

# THE CAVERN OF STEENFOLL

A CLASSIC IN A PAGE  
BY WILHELM HAUFF  
1802-1827

This is one of the tales of "The Inn in the Forest," a famous series that has been translated into practically all European languages.

One of the rocky islands of northern Scotland two fishermen dwelled many years ago, in happy and undisturbed companionship. Both were unmarried, neither had any relatives, and their labors were divided with such unselfishness and willingness that they had no trouble in supporting themselves in the simple existence that contented them.

They were nearly equal as to age, but in person and in temperament they were not more alike than an eagle is like a sea cow.

Kaspar Strumpf was short and thick set, with a broad, fat face like a full moon. Grief and worry seemed utter strangers to his eyes, from which there shone perennial laughing good nature. He was not only fat, but sleepy and sluggish. Therefore he was pleased to undertake the work of the little house, cooking, baking, mending and knitting nets, both for their own use and for sale, and in addition, with all his slowness, he managed to attend to the simple farming of their little field.

His partner was his direct opposite. Wilf Falk was tall and lean, with a bold nose like a hawk's beak, keen eyes and a general appearance that spoke of instant determination. The nature of the man did not belie the appearance. Falk was famous as the most daring cragsman among all those desperate men who hunted birds' eggs and feathers by letting themselves down the dizzy cliffs. He was the most industrious of the fishermen. During his hours ashore he worked with intense energy and quickness in the field.

In all the islands he was notorious as being the sharpest trader and the most avaricious, but whatever he sold was good and every transaction was free from the least taint of dishonesty or deceit. Therefore, he had plenty of customers and he and Kaspar lived well, for Falk divided his hard-earned money cheerfully and faithfully with his partner, despite his greed for wealth.

The two men, living so simply and spending scarcely anything, were well on the way to a modest independence; but this did not satisfy the desire of Wilf Falk. Nothing was sufficient for him except to become rich. He dreamed and thought and schemed for wealth—not merely ordinary riches, but immense treasure.

Since all hope of that was but a wild dream for a poor fisherman, he realized that he could attain his desire only through some extraordinary piece of luck. Still the desire would not leave his hot brain. Thus filled with a single dominating idea, Wilf Falk became convinced at last that sooner or later he would find a way to gain fortune with one great effort.

Finally he fell into the habit of speaking of it to Kaspar Strumpf as something that was certain to happen. Kaspar had devout and complete faith in everything that was done or said by his masterful friend. He told his neighbors that Falk soon would be vastly wealthy. Before long the story ran through all the islands that Falk either had sold himself to the Evil One for gold or that he had, at least, received an offer from the Prince of Darkness.

At first Falk laughed at the story when it came to his ears. Then he pleased himself with the whimsical reflection that a spirit from the underworld might show him the hiding place of a treasure. After a while he did not laugh in scorn when his fellow-fishermen mentioned the tale in his hearing. He became silent and his mind concentrated itself on strange thoughts.

The energy with which he had sought fish on the open sea began to diminish. The once indefatigable man, who had used every hour for vigorous work, spent hours seeking for some adventure that would bring him sudden wealth. Naturally his mind turned ever and again to the ocean, and he became a prey to constant reflection about the rich wrecks that strewed that wild and deadly coast.

An unhappy chance brought it about one day, as he stood on a lonely beach and stared into the moving sea, that a great breaker burst along at his feet with a mass of whirling sea mosses and stones that it had torn from some sunken reef. Among the sea-wrack thus thrown before him his quick eye saw something foreign. He stooped and picked up a lump of gold!

Wilf Falk stood as if petrified. Now he knew that his hopes and dreams had not been empty visions. The gold that the sea had given him must be a bit from some heavy iron, rubbed and worn by the restless waves through the generations till it had become a round lump no larger than a bullet.

Somewhere here must lie a richly laden ship, perhaps a galleon. It was clear as day in his mind that he had been selected by Providence to lift those treasures from the lap of the ocean, where they had lain so long.

From that moment this became his sole desire, his sole task. He kept his find secret from all, even from Kaspar Strumpf, that none might discover what he knew and again the trading were forgotten. He spent days and nights along the coast, fishing desperately and at risk of his life. But he cast no net for things of fin and scale. That which he cast was a dredge, and it was sent into the deep to seek for gold.

It brought in nothing but sea weed and sea ouse. Instead of wealth, his monomaniac brought poverty. He earned nothing any more, and Kaspar's faithful but sluggish efforts did

not suffice to support them both. Gradually the greater part of the little capital that they had earned by the constant labor of many years became less and less.

In the past Kaspar Strumpf had accepted his share unquestionably, though Wilf Falk earned by far the greater part of their mutual income. Now he accepted the care and privations with the same silence and it never occurred to him to complain or to criticize his partner's acts.

This gentle, affectionate acquiescence only drove Wilf Falk to renewed and more desperate efforts. He could not rest for a moment. Awake or asleep he saw before him black caverns under sea, with the green transluence shimmering through the wall of water and the ghastly light falling on barnacled masts, spectral poops and battle lanterns, on dead men's bones and on gold!

His slumbers became not sleep, but wild successions of adventures. Through them all ran a haunting word—a word that he knew to be a key, yet a word that eluded his senses even in the moment that he heard it.

As soon as he closed his eyes to sleep the word was muttered in his ear. Something whispered it—something that he saw and yet did not see. Every time it was whispered he heard it so clearly that it seemed to peal through his brain and ring there like an echo. But he could not remember it for even the fraction of an instant. He did not know what the word could mean or what effect it could have on his quest, but everything mysterious had power over such a spirit as that of Wilf Falk, controlled by one overweening "intuition." The ghastly whispers confirmed him in the belief that a great fortune was waiting for him and that it lay in the bottom of the sea.

One day a furious gale burst on him suddenly while he was dredging on the beach where he had found the little lump of gold. So mightily did the sea rise and so vehement was the blast that whistled from the pillared rocks that he had to seek refuge. He ran to a cavern near by.

This cavern, which the natives knew as the Cavern of Steenfoll, was really a subterranean sea-passageway. The huge vault opened into the open ocean at each end and gave the waves a free though confined passage. Evermore they poured through the black hole, roaring, and lathering themselves white against the gleaming rock.

The cavern of Steenfoll could be entered only through a fissure in the top. Few dared to try it. In addition to the real dangers of the infernal place there was the fear of unearthly things, for the cavern had a bad reputation among the superstitious fishermen.

Wilf Falk went down by a rope and found a flat place about 12 feet below the surface of the sea. He had tucked out from under the overhanging rock. Below his feet the waves whirled and raced, fantastically white in the darkness. Overhead the gale seemed to shake the solid land.

Perhaps Wilf Falk was the only man in the islands who would have dared to stay in the weird place; but it seemed to him the very spot for his dreams. Forgetful of the constant shock of the surges against the hissing rocks at his feet, forgetful of the hiss of the tempest, he became entirely oblivious of the great darkness around him and fell to thinking again of wrecked ships. "What ship was it that sent me the gold?" he demanded fiercely, as he had demanded it constantly ever since the waves had tossed it to him.

He had sought information from every old man in the islands. He had asked pilots and fishermen. None could remember anything of any vessel that had sunk near that spot.

How long he sat there he did not know. He awoke to his senses with a start to find that the storm had ceased. He scrambled to his feet. Then suddenly from the blackness and the depths below him there sounded a voice!

It was only one word that was uttered. The word "Carmilhan!" Affrighted he staggered to the edge of the stone and peered into the abyss. "Great God!" he screamed. "The word! The word that has pursued me through my dreams! What does it mean?"

"Carmilhan!" came a great, dying groan from the water.

Scarcely able to climb from fright, Wilf Falk scrambled up the rope and ran in a wild panic to the hut.

Fear could control his intuition and his avarice only a short while. Then his lust redoubled by the terrible utterance of the mysterious word, he repaired again to the shore.

It was midnight when he threw out his dredge opposite one of the entrances to the great cavern. The sea was high and his boat was being hurled about dizzily, but he fished at his dredge as if he were fishing on a placid lake.

The forbidding mouth of the cavern was illuminated by the moon and Falk was looking at it with an involuntary shudder when his dredge held fast to the bottom. He pulled with all his stoney body, but the implement would not move.

A wind arose and whipped over the sea. A black cloud swept over the moon. The boat dipped and careened, threatening to capsize. Wilf Falk set his teeth and hauled with desperate fury.

All at once everything gave way so suddenly that he imagined that his line had broken. But just as the last bit of moonlight was disappearing behind the swirling cloud, a round, black mass appeared on the tossing surface. He thrust his arm forth to seize it. Through the walling of the wind and over the roaring of the waves he imagined that he heard the word "Carmilhan!" uttered once more. The next moment the mass vanished and black darkness hid the sea. The wind



seemed to throw itself on the ocean. Billows began to sprout in all directions, as if Wilf Falk's sacrilegious hand had unsealed the sea. He barely managed to win the shore before the ocean was a boiling waste.

He threw himself down among the rocks and slept, dreaming again all the adventure of the night and tortured by the loss of the fortune that had seemed within his hand.

When he awoke it was dawn and the light fell on a quiet sea. He launched his boat to begin his dredging at once, when he saw something coming toward shore. It was a boat and in it was a human figure, but it moved without sail or oar.

It stopped alongside of his own craft. Wilf Falk saw a little, weathered old man, attired in yellow canvas, while on his head he had a red night cap, whose peaked top stood stiffly upright.

The old man sat with closed eyes, as motionless as a corpse. Wilf Falk spoke to him without avail. Then he shouted, but the man paid no attention. He leaned over to fasten his line to the boat and tow it ashore. Scarcely had he laid his hand on the boat before the man opened his eyes and began to move—but in a way that filled even the reckless Falk with an unnameable dread.

"Where am I?" asked the old man in Dutch, after a deep sigh.

Falk, who had learned their language from the herring catchers of Holland, told him the name of the island and asked him whence and how he had come.

"I come," replied the old man in a hoarse voice, "to search for the Carmilhan!"

"The Carmilhan!" screamed Wilf Falk, unable to control himself. "Speak! In heaven's name, what is the Carmilhan?"

"I will not answer questions that are put in that way," replied the old man, with visible terror.

"Well, then," roared Falk, "what is the Carmilhan?"

"The Carmilhan," replied the yellow figure, "is nothing now. Once it was a fair ship, laden with more gold than ever was carried by any other vessel that sailed the seas."

"Where did it sink and when?" demanded Falk.

It was a hundred years ago. Where it was, I do not know exactly. I come to seek for it. If you help me fish up the lost gold, we can share it. I know how to discover the spot where the Carmilhan lies."

"I will help you. Tell me what I can do," said Wilf Falk, his brain a whirl with desire.

with dread. "In that way old Engrol fell into the hands of the devil with body and soul!" he cried, shrinking from the boat that held the creature. "You are the Evil One! Go back to your Hell!" He drove his oars furiously into the sea and pulled away with mighty strokes. "I will have nothing to do with you!" he shouted.

The little old man gnashed his teeth, cursed and screamed after him, but Wilf Falk was soon out of sight and hearing behind the rock tongue that jutted into the sea.

His belief that the Evil One had tried to win his soul did not deter the fisherman from continuing his search for the gold. On the contrary, it confirmed him in the determination to find the treasure, which he now felt certain lay somewhere near the cavern. He thought that he could use the old man's information without falling into the snare of the devil.

From that moment he did not cast a net again for fish. He let the field lie untill. Day in and day out he cast his dredge along the bleak shore until, at last, all the money that the two men had saved was gone and actual privation came to them.

Kaspar Strumpf had to work for both. Although their condition was due solely to Wilf Falk's madness for wealth, his companion made neither complaint nor objection, but showed the same confidence in Falk's superior intelligence and sense as he had shown in the days when everything that Falk attempted was successful.

Falk was keenly alive to the condition to which he had brought the affectionate Kaspar. That he had robbed him of his savings was a source of intense grief and remorse. This thought tortured him; and it drove him to still more furious efforts to raise the treasure of the Carmilhan.

The astute whisper of the name of the ship still haunted every minute of his sleep. Hunger, disappointment, avarice and love of his friend all combined to make him a little mad. At last he reached a state of mental emotion where he determined to do that which the little yellow man had counseled. He felt sure that he would deliver himself to the devil by doing it; but do he would.

He confided in Kaspar, who begged him on his knees not to insist on the terrible attempt. All the prayers and the petitions of the innocent fellow only maddened Wilf Falk and increased his infatuation. At last, the good, weak little fellow agreed to accompany him and help him.

The hearts of both men felt a sharp pang when the rope was tied around the horns of the pretty, gentle cow which was their last possession. They had reared her from a calf and had declined to sell her, even in their need, because they could not bear to let her go into the hands of strangers.

But the wild spirit that had taken possession of Wilf Falk choked all bitter feelings and Kaspar could not withstand his partner's fiery will.

This night, then, for their attempt was one of those windy September nights when the long winter of that

far part of Scotland announces its approach. Black clouds of the night rolled heavily in front of a rough breeze and piled themselves like ice floes in the mouth of the Clyde. Vast and inky shadows flooded the gorges between the cliffs. The black pools in the peat bogs and the thundering beds of the mountain torrents seemed to Kaspar forbidding and fearful like the mouth of hell.

Falk walked swiftly in front. Strumpf followed, trembling at his own boldness. Tears filled his dull eyes whenever he looked at the poor animal that followed so obediently and affectionately, going unconsciously to the death which was to come from the hand that always had fed and fondled her.

After wearisome climbing and descending, again they came to a swampy valley, tufted here and there with sparse growths of heather and moss, sown with immense stones and surrounded by a forbidding chain of bleak mountains that lost themselves in gray mists.

Seldom did the foot of man tread the desolate spot. An eagle rose screamingly and flew off, complaining of the intrusion. They trod over quaking ground till they approached a great stone. The poor cow looked piteously as if she realized the terror of this spot and knew that her fate was decided.

Kaspar had to turn away to hide his tears. He gazed toward the defile through which they had entered, where a sharp ear could hear the distant growling and booming of the sea. Then he gazed hopelessly and in fear at the far peaks, around which coal-black clouds had settled and from which there came at times a mighty murmuring as if great voices were lamenting and accusing.

When he turned around again he saw that Wilf Falk had tied the cow to the stone and stood with uplifted ax, in the act of felling the poor creature.

The sight was too much for him, despite his resolve always to accede to every wish of his companion. He threw himself to his knees before his partner and exclaimed, as he held up his hands:

"For the sake of the good God, Wilf Falk! Spare yourself—spare the beast! Spare yourself and me! Spare your soul! Spare your life!"

Seeing that Falk did not stir, his voice assumed a despairing tone and he begged:

"If you must tempt God, wait till tomorrow and kill some other animal instead of our dear cow!"

"Kaspar, are you mad?" yelled Wilf, glaring like a madman, and without lowering his ax. "Shall I spare the cow and starve?"

"You shall not starve," said Kaspar, his face becoming resolute and strong. "So long as I have hands you shall not starve. I will work for you from morning till night. Only do not throw away your soul's salvation and do not kill the poor creature."

"Then take the ax and split my head open!" said Falk. "I will not stir from this place till I have what I

desire. Can you lift the treasures of the Carmilhan for me? Can you raise more than the miserable daily necessities? No! But your hands can end my pain and search. Strike! Make me the victim!"

"Wilf," said Kaspar, weeping and relapsing into the old, helpless condition. "Wilf, kill the cow, kill me! I do not care. It is only for your salvation and your soul that I am in fear! See! This stone here is the old altar of the Flics, and the sacrifice that you are going to offer belongs to the powers of darkness!"

"I know nothing of those things," answered Falk, laughing wildly, and as one who is determined to hear nothing that might change his resolution. "Kaspar, you are mad, and will make me mad. But here—" he continued, hurling the ax from him and picking up the knife that lay on the stone. "Here! Keep the cow and lose me!" He made a motion as if to stab himself.

Kaspar threw himself on his friend with an unaccustomed swiftness of thought and action born of the moment. He tore the knife from his grasp, ran to the ax, swung it high and brought it down with such force on the beloved cow's head that the animal fell dead at its master's feet without a groan.

A fierce flash of lightning, accompanied by a single fearsome crash of thunder, followed the deed. Falk looked at his friend as a man would marvel at a child that had dared to do what he had not ventured himself.

Strumpf seemed equally unmindful of the thunder and heedless of his partner's astonishment. Without a word he began to skin the cow. Wilf had to force himself to assist. He did it with a reluctance that was as great as had been his previous haste and determination.

A storm seemed to have centered itself over their very heads. While they worked over the bloody carcass the mountain volleyed back the volleys of thunder, and blinding lightning flashed around the stones. The wind screamed so fiercely through the valley that the mossy plains and the black gorges seemed to scream back in reply.

Both men were dripping with rain when they had finished their task. They spread the skin on the wet ground and Falk lay down on it. Kaspar rolled him up in it, tied it around him under his direction, and then asked with a trembling voice: "Can I do anything else for you, Falk?"

"Nothing more," replied he. "Farewell."

"Farewell," answered Kaspar. "God be with you and forgive you, as I do."

These were the last words that Falk heard. Kaspar disappeared the next moment in the black storm. The tempest grew with each second. Soon it had reached such a pitch that Wilf knew that never had he heard or seen one like it. The lightning was so incessant and so brilliant that Falk could see in terrible illumination, not only the surrounding mountains but the sea beyond the defile, the surf breaking white against the rocks, the clinging billows and the crests of the climbing waves. Once he saw a great dismantled ship, strange and foreign-looking in structure. It disappeared again the next moment.

The thunder became deafening. Bowlders began to roll down the hills before the gathering torrents. The rain came down with such might that streams raced down all the slopes and the swampy valley began to turn into a lake.

Kaspar had laid Wilf with his head raised against the stone. But despite that, the flood rose around him till it reached to his hips. Wilf made desperate efforts to free himself, but the harder he struggled the more firmly did the hide bind him fast. He cried for Kaspar, but Kaspar was far away. He dared not call on God. But he shuddered when he thought of supplicating the powers to which he had resigned himself.

The water rose and reached his nostrils. "God, I am lost!" he cried, as a stream washed over his face. Then he heard a sudden roar as of a cascade. The water receded from his mouth. The flood had broken through the valley. The rain lessened soon after and a faint light returned to the sky.

His terror diminished and he began to hope again. Although he felt all the weakness and exhaustion of a man who had fought with death, avarice and desire came back again and he ceased his desire that he might be freed from his armor of hide. Convinced that he must remain as he was in order to reach his goal, he remained quietly in his position and finally, and in exhaustion threw him into a deep sleep.

Two hours had passed when he was aroused by a cold wind that lashed his cheek and he heard a roaring as of on-coming breakers.

A flash of lightning, like that which had introduced the storm, lit up the horizon. Wilf's gaze, which had been fixed in the direction of the defile, saw the tumultuous sea. A strange ship was outlined in the great light. It hung for a moment on a huge billow that seemed to bear it straight toward the cliffs of Steenfoll cavern. Then it dived, bow first, down a watery slope.

He was staring at the spot with all his might, for an incessant play of lightnings lit the scene, when a hurried rush of waters lifted him, hurried him on and threw him at last against a rock with such violence that he lost his senses.

When he became conscious again the sky was calm and bright, the weather was still, but the lightning continued. He lay near the foot of a hill and was so bruised that he could hardly stir. Suddenly through the far rose of the surf he heard a solemn sound that seemed wondrously like church music.

At first the sound was so faint that he thought it a delusion. But it approached and became more distinct with each minute. At last he felt sure that he recognized the melody of a psalm that he had heard one day aboard a Dutch fishing smack.

Soon he could distinguish voices and even words. The voices were in the valley. He succeeded, after a hard struggle in raising his head, and saw a long line of human figures from whom came the song. They moved straight toward him.

At last he could see them clearly. Terror and grief seemed to be imprinted on each face. Their garments were dripping with water. Singing solemnly they moved on till the foremost reached him, when they stopped.

Those behind came on till all were close around Wilf Falk, who gazed at them with dread. Their song ceased. He saw with a start that they were all men, men in garb that was rich but much inferior to his, ranged themselves at both sides of him. Behind them thronged many persons, among them women with children, sons, and a few sailors in the garb of Dutch sailors stood beyond all these. Each carried a staff and a sword. Each carried a cross and each carried a golden head.

At his left hand walked a negro lad, who gave his master a long pipe at intervals. The negro would take a few solemn puffs and then hand it back to his master. Behind him stood a man in garb that was rich but much inferior to his, ranged themselves at both sides of him. Behind them thronged many persons, among them women with children, sons, and a few sailors in the garb of Dutch sailors stood beyond all these. Each carried a staff and a sword. Each carried a cross and each carried a golden head.

Wilf Falk gazed with growing terror at the weird gathering, but he fortified his spirits by the determination to find out that which he had undertaken to do. His courage was tested for long minutes, for not a word was said. The party smoked silently until the smoke hung over them like a veil, through which the stars blined dimly.

The circle crowded more and more closely around him. The smoking became more and more energetic. Falk's boldness waned. Perspiration started to his forehead. He thought that fear would kill him. Then his heart seemed to stand still. Close by his head he saw the little yellow man sitting stiff and motionless on a stone. As if in derision of the solemn assemblage, he held a short pipe in his bloodless mouth.

Wilf Falk could hear it no more. In the deadly terror he screamed: "In the name of him whom you serve, who are you? And what do you wish from me?" The large man puffed his pipe three times more solemnly than he had handed it back to his black servant, and answered, with a cold, passionless voice: "I am Alfred, a Frenchman, a swordsman of Amsterdam, which was wrecked and lost with man and mouse on this coast while on its way homeward from Sardinia. These are my officers, these are my passengers, these are my brave sailors, who all drowned when the vessel was wrecked. Why have you broken our peace?"

Wilf Falk stared at all this determination and forced himself to speak. "I want to know where the treasures of the Carmilhan lie buried," said he, hoarsely. "On the bottom of the sea," replied the large man.

"Where?"

"In the cavern of Steenfoll."

"How can I lift them?" asked Wilf, growing bold with desire.

"The captain answered: 'A goose dives into the abyss for a herring, and a man dives for the Carmilhan's treasure. How much of them will I get?' asked Falk.

"More than you will ever use," was the reply. The little yellow man grinned and the assemblage laughed. One terrible harsh laugh.

"Have you finished," asked the captain sternly.

"I have. Fare you well," replied Wilf Falk.

"Farewell, till we meet again," responded the captain. He turned away, the musician moved to the van, and the assemblage retired in the same order in which they had come. Wilf Falk lay listening to it till it became fainter and fainter and at last merged with the roar of the surf.

Wilf Falk made one last furious effort to release himself from the hide. At last he succeeded in tearing one arm and a leg loose. He looked around, where he found Kaspar Strumpf lying unconscious on the floor.

He went with joy when he was resuscitated and saw his friend alive before him. But his joy vanished when he heard what Falk had said to do.

"I would dive into hell itself," said Falk, "rather than to see these naked walls and drag through them a wretched existence. Follow me or not—I go!"

He snatched a torch, steel and tinder and a rope and hurried away. Kaspar hurried after him, but he could not follow when he reached the cavern of Steenfoll. Wilf Falk was preparing to lower himself through the opening. His companion was determined, he followed him, and both stood on the platform of the cavern, the bolting surf.

Falk ordered him to hold the rope. With mighty efforts, which only maddened desire and blind mania could have made possible, he clambered down the almost sheer walls. At the bottom he found foothold directly over the wildest whirlpool.

He peered into the foam and the sucking currents. Suddenly he dropped the torch, dived headlong and disappeared. Strumpf gave him up for lost, but the rope from the depth, snatched to it, he broke it open and disclosed a mass of gold coins.

Strumpf hurried to the top, where he found his companion. He was wild with desire and excitement. He cried that this was only the beginning of his treasures.

Again he dived into the hidden sea. Kaspar sank to his knees, for he was certain that a terrible fate awaited him should he sound at that instant from the water. Despite his terror he clambered downward as far as he could and held the rope in readiness for his companion, but Wilf Falk did not emerge from the black abyss again.

He was not seen more by human eye. Kaspar Strumpf went home at last, but he never was the same man again. The terrible experience that his weak brain and sensitive heart had suffered turned his mind. He allowed all his possessions to fall into decay. He never again saw daylight, staring ahead without seeing anything. His acquaintances pitied him, but feared to touch him, for that which he had seen. He became a lonely man, avoiding mankind and avoided by it. There fell a wild night at last on the Scottish island. A fierce storm, driven ashore near the cavern of Steenfoll.

When the village he was pale and disheveled and told a weird story. He had seen the Carmilhan boat into the storm and driven at last against the cliffs of Steenfoll. Then he had seen the passengers and crew move solemnly along the shore and on the gleam of the lightning he had recognized Wilf Falk among them.

That night Kaspar Strumpf disappeared. All search failed to discover the least trace of him; but the Carmilhan appeared regularly after that among the cliffs of the cavern of Steenfoll. Whenever storms troubled the rest of the dead in the deep. And the fishermen, who were so unlucky as to see it, declared that they saw Kaspar Strumpf by the side of Wilf Falk among the crew of the ghostly vessel.

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NEXT SUNDAY'S ONE-PAGE CLASSIC: WILF FALK'S CHANCE OF ESCAPE.