

dark, and there w

The cabin passengers crammed together, and when they came on deck it was dark, high land was clearly visible in a haze, however, despite the gloom. The stranger took a keen look around, and then, standing by the captain on the quarter deck, gave his directions in a whisper.

All hands about ship—trouble up—down with the helm—tacks and sheets—mainsail—mainsail—mainsail—were orders as rapidly obeyed as given; and then when the breeze freshened ahead, according to a plan previously arranged, the sails were hoisted. The ship was almost lost, he thought, and the

"Square yards!" he shouted, "haul up the weather clue of the mainmast. The skipper himself ran to obey, in five minutes the *Regal Clancy* was right before the wind, with furling braces right and left, and but a narrow channel in which she could move. This continued for about a quarter of an hour, when the stranger let the wind, and bade the captain lay to. The *Regal* was blown round, and those forward counted thirty

those at the ding became hysterical. The vessel was now sinking. It was a matter of a few minutes before the ship would be a floating wreck. The ding, an enormous lantern was fastened to the top of the mast, the thing that looked a distance it presented all the appearance of a vessel anchored outside the breaker, apart to men in the dark. This simple plan—one often resorted to, but still often successful—cried out for the sails were again filled, the helm put down, and away went the good boat on her first career, free from all serious anxiety with regard to her pursuer.

Chapter XL—THE VOYAGE OVER

Early next morning Eleanor came on deck where she found the unknown quietly walking up and down, and all the while of a man who felt very sorry for her. There was nothing in sight but sky and water. It was a lonely day. The wind was fair, the sails bellied to the breeze, the mainmast bent under the stiff pressure, and all seemed to promise a pleasant voyage. But the unknown woman asked for her name and her thoughts were not there. She had scarcely slept all night in thinking of him who now walked by her, his arm folded, his brow knit, and his eyes fixed on the deck. She was suddenly puzzled to know who he

"You seem to be a good sailor, miss," said Eleanor suddenly, speaking in a full deep voice close to her side, and with all the ease, elegance and grace of a polished gentleman.

"Pretty good," said Eleanor with a start and undefined surprise. "This is my fourth long voyage."

"You have been a traveller? I suppose you know the West Indies well?"

"I know nothing of them save what can be seen round my father's plantations in Jamaica."

The strange seeming encouragement of the aristocracy in the study of the history and geography of the various islands round the Mediterranean, of the habits and manners of the various nations of the East, of the manners and customs of the various nations of the East, and of the manners and customs of the various nations of the East, was a comparatively late innovation. His descriptions were clear and deeply interesting, and Eleanor was much surprised at the immense knowledge displayed by so young a man, who from his conversation had evidently spent the greater part of his life in England. He frankly owned to the fact that he was an officer of the famed *broadsides*, that he had been a favourite with Cromwell, and so

sequently was proportionately detested by the reigning powers. He had only been in England, he said, three weeks on family business. I did not think this time he had been tracked like a wild cat by the words, and I was glad to hear that. I had not the time to ask him to enter into particulars of the details of his adventures which singularly interested his listener, who, from education and religious feeling, felt much sympathy with the animal-spoken. Suddenly, however, he turned his back to the gulf, as Mr. Bowen and Mr. Posten came on deck. A rapid glance made them aware that his confidential avowals were for them

"'Good-morning, father dear,' said Eleanor advancing to meet him: here am I up to my ears in the histories of buccaners and pirates. Pray leave me to read none of them!"

"Art so fearful of them, lady?" remarked the stranger.

"I am hardly so tender. They are terrible men, I would not like to fall into the hands of them—Morgan, or Montbar, or—"

"Him of the *Love Star*," continued the Frenchman, with a smile.

"Pray who is he?"

'No man knows,' answered the other. He said to own the loveliest craft in all the gulf, to sail about in unknown places, coming down the turbid coast on unsuspecting merchantmen in the very places where they count themselves safe. Many a good ship has been picked up by his swift brigantine just off a port.'

'God preserve us from the bloody-minded knave!' said Henry Postans. 'We have heard enough of him in Bristol. He wages a war of extermination against the Spaniards, but he never touches the English merchantman; he, though, wages a cruel and

"I never heard that he was bloody-minded," repeated the Roundhead, quietly. "I always told that he never took life except in fair fight; but there are many rumors afloat, and no man can say which are true and which are false."

The conversation continued some time in this same tone, and by breakfast a considerable amount of intimacy had sprung up between the parties. There is no place like a ship for breaking down the barriers that society raises between man and man.

Some days passed over, and the Commonwealth officer became unceasing in his attentions to Mr. Bowen. He was ever at her side, and in his colloquy displayed a wide range of knowledge in literature, education, conversational powers, and experience. He was vastly superior to those of his class. Eleanor could not but be almost exhausted by his attentions. At the end of a fortnight it was evident that the young men were declared rivals, and jealousy ensued. A great change was then visible in both men. The Bowth became gay, light-hearted, merry; a smile was ever on his lip, his eye beamed with inexpressible delight. The merchant became moody, sullen, and silent, and

thus almost destroyed every chance of financial recovery which might have existed.

Still Eleanor made no marked distinction between them, except as regards listening to the confessions of the one or the other. This she could scarcely avoid, for there was no comparison between the colloquial powers of the twins. The latter scarcely were aware of what was going on. He is habituated himself to look on Henry Estlin as his future son-in-law, and like many other persons, he is not aware of the fact that it is impossible that another should attempt to marry her, and, conversely, and sufficiently to

ments. About three weeks, however, after its departure from Bristol, two firecrackers occurred which brought matters to a climax.

After dinner one day, Eleanor and the strand went on deck, the passengers gathered 'till about, while Mr. Bowen and Henry Foster remained alone. The young man abruptly addressed senior partner, and expressed his regret that hopes of a nearer and closer tie were at an end. The old man, much surprised, asked for an explanation. It was given. Posters explained it since the first interview between Eleanor and

mysterious unknown, an evident attachment spring up on both sides, which rendered his fascinations out of place. He therefore began to withdraw his pretensions, and hoped that this fortunate change in his prospects would also alter their connection of affection and business. Brown would not believe the young man, but nephew insisted, and the uncle at length yielded.