

shrouds and stays, while others did the same
ward. Very little time was used to cut away

"Look out below!" thundered Sir Reginald, the next minute the two masts broke off at main and foretop, and hung to leeward. They were not, however, loose. Numerous bolts and ropes still held them on, and the brig lay down on one side in a very fearful manner. The men who had axes in their hands sprang up the rigging, clung firmly to the ratlines, and the almost blown off by the violence of the gale, succeeded in gaining the tops. A few well-directed blows soon sent the masts swimming along. They all then descended, and proceeded to sever the ropes which attached the spars to the

The *Novel Claremont* seemed visibly eased, rolled still, but more lightly, at two o'clock examination of the well showed no increase in water in the hold. Still there was no abatement in the storm, and when in the morning the command on the wreck looked around the sea and about a mile off, the *Long Star* was skimming water on a level, all watered themselves or by the admiral's little vessel. The difficulty was gotten on board. It was clear that to boat could in such a sea, but Sir Reginald, after making several in the summer to come down upon the

began devising some means of escape. Presently a sweet smile floated on his face as memory of his childhood came upon him, and he bade good night to his captors and took a long look for a flexible but strong piece of wood. This was readily found, and converted into a bow. Arrows were rudely manufactured by the carpenter in a few minutes. Sir Reginald hid his bow and arrows under a pile of furs, and attached a leaden point to one, and a piece of wood to the other, and then he took up a long piece of strong twine, and fastened it in a knot. He then fastened an immediate and powerful cable. At the same time the *Loon Star* was, as the sailors say, *under way*, and the ship was under way.

scorn of the crew. Sir Reginald drew his bow, and the arrow, after twisting and twirling in the air, fell right on the deck of the *Star*, and was seized by some of the men. A movement of the schooner's helm then brought her nearer still, and before the rigging could separate them, the cable was fast. A communication was at once established between the vessel and the schooner, and the cable, which was another smaller rope was passed, and the vessel, fastened in hammocks, were rapidly hauled over to the *Love Star*. The passage, however, was long and tedious; and when the vessel

"Go," said the captain to the mill-hands
 as they pulled me over, with the lady in my
 arms.

without any—the remotest chance of making to them. They heard the frantic shouts of men; they saw the sweeps put out; and vain. The elements had still too much power, and the devoted trier remained on board the *Charley*, at the mercy of the gale.

Chapter IX.—ALONE.

The position of our three adventurers was apparently a most painful, hopeless, and dreary one. They were alone, on board a vessel, which was evidently fast filling with water, and it was quite unnecessary to

length of time. Sir Reginald and Josh, he to gain a moment's reflection and rest, has been amidst his "high kept the big deers the wind, and then held counsel. Eleanor, state of perfect stupor on the deck. The *Lo* was already far away to leeward, still makeperate efforts to get to windward, a position hitherto nearly always kept; but the experience of the two men plainly told them that efforts were vain.

"What you think we do, massa, now?" said the sullen and almost insolent grin.

"The ship him sink, certain," continued mulatto, who, however, spoke as if his friends were elsewhere.

"The ship will not certainly sink. See, this is already less, though the waves run much high. Go to the helm. We will each take a half-hour spells. We will be ready."

"Eleanor, this is a very terrible position, but have faith and hope. Perhaps we better off than we imagine. If the storm comes, we shall escape with perfect ease, as we are not two hundred miles from, and the boat will take us that distance without any difficulty."

"We shall never see land again," replied I in a sombre tone; "fate is against us."

"Eleanor, never despair, never despond the sure vanguard of failure, as confidence

almost as basis of success. We have still big, perhaps too hastily abandoned, feet. To speak frankly, Miss Bowen, a dread of her sinking. I saw that the leatherned and discouraged men, so I, defence proposed a transfer to the *Zona*. I see no sign of the depth of their interest. "Nay, give me the hope, I am not a dand, Megakini, my father is dead, whom I love are under the bon of fearfulness. What, then, is life to me?"

"What life is to all created beings—the glorious and brightest of things. Elegant

"I had despise life. It has far more money than bit it, if we but seek the sweets. Eleanor, hope of happy days. My dearest girl, my one who never left. You will yet be my, and happy wife—yet be revered and loved around you. The future is before me, else distinct. I see it, I know it!"

The convinced and confident tone of Roused Eleanor. She held out her hand with a faint smile, while her eyes, beaming hope and renewed life, were fixed upon him with an expression which said that at that moment she had met a friend.

made his first trip to the coast for the purpose of consolation and comfort, and then again for the purpose of fighting a battle, reviewed by the *London Times*. The *Zealand* was still to be seen on the coast of the island of New Guinea, but with very little chance of manning the ship. The *Royal Charley* was dead to windward, the gale still very violent, the sea heavy; Reginald knew well that his faithful *Zealand* would make a better way than she would gain on each tack. He gave up all on this side of the island.

His first thought, then, was for provisions. He had again lashed antislaves, and had

and Sir Reginald proceeded to lay by the necessary for a cruise. Bread, meat, a keg of water, with as many bottles as rum, and a few oils and ointments, were put in two convenient places. Alongside of the boat, a stout mast, and a compass, and a box, some barrel-sticks, a saw, nails, and a few other things, were placed in a bag, and powder and ball. He then bade good-morning; and the military concentrated arms and bandage, which he placed in a bag, sent by the stern with every mark of caution, and the boat was launched.

Meanwhile the storm sensibly abated.
"Go below, Josh, and fetch the captain's glass," suddenly exclaimed the captain of the "Star;" and look in his drawers: "I think a few doubloons there, which you may have seen and them."

