

# THE FOUNDERED GALLEON.

BY  
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## CHAPTER III. THE EUREKA'S CREW.

The ketch Eureka, with eight of a crew on board, was working her way down the Bristol channel with a fair wind and a strong ebb tide. She was almost on an even keel, for the red wavelets of the great estuary had not enough force in them to disturb the smoothness of her advance, and this was perhaps fortunate, for of the small crew of eight three at least were raw enough landsmen to be thoroughly thankful for the respite from the tossing which was to come.

The smart looking officer who was pacing her deck and keeping a bright lookout at passing craft was another man from the cheery, burly Captain Colepepper of Shaftoe street, Bristol. The outward form was the same—the heavy beard of eyebrow, the fringe of sandy hair sprouting from the throat, the neat blue clothes, the shiny boots; nothing was altered there save that in place of the felt hat of private life his well brushed hair was covered by a "cheese cutter" cap, embellished with certain cabalistic symbols in gold lace. But the manner of the man inside the clothes was totally different. On shore he had been jovial, easy going, non-assertive; afloat he was grave, strict and a trifle imperious. There he bowed to Dr. Tring in everything; here there was small doubt as to which was commanding officer. Down below, it is true, the captain unbent somewhat, but even in their flute-vicid dnetis it was the doctor who took to playing accompaniments now. Captain Colepepper could not, even in his recreations, submit to playing second fiddle when he felt the planks of a ship under him. The doctor knew this and was content to follow the other's lead without ever venturing to encroach upon the air himself.

That the ketch rig had been chosen for the Eureka was due to the special nature of the work which she would be called upon to do. Captain Colepepper argued that a ketch, though in the matter of speed not to be compared with a cutter of the same tonnage, was a better sea boat in heavy weather, and was, moreover, far handier for a small crew to work. One reason for this, he explained, was that the sail spread was more divided, and the main boom was in consequence much lighter and more manageable—no small advantage when the crew was small or unskillful. And of a truth the crew which Captain Colepepper had under him was, with the exception of the two Jellies and Dr. Tring (who knew something of everything, and therefore, of course, of seamanship), the veriest set of landlubbers that ever drove a respectable merchant skipper to desperation.

One, for example, whose only recommendation was that he did not funk when he was told where the treasure lay, had been a German waiter, and, by his own admission, a failure even at that. Hans Spiedernichel was what he called himself, and he enlisted almost on the moment of sailing. He had been employed in a hotel at Bath, had heard the enterprise (which through Captain Colepepper's advertisement had come to be pretty well known) discussed among the customers and being at the time out of conceit with the occupation of waiting had posted off to Bristol to see if he could get another berth.

Cain Lavarsha, the other recruit, was quite a different sort of person, but from the point of view of effective seamanship likely to be even less useful than the self confident little "Pafarian."

Captain Colepepper had, as has already been said, put an advertisement into several papers asking for volunteers, and, as it was to a misreading of this advertisement that the enrolling of Cain Lavarsha was in the first instance due it had better be given in full.

### A FOUNDERED GALLEON.

A Spanish plunkit, containing specie to the value of a million and a half sterling (£1,500,000), was sunk in action with an English vessel A. D. 1661. Her whereabouts is known, and it is proposed to regain the treasure. Assistance wanted, both pecuniary and physical. For further information apply in person between the hours of 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. at 103 Shaftoe street, Bristol.

Now, this advertisement had brought many applicants to 103 Shaftoe street, all of whom were quite ready to pick up the plums if they lay ready to their hands on the pavement, but none of them (with the two exceptions of Lavarsha and the German waiter) had daring enough to make one of the bold party who meant to gather those plums by the simple method of going down to the place where they were growing. Schoolmasters, scavengers, clerks, sailors, men out at elbows and men with balances at their bankers one and all drew back in dismay when the details of the scheme were explained to them. The lower class applicants made no secret of their fright, while the more respectable ones—the schoolmasters and the literary failures, for instance—generally endeavored to conceal their tremors by losing their tempers and saying rude things to the two promoters about the criminal madness of their scheme. This, however, is by the way.

Cain Lavarsha arrived one night after dinner, about a week after the enrollment of Tom Jelly and his wife. He entered the room and looked uncomprehendingly round him. The doctor asked him to sit. He did so, mopped his face

for some time with a brown and yellow cotton pocket handkerchief, and then said, "Phew!" That was the first sound he had uttered, and apparently the exertion was too much for him, for the handkerchief was again called into active use, and it was some time before he felt sufficiently relieved to lay it across his round knees and proceed to business. When he did, he spoke with a strong Somersetshire accent:

"I come about this yer," he said, drawing a much doubled newspaper from a side pocket of his coat and unfolding it gingerly. Then, running his eye laboriously over the advertisement columns, he marked a certain spot with a broad black fringed thumb nail, and added, "This yer advertizment."

Then, as though it had dawned upon him that more explanation was needed, he drawled out: "I bain't able to gi' ee no pecun'ary azzistance. All the money zlocked up i' the varn, an Abel 'e zez I shaln't dra' out a thruppence of mun. But I be a main good hand at physickin 'osses, an sheep, an beasts, an the like, zo I'll come ez that."

"Whatever are you driving at?" queried the doctor, completely puzzled. The man stared heavily for a minute and then offered the paper which he still held marked with his thumb. "It zez physickal 'ere, zur, in the advertizment. I zeed un a month ago an been figurin of un out ever zince. I'll go wi' 'ee, zur."

At this unexpected reply, Miss Colepepper had a severe fit of choking, and the undergraduate was moved to take up the poker and commit a noisy assault upon the fire.

"But," said Dr. Tring, with difficulty controlling his features sufficiently to allow himself to speak, "you've mistaken the case, my good man. We don't want a veterinary surgeon, and other medical assistance I am qualified to render myself. That word 'physical' in the advertisement meant—let me see—it meant that we want strong arms. We want sailors, in fact."

The visitor slowly extended first one of his huge brown fists and then the other, examining each in turn, and then after another application of the yellow and red bandanna delivered himself as follows:

"Then I'll come wi' ee ez zailor. I be strong ez a draft heifer, an can pull a roap wi' any man. Yes, zur, I'll come wi' ee ez zailor."

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, rather impatiently, "that our enterprise will not be anything in your line. You see, we're not going on the surface of the ocean only, but we intend to navigate our craft underneath it as well."

The visitor nodded gravely three or four times, receiving without the least trace of surprise this piece of information which had startled so many before him. His countenance remained as impassively wooden as it had been before.

"I doan' zee ez 'ow that matters, zur. I never bin on the water in my life, zo I be just ez much at home underneath un ez I should be atop. I be a wonderful man to zettle down, zo they zay. A year come next Martinmas I went into Taunton for a fortnight an in four days the strangeness had worn off altogether. Think of that now, zur!"

Miss Colepepper's choking attack became acute again at this point and necessitated remedial measures on the part of Guthrie.

"It's wonderful how some people can adapt themselves to circumstances," pronounced the doctor with perfect gravity. "Then you have thought this matter out thoroughly and are quite certain you wish to join?"

The farmer waited a minute or two to collect his thoughts. "I zeed un in the paper we get of Zaturdays," he declared at length slowly, "night after our Alderney calved it were, an that must be zummat about a month ago now, zur. I showed un to Abel, an Abel 'ee zez, 'Cain, thou be a blaned vool.' Tarrible 'ard mouted' man, be my brother Abel, zur."

"Well," said the doctor, seeing that he paused for comment, "and so you worked it out by yourself and decided to venture?"

The farmer nodded. A faint, a very faint, smile flickered about his large plain face and its hamlike coloring deepened a trifle in tint.

"Me an Zusan Pierce. She was desprited zet on it, was Zusan. It's her," he added, turning slowly round so as to face Dolly—"it's her I be kepbin company wi'." She's book learnt is Zusan, an she zez, 'Cain, thee go an make fortune' an then come back an thou shall marry I for thee pains. Tarrible clever

wench is Zusan, miss—er I keeps company wi'."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Woman at the bottom of it! Might have guessed that. Well, I can't decide this matter all on my own responsibility. You stay here. Cain, what's-your-name, while I go and discuss with my partner in the other room."

The farmer slowly nodded his large head, and then, when the doctor had gone, turned round again to Dolly. He did not speak. He only looked at her. But it was a most businesslike stare.



Captain Colepepper looked at the farmer, and his little pig's eyes wandered over her from hair to slipper. People always did seem to have a confoundedly rude habit of staring at Miss Colepepper, thought Guthrie angrily; but to tell the truth, she seemed rather to like it than otherwise. On this particular occasion, however, after she had been gazed at fixedly for five speechless minutes, she did have the good taste to blush, and, turning away, began to examine one of the doctor's skeletons. Observing this sign of grace in the lady, Guthrie suddenly realized that a cruel one, and so he concluded that it was time to draw the farmer into conversation.

"Mr. Cain," he began—but the man interrupted him with a wave of one of his huge hands.

"Just Cain, if 'ee please, zur," he said. "Abel, 'ee be maister now, an zo 'ee be the maister in our varn."

This was disconcerting, and it was now Miss Colepepper's turn to come to the rescue. She plunged, therefore, into the topic of chickens and the enormous difficulty of rearing them (a subject of which she afterward confessed that she knew nothing), and very soon she managed to work the farmer up into quite an animated conversation. Before three minutes had passed he had given her an invitation to come down and stay a month at the farmhouse and assured her that, though Abel was a hard mouthed man to most of his species, he knew what was due to his betters and would behave as though it were Queen Victoria herself who was visiting him. In fact, Cain almost became voluble, which after events showed was a wonderful testimonial to Miss Dolly's powers.

When Dr. Tring returned, he brought his partner with him. Captain Colepepper looked at the farmer, said nothing for about a minute, and then, turning to the doctor, remarked shortly in an undertone, "No sailor, doctor, and never will be; but he'll do to turn that crank of yours."

"Then you think we had better accept the gentleman's offer?"

"Yes."

And thus Cain Lavarsha's name was written under that of Tom Jelly, and the ketch Eureka added another and surely the strangest specimen of all to her collection of nautical curios. No, Captain Colepepper was not proud of his crew.

But the captain, the doctor, the undergraduate, the two Jellies, the waiter and Cain Lavarsha made up only seven of a crew, and just now it was stated that there were eight. Who, then, was the other?

It was Miss Dolly Colepepper. As Dr. Tring had prophesied that she would, she claimed to benefit by the precedent which had been set up by their acceptance of Mrs. Jelly; if one woman was eligible, their arguments, she declared, fell to the ground. And so they might do as they pleased about giving her permission, for she meant to go! At this declaration her father fumed, the doctor demurred argumentatively, and Guthrie, with the mistaken daring of inexperience, ventured to support her application. She, in return, snubbed the undergraduate, laughed at the doctor and kissed her father, and that was the end of it. The opposition, though thoroughly disorganized, of course made a show of further resistance, but the young lady had her way, and perhaps, if the truth had been spoken, neither her father nor Dr. Tring was in his heart sorry that his authority was thus derided. And, as for the undergraduate, he was openly and shamelessly glad.

After all, Captain Colepepper remarked jesuitically to the doctor, Henrietta was a woman, and, as Dolly said, she was accepted; so—

And then the sailor had the grace to blush, for his ally was actually laughing at him.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### A JUGGERNAUT OF THE OCEAN.

The Eureka was rounding the island of Ushant and entering the bay of Biscay. So far wind and sea had both been on their best behavior, and the exhilaration which comes from the breathing of the strong, pure sea air had obviously laid its hold upon the two youngest members of the crew. Guthrie, with the ready hope of youth, had almost forgotten that less than a week ago he had walked by the seashore of Weston-super-Mare and had groined aloud at the thought of the "shilling a day and pipeclay" which he had determined to take. Now his troubles were behind him, and before him he saw only hope and fortune. The Flat Holme

light, which had beckoned him out westward, had been the true beacon after all.

As for Miss Dolly, she had no troubles, and so, having nothing to forget, she could afford to enjoy the happiness of the moment. And this, to tell the truth, she did thoroughly.

Dr. Tring, who was standing by the mainmast, smoking cigarettes in endless relays, watched the pair with an amused smile. The undergraduate was a complete novice in the matters of the sea, and so Miss Colepepper, who, as her father's pupil, could have given points to Mrs. Jelly herself in the knowledge of things nautical, was explaining the mysteries of "knots, bends and splices," and illustrating her lesson with deft manipulations of sundry pieces of rope end. Guthrie watched the nimble fingers admiringly and tried to copy, but his success was not overpowering, and when a particularly painstaking effort ended ignominiously in the production of a "granny," Miss Colepepper did not take the trouble to conceal her scorn.

"Doctor," she cried, throwing away the rope with a gesture of mock despair, "come here. My pupil is no credit to me. I shall have to resign the post of schoolmistress and hand him over to you."

"No," put in the culprit quickly, in low tones, "don't threaten to do that. I'll be diligent."

Dolly answered him with a glance, but said nothing; for the doctor, who had come up in obedience to her summons, was standing close behind her.

"Well, young people," said he, "enjoying yourselves, I see. Umph! No harm in that. This yachting weather's very pleasant, isn't it, Guthrie? Feeling all right, I suppose?"

"Rather," answered the young man enthusiastically. "Why did I never go to sea before? A sailor's life seems to be all pleasure."

"No, not all, young man," answered Dr. Tring grimly. "There are such things as storms, you know, and," he added quietly, "every sailor isn't quite so lucky in his company as you seem to find yourself. And, talking of storms, I fancy by the look of the sunset that we're in for a stillish blow tonight. The Eureka is dropping rather bigger courtesies to the waves than she did an hour ago. We shall have her shipping it green a bit presently. I expect. Isn't that so, Colepepper?"

"Yes," said the captain, who had joined the group, "you're right, doctor. It will be a case of 'all hands shorten sail' in another half hour if I know anything of the signs of the weather. Well, we shall have a chance of seeing how the Eureka behaves in a sea."

"Your watch all fit for duty, Colepepper, or has the tumbling found out the landmen?"

The crew had been divided into watches immediately on getting clear of the crowded navigation of the Severn. The captain had taken the starboard watch himself, and had under him the farmer, the German waiter and Guthrie. Dr. Tring, who was officer of the port watch, had Jelly and his wife—either of them, in the matter of present usefulness, worth all the captain's trio put together. Miss Colepepper, though she had pleaded hard to be treated just like any other member of the crew, had not been appointed to either watch.

"The German is completely bowled over," replied Captain Colepepper gloomily. "Henrietta brought me word just now that he's down in the fore peak sick as a Dover to Calais tripper, and groaning like a small earthquake."

"Ah, he's a bad bargain, I'm afraid—a weakling; never make a sailor! And that un-Cainlike Cain—is he, too, stricken of the plague?"

"No; he's all right as regards the stowage of his holds," replied the captain. "He's far too phlegmatic to let a little joggle of sea upset his internal economy. But he has no sea legs whatever, and he showed me so plainly that he'd just tumbled overboard at the very first good roll that I ordered him below out of harm's way. He was no good that I could see on deck, and I didn't want to have to dirty the first page of my logbook by entering, 'Hand lost overboard when abreast of Lundy.' So, to prevent accidents, I sent him below."

"Then are you going to let him stay there for the whole of the run?"

"More or less, doctor, yes. He'll never make a sailorman. He's too fat and bulky. It would take at least a couple of years to teach him how to use his weight on a rope. No; he'd never make a deckhand. So it's no use to try. But, all the same, I don't mean him to be a passenger. He'll have to turn to as cook and earn his salt that way. He'll know a trifle of that trade to start with, I dare say, and we'll soon drum the rest into him. Duff twice a week, boiled beef, hot and cold, tea and spuds is about the outside of our menu, and it don't take much brains to rig up that. Keep her away another half point, Henrietta!"

"Keep her away it is, sir," squeaked Mrs. Jelly, who was at the tiller.

"So," continued the captain, turning to Guthrie, "as we've got a lame watch of it already, you'll have to do double duty, my lad; so mind you set to work and learn how it's to be done. May as well begin now. Go aft and take a trick at the helm. Henrietta'll teach you in half an hour how to steer a course, if you keep your wits about you."

With a brisk "Aye, aye, sir!" the young man went aft, and the captain called out to Tom Jelly to reeve an ear-ring through the third cringle on the mainsail and then to unstop the reef tackle and overhaul it.

"It's going to be dirty, doctor," he said, "so we'll just get her snugged down at once, to be ready for it. Dolly, my lass, your place will be below for the next 48 hours or so, I'm thinking; so you'd best be seeing about getting out your needlework and novels in preparation."

"Mayn't I stay on deck, then?" asked

Miss Colepepper in a tone of disappointment.

"No, Dolly. We shall have the seas breaking over her tonight, maybe, and I don't want you to get an arm broken or anything of that sort. Besides, if you were washed overboard, you would never have the spending of those Spanish dollars, would you, now?"

Dolly laughed. "Counting your chickens, dad," said she. "Well, I suppose I must go, but it's a shame, if there's going to be fun."

"Plucky!" muttered Dr. Tring beneath his breath. "But Colepepper's right."

Throughout the day the glass had been falling steadily, and that a heavy gale was approaching there could be no doubt. But the wind rose gradually, and there was plenty of time to put the ketch into dirty weather trim before she was pressed. About two hours after sundown the first black signal from the northeast struck her, but by Captain Colepepper's foresight she had already been eased of her top hamper, and under main trysail and a small jib only she was ready for it. This first squall soon exhausted itself, and there was a momentary lull, and then it came on to blow in real earnest. The sea rose fast, and the bluff bowed ketch was perpetually drenched with spindrift. She coursed over the watery ridge and furrow slantwise, with a fringe of yeasty surge bubbling and boiling round her forefoot, now creaming far away below the bobstay, now churning right over the step-head.

Guthrie, who had been sent forward as lookout, at first took his station alongside the bowsprit bitts, but as again and again sheets of solid green sprang over the weather bulwark, squirting down the collar of his oilskins and cutting his face and eyes like a sleet storm, he was driven to execute a short retreat. Floundering across the



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slippery deck, he fetched up against the fire rail of the mainmast, and, jamming his shoulders in between a couple of halyards, recommenced his scrutiny.

Beyond the dim outline of the Eureka's hull and rigging there was little to be seen. There was faint suggestion of hoary wave crests with deep valleys of ink between them. All else was blotted out by the rain, which was not falling perpendicularly, but driving straight along in thin sheets, like so much solid plate glass. Looking to leeward he found was comparatively easy. He did not see much, it is true, but the process of trying to see did not hurt. A glance over the weather bow was a different matter; for there he met the full force of the storm, and the driving rain and drifting sand stung him like nettles. An older hand would not have minded it, perhaps, but Guthrie's skin was still tender and smarted painfully under the unaccustomed assaults of the ocean. Dr. Tring was certainly quite right when he declared that a sailor's life was not all pleasure.

However, despite the discomfort, the young man tried to do his duty to the best of his power; swinging his glance round from the sickly glare of the gale and fell keenly on every ear. The cry was inarticulate, but there was no mistaking its import—the tone told that instinctively each one looked up from his work, glanced at the woman, and then, following her pointing finger, stared with horror over the taffrail.

Advancing through the storm was a lurching triangle of lights, green and blood red at the base and glaring white at the apex. They were the lights of a steamer, and as the whole trio were visible, she was advancing directly upon the Eureka's stern! In another moment her shadowy outline loomed through the wet night, gray, huge, terrible. She was a vessel of 6,000 tons, but the heavy seas treated her like a plaything, and the terrified watchers could see that she yawned about wildly as the big waves struck her stem. She sheered first to starboard, then to port, but her course—it was only too apparent—lay dead on to the smaller vessel, which inevitably, it seemed, must be run down and sunk.

"Swing a light there, Tom, for God's sake!" cried Captain Colepepper.

The Eureka's side lights did not show abaft the beam; the binnacle lamp which Jelly lifted out to wave was extinguished by the wind in a moment, and there was no time to fetch a star or a port fire from below. The ketch's crew shouted wildly, desperately, frantically, singly and in chorus. But the wind sucked their puny hails into itself, and the great mountain of iron and steel came on remorselessly. They could not get way on the Eureka quickly enough to sail her out of the track, and even to attempt it was useless. The doom of the gold seekers appeared certain.

The straight, sharp cutwater was wedging its way through the seas but a wave length away and heading directly for the ketch's counter. She must, in a matter of seconds, crash into the little vessel and send her to the bottom.

(Concluded on Page Seven.)

store, took charge of her, and a collision there, in such weather, could not but be fatal. Landsman though he was, Guthrie knew enough to have no doubts about this, and, flattered, it may be, by the responsibility which had been put upon him, he stared bravely into the black, wet night ahead, and tried not to heed the cruel spray which lashed and cut his face with the strokes of a hundred icy whips.

Beyond the dim outlines described before there was nothing to be seen, but the ketch was scudding before the gale at a rate of nearly 12 knots an hour, and in such a night warning lights would not be visible far ahead. The night, indeed, was getting darker, wilder and fiercer. The cringle-headed main trysail was a small sail, but its few square yards of canvas strained so hard during the squalls that to Guthrie's inexperienced eyes it looked as though the mast would be blown clean out of her, and once dismasted in that turmoil of waters it seemed to him that nothing could prevent the vessel from foundering out of hand.

The thought came to him of the awful struggle for life when the waters should engulf them and almost turned him sick with fear, and then he remembered the girl down below in the cabin, shut off by the battened hatches from any chance of making a fight for life. And at the thought of her he turned his eyes forward again and peered even more intently than before into the darkness ahead. Almost fiercely he said to himself that if death were to come to her that night it should not be because he was found wanting in his duty.

But at length Captain Colepepper decided that running before the gale was no longer safe, and the helm was put down to round to. Tom Jelly, with the jungle of hair on his face streaming out like a mass of fluttering black rags, came forward to help with his solitary hand on the jib sheet, while the doctor with Hans and Henrietta was ready for similar duty aft. Waiting for a partial lull, the captain slackened up his tiller rope and shoved the helm a-lee. Instantly the ketch heeled over, almost to her beam ends, the screaming surges raced over her starboard decks, and her forward part, where Tom and Guthrie were, plunged bodily under the boil of green. The young man clung convulsively to a cleat, for he thought that the end had come.

But the Eureka rose again, shot herself clear of the watery burden and ran up into the wind, with canvas wildly slanting and halyards hammering her mainmast like so many iron rods. Guthrie glanced at Tom Jelly, to see how he was taking it. The man was grinning as usual—that goes without saying, for he always grinned. But there was something nervous about this grin. He evidently did not admire the situation, and, curiously enough, that encouraged the undergraduate. A moment before he had been trembling with fear, but as soon as he saw that the prospect was ugly enough to scare an old hand his courage came back to him and he did his best to help in the work which was to be done.

Together he and Tom flattened in the weather sheet of the storm jib, and then handed themselves aft along the heaving, slippery decks, in obedience to the skipper's orders. Captain Colepepper shouted to them to bend and set a storm mizzen, and then to get the main trysail off her, for he thought she could ride easier with the tiny triangular rag of after canvas and the spitfire jib alone.

To inexperienced eyes the work did not seem much, but such was the fury of the wind and so heavy were the pitches and rolls of the vessel that the energies of the whole crew were taxed for the better part of an hour in doing it. And by the time it was completed, there was not one of them who had not his bruise or cut to show as a testimonial to the danger of the work.

But another danger of the sea was coming rapidly down upon them; greater and more ruthless in its pitiless strength than even the waves themselves. A shrill cry from Mrs. Jelly rose above the booming and shrieking of the gale and fell keenly on every ear. The cry was inarticulate, but there was no mistaking its import—the tone told that instinctively each one looked up from his work, glanced at the woman, and then, following her pointing finger, stared with horror over the taffrail.

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