

THE CAMEL COMPLAINS.

I am a camel, a long suffering camel, who patiently labors from night until morn...

I EDGAR JONES.



A COLONIAL FREE-LANCE By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

A lighted lantern hung from a carline, the remains of a meal were spread on the table...

Giving no thoughts to those in the boat, I settled myself to hear the opening dialogue...

"My God! I thought you would never come!" were the first words by Scammell...

"What's that?" said Scammell, starting up, but sinking back with a curse as he placed his hand on his bandaged head...

"Ah! what?" interrupted the other, suddenly withdrawing his wandering hand and bending eagerly forward...

and I'll bide here against Thorndyke's boarding the schooner.

For a moment or two there was silence, and during it I fancied I could trace the working of the minds of both...

"Shut up!" was the ungracious answer. "Hand out the bottle and help me get on deck for air. I hate this hole! I have been stered three days! And with this Scammell struggling into a sitting position...

My scheme was simple enough. I would now go the whole pace and take with me a couple of prisoners, and if I failed I would be no worse off than before...

Still unshod and silent, I made my way forward, and with some difficulty, owing to the darkness and need of stealth, the scow was emptied of her load...

To talk this I led the way aft, bidding Ames be spokesman if it came to words, and to act as he saw fit if it came to blows...

To the two below this was the first intimation that aught was going wrong, and their consternation must have made a fine show...

"Who are you?" came from within, this time from Scammell. "Call me the ghost of Donald Thorndyke, if you will, but pass out your arms."

With this menace from within, and without a danger even greater, my nerves were keyed to a pitch that equalled if not exceeded their state at the time Scammell held me at his pistol's point...

success of our attempt to escape; and in that hour there was no knowing what the desperadoes below might venture upon...

CHAPTER XVII. THE PASSAGE OF THE BAY.

Now for some time after this no sound came from within, and I stood by the helm anxiously keeping one eye on the fog and the other on the cabin.

Still on the cabin house sat the young lady, apparently unmoved by what had occurred, and certainly unmoving, as her form, which was just to be made out from my post...

Dropping her hand, therefore, with the word that all was going well, I returned to my post. In my expectancy and dread of I knew not what, the minutes seemed to lengthen to quarter hours.

And still no sound from the cabin save now and then a cough, showing that the lungs of the two were harried by their own powder smoke.



The two below were prisoners.

voice of Lounsbury calling for water and "Air, air, for the love of God!" Almost on the instant, and before I realized that something untoward had happened below...

"The deck, ahoy! There's a schooner adrift and almost on us! Did ye see that light?"

"Who are you?" came from within, this time from Scammell. "Call me the ghost of Donald Thorndyke, if you will, but pass out your arms."

With this menace from within, and without a danger even greater, my nerves were keyed to a pitch that equalled if not exceeded their state at the time Scammell held me at his pistol's point...

pressed close to the open dead-lights of the cabin the two below had sent forth the alarm and made the muss past mending.

We had missed a collision, but by a close shave only, as I think there lay not two rods between me and the light I had seen.

As though to guide the enemy, ever and anon there came a cry from our cabin—a cry that shot into the quiet air like an alarm gun and drove me to madness.

And with this I cut away the seizing that held the tarpaulin and rolled the body covering close to the wind-ways, thus blocking all ventilation below.

Being on my own ship, everything was familiar, and I easily got a lantern from the galley and dropped into the hold, carrying with me a line.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Boy's Essay on Hornets.

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