light of a little town in some island hidden behind the sea-line—I feel equal to talking a bit freely, Miss Grant. I have not set eyes on Alexander for years. He was a fine, handsome young fellow when at sea with me; always bold enough to excite my admiration; but since then his courage seems to have increased. Do I admire it in its excess? I will not say so.

The moonlight was thin, but I could see her looking at me by it, with a little contraction of her white brows as evidence of the intensity of her gaze. "Some satirical fancy about Alexander has occurred to you," she exclaimed.

"No, Miss Grant, nothing of the sort, on my honor."

"What is this courage of his that you wonder at?"

"The astonishing pluck he showed in confiding you to my care." She did not or would not understand. "Here I am," I continued, "a young man, for days and days in the society of a lady of whose charms he has proved himself very sensible indeed." She uttered a soft laugh scarcely above her breath. "Now, would not my cousin, as a young man himself, conclude

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that it would be scarcely possible for me to be so incessantly with you without—without—well, now, what I mean is, without my falling in love?"

"He would not think of such a thing, Mr. Musgrave."

"Oh, I fancy he would. A thought of the kind is bound to occur, and it is this triumphing of hope in him over what must lie in his heart with the strength of a conviction, that—"

I was arrested by her suddenly clutching at my hand; her swift fierce grasp as I thought for an instant almost took my breath away. "Heaven forgive me," I mentally ejaculated, "I have aroused the Spanish blood in the woman. I—I—"

"Look, Mr. Musgrave!" she exclaimed, in a tone that thrilled to my ear with the fear in it, "what is that?"

Her face was turned toward the creek, and following the direction of her glance, I saw the figure of a man standing a little on this side of the spot where our luggage had been deposited by the boat's crew. He was clear of the shadow of the trees, and it was bright sand where he stood, and in the light of it lifting into the atmosphere he resembled a statue cut in ebony. He was motionless save for the occasional raising of his hand to his mouth from time to time, as of a man taking a bite at something in his fist.

"Gracious mercy?" I exclaimed, a little above my breath, "not another monkey, I hope. The deuce is in this island. But he is too big surely even for a baboon."

"It is a man!" whispered Miss Grant, "and a black man, too."

"There must be another boat come ashore," said I.

I stood staring a little, waiting to see whether he would advance, and what he meant to do. My heart beat fast. It would be impossible to express to you how startling was the apparition of that black figure. The suddenness and unexpectedness of the apparition was rendered the more alarming by the faintness of the moonlight. Standing where he was, the brilliance of the full orb would have interpreted him; but though he stood jet-like upon the sand, he yet seemed to mingle with the dusk in a visionary sort of way, and this blending of the blackness of him with the gloom caused him to appear as phantasmal as though he were the veritable shade of some negro anciently murdered for the sentinel by his spirit of hidden treasure in the place.

"Are there others about, I wonder?" said I. I sent a swift glance toward the forest and past it, but all was motionless. I bent my ear with the fancy of catching notes of voices beyond where the man stood, suspecting that his boat had arrived off the western sand; but no sound of the kind penetrated the distracting shrilling of the crickets.

"He is watching us!" exclaimed Miss Grant.

It was time to end this. In fact, the more one stared at the dusky shape, with its rising and falling arm, the more one seemed to grow afraid of it.

"Halloo there!" I sung out, walking a little way toward the figure, "who are you and where did you come from?"

No answer was returned, but the figure moved uneasily, as if uncertain how to act. I hailed again, still advancing toward him, Miss Grant keeping close by my side; and then he approached us, but very slowly, whether through physical weakness or fear I could not say. He was sufficiently close to enable me to make out that he was a negro, and I was sensible at sight of him of a sickening chill coming into me, though at that moment certainly I could not have accounted for the sensation. A wild fancy entered my head; working almost like a touch of insanity there, that I had seen the man before. Was it his build? Was it his gait? I could not say. He was still too far distant to enable me to see what clothes he wore, if indeed he were dressed; but I remember coming to a stand with a coldness about my forehead as though some icy air were fanning me, while I let fly my breath with a sound that came very near to a cry. On a sudden Miss Grant screamed out, stepping in a terrified way backward, then coming to me again and clutching my arm.

"It is a ghost!" she cried; "it is one of the men you buried to-day. Look at the soldier's coat on him—at the white cloth under it!"

He was now near enough to render these features unmistakable. The red of his ragged jacket stole out ashen to the wan light; round his loins was the cloth to which I had secured the stone when I sunk him. Nothing was wanting to him but his Scotch cap, and that I knew he would not possess, as I had removed it to bathe his head, while on noticing it that afternoon in the bottom of the boat, I had chucked it overboard into the creek. I stood stock-still as though some blast of lightning had struck me dead. Very distinctly indeed do I recollect the sensation of the stirring of the hair on my head, an effect I had once looked upon as a mere poetic imagination beyond the reach of the extremest form of terror in real life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Hold on, dar!" said a colored man, hailing an acquaintance. "Does yer cross de street every time yer sees me to keep from payin' dat bill?" "No, I doesn't," "What fur, den!" "Ter keep from being axed fur it."

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