The Rescue by Joseph Conrad

'Tallas!' quod she, 'that ever this sholde happe!
For wende I never, by possibilitee,
That swich a monstre or merveille mighte be'

--THE FRANKELEYN'S TALE

TO

FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD
LAST AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA TO THE LATE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE, THIS
OLD TIME TALE IS GRATFULLY INSCRIBED
IN MEMORY OF THE RESCUE OF CERTAIN
DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS EFFECTED BY HIM
IN THE WORLD'S GREAT STORM OF THE YEAR 1914

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Of the three long novels of mine which suffered an interruption,
"The Rescue" was the one that had to wait the longest for the
good pleasure of the Fates. I am betraying no secret when I state
here that it had to wait precisely for twenty years. I laid it
aside at the end of the summer of 1898 and it was about the end
of the summer of 1918 that I took it up again with the firm
determination to see the end of it and helped by the sudden
feeling that I might be equal to the task.

This does not mean that I turned to it with elation. I was well
aware and perhaps even too much aware of the dangers of such an
adventure. The amazingly sympathetic kindness which men of
various temperaments, diverse views and different literary tastes
have been for years displaying towards my work has done much for
me, has done all--except giving me that over-weening
self-confidence which may assist an adventurer sometimes but in
the long run ends by leading him to the gallows.

As the characteristic I want most to impress upon these short
Author's Notes prepared for my first Collected Edition is that of absolute frankness, I hasten to declare that I founded my hopes not on my supposed merits but on the continued goodwill of my readers. I may say at once that my hopes have been justified out of all proportion to my deserts. I met with the most considerate, most delicately expressed criticism free from all antagonism and in its conclusions showing an insight which in itself could not fail to move me deeply, but was associated also with enough commendation to make me feel rich beyond the dreams of avarice--I mean an artist's avarice which seeks its treasure in the hearts of men and women.

No! Whatever the preliminary anxieties might have been this adventure was not to end in sorrow. Once more Fortune favoured audacity; and yet I have never forgotten the jocular translation of Audaces fortuna juvat offered to me by my tutor when I was a small boy: "The Audacious get bitten." However he took care to mention that there were various kinds of audacity. Oh, there are, there are! . . . There is, for instance, the kind of audacity almost indistinguishable from impudence. . . . I must believe that in this case I have not been impudent for I am not conscious of having been bitten.

The truth is that when "The Rescue" was laid aside it was not laid aside in despair. Several reasons contributed to this abandonment and, no doubt, the first of them was the growing sense of general difficulty in the handling of the subject. The
contents and the course of the story I had clearly in my mind.

But as to the way of presenting the facts, and perhaps in a
certain measure as to the nature of the facts themselves, I had
many doubts. I mean the telling, representative facts, helpful to
carry on the idea, and, at the same time, of such a nature as not
to demand an elaborate creation of the atmosphere to the
detriment of the action. I did not see how I could avoid becoming
wearisome in the presentation of detail and in the pursuit of
clearness. I saw the action plainly enough. What I had lost for
the moment was the sense of the proper formula of expression, the
only formula that would suit. This, of course, weakened my
confidence in the intrinsic worth and in the possible interest of
the story--that is in my invention. But I suspect that all the
trouble was, in reality, the doubt of my prose, the doubt of its
adequacy, of its power to master both the colours and the shades.

It is difficult to describe, exactly as I remember it, the
complex state of my feelings; but those of my readers who take an
interest in artistic perplexities will understand me best when I
point out that I dropped "The Rescue" not to give myself up to
idleness, regrets, or dreaming, but to begin "The Nigger of the
'Narcissus'" and to go on with it without hesitation and without
a pause. A comparison of any page of "The Rescue" with any page
of "The Nigger" will furnish an ocular demonstration of the
nature and the inward meaning of this first crisis of my writing
life. For it was a crisis undoubtedly. The laying aside of a work
so far advanced was a very awful decision to take. It was wrung
from me by a sudden conviction that THERE only was the road of salvation, the clear way out for an uneasy conscience. The finishing of "The Nigger" brought to my troubled mind the comforting sense of an accomplished task, and the first consciousness of a certain sort of mastery which could accomplish something with the aid of propitious stars. Why I did not return to "The Rescue" at once then, was not for the reason that I had grown afraid of it. Being able now to assume a firm attitude I said to myself deliberately: "That thing can wait." At the same time I was just as certain in my mind that "Youth," a story which I had then, so to speak, on the tip of my pen, could NOT wait. Neither could "Heart of Darkness" be put off; for the practical reason that Mr. Wm. Blackwood having requested me to write something for the No. M of his magazine I had to stir up at once the subject of that tale which had been long lying quiescent in my mind, because, obviously, the venerable Maga at her patriarchal age of 1000 numbers could not be kept waiting. Then "Lord Jim," with about seventeen pages already written at odd times, put in his claim which was irresistible. Thus every stroke of the pen was taking me further away from the abandoned "Rescue," not without some compunction on my part but with a gradually diminishing resistance; till at last I let myself go as if recognising a superior influence against which it was useless to contend.

The years passed and the pages grew in number, and the long reveries of which they were the outcome stretched wide between me
and the deserted "Rescue" like the smooth hazy spaces of a dreamy
sea. Yet I never actually lost sight of that dark speck in the
misty distance. It had grown very small but it asserted itself
with the appeal of old associations. It seemed to me that it
would be a base thing for me to slip out of the world leaving it
out there all alone, waiting for its fate--that would never come?

Sentiment, pure sentiment as you see, prompted me in the last
instance to face the pains and hazards of that return. As I moved
slowly towards the abandoned body of the tale it loomed up big
amongst the glittering shallows of the coast, lonely but not
forbidding. There was nothing about it of a grim derelict. It had
an air of expectant life. One after another I made out the
familiar faces watching my approach with faint smiles of amused
recognition. They had known well enough that I was bound to come
back to them. But their eyes met mine seriously as was only to be
expected since I, myself, felt very serious as I stood amongst
them again after years of absence. At once, without wasting
words, we went to work together on our renewed life; and every
moment I felt more strongly that They Who had Waited bore no
grudge to the man who however widely he may have wandered at
times had played truant only once in his life.

1920. J. C.
PART I. THE MAN AND THE BRIG

PART II. THE SHORE OF REFUGE

PART III. THE CAPTURE

PART IV. THE GIFT OF THE SHALLOWS

PART V. THE POINT OF HONOUR AND THE POINT OF PASSION

PART VI. THE CLAIM OF LIFE AND THE TOLL OF DEATH

PART I. THE MAN AND THE BRIG

The shallow sea that foams and murmurs on the shores of the thousand islands, big and little, which make up the Malay Archipelago has been for centuries the scene of adventurous undertakings. The vices and the virtues of four nations have been displayed in the conquest of that region that even to this day has not been robbed of all the mystery and romance of its past--and the race of men who had fought against the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Dutch and the English, has not been changed by the unavoidable defeat. They have kept to this day their love of
liberty, their fanatical devotion to their chiefs, their blind
fidelity in friendship and hate--all their lawful and unlawful
instincts. Their country of land and water--for the sea was as
much their country as the earth of their islands--has fallen a
prey to the western race--the reward of superior strength if not
of superior virtue. To-morrow the advancing civilization will
obliterate the marks of a long struggle in the accomplishment of
its inevitable victory.

The adventurers who began that struggle have left no descendants.
The ideas of the world changed too quickly for that. But even far
into the present century they have had successors. Almost in our
own day we have seen one of them--a true adventurer in his
devotion to his impulse--a man of high mind and of pure heart,
lay the foundation of a flourishing state on the ideas of pity
and justice. He recognized chivalrously the claims of the
conquered; he was a disinterested adventurer, and the reward of
his noble instincts is in the veneration with which a strange and
faithful race cherish his memory.

Misunderstood and traduced in life, the glory of his achievement
has vindicated the purity of his motives. He belongs to history.
But there were others--obscure adventurers who had not his
advantages of birth, position, and intelligence; who had only his
sympathy with the people of forests and sea he understood and
loved so well. They can not be said to be forgotten since they
have not been known at all. They were lost in the common crowd of
seamen-traders of the Archipelago, and if they emerged from their obscurity it was only to be condemned as law-breakers. Their lives were thrown away for a cause that had no right to exist in the face of an irresistible and orderly progress— their thoughtless lives guided by a simple feeling.

But the wasted lives, for the few who know, have tinged with romance the region of shallow waters and forest-clad islands, that lies far east, and still mysterious between the deep waters of two oceans.

Out of the level blue of a shallow sea Carimata raises a lofty barrenness of grey and yellow tints, the drab eminence of its arid heights. Separated by a narrow strip of water, Suroeton, to the west, shows a curved and ridged outline resembling the backbone of a stooping giant. And to the eastward a troop of insignificant islets stand effaced, indistinct, with vague features that seem to melt into the gathering shadows. The night following from the eastward the retreat of the setting sun advanced slowly, swallowing the land and the sea; the land broken, tormented and abrupt; the sea smooth and inviting with its easy polish of continuous surface to wanderings facile and endless.
There was no wind, and a small brig that had lain all the afternoon a few miles to the northward and westward of Carimata had hardly altered its position half a mile during all these hours. The calm was absolute, a dead, flat calm, the stillness of a dead sea and of a dead atmosphere. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing but an impressive immobility. Nothing moved on earth, on the waters, and above them in the unbroken lustre of the sky. On the unruffled surface of the straits the brig floated tranquil and upright as if bolted solidly, keel to keel, with its own image reflected in the unframed and immense mirror of the sea. To the south and east the double islands watched silently the double ship that seemed fixed amongst them forever, a hopeless captive of the calm, a helpless prisoner of the shallow sea.

Since midday, when the light and capricious airs of these seas had abandoned the little brig to its lingering fate, her head had swung slowly to the westward and the end of her slender and polished jib-boom, projecting boldly beyond the graceful curve of the bow, pointed at the setting sun, like a spear poised high in the hand of an enemy. Right aft by the wheel the Malay quartermaster stood with his bare, brown feet firmly planted on the wheel-grating, and holding the spokes at right angles, in a solid grasp, as though the ship had been running before a gale. He stood there perfectly motionless, as if petrified but ready to tend the helm as soon as fate would permit the brig to gather way through the oily sea.
The only other human being then visible on the brig's deck was
the person in charge: a white man of low stature, thick-set, with
shaven cheeks, a grizzled moustache, and a face tinted a scarlet
hue by the burning suns and by the sharp salt breezes of the
seas. He had thrown off his light jacket, and clad only in white
trousers and a thin cotton singlet, with his stout arms crossed
on his breast--upon which they showed like two thick lumps of raw
flesh--he prowled about from side to side of the half-poop. On
his bare feet he wore a pair of straw sandals, and his head was
protected by an enormous pith hat--once white but now very
dirty--which gave to the whole man the aspect of a phenomenal and
animated mushroom. At times he would interrupt his uneasy
shuffle athwart the break of the poop, and stand motionless with
a vague gaze fixed on the image of the brig in the calm water. He
could also see down there his own head and shoulders leaning out
over the rail and he would stand long, as if interested by his
own features, and mutter vague curses on the calm which lay upon
the ship like an immovable burden, immense and burning.

At last, he sighed profoundly, nerved himself for a great effort,
and making a start away from the rail managed to drag his
slippers as far as the binnacle. There he stopped again,
exhausted and bored. From under the lifted glass panes of the
cabin skylight near by came the feeble chirp of a canary, which
appeared to give him some satisfaction. He listened, smiled
faintly muttered "Dicky, poor Dick--" and fell back into the
immense silence of the world. His eyes closed, his head hung low over the hot brass of the binnacle top. Suddenly he stood up with a jerk and said sharply in a hoarse voice:

"You've been sleeping--you. Shift the helm. She has got stern way on her."

The Malay, without the least flinch of feature or pose, as if he had been an inanimate object called suddenly into life by some hidden magic of the words, spun the wheel rapidly, letting the spokes pass through his hands; and when the motion had stopped with a grinding noise, caught hold again and held on grimly. After a while, however, he turned his head slowly over his shoulder, glanced at the sea, and said in an obstinate tone:

"No catch wind--no get way."

"No catch--no catch--that's all you know about it," growled the red-faced seaman. "By and by catch Ali--" he went on with sudden condescension. "By and by catch, and then the helm will be the right way. See?"

The stolid seacannie appeared to see, and for that matter to hear, nothing. The white man looked at the impassive Malay with disgust, then glanced around the horizon--then again at the
helmsman and ordered curtly:

"Shift the helm back again. Don't you feel the air from aft? You are like a dummy standing there."

The Malay revolved the spokes again with disdainful obedience, and the red-faced man was moving forward grunting to himself, when through the open skylight the hail "On deck there!" arrested him short, attentive, and with a sudden change to amiability in the expression of his face.

"Yes, sir," he said, bending his ear toward the opening. "What's the matter up there?" asked a deep voice from below.

The red-faced man in a tone of surprise said:

"Sir?"

"I hear that rudder grinding hard up and hard down. What are you up to, Shaw? Any wind?"

"Ye-es," drawled Shaw, putting his head down the skylight and speaking into the gloom of the cabin. "I thought there was a light air, and--but it's gone now. Not a breath anywhere under
the heavens."

He withdrew his head and waited a while by the skylight, but heard only the chirping of the indefatigable canary, a feeble twittering that seemed to ooze through the drooping red blossoms of geraniums growing in flower-pots under the glass panes. He strolled away a step or two before the voice from down below called hurriedly:

"Hey, Shaw? Are you there?"

"Yes, Captain Lingard," he answered, stepping back. "Have we drifted anything this afternoon?"

"Not an inch, sir, not an inch. We might as well have been at anchor."

"It's always so," said the invisible Lingard. His voice changed its tone as he moved in the cabin, and directly afterward burst out with a clear intonation while his head appeared above the slide of the cabin entrance:

"Always so! The currents don't begin till it's dark, when a man can't see against what confounded thing he is being drifted, and then the breeze will come. Dead on end, too, I don't doubt."
Shaw moved his shoulders slightly. The Malay at the wheel, after making a dive to see the time by the cabin clock through the skylight, rang a double stroke on the small bell aft. Directly forward, on the main deck, a shrill whistle arose long drawn, modulated, dying away softly. The master of the brig stepped out of the companion upon the deck of his vessel, glanced aloft at the yards laid dead square; then, from the door-step, took a long, lingering look round the horizon.

He was about thirty-five, erect and supple. He moved freely, more like a man accustomed to stride over plains and hills, than like one who from his earliest youth had been used to counteract by sudden swayings of his body the rise and roll of cramped decks of small craft, tossed by the caprice of angry or playful seas.

He wore a grey flannel shirt, and his white trousers were held by a blue silk scarf wound tightly round his narrow waist. He had come up only for a moment, but finding the poop shaded by the main-topsail he remained on deck bareheaded. The light chestnut hair curled close about his well-shaped head, and the clipped beard glinted vividly when he passed across a narrow strip of sunlight, as if every hair in it had been a wavy and attenuated gold wire. His mouth was lost in the heavy moustache; his nose was straight, short, slightly blunted at the end; a broad band of deeper red stretched under the eyes, clung to the cheek bones.
The eyes gave the face its remarkable expression. The eyebrows, darker than the hair, pencilled a straight line below the wide and unwrinkled brow much whiter than the sunburnt face. The eyes, as if glowing with the light of a hidden fire, had a red glint in their greyness that gave a scrutinizing ardour to the steadiness of their gaze.

That man, once so well known, and now so completely forgotten amongst the charming and heartless shores of the shallow sea, had amongst his fellows the nickname of "Red-Eyed Tom." He was proud of his luck but not of his good sense. He was proud of his brig, of the speed of his craft, which was reckoned the swiftest country vessel in those seas, and proud of what she represented.

She represented a run of luck on the Victorian goldfields; his sagacious moderation; long days of planning, of loving care in building; the great joy of his youth, the incomparable freedom of the seas; a perfect because a wandering home; his independence, his love--and his anxiety. He had often heard men say that Tom Lingard cared for nothing on earth but for his brig--and in his thoughts he would smilingly correct the statement by adding that he cared for nothing LIVING but the brig.

To him she was as full of life as the great world. He felt her live in every motion, in every roll, in every sway of her tapering masts, of those masts whose painted trucks move forever,
to a seaman's eye, against the clouds or against the stars. To him she was always precious--like old love; always desirable--like a strange woman; always tender--like a mother; always faithful --like the favourite daughter of a man's heart.

For hours he would stand elbow on rail, his head in his hand and listen--and listen in dreamy stillness to the cajoling and promising whisper of the sea, that slipped past in vanishing bubbles along the smooth black-painted sides of his craft. What passed in such moments of thoughtful solitude through the mind of that child of generations of fishermen from the coast of Devon, who like most of his class was dead to the subtle voices, and blind to the mysterious aspects of the world--the man ready for the obvious, no matter how startling, how terrible or menacing, yet defenceless as a child before the shadowy impulses of his own heart; what could have been the thoughts of such a man, when once surrendered to a dreamy mood, it is difficult to say.

No doubt he, like most of us, would be uplifted at times by the awakened lyrism of his heart into regions charming, empty, and dangerous. But also, like most of us, he was unaware of his barren journeys above the interesting cares of this earth. Yet from these, no doubt absurd and wasted moments, there remained on the man's daily life a tinge as that of a glowing and serene half-light. It softened the outlines of his rugged nature; and these moments kept close the bond between him and his brig.
He was aware that his little vessel could give him something not to be had from anybody or anything in the world; something specially his own. The dependence of that solid man of bone and muscle on that obedient thing of wood and iron, acquired from that feeling the mysterious dignity of love. She--the craft--had all the qualities of a living thing: speed, obedience, trustworthiness, endurance, beauty, capacity to do and to suffer--all but life. He--the man--was the inspirer of that thing that to him seemed the most perfect of its kind. His will was its will, his thought was its impulse, his breath was the breath of its existence. He felt all this confusedly, without ever shaping this feeling into the soundless formulas of thought. To him she was unique and dear, this brig of three hundred and fourteen tons register--a kingdom!

And now, bareheaded and burly, he walked the deck of his kingdom with a regular stride. He stepped out from the hip, swinging his arms with the free motion of a man starting out for a fifteen-mile walk into open country; yet at every twelfth stride he had to turn about sharply and pace back the distance to the taffrail.

Shaw, with his hands stuck in his waistband, had hooked himself with both elbows to the rail, and gazed apparently at the deck between his feet. In reality he was contemplating a little house with a tiny front garden, lost in a maze of riverside streets in
the east end of London. The circumstance that he had not, as yet, been able to make the acquaintance of his son--now aged eighteen months--worried him slightly, and was the cause of that flight of his fancy into the murky atmosphere of his home. But it was a placid flight followed by a quick return. In less than two minutes he was back in the brig. "All there," as his saying was. He was proud of being always "all there."

He was abrupt in manner and grumpy in speech with the seamen. To his successive captains, he was outwardly as deferential as he knew how, and as a rule inwardly hostile--so very few seemed to him of the "all there" kind. Of Lingard, with whom he had only been a short time--having been picked up in Madras Roads out of a home ship, which he had to leave after a thumping row with the master--he generally approved, although he recognized with regret that this man, like most others, had some absurd fads; he defined them as "bottom-upwards notions."

He was a man--as there were many--of no particular value to anybody but himself, and of no account but as the chief mate of the brig, and the only white man on board of her besides the captain. He felt himself immeasurably superior to the Malay seamen whom he had to handle, and treated them with lofty toleration, notwithstanding his opinion that at a pinch those chaps would be found emphatically "not there."
As soon as his mind came back from his home leave, he detached himself from the rail and, walking forward, stood by the break of the poop, looking along the port side of the main deck. Lingard on his own side stopped in his walk and also gazed absentmindedly before him. In the waist of the brig, in the narrow spars that were lashed on each side of the hatchway, he could see a group of men squatting in a circle around a wooden tray piled up with rice, which stood on the just swept deck. The dark-faced, soft-eyed silent men, squatting on their hams, fed decorously with an earnestness that did not exclude reserve.

Of the lot, only one or two wore sarongs, the others having submitted—at least at sea—to the indignity of European trousers. Only two sat on the spars. One, a man with a childlike, light yellow face, smiling with fatuous imbecility under the wisps of straight coarse hair dyed a mahogany tint, was the tindal of the crew—a kind of boatswain's or serang's mate. The other, sitting beside him on the booms, was a man nearly black, not much bigger than a large ape, and wearing on his wrinkled face that look of comical truculence which is often characteristic of men from the southwestern coast of Sumatra.

This was the kassab or store-keeper, the holder of a position of dignity and ease. The kassab was the only one of the crew taking their evening meal who noticed the presence on deck of their commander. He muttered something to the tindal who directly cocked his old hat on one side, which senseless action invested
him with an altogether foolish appearance. The others heard, but went on somnolently feeding with spidery movements of their lean arms.

The sun was no more than a degree or so above the horizon, and from the heated surface of the waters a slight low mist began to rise; a mist thin, invisible to the human eye; yet strong enough to change the sun into a mere glowing red disc, a disc vertical and hot, rolling down to the edge of the horizontal and cold-looking disc of the shining sea. Then the edges touched and the circular expanse of water took on suddenly a tint, sombre, like a frown; deep, like the brooding meditation of evil.

The falling sun seemed to be arrested for a moment in his descent by the sleeping waters, while from it, to the motionless brig, shot out on the polished and dark surface of the sea a track of light, straight and shining, resplendent and direct; a path of gold and crimson and purple, a path that seemed to lead dazzling and terrible from the earth straight into heaven through the portals of a glorious death. It faded slowly. The sea vanquished the light. At last only a vestige of the sun remained, far off, like a red spark floating on the water. It lingered, and all at once—without warning—went out as if extinguished by a treacherous hand.

"Gone," cried Lingard, who had watched intently yet missed the
last moment. "Gone! Look at the cabin clock, Shaw!"

"Nearly right, I think, sir. Three minutes past six."

The helmsman struck four bells sharply. Another barefooted seacannie glided on the far side of the poop to relieve the wheel, and the serang of the brig came up the ladder to take charge of the deck from Shaw. He came up to the compass, and stood waiting silently.

"The course is south by east when you get the wind, serang," said Shaw, distinctly.

"Sou' by eas'," repeated the elderly Malay with grave earnestness.

"Let me know when she begins to steer," added Lingard.

"Ya, Tuan," answered the man, glancing rapidly at the sky. "Wind coming," he muttered.

"I think so, too," whispered Lingard as if to himself.

The shadows were gathering rapidly round the brig. A mulatto put
his head out of the companion and called out:

"Ready, sir."

"Let's get a mouthful of something to eat, Shaw," said Lingard. "I say, just take a look around before coming below. It will be dark when we come up again."

"Certainly, sir," said Shaw, taking up a long glass and putting it to his eyes. "Blessed thing," he went on in snatches while he worked the tubes in and out, "I can't--never somehow--Ah! I've got it right at last!"

He revolved slowly on his heels, keeping the end of the tube on the sky-line. Then he shut the instrument with a click, and said decisively:

"Nothing in sight, sir."

He followed his captain down below rubbing his hands cheerfully.

For a good while there was no sound on the poop of the brig. Then the seacannie at the wheel spoke dreamily:
"Did the malim say there was no one on the sea?"

"Yes," grunted the serang without looking at the man behind him.

"Between the islands there was a boat," pronounced the man very softly.

The serang, his hands behind his back, his feet slightly apart, stood very straight and stiff by the side of the compass stand. His face, now hardly visible, was as inexpressive as the door of a safe.

"Now, listen to me," insisted the helmsman in a gentle tone.

The man in authority did not budge a hair's breadth. The seacannie bent down a little from the height of the wheel grating.

"I saw a boat," he murmured with something of the tender obstinacy of a lover begging for a favour. "I saw a boat, O Haji Wasub! Ya! Haji Wasub!"

The serang had been twice a pilgrim, and was not insensible to the sound of his rightful title. There was a grim smile on his
"You saw a floating tree, O Sali," he said, ironically.

"I am Sali, and my eyes are better than the bewitched brass thing that pulls out to a great length," said the pertinacious helmsman. "There was a boat, just clear of the easternmost island. There was a boat, and they in her could see the ship on the light of the west--unless they are blind men lost on the sea. I have seen her. Have you seen her, too, O Haji Wasub?"

"Am I a fat white man?" snapped the serang. "I was a man of the sea before you were born, O Sali! The order is to keep silence and mind the rudder, lest evil befall the ship."

After these words he resumed his rigid aloofness. He stood, his legs slightly apart, very stiff and straight, a little on one side of the compass stand. His eyes travelled incessantly from the illuminated card to the shadowy sails of the brig and back again, while his body was motionless as if made of wood and built into the ship's frame. Thus, with a forced and tense watchfulness, Haji Wasub, serang of the brig Lightning, kept the captain's watch unwearied and wakeful, a slave to duty.

In half an hour after sunset the darkness had taken complete
possession of earth and heavens. The islands had melted into the
night. And on the smooth water of the Straits, the little brig
lying so still, seemed to sleep profoundly, wrapped up in a
scented mantle of star light and silence.

II

It was half-past eight o'clock before Lingard came on deck again.
Shaw--now with a coat on--trotted up and down the poop leaving
behind him a smell of tobacco smoke. An irregularly glowing spark
seemed to run by itself in the darkness before the rounded form
of his head. Above the masts of the brig the dome of the clear
heaven was full of lights that flickered, as if some mighty
breathings high up there had been swaying about the flame of the
stars. There was no sound along the brig's decks, and the heavy
shadows that lay on it had the aspect, in that silence, of secret
places concealing crouching forms that waited in perfect
stillness for some decisive event. Lingard struck a match to
light his cheroot, and his powerful face with narrowed eyes stood
out for a moment in the night and vanished suddenly. Then two
shadowy forms and two red sparks moved backward and forward on
the poop. A larger, but a paler and oval patch of light from the
compass lamps lay on the brasses of the wheel and on the breast
of the Malay standing by the helm. Lingard's voice, as if unable
altogether to master the enormous silence of the sea, sounded
muffled, very calm--without the usual deep ring in it.
"Not much change, Shaw," he said.

"No, sir, not much. I can just see the island--the big one--still in the same place. It strikes me, sir, that, for calms, this here sea is a devil of locality."

He cut "locality" in two with an emphatic pause. It was a good word. He was pleased with himself for thinking of it. He went on again:

"Now--since noon, this big island--"

"Carimata, Shaw," interrupted Lingard.

"Aye, sir; Carimata--I mean. I must say--being a stranger hereabouts--I haven't got the run of those--"

He was going to say "names" but checked himself and said, "appellations," instead, sounding every syllable lovingly.

"Having for these last fifteen years," he continued, "sailed regularly from London in East-Indiamen, I am more at home over there--in the Bay."
He pointed into the night toward the northwest and stared as if he could see from where he stood that Bay of Bengal where—as he affirmed—he would be so much more at home.

"You'll soon get used--" muttered Lingard, swinging in his rapid walk past his mate. Then he turned round, came back, and asked sharply.

"You said there was nothing afloat in sight before dark? Hey?"

"Not that I could see, sir. When I took the deck again at eight, I asked that serang whether there was anything about; and I understood him to say there was no more as when I went below at six. This is a lonely sea at times--ain't it, sir? Now, one would think at this time of the year the homeward-bounders from China would be pretty thick here."

"Yes," said Lingard, "we have met very few ships since we left Pedra Branca over the stern. Yes; it has been a lonely sea. But for all that, Shaw, this sea, if lonely, is not blind. Every island in it is an eye. And now, since our squadron has left for the China waters--"

He did not finish his sentence. Shaw put his hands in his
pockets, and propped his back against the sky-light, comfortably.

"They say there is going to be a war with China," he said in a gossiping tone, "and the French are going along with us as they did in the Crimea five years ago. It seems to me we're getting mighty good friends with the French. I've not much of an opinion about that. What do you think, Captain Lingard?"

"I have met their men-of-war in the Pacific," said Lingard, slowly. "The ships were fine and the fellows in them were civil enough to me--and very curious about my business," he added with a laugh. "However, I wasn't there to make war on them. I had a rotten old cutter then, for trade, Shaw," he went on with animation.

"Had you, sir?" said Shaw without any enthusiasm. "Now give me a big ship--a ship, I say, that one may--"

"And later on, some years ago," interrupted Lingard, "I chummed with a French skipper in Ampanam--being the only two white men in the whole place. He was a good fellow, and free with his red wine. His English was difficult to understand, but he could sing songs in his own language about ah-moor--Ah-moor means love, in French--Shaw."
"So it does, sir--so it does. When I was second mate of a
Sunderland barque, in forty-one, in the Mediterranean, I could
pay out their lingo as easy as you would a five-inch warp over a
ship's side--"

"Yes, he was a proper man," pursued Lingard, meditatively, as if
for himself only. "You could not find a better fellow for company
ashore. He had an affair with a Bali girl, who one evening threw
a red blossom at him from within a doorway, as we were going
together to pay our respects to the Rajah's nephew. He was a
good-looking Frenchman, he was--but the girl belonged to the
Rajah's nephew, and it was a serious matter. The old Rajah got
angry and said the girl must die. I don't think the nephew cared
particularly to have her krissed; but the old fellow made a great
fuss and sent one of his own chief men to see the thing done
--and the girl had enemies--her own relations approved! We could
do nothing. Mind, Shaw, there was absolutely nothing else between
them but that unlucky flower which the Frenchman pinned to his
clothes--and afterward, when the girl was dead, wore under his
shirt, hung round his neck in a small box. I suppose he had
nothing else to put it into."

"Would those savages kill a woman for that?" asked Shaw,
incredulously.

"Aye! They are pretty moral there. That was the first time in my
life I nearly went to war on my own account, Shaw. We couldn't
talk those fellows over. We couldn't bribe them, though the
Frenchman offered the best he had, and I was ready to back him to
the last dollar, to the last rag of cotton, Shaw! No use--they
were that blamed respectable. So, says the Frenchman to me: 'My
friend, if they won't take our gunpowder for a gift let us burn
it to give them lead.' I was armed as you see now; six
eight-pounders on the main deck and a long eighteen on the
forecastle--and I wanted to try 'em. You may believe me! However,
the Frenchman had nothing but a few old muskets; and the beggars
got to windward of us by fair words, till one morning a boat's
crew from the Frenchman's ship found the girl lying dead on the
beach. That put an end to our plans. She was out of her trouble
anyhow, and no reasonable man will fight for a dead woman. I was
never vengeful, Shaw, and--after all--she didn't throw that
flower at me. But it broke the Frenchman up altogether. He began
to mope, did no business, and shortly afterward sailed away. I
cleared a good many pence out of that trip, I remember."

With these words he seemed to come to the end of his memories of
that trip. Shaw stifled a yawn.

"Women are the cause of a lot of trouble," he said,
dispassionately. "In the Morayshire, I remember, we had once a
passenger--an old gentleman--who was telling us a yarn about them
old-time Greeks fighting for ten years about some woman. The
Turks kidnapped her, or something. Anyway, they fought in Turkey;
which I may well believe. Them Greeks and Turks were always
fighting. My father was master's mate on board one of the
three-deckers at the battle of Navarino--and that was when we
went to help those Greeks. But this affair about a woman was long
before that time."

"I should think so," muttered Lingard, hanging over the rail, and
watching the fleeting gleams that passed deep down in the water,
along the ship's bottom.

"Yes. Times are changed. They were unenlightened in those old
days. My grandfather was a preacher and, though my father served
in the navy, I don't hold with war. Sinful the old gentleman
called it--and I think so, too. Unless with Chinamen, or niggers,
or such people as must be kept in order and won't listen to
reason; having not sense enough to know what's good for them,
when it's explained to them by their betters--missionaries, and
such like au-tho-ri-ties. But to fight ten years. And for a
woman!"

"I have read the tale in a book," said Lingard, speaking down
over the side as if setting his words gently afloat upon the sea.
"I have read the tale. She was very beautiful."

"That only makes it worse, sir--if anything. You may depend on it
she was no good. Those pagan times will never come back, thank
God. Ten years of murder and unrighteousness! And for a woman!
Would anybody do it now? Would you do it, sir? Would you--"

The sound of a bell struck sharply interrupted Shaw's discourse.
High aloft, some dry block sent out a screech, short and
lamentable, like a cry of pain. It pierced the quietness of the
night to the very core, and seemed to destroy the reserve which
it had imposed upon the tones of the two men, who spoke now
loudly.

"Throw the cover over the binnacle," said Lingard in his duty
voice. "The thing shines like a full moon. We mustn't show more
lights than we can help, when becalmed at night so near the land.
No use in being seen if you can't see yourself--is there? Bear
that in mind, Mr. Shaw. There may be some vagabonds prying
about--"

"I thought all this was over and done for," said Shaw, busying
himself with the cover, "since Sir Thomas Cochrane swept along
the Borneo coast with his squadron some years ago. He did a rare
lot of fighting--didn't he? We heard about it from the chaps of
the sloop Diana that was refitting in Calcutta when I was there
in the Warwick Castle. They took some king's town up a river
hereabouts. The chaps were full of it."

"Sir Thomas did good work," answered Lingard, "but it will be a
long time before these seas are as safe as the English Channel is in peace time. I spoke about that light more to get you in the way of things to be attended to in these seas than for anything else. Did you notice how few native craft we've sighted for all these days we have been drifting about--one may say--in this sea?"

"I can't say I have attached any significance to the fact, sir."

"It's a sign that something is up. Once set a rumour afloat in these waters, and it will make its way from island to island, without any breeze to drive it along."

"Being myself a deep-water man sailing steadily out of home ports nearly all my life," said Shaw with great deliberation, "I cannot pretend to see through the peculiarities of them out-of-the-way parts. But I can keep a lookout in an ordinary way, and I have noticed that craft of any kind seemed scarce, for the last few days: considering that we had land aboard of us--one side or another--nearly every day."

"You will get to know the peculiarities, as you call them, if you remain any time with me," remarked Lingard, negligently.

"I hope I shall give satisfaction, whether the time be long or
short!" said Shaw, accentuating the meaning of his words by the distinctness of his utterance. "A man who has spent thirty-two years of his life on saltwater can say no more. If being an officer of home ships for the last fifteen years I don't understand the heathen ways of them there savages, in matters of seamanship and duty, you will find me all there, Captain Lingard."

"Except, judging from what you said a little while ago--except in the matter of fighting," said Lingard, with a short laugh.

"Fighting! I am not aware that anybody wants to fight me. I am a peaceable man, Captain Lingard, but when put to it, I could fight as well as any of them flat-nosed chaps we have to make shift with, instead of a proper crew of decent Christians. Fighting!" he went on with unexpected pugnacity of tone, "Fighting! If anybody comes to fight me, he will find me all there, I swear!"

"That's all right. That's all right," said Lingard, stretching his arms above his head and wriggling his shoulders. "My word! I do wish a breeze would come to let us get away from here. I am rather in a hurry, Shaw."

"Indeed, sir! Well, I never yet met a thorough seafaring man who was not in a hurry when a con-demned spell of calm had him by the heels. When a breeze comes . . . just listen to this, sir!"
"I hear it," said Lingard. "Tide-rip, Shaw."

"So I presume, sir. But what a fuss it makes. Seldom heard such a--"

On the sea, upon the furthest limits of vision, appeared an advancing streak of seething foam, resembling a narrow white ribbon, drawn rapidly along the level surface of the water by its two ends, which were lost in the darkness. It reached the brig, passed under, stretching out on each side; and on each side the water became noisy, breaking into numerous and tiny wavelets, a mimicry of an immense agitation. Yet the vessel in the midst of this sudden and loud disturbance remained as motionless and steady as if she had been securely moored between the stone walls of a safe dock. In a few moments the line of foam and ripple running swiftly north passed at once beyond sight and earshot, leaving no trace on the unconquerable calm.

"Now this is very curious--" began Shaw.

Lingard made a gesture to command silence. He seemed to listen yet, as if the wash of the ripple could have had an echo which he expected to hear. And a man's voice that was heard forward had something of the impersonal ring of voices thrown back from hard
and lofty cliffs upon the empty distances of the sea. It spoke in Malay—faintly.

"What?" hailed Shaw. "What is it?"

Lingard put a restraining hand for a moment on his chief officer's shoulder, and moved forward smartly. Shaw followed, puzzled. The rapid exchange of incomprehensible words thrown backward and forward through the shadows of the brig's main deck from his captain to the lookout man and back again, made him feel sadly out of it, somehow.

Lingard had called out sharply—"What do you see?" The answer direct and quick was—"I hear, Tuan. I hear oars."

"Whereabouts?"

"The night is all around us. I hear them near."

"Port or starboard?"

There was a short delay in answer this time. On the quarter-deck, under the poop, bare feet shuffled. Somebody coughed. At last the voice forward said doubtfully:
"Kanan."

"Call the serang, Mr. Shaw," said Lingard, calmly, "and have the hands turned up. They are all lying about the decks. Look sharp now. There's something near us. It's annoying to be caught like this," he added in a vexed tone.

He crossed over to the starboard side, and stood listening, one hand grasping the royal back-stay, his ear turned to the sea, but he could hear nothing from there. The quarter-deck was filled with subdued sounds. Suddenly, a long, shrill whistle soared, reverberated loudly amongst the flat surfaces of motionless sails, and gradually grew faint as if the sound had escaped and gone away, running upon the water. Haji Wasub was on deck and ready to carry out the white man's commands. Then silence fell again on the brig, until Shaw spoke quietly.

"I am going forward now, sir, with the tindal. We're all at stations."

"Aye, Mr. Shaw. Very good. Mind they don't board you--but I can hear nothing. Not a sound. It can't be much."

"The fellow has been dreaming, no doubt. I have good ears, too,
and--"

He went forward and the end of his sentence was lost in an indistinct growl. Lingard stood attentive. One by one the three seacannies off duty appeared on the poop and busied themselves around a big chest that stood by the side of the cabin companion. A rattle and clink of steel weapons turned out on the deck was heard, but the men did not even whisper. Lingard peered steadily into the night, then shook his head.

"Serang!" he called, half aloud.

The spare old man ran up the ladder so smartly that his bony feet did not seem to touch the steps. He stood by his commander, his hands behind his back; a figure indistinct but straight as an arrow.

"Who was looking out?" asked Lingard.

"Badroon, the Bugis," said Wasub, in his crisp, jerky manner.

"I can hear nothing. Badroon heard the noise in his mind."

"The night hides the boat."
"Have you seen it?"


"Why didn't you report it, then?" asked Lingard, sharply.

"Malim spoke. He said: 'Nothing there,' while I could see. How could I know what was in his mind or yours, Tuan?"

"Do you hear anything now?"

"No. They stopped now. Perhaps lost the ship--who knows? Perhaps afraid--"

"Well!" muttered Lingard, moving his feet uneasily. "I believe you lie. What kind of boat?"

"White men's boat. A four-men boat, I think. Small. Tuan, I hear him now! There!"

He stretched his arm straight out, pointing abeam for a time,
then his arm fell slowly.

"Coming this way," he added with decision.

From forward Shaw called out in a startled tone:

"Something on the water, sir! Broad on this bow!"

"All right!" called back Lingard.

A lump of blacker darkness floated into his view. From it came over the water English words—deliberate, reaching him one by one; as if each had made its own difficult way through the profound stillness of the night.

"What--ship--is--that--pray?"

"English brig," answered Lingard, after a short moment of hesitation.

"A brig! I thought you were something bigger," went on the voice from the sea with a tinge of disappointment in its deliberate tone. "I am coming alongside--if--you--please."
"No! you don't!" called Lingard back, sharply. The leisurely
drawl of the invisible speaker seemed to him offensive, and woke
up a hostile feeling. "No! you don't if you care for your boat.
Where do you spring from? Who are you--anyhow? How many of you
are there in that boat?"

After these emphatic questions there was an interval of silence.
During that time the shape of the boat became a little more
distinct. She must have carried some way on her yet, for she
loomed up bigger and nearly abreast of where Lingard stood,
before the self-possessed voice was heard again:

"I will show you."

Then, after another short pause, the voice said, less loud but
very plain:

"Strike on the gunwale. Strike hard, John!" and suddenly a blue
light blazed out, illuminating with a livid flame a round patch
in the night. In the smoke and splutter of that ghastly halo
appeared a white, four-oared gig with five men sitting in her in
a row. Their heads were turned toward the brig with a strong
expression of curiosity on their faces, which, in this glare,
brilliant and sinister, took on a deathlike aspect and resembled
the faces of interested corpses. Then the bowman dropped into the
water the light he held above his head and the darkness, rushing
back at the boat, swallowed it with a loud and angry hiss.

"Five of us," said the composed voice out of the night that
seemed now darker than before. "Four hands and myself. We belong
to a yacht--a British yacht--"

"Come on board!" shouted Lingard. "Why didn't you speak at once?
I thought you might have been some masquerading Dutchmen from a
dodging gunboat."

"Do I speak like a blamed Dutchman? Pull a stroke, boys--oars!
Tend bow, John."

The boat came alongside with a gentle knock, and a man's shape
began to climb at once up the brig's side with a kind of
ponderous agility. It poised itself for a moment on the rail to
say down into the boat--"Sheer off a little, boys," then jumped
on deck with a thud, and said to Shaw who was coming aft: "Good
evening . . . Captain, sir?"

"No. On the poop!" growled Shaw.

The Malays had left their stations and stood clustered by the mainmast in a silent group. Not a word was spoken on the brig's decks, while the stranger made his way to the waiting captain. Lingard saw approaching him a short, dapper man, who touched his cap and repeated his greeting in a cool drawl:

"Good evening... Captain, sir?"

"Yes, I am the master--what's the matter? Adrift from your ship? Or what?"

"Adrift? No! We left her four days ago, and have been pulling that gig in a calm, nearly ever since. My men are done. So is the water. Lucky thing I sighted you."

"You sighted me!" exclaimed Lingard. "When? What time?"

"Not in the dark, you may be sure. We've been knocking about amongst some islands to the southward, breaking our hearts tugging at the oars in one channel, then in another--trying to get clear. We got round an islet--a barren thing, in shape like a loaf of sugar--and I caught sight of a vessel a long way off. I took her bearing in a hurry and we buckled to; but another of them currents must have had hold of us, for it was a long time
before we managed to clear that islet. I steered by the stars, and, by the Lord Harry, I began to think I had missed you somehow--because it must have been you I saw."

"Yes, it must have been. We had nothing in sight all day," assented Lingard. "Where's your vessel?" he asked, eagerly.

"Hard and fast on middling soft mud--I should think about sixty miles from here. We are the second boat sent off for assistance. We parted company with the other on Tuesday. She must have passed to the northward of you to-day. The chief officer is in her with orders to make for Singapore. I am second, and was sent off toward the Straits here on the chance of falling in with some ship. I have a letter from the owner. Our gentry are tired of being stuck in the mud and wish for assistance."

"What assistance did you expect to find down here?"

"The letter will tell you that. May I ask, Captain, for a little water for the chaps in my boat? And I myself would thank you for a drink. We haven't had a mouthful since this afternoon. Our breaker leaked out somehow."

"See to it, Mr. Shaw," said Lingard. "Come down the cabin, Mr.--"
"Carter is my name."

"Ah! Mr. Carter. Come down, come down," went on Lingard, leading the way down the cabin stairs.

The steward had lighted the swinging lamp, and had put a decanter and bottles on the table. The cuddy looked cheerful, painted white, with gold mouldings round the panels. Opposite the curtained recess of the stern windows there was a sideboard with a marble top, and, above it, a looking-glass in a gilt frame. The semicircular couch round the stern had cushions of crimson plush. The table was covered with a black Indian tablecloth embroidered in vivid colours. Between the beams of the poop-deck were fitted racks for muskets, the barrels of which glinted in the light. There were twenty-four of them between the four beams. As many sword-bayonets of an old pattern encircled the polished teakwood of the rudder-casing with a double belt of brass and steel. All the doors of the state-rooms had been taken off the hinges and only curtains closed the doorways. They seemed to be made of yellow Chinese silk, and fluttered all together, the four of them, as the two men entered the cuddy.

Carter took in all at a glance, but his eyes were arrested by a circular shield hung slanting above the brass hilts of the bayonets. On its red field, in relief and brightly gilt, was represented a sheaf of conventional thunderbolts darting down the
middle between the two capitals T. L. Lingard examined his guest curiously. He saw a young man, but looking still more youthful, with a boyish smooth face much sunburnt, twinkling blue eyes, fair hair and a slight moustache. He noticed his arrested gaze.

"Ah, you're looking at that thing. It's a present from the builder of this brig. The best man that ever launched a craft. It's supposed to be the ship's name between my initials--flash of lightning--d'you see? The brig's name is Lightning and mine is Lingard."

"Very pretty thing that: shows the cabin off well," murmured Carter, politely.

They drank, nodding at each other, and sat down.

"Now for the letter," said Lingard.

Carter passed it over the table and looked about, while Lingard took the letter out of an open envelope, addressed to the commander of any British ship in the Java Sea. The paper was thick, had an embossed heading: "Schooner-yacht Hermit" and was dated four days before. The message said that on a hazy night the yacht had gone ashore upon some outlying shoals off the coast of Borneo. The land was low. The opinion of the sailing-master was
that the vessel had gone ashore at the top of high water, spring tides. The coast was completely deserted to all appearance.

During the four days they had been stranded there they had sighted in the distance two small native vessels, which did not approach. The owner concluded by asking any commander of a homeward-bound ship to report the yacht's position in Anjer on his way through Sunda Straits--or to any British or Dutch man-of-war he might meet. The letter ended by anticipatory thanks, the offer to pay any expenses in connection with the sending of messages from Anjer, and the usual polite expressions.

Folding the paper slowly in the old creases, Lingard said--"I am not going to Anjer--nor anywhere near."

"Any place will do, I fancy," said Carter.

"Not the place where I am bound to," answered Lingard, opening the letter again and glancing at it uneasily. "He does not describe very well the coast, and his latitude is very uncertain," he went on. "I am not clear in my mind where exactly you are stranded. And yet I know every inch of that land--over there."

Carter cleared his throat and began to talk in his slow drawl. He seemed to dole out facts, to disclose with sparing words the features of the coast, but every word showed the minuteness of
his observation, the clear vision of a seaman able to master quickly the aspect of a strange land and of a strange sea. He presented, with concise lucidity, the picture of the tangle of reefs and sandbanks, through which the yacht had miraculously blundered in the dark before she took the ground.

"The weather seems clear enough at sea," he observed, finally, and stopped to drink a long draught. Lingard, bending over the table, had been listening with eager attention. Carter went on in his curt and deliberate manner:

"I noticed some high trees on what I take to be the mainland to the south—and whoever has business in that bight was smart enough to whitewash two of them: one on the point, and another farther in. Landmarks, I guess. . . . What's the matter, Captain?"

Lingard had jumped to his feet, but Carter's exclamation caused him to sit down again.

"Nothing, nothing . . . Tell me, how many men have you in that yacht?"

"Twenty-three, besides the gentry, the owner, his wife and a Spanish gentleman—a friend they picked up in Manila."
"So you were coming from Manila?"

"Aye. Bound for Batavia. The owner wishes to study the Dutch colonial system. Wants to expose it, he says. One can't help hearing a lot when keeping watch aft--you know how it is. Then we are going to Ceylon to meet the mail-boat there. The owner is going home as he came out, overland through Egypt. The yacht would return round the Cape, of course."

"A lady?" said Lingard. "You say there is a lady on board. Are you armed?"

"Not much," replied Carter, negligently. "There are a few muskets and two sporting guns aft; that's about all--I fancy it's too much, or not enough," he added with a faint smile.

Lingard looked at him narrowly.

"Did you come out from home in that craft?" he asked.

"Not! I am not one of them regular yacht hands. I came out of the hospital in Hongkong. I've been two years on the China coast."
He stopped, then added in an explanatory murmur:

"Opium clippers--you know. Nothing of brass buttons about me. My ship left me behind, and I was in want of work. I took this job but I didn't want to go home particularly. It's slow work after sailing with old Robinson in the Ly-e-moon. That was my ship. Heard of her, Captain?"

"Yes, yes," said Lingard, hastily. "Look here, Mr. Carter, which way was your chief officer trying for Singapore? Through the Straits of Rhio?"

"I suppose so," answered Carter in a slightly surprised tone; "why do you ask?"

"Just to know . . . What is it, Mr. Shaw?"

"There's a black cloud rising to the northward, sir, and we shall get a breeze directly," said Shaw from the doorway.

He lingered there with his eyes fixed on the decanters.

"Will you have a glass?" said Lingard, leaving his seat. "I will
go up and have a look.”

He went on deck. Shaw approached the table and began to help himself, handling the bottles in profound silence and with exaggerated caution, as if he had been measuring out of fragile vessels a dose of some deadly poison. Carter, his hands in his pockets, and leaning back, examined him from head to foot with a cool stare. The mate of the brig raised the glass to his lips, and glaring above the rim at the stranger, drained the contents slowly.

“You have a fine nose for finding ships in the dark, Mister,” he said, distinctly, putting the glass on the table with extreme gentleness.

“Eh? What’s that? I sighted you just after sunset.”

“And you knew where to look, too,” said Shaw, staring hard.

“I looked to the westward where there was still some light, as any sensible man would do,” retorted the other a little impatiently. "What are you trying to get at?"

“And you have a ready tongue to blow about yourself--haven't you?"
"Never saw such a man in my life," declared Carter, with a return of his nonchalant manner. "You seem to be troubled about something."

"I don't like boats to come sneaking up from nowhere in particular, alongside a ship when I am in charge of the deck. I can keep a lookout as well as any man out of home ports, but I hate to be circumvented by muffled oars and such ungentlemanlike tricks. Yacht officer--indeed. These seas must be full of such yachtsmen. I consider you played a mean trick on me. I told my old man there was nothing in sight at sunset--and no more there was. I believe you blundered upon us by chance--for all your boasting about sunsets and bearings. Gammon! I know you came on blindly on top of us, and with muffled oars, too. D'ye call that decent?"

"If I did muffle the oars it was for a good reason. I wanted to slip past a cove where some native craft were moored. That was common prudence in such a small boat, and not armed--as I am. I saw you right enough, but I had no intention to startle anybody. Take my word for it."

"I wish you had gone somewhere else," growled Shaw. "I hate to be put in the wrong through accident and untruthfulness--there! Here's my old man calling me--"
He left the cabin hurriedly and soon afterward Lingard came down, and sat again facing Carter across the table. His face was grave but resolute.

"We shall get the breeze directly," he said.

"Then, sir," said Carter, getting up, "if you will give me back that letter I shall go on cruising about here to speak some other ship. I trust you will report us wherever you are going."

"I am going to the yacht and I shall keep the letter," answered Lingard with decision. "I know exactly where she is, and I must go to the rescue of those people. It's most fortunate you've fallen in with me, Mr. Carter. Fortunate for them and fortunate for me," he added in a lower tone.

"Yes," drawled Carter, reflectively. "There may be a tidy bit of salvage money if you should get the vessel off, but I don't think you can do much. I had better stay out here and try to speak some gunboat--"

"You must come back to your ship with me," said Lingard, authoritatively. "Never mind the gunboats."
"That wouldn't be carrying out my orders," argued Carter. "I've got to speak a homeward-bound ship or a man-of-war--that's plain enough. I am not anxious to knock about for days in an open boat, but--let me fill my fresh-water breaker, Captain, and I will be off."

"Nonsense," said Lingard, sharply. "You've got to come with me to show the place and--and help. I'll take your boat in tow."

Carter did not seem convinced. Lingard laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Look here, young fellow. I am Tom Lingard and there's not a white man among these islands, and very few natives, that have not heard of me. My luck brought you into my ship--and now I've got you, you must stay. You must!"

The last "must" burst out loud and sharp like a pistol-shot.

Carter stepped back.

"Do you mean you would keep me by force?" he asked, startled.

"Force," repeated Lingard. "It rests with you. I cannot let you speak any vessel. Your yacht has gone ashore in a most
inconvenient place--for me; and with your boats sent off here and there, you would bring every infernal gunboat buzzing to a spot that was as quiet and retired as the heart of man could wish. You stranding just on that spot of the whole coast was my bad luck. And that I could not help. You coming upon me like this is my good luck. And that I hold!"

He dropped his clenched fist, big and muscular, in the light of the lamp on the black cloth, amongst the glitter of glasses, with the strong fingers closed tight upon the firm flesh of the palm. He left it there for a moment as if showing Carter that luck he was going to hold. And he went on:

"Do you know into what hornet's nest your stupid people have blundered? How much d'ye think their lives are worth, just now? Not a brass farthing if the breeze fails me for another twenty-four hours. You may well open your eyes. It is so! And it may be too late now, while I am arguing with you here."

He tapped the table with his knuckles, and the glasses, waking up, jingled a thin, plaintive finale to his speech. Carter stood leaning against the sideboard. He was amazed by the unexpected turn of the conversation; his jaw dropped slightly and his eyes never swerved for a moment from Lingard's face. The silence in the cabin lasted only a few seconds, but to Carter, who waited breathlessly, it seemed very long. And all at once he heard in
it, for the first time, the cabin clock tick distinctly, in
pulsating beats, as though a little heart of metal behind the
dial had been started into sudden palpitation.

"A gunboat!" shouted Lingard, suddenly, as if he had seen only in
that moment, by the light of some vivid flash of thought, all the
difficulties of the situation. "If you don't go back with me
there will be nothing left for you to go back to--very soon. Your
gunboat won't find a single ship's rib or a single corpse left
for a landmark. That she won't. It isn't a gunboat skipper you
want. I am the man you want. You don't know your luck when you
see it, but I know mine, I do--and--look here- -"

He touched Carter's chest with his forefinger, and said with a
sudden gentleness of tone:

"I am a white man inside and out; I won't let inoffensive people-
-and a woman, too--come to harm if I can help it. And if I can't
help, nobody can. You understand--nobody! There's no time for it.
But I am like any other man that is worth his salt: I won't let
the end of an undertaking go by the board while there is a chance
to hold on--and it's like this--"

His voice was persuasive--almost caressing; he had hold now of a
coat button and tugged at it slightly as he went on in a
confidential manner:
"As it turns out, Mr. Carter, I would--in a manner of speaking--I would as soon shoot you where you stand as let you go to raise an alarm all over this sea about your confounded yacht. I have other lives to consider--and friends--and promises--and--and myself, too. I shall keep you," he concluded, sharply.

Carter drew a long breath. On the deck above, the two men could hear soft footfalls, short murmurs, indistinct words spoken near the skylight. Shaw's voice rang out loudly in growling tones:

"Furl the royals, you tindal!"

"It's the queerest old go," muttered Carter, looking down on to the floor. "You are a strange man. I suppose I must believe what you say--unless you and that fat mate of yours are a couple of escaped lunatics that got hold of a brig by some means. Why, that chap up there wanted to pick a quarrel with me for coming aboard, and now you threaten to shoot me rather than let me go. Not that I care much about that; for some time or other you would get hanged for it; and you don't look like a man that will end that way. If what you say is only half true, I ought to get back to the yacht as quick as ever I can. It strikes me that your coming to them will be only a small mercy, anyhow--and I may be of some use--But this is the queerest. . . . May I go in my boat?"
"As you like," said Lingard. "There's a rain squall coming."

"I am in charge and will get wet along of my chaps. Give us a good long line, Captain."

"It's done already," said Lingard. "You seem a sensible sailorman and can see that it would be useless to try and give me the slip."

"For a man so ready to shoot, you seem very trustful," drawled Carter. "If I cut adrift in a squall, I stand a pretty fair chance not to see you again."

"You just try," said Lingard, drily. "I have eyes in this brig, young man, that will see your boat when you couldn't see the ship. You are of the kind I like, but if you monkey with me I will find you--and when I find you I will run you down as surely as I stand here."

Carter slapped his thigh and his eyes twinkled.

"By the Lord Harry!" he cried. "If it wasn't for the men with me, I would try for sport. You are so cocksure about the lot you can do, Captain. You would aggravate a saint into open mutiny."
His easy good humour had returned; but after a short burst of laughter, he became serious.

"Never fear," he said, "I won't slip away. If there is to be any throat-cutting--as you seem to hint--mine will be there, too, I promise you, and. . . ."

He stretched his arms out, glanced at them, shook them a little.

"And this pair of arms to take care of it," he added, in his old, careless drawl.

But the master of the brig sitting with both his elbows on the table, his face in his hands, had fallen unexpectedly into a meditation so concentrated and so profound that he seemed neither to hear, see, nor breathe. The sight of that man's complete absorption in thought was to Carter almost more surprising than any other occurrence of that night. Had his strange host vanished suddenly from before his eyes, it could not have made him feel more uncomfortably alone in that cabin where the pertinacious clock kept ticking off the useless minutes of the calm before it would, with the same steady beat, begin to measure the aimless disturbance of the storm.
After waiting a moment, Carter went on deck. The sky, the sea, the brig itself had disappeared in a darkness that had become impenetrable, palpable, and stifling. An immense cloud had come up running over the heavens, as if looking for the little craft, and now hung over it, arrested. To the south there was a livid trembling gleam, faint and sad, like a vanishing memory of destroyed starlight. To the north, as if to prove the impossible, an incredibly blacker patch outlined on the tremendous blackness of the sky the heart of the coming squall. The glimmers in the water had gone out and the invisible sea all around lay mute and still as if it had died suddenly of fright.

Carter could see nothing. He felt about him people moving; he heard them in the darkness whispering faintly as if they had been exchanging secrets important or infamous. The night effaced even words, and its mystery had captured everything and every sound--had left nothing free but the unexpected that seemed to hover about one, ready to stretch out its stealthy hand in a touch sudden, familiar, and appalling. Even the careless disposition of the young ex-officer of an opium-clipper was affected by the ominous aspect of the hour. What was this vessel? What were those people? What would happen to-morrow? To the yacht? To himself? He felt suddenly without any additional reason but the darkness that it was a poor show, anyhow, a dashed poor show for all hands. The
irrational conviction made him falter for a second where he stood and he gripped the slide of the companionway hard.

Shaw's voice right close to his ear relieved and cleared his troubled thoughts.

"Oh! it's you, Mister. Come up at last," said the mate of the brig slowly. "It appears we've got to give you a tow now. Of all the rum in-cidents, this beats all. A boat sneaks up from nowhere and turns out to be a long-expected friend! For you are one of them friends the skipper was going to meet somewhere here. Ain't you now? Come! I know more than you may think. Are we off to--you may just as well tell--off to--h'm ha . . . you know?"

"Yes. I know. Don't you?" articulated Carter, innocently.

Shaw remained very quiet for a minute.

"Where's my skipper?" he asked at last.

"I left him down below in a kind of trance. Where's my boat?"

"Your boat is hanging astern. And my opinion is that you are as uncivil as I've proved you to be untruthful. Egzz-actly."
Carter stumbled toward the taffrail and in the first step he made came full against somebody who glided away. It seemed to him that such a night brings men to a lower level. He thought that he might have been knocked on the head by anybody strong enough to lift a crow-bar. He felt strangely irritated. He said loudly, aiming his words at Shaw whom he supposed somewhere near:

"And my opinion is that you and your skipper will come to a sudden bad end before--"

"I thought you were in your boat. Have you changed your mind?"
asked Lingard in his deep voice close to Carter's elbow.

Carter felt his way along the rail, till his hand found a line that seemed, in the calm, to stream out of its own accord into the darkness. He hailed his boat, and directly heard the wash of water against her bows as she was hauled quickly under the counter. Then he loomed up shapeless on the rail, and the next moment disappeared as if he had fallen out of the universe.
Lingard heard him say:

"Catch hold of my leg, John." There were hollow sounds in the boat; a voice growled, "All right."
"Keep clear of the counter," said Lingard, speaking in quiet warning tones into the night. "The brig may get a lot of sternway on her should this squall not strike her fairly."

"Aye, aye. I will mind," was the muttered answer from the water.

Lingard crossed over to the port side, and looked steadily at the sooty mass of approaching vapours. After a moment he said curtly, "Brace up for the port tack, Mr. Shaw," and remained silent, with his face to the sea. A sound, sorrowful and startling like the sigh of some immense creature, travelling across the starless space, passed above the vertical and lofty spars of the motionless brig.

It grew louder, then suddenly ceased for a moment, and the taut rigging of the brig was heard vibrating its answer in a singing note to this threatening murmur of the winds. A long and slow undulation lifted the level of the waters, as if the sea had drawn a deep breath of anxious suspense. The next minute an immense disturbance leaped out of the darkness upon the sea, kindling upon it a livid clearness of foam, and the first gust of the squall boarded the brig in a stinging flick of rain and spray. As if overwhelmed by the suddenness of the fierce onset, the vessel remained for a second upright where she floated, shaking with tremendous jerks from trucks to keel; while high up in the night the invisible canvas was heard rattling and beating
about violently.

Then, with a quick double report, as of heavy guns, both topsails
filled at once and the brig fell over swiftly on her side. Shaw
was thrown headlong against the skylight, and Lingard, who had
encircled the weather rail with his arm, felt the vessel under
his feet dart forward smoothly, and the deck become less
slanting--the speed of the brig running off a little now, easing
the overturning strain of the wind upon the distended surfaces of
the sails. It was only the fineness of the little vessel's lines
and the perfect shape of her hull that saved the canvas, and
perhaps the spars, by enabling the ready craft to get way upon
herself with such lightning-like rapidity. Lingard drew a long
breath and yelled jubilantly at Shaw who was struggling up
against wind and rain to his commander's side.

"She'll do. Hold on everything."

Shaw tried to speak. He swallowed great mouthfuls of tepid water
which the wind drove down his throat. The brig seemed to sail
through undulating waves that passed swishing between the masts
and swept over the decks with the fierce rush and noise of a
cataract. From every spar and every rope a ragged sheet of water
streamed flicking to leeward. The overpowering deluge seemed to
last for an age; became unbearable--and, all at once, stopped. In
a couple of minutes the shower had run its length over the brig
and now could be seen like a straight grey wall, going away into
the night under the fierce whispering of dissolving clouds. The
wind eased. To the northward, low down in the darkness, three
stars appeared in a row, leaping in and out between the crests of
waves like the distant heads of swimmers in a running surf; and
the retreating edge of the cloud, perfectly straight from east to
west, slipped along the dome of the sky like an immense
hemispheric, iron shutter pivoting down smoothly as if operated
by some mighty engine. An inspiring and penetrating freshness
flowed together with the shimmer of light, through the augmented
glory of the heaven, a glory exalted, undimmed, and strangely
startling as if a new world had been created during the short
flight of the stormy cloud. It was a return to life, a return to
space; the earth coming out from under a pall to take its place
in the renewed and immense scintillation of the universe.

The brig, her yards slightly checked in, ran with an easy motion
under the topsails, jib and driver, pushing contemptuously aside
the turbulent crowd of noisy and agitated waves. As the craft
went swiftly ahead she unrolled behind her over the uneasy
darkness of the sea a broad ribbon of seething foam shot with
wispy gleams of dark discs escaping from under the rudder. Far
away astern, at the end of a line no thicker than a black thread,
which dipped now and then its long curve in the bursting froth, a
toy-like object could be made out, elongated and dark, racing
after the brig over the snowy whiteness of her wake.
Lingard walked aft, and, with both his hands on the taffrail, looked eagerly for Carter's boat. The first glance satisfied him that the yacht's gig was towing easily at the end of the long scope of line, and he turned away to look ahead and to leeward with a steady gaze. It was then half an hour past midnight and Shaw, relieved by Wasub, had gone below. Before he went, he said to Lingard, "I will be off, sir, if you're not going to make more sail yet." "Not yet for a while," had answered Lingard in a preoccupied manner; and Shaw departed aggrieved at such a neglect of making the best of a good breeze.

On the main deck dark-skinned men, whose clothing clung to their shivering limbs as if they had been overboard, had finished recoiling the braces, and clearing the gear. The kassab, after having hung the fore-topsail halyards in the becket, strutted into the waist toward a row of men who stood idly with their shoulders against the side of the long boat amidships. He passed along looking up close at the stolid faces. Room was made for him, and he took his place at the end.

"It was a great rain and a mighty wind, O men," he said, dogmatically, "but no wind can ever hurt this ship. That I knew while I stood minding the sail which is under my care."

A dull and inexpressive murmur was heard from the men. Over the high weather rail, a topping wave flung into their eyes a handful
of heavy drops that stung like hail. There were low groans of indignation. A man sighed. Another emitted a spasmodic laugh through his chattering teeth. No one moved away. The little kassab wiped his face and went on in his cracked voice, to the accompaniment of the swishing sounds made by the seas that swept regularly astern along the ship's side.

"Have you heard him shout at the wind--louder than the wind? I have heard, being far forward. And before, too, in the many years I served this white man I have heard him often cry magic words that make all safe. Ya-wa! This is truth. Ask Wasub who is a Haji, even as I am."

"I have seen white men's ships with their masts broken--also wrecked like our own praus," remarked sadly a lean, lank fellow who shivered beside the kassab, hanging his head and trying to grasp his shoulder blades.

"True," admitted the kassab. "They are all the children of Satan but to some more favour is shown. To obey such men on the sea or in a fight is good. I saw him who is master here fight with wild men who eat their enemies--far away to the eastward--and I dealt blows by his side without fear; for the charms he, no doubt, possesses protect his servants also. I am a believer and the Stoned One can not touch my forehead. Yet the reward of victory comes from the accursed. For six years have I sailed with that
white man; first as one who minds the rudder, for I am a man of
the sea, born in a prau, and am skilled in such work. And now,
because of my great knowledge of his desires, I have the care of
all things in this ship."

Several voices muttered, "True. True." They remained apathetic
and patient, in the rush of wind, under the repeated short
flights of sprays. The slight roll of the ship balanced them
stiffly all together where they stood propped against the big
boat. The breeze humming between the inclined masts enveloped
their dark and silent figures in the unceasing resonance of its
breath.

The brig's head had been laid so as to pass a little to windward
of the small islands of the Carimata group. They had been till
then hidden in the night, but now both men on the lookout
reported land ahead in one long cry. Lingard, standing to leeward
abreast of the wheel, watched the islet first seen. When it was
nearly abeam of the brig he gave his orders, and Wasub hurried
off to the main deck. The helm was put down, the yards on the
main came slowly square and the wet canvas of the main-topsail
clung suddenly to the mast after a single heavy flap. The
dazzling streak of the ship's wake vanished. The vessel lost her
way and began to dip her bows into the quick succession of the
running head seas. And at every slow plunge of the craft, the
song of the wind would swell louder amongst the waving spars,
with a wild and mournful note.
Just as the brig's boat had been swung out, ready for lowering, the yacht's gig hauled up by its line appeared tossing and splashing on the lee quarter. Carter stood up in the stern sheets balancing himself cleverly to the disordered motion of his cockleshell. He hailed the brig twice to know what was the matter, not being able from below and in the darkness to make out what that confused group of men on the poop were about. He got no answer, though he could see the shape of a man standing by himself aft, and apparently watching him. He was going to repeat his hail for the third time when he heard the rattling of tackles followed by a heavy splash, a burst of voices, scrambling hollow sounds--and a dark mass detaching itself from the brig's side swept past him on the crest of a passing wave. For less than a second he could see on the shimmer of the night sky the shape of a boat, the heads of men, the blades of oars pointing upward while being got out hurriedly. Then all this sank out of sight, reappeared once more far off and hardly discernible, before vanishing for good.

"Why, they've lowered a boat!" exclaimed Carter, falling back in his seat. He remembered that he had seen only a few hours ago three native praus lurking amongst those very islands. For a moment he had the idea of casting off to go in chase of that boat, so as to find out. . . . Find out what? He gave up his idea at once. What could he do?
The conviction that the yacht, and everything belonging to her, were in some indefinite but very real danger, took afresh a strong hold of him, and the persuasion that the master of the brig was going there to help did not by any means assuage his alarm. The fact only served to complicate his uneasiness with a sense of mystery.

The white man who spoke as if that sea was all his own, or as if people intruded upon his privacy by taking the liberty of getting wrecked on a coast where he and his friends did some queer business, seemed to him an undesirable helper. That the boat had been lowered to communicate with the praus seen and avoided by him in the evening he had no doubt. The thought had flashed on him at once. It had an ugly look. Yet the best thing to do after all was to hang on and get back to the yacht and warn them. . . . Warn them against whom? The man had been perfectly open with him. Warn them against what? It struck him that he hadn't the slightest conception of what would happen, of what was even likely to happen. That strange rescuer himself was bringing the news of danger. Danger from the natives of course. And yet he was in communication with those natives. That was evident. That boat going off in the night. . . . Carter swore heartily to himself.

His perplexity became positive bodily pain as he sat, wet, uncomfortable, and still, one hand on the tiller, thrown up and down in headlong swings of his boat. And before his eyes, towering high, the black hull of the brig also rose and fell,
setting her stern down in the sea, now and again, with a
tremendous and foaming splash. Not a sound from her reached
Carter's ears. She seemed an abandoned craft but for the outline
of a man's head and body still visible in a watchful attitude
above the taffrail.

Carter told his bowman to haul up closer and hailed:

"Brig ahoy. Anything wrong?"

He waited, listening. The shadowy man still watched. After some
time a curt "No" came back in answer.

"Are you going to keep hove-to long?" shouted Carter.

"Don't know. Not long. Drop your boat clear of the ship. Drop
clear. Do damage if you don't."

"Slack away, John!" said Carter in a resigned tone to the elderly
seaman in the bow. "Slack away and let us ride easy to the full
scope. They don't seem very talkative on board there."

Even while he was speaking the line ran out and the regular
undulations of the passing seas drove the boat away from the
brig. Carter turned a little in his seat to look at the land. It
loomed up dead to leeward like a lofty and irregular cone only a
mile or a mile and a half distant. The noise of the surf beating
upon its base was heard against the wind in measured detonations.
The fatigue of many days spent in the boat asserted itself above
the restlessness of Carter's thoughts and, gradually, he lost the
notion of the passing time without altogether losing the
consciousness of his situation.

In the intervals of that benumbed stupor--rather than sleep--he
was aware that the interrupted noise of the surf had grown into a
continuous great rumble, swelling periodically into a loud roar;
that the high islet appeared now bigger, and that a white fringe
of foam was visible at its feet. Still there was no stir or
movement of any kind on board the brig. He noticed that the wind
was moderating and the sea going down with it, and then dozed off
again for a minute. When next he opened his eyes with a start, it
was just in time to see with surprise a new star soar noiselessly
straight up from behind the land, take up its position in a
brilliant constellation--and go out suddenly. Two more followed,
ascending together, and after reaching about the same elevation,
expired side by side.

"Them's rockets, sir--ain't they?" said one of the men in a
muffled voice.
"Aye, rockets," grunted Carter. "And now, what's the next move?"

he muttered to himself dismally.

He got his answer in the fierce swishing whirr of a slender ray
of fire that, shooting violently upward from the sombre hull of
the brig, dissolved at once into a dull red shower of falling
sparks. Only one, white and brilliant, remained alone poised high
overhead, and after glowing vividly for a second, exploded with a
feeble report. Almost at the same time he saw the brig's head
fall off the wind, made out the yards swinging round to fill the
main topsail, and heard distinctly the thud of the first wave
thrown off by the advancing bows. The next minute the tow-line
got the strain and his boat started hurriedly after the brig with
a sudden jerk.

Leaning forward, wide awake and attentive, Carter steered. His
men sat one behind another with shoulders up, and arched backs,
dozing, uncomfortable but patient, upon the thwarts. The care
requisite to steer the boat properly in the track of the seething
and disturbed water left by the brig in her rapid course
prevented him from reflecting much upon the incertitude of the
future and upon his own unusual situation.

Now he was only exceedingly anxious to see the yacht again, and
it was with a feeling of very real satisfaction that he saw all
plain sail being made on the brig. Through the remaining hours of
the night he sat grasping the tiller and keeping his eyes on the
shadowy and high pyramid of canvas gliding steadily ahead of his
boat with a slight balancing movement from side to side.

IV

It was noon before the brig, piloted by Lingard through the deep
channels between the outer coral reefs, rounded within
pistol-shot a low hummock of sand which marked the end of a long
stretch of stony ledges that, being mostly awash, showed a black
head only, here and there amongst the hissing brown froth of the
yellow sea. As the brig drew clear of the sandy patch there
appeared, dead to windward and beyond a maze of broken water,
sandspits, and clusters of rocks, the black hull of the yacht
heeling over, high and motionless upon the great expanse of
glittering shallows. Her long, naked spars were inclined slightly
as if she had been sailing with a good breeze. There was to the
lookers-on aboard the brig something sad and disappointing in the
yacht's aspect as she lay perfectly still in an attitude that in
a seaman's mind is associated with the idea of rapid motion.

"Here she is!" said Shaw, who, clad in a spotless white suit,
came just then from forward where he had been busy with the
anchors. "She is well on, sir--isn't she? Looks like a mudflat to
me from here."
"Yes. It is a mudflat," said Lingard, slowly, raising the long
glass to his eye. "Haul the mainsail up, Mr. Shaw," he went on
while he took a steady look at the yacht. "We will have to work
in short tacks here."

He put the glass down and moved away from the rail. For the next
hour he handled his little vessel in the intricate and narrow
channel with careless certitude, as if every stone, every grain
of sand upon the treacherous bottom had been plainly disclosed to
his sight. He handled her in the fitful and unsteady breeze with
a matter-of-fact audacity that made Shaw, forward at his station,
gasp in sheer alarm. When heading toward the inshore shoals the
brig was never put round till the quick, loud cries of the
leadsmen announced that there were no more than three feet of
water under her keel; and when standing toward the steep inner
dege of the long reef, where the lead was of no use, the helm
would be put down only when the cutwater touched the faint line
of the bordering foam. Lingard's love for his brig was a man's
love, and was so great that it could never be appeased unless he
called on her to put forth all her qualities and her power, to
repay his exacting affection by a faithfulness tried to the very
utmost limit of endurance. Every flutter of the sails flew down
from aloft along the taut leeches, to enter his heart in a sense
of acute delight; and the gentle murmur of water alongside,
which, continuous and soft, showed that in all her windings his
incomparable craft had never, even for an instant, ceased to
carry her way, was to him more precious and inspiring than the
soft whisper of tender words would have been to another man. It was in such moments that he lived intensely, in a flush of strong feeling that made him long to press his little vessel to his breast. She was his perfect world full of trustful joy.

The people on board the yacht, who watched eagerly the first sail they had seen since they had been ashore on that deserted part of the coast, soon made her out, with some disappointment, to be a small merchant brig beating up tack for tack along the inner edge of the reef--probably with the intention to communicate and offer assistance. The general opinion among the seafaring portion of her crew was that little effective assistance could be expected from a vessel of that description. Only the sailing-master of the yacht remarked to the boatswain (who had the advantage of being his first cousin): "This man is well acquainted here; you can see that by the way he handles his brig. I shan't be sorry to have somebody to stand by us. Can't tell when we will get off this mud, George."

A long board, sailed very close, enabled the brig to fetch the southern limit of discoloured water over the bank on which the yacht had stranded. On the very edge of the muddy patch she was put in stays for the last time. As soon as she had paid off on the other tack, sail was shortened smartly, and the brig commenced the stretch that was to bring her to her anchorage, under her topsails, lower staysails and jib. There was then less than a quarter of a mile of shallow water between her and the
yacht; but while that vessel had gone ashore with her head to the
eastward the brig was moving slowly in a west-northwest
direction, and consequently, sailed--so to speak--past the whole
length of the yacht. Lingard saw every soul in the schooner on
deck, watching his advent in a silence which was as unbroken and
perfect as that on board his own vessel.

A little man with a red face framed in white whiskers waved a
gold-laced cap above the rail in the waist of the yacht. Lingard
raised his arm in return. Further aft, under the white awnings,
he could see two men and a woman. One of the men and the lady
were in blue. The other man, who seemed very tall and stood with
his arm entwined round an awning stanchion above his head, was
clad in white. Lingard saw them plainly. They looked at the brig
through binoculars, turned their faces to one another, moved
their lips, seemed surprised. A large dog put his forepaws on the
rail, and, lifting up his big, black head, sent out three loud
and plaintive barks, then dropped down out of sight. A sudden
stir and an appearance of excitement amongst all hands on board
the yacht was caused by their perceiving that the boat towing
astern of the stranger was their own second gig.

Arms were outstretched with pointing fingers. Someone shouted out
a long sentence of which not a word could be made out; and then
the brig, having reached the western limit of the bank, began to
move diagonally away, increasing her distance from the yacht but
bringing her stern gradually into view. The people aft, Lingard
noticed, left their places and walked over to the taffrail so as to keep him longer in sight.

When about a mile off the bank and nearly in line with the stern of the yacht the brig’s topsails fluttered and the yards came down slowly on the caps; the fore and aft canvas ran down; and for some time she floated quietly with folded wings upon the transparent sheet of water, under the radiant silence of the sky.

Then her anchor went to the bottom with a rumbling noise resembling the roll of distant thunder. In a moment her head tended to the last puffs of the northerly airs and the ensign at the peak stirred, unfurled itself slowly, collapsed, flew out again, and finally hung down straight and still, as if weighted with lead.

"Dead calm, sir," said Shaw to Lingard. "Dead calm again. We got into this funny place in the nick of time, sir."

They stood for a while side by side, looking round upon the coast and the sea. The brig had been brought up in the middle of a broad belt of clear water. To the north rocky ledges showed in black and white lines upon the slight swell setting in from there. A small island stood out from the broken water like the square tower of some submerged building. It was about two miles distant from the brig. To the eastward the coast was low; a coast of green forests fringed with dark mangroves. There was in its
sombre dullness a clearly defined opening, as if a small piece had been cut out with a sharp knife. The water in it shone like a patch of polished silver. Lingard pointed it out to Shaw.

"This is the entrance to the place where we are going," he said.

Shaw stared, round-eyed.

"I thought you came here on account of this here yacht," he stammered, surprised.

"Ah. The yacht," said Lingard, musingly, keeping his eyes on the break in the coast. "The yacht--" He stamped his foot suddenly. "I would give all I am worth and throw in a few days of life into the bargain if I could get her off and away before to-night."

He calmed down, and again stood gazing at the land. A little within the entrance from behind the wall of forests an invisible fire belched out steadily the black and heavy convolutions of thick smoke, which stood out high, like a twisted and shivering pillar against the clear blue of the sky.

"We must stop that game, Mr. Shaw," said Lingard, abruptly.
"Yes, sir. What game?" asked Shaw, looking round in wonder.

"This smoke," said Lingard, impatiently. "It's a signal."

"Certainly, sir--though I don't see how we can do it. It seems far inland. A signal for what, sir?"

"It was not meant for us," said Lingard in an unexpectedly savage tone. "Here, Shaw, make them put a blank charge into that forecastle gun. Tell 'em to ram hard the wadding and grease the mouth. We want to make a good noise. If old Jorgenson hears it, that fire will be out before you have time to turn round twice. . . . In a minute, Mr. Carter."

The yacht's boat had come alongside as soon as the brig had been brought up, and Carter had been waiting to take Lingard on board the yacht. They both walked now to the gangway. Shaw, following his commander, stood by to take his last orders.

"Put all the boats in the water, Mr. Shaw," Lingard was saying, with one foot on the rail, ready to leave his ship, "and mount the four-pounder swivel in the longboat's bow. Cast off the sea lashings of the guns, but don't run 'em out yet. Keep the topsails loose and the jib ready for setting, I may want the sails in a hurry. Now, Mr. Carter, I am ready for you."
"Shove off, boys," said Carter as soon as they were seated in the boat. "Shove off, and give way for a last pull before you get a long rest."

The men lay back on their oars, grunting. Their faces were drawn, grey and streaked with the dried salt sprays. They had the worried expression of men who had a long call made upon their endurance. Carter, heavy-eyed and dull, steered for the yacht's gangway. Lingard asked as they were crossing the brig's bows:

"Water enough alongside your craft, I suppose?"

"Yes. Eight to twelve feet," answered Carter, hoarsely. "Say, Captain! Where's your show of cutthroats? Why! This sea is as empty as a church on a week-day."

The booming report, nearly over his head, of the brig's eighteen-pounder interrupted him. A round puff of white vapour, spreading itself lazily, clung in fading shreds about the foreyard. Lingard, turning half round in the stern sheets, looked at the smoke on the shore. Carter remained silent, staring sleepily at the yacht they were approaching. Lingard kept watching the smoke so intensely that he almost forgot where he was, till Carter's voice pronouncing sharply at his ear the words
"way enough," recalled him to himself.

They were in the shadow of the yacht and coming alongside her ladder. The master of the brig looked upward into the face of a gentleman, with long whiskers and a shaved chin, staring down at him over the side through a single eyeglass. As he put his foot on the bottom step he could see the shore smoke still ascending, unceasing and thick; but even as he looked the very base of the black pillar rose above the ragged line of tree-tops. The whole thing floated clear away from the earth, and rolling itself into an irregularly shaped mass, drifted out to seaward, travelling slowly over the blue heavens, like a threatening and lonely cloud.

PART II. THE SHORE OF REFUGE

The coast off which the little brig, floating upright above her anchor, seemed to guard the high hull of the yacht has no distinctive features. It is land without form. It stretches away without cape or bluff, long and low--indefinitely; and when the heavy gusts of the northeast monsoon drive the thick rain slanting over the sea, it is seen faintly under the grey sky, black and with a blurred outline like the straight edge of a dissolving shore. In the long season of unclouded days, it
presents to view only a narrow band of earth that appears crushed
flat upon the vast level of waters by the weight of the sky,
whose immense dome rests on it in a line as fine and true as that
of the sea horizon itself.

Notwithstanding its nearness to the centres of European power,
this coast has been known for ages to the armed wanderers of
these seas as "The Shore of Refuge." It has no specific name on
the charts, and geography manuals don't mention it at all; but
the wreckage of many defeats unerringly drifts into its creeks.

Its approaches are extremely difficult for a stranger. Looked at
from seaward, the innumerable islets fringing what, on account of
its vast size, may be called the mainland, merge into a
background that presents not a single landmark to point the way
through the intricate channels. It may be said that in a belt of
sea twenty miles broad along that low shore there is much more
coral, mud, sand, and stones than actual sea water. It was
amongst the outlying shoals of this stretch that the yacht had
gone ashore and the events consequent upon her stranding took
place.

The diffused light of the short daybreak showed the open water to
the westward, sleeping, smooth and grey, under a faded heaven.
The straight coast threw a heavy belt of gloom along the shoals,
which, in the calm of expiring night, were unmarked by the
slightest ripple. In the faint dawn the low clumps of bushes on
the sandbanks appeared immense.
Two figures, noiseless like two shadows, moved slowly over the 
beach of a rocky islet, and stopped side by side on the very edge 
of the water. Behind them, between the mats from which they had 
arisen, a small heap of black embers smouldered quietly. They 
stood upright and perfectly still, but for the slight movement of 
their heads from right to left and back again as they swept their 
gaze through the grey emptiness of the waters where, about two 
miles distant, the hull of the yacht loomed up to seaward, black 
and shapeless, against the wan sky.

The two figures looked beyond without exchanging as much as a 
murmur. The taller of the two grounded, at arm’s length, the 
stock of a gun with a long barrel; the hair of the other fell 
down to its waist; and, near by, the leaves of creepers drooping 
from the summit of the steep rock stirred no more than the 
festooned stone. The faint light, disclosing here and there a 
gleam of white sandbanks and the blurred hummocks of islets 
scattered within the gloom of the coast, the profound silence, 
the vast stillness all round, accentuated the loneliness of the 
two human beings who, urged by a sleepless hope, had risen thus, 
at break of day, to look afar upon the veiled face of the sea.

"Nothing!" said the man with a sigh, and as if awakening from a 
long period of musing.
He was clad in a jacket of coarse blue cotton, of the kind a poor
fisherman might own, and he wore it wide open on a muscular chest
the colour and smoothness of bronze. From the twist of threadbare
sarong wound tightly on the hips protruded outward to the left
the ivory hilt, ringed with six bands of gold, of a weapon that
would not have disgraced a ruler. Silver glittered about the
flintlock and the hardwood stock of his gun. The red and gold
handkerchief folded round his head was of costly stuff, such as
is woven by high-born women in the households of chiefs, only the
gold threads were tarnished and the silk frayed in the folds. His
head was thrown back, the dropped eyelids narrowed the gleam of
his eyes. His face was hairless, the nose short with mobile
nostrils, and the smile of careless good-humour seemed to have
been permanently wrought, as if with a delicate tool, into the
slight hollows about the corners of rather full lips. His upright
figure had a negligent elegance. But in the careless face, in the
easy gestures of the whole man there was something attentive and
restrained.

After giving the offing a last searching glance, he turned and,
facing the rising sun, walked bare-footed on the elastic sand.
The trailed butt of his gun made a deep furrow. The embers had
ceased to smoulder. He looked down at them pensively for a while,
then called over his shoulder to the girl who had remained
behind, still scanning the sea:
"The fire is out, Immada."

At the sound of his voice the girl moved toward the mats. Her black hair hung like a mantle. Her sarong, the kilt-like garment which both sexes wear, had the national check of grey and red, but she had not completed her attire by the belt, scarves, the loose upper wrappings, and the head-covering of a woman. A black silk jacket, like that of a man of rank, was buttoned over her bust and fitted closely to her slender waist. The edge of a stand-up collar, stiff with gold embroidery, rubbed her cheek. She had no bracelets, no anklets, and although dressed practically in man's clothes, had about her person no weapon of any sort. Her arms hung down in exceedingly tight sleeves slit a little way up from the wrist, gold-braided and with a row of small gold buttons. She walked, brown and alert, all of a piece, with short steps, the eyes lively in an impassive little face, the arched mouth closed firmly; and her whole person breathed in its rigid grace the fiery gravity of youth at the beginning of the task of life—at the beginning of beliefs and hopes.

This was the day of Lingard's arrival upon the coast, but, as is known, the brig, delayed by the calm, did not appear in sight of the shallows till the morning was far advanced. Disappointed in their hope to see the expected sail shining in the first rays of the rising sun, the man and the woman, without attempting to relight the fire, lounged on their sleeping mats. At their feet a common canoe, hauled out of the water, was, for more security,
moored by a grass rope to the shaft of a long spear planted
firmly on the white beach, and the incoming tide lapped
monotonously against its stern.

The girl, twisting up her black hair, fastened it with slender
wooden pins. The man, reclining at full length, had made room on
his mat for the gun—as one would do for a friend—and, supported
on his elbow, looked toward the yacht with eyes whose fixed
dreaminess like a transparent veil would show the slow passage of
every gloomy thought by deepening gradually into a sombre stare.

"We have seen three sunrises on this islet, and no friend came
from the sea," he said without changing his attitude, with his
back toward the girl who sat on the other side of the cold
embers.

"Yes; and the moon is waning," she answered in a low voice. "The
moon is waning. Yet he promised to be here when the nights are
light and the water covers the sandbanks as far as the bushes."

"The traveller knows the time of his setting out, but not the
time of his return," observed the man, calmly.

The girl sighed.
"The nights of waiting are long," she murmured.

"And sometimes they are vain," said the man with the same composure. "Perhaps he will never return."

"Why?" exclaimed the girl.

"The road is long and the heart may grow cold," was the answer in a quiet voice. "If he does not return it is because he has forgotten."

"Oh, Hassim, it is because he is dead," cried the girl, indignantly.

The man, looking fixedly to seaward, smiled at the ardour of her tone.

They were brother and sister, and though very much alike, the family resemblance was lost in the more general traits common to the whole race.

They were natives of Wajo and it is a common saying amongst the Malay race that to be a successful traveller and trader a man must have some Wajo blood in his veins. And with those people
trading, which means also travelling afar, is a romantic and an honourable occupation. The trader must possess an adventurous spirit and a keen understanding; he should have the fearlessness of youth and the sagacity of age; he should be diplomatic and courageous, so as to secure the favour of the great and inspire fear in evil-doers.

These qualities naturally are not expected in a shopkeeper or a Chinaman pedlar; they are considered indispensable only for a man who, of noble birth and perhaps related to the ruler of his own country, wanders over the seas in a craft of his own and with many followers; carries from island to island important news as well as merchandise; who may be trusted with secret messages and valuable goods; a man who, in short, is as ready to intrigue and fight as to buy and sell. Such is the ideal trader of Wajo.

Trading, thus understood, was the occupation of ambitious men who played an occult but important part in all those national risings, religious disturbances, and also in the organized piratical movements on a large scale which, during the first half of the last century, affected the fate of more than one native dynasty and, for a few years at least, seriously endangered the Dutch rule in the East. When, at the cost of much blood and gold, a comparative peace had been imposed on the islands the same occupation, though shorn of its glorious possibilities, remained attractive for the most adventurous of a restless race. The younger sons and relations of many a native ruler traversed the
seas of the Archipelago, visited the innumerable and little-known islands, and the then practically unknown shores of New Guinea; every spot where European trade had not penetrated--from Aru to Atjeh, from Sumbawa to Palawan.

II

It was in the most unknown perhaps of such spots, a small bay on the coast of New Guinea, that young Pata Hassim, the nephew of one of the greatest chiefs of Wajo, met Lingard for the first time.

He was a trader after the Wajo manner, and in a stout sea-going prau armed with two guns and manned by young men who were related to his family by blood or dependence, had come in there to buy some birds of paradise skins for the old Sultan of Ternate; a risky expedition undertaken not in the way of business but as a matter of courtesy toward the aged Sultan who had entertained him sumptuously in that dismal brick palace at Ternate for a month or more.

While lying off the village, very much on his guard, waiting for the skins and negotiating with the treacherous coast-savages who are the go-betweens in that trade, Hassim saw one morning Lingard's brig come to an anchor in the bay, and shortly afterward observed a white man of great stature with a beard that
shone like gold, land from a boat and stroll on unarmed, though
followed by four Malays of the brig's crew, toward the native
village.

Hassim was struck with wonder and amazement at the cool
recklessness of such a proceeding; and, after; in true Malay
fashion, discussing with his people for an hour or so the urgency
of the case, he also landed, but well escorted and armed, with
the intention of going to see what would happen.

The affair really was very simple, "such as"--Lingard would
say--"such as might have happened to anybody." He went ashore
with the intention to look for some stream where he could
conveniently replenish his water casks, this being really the
motive which had induced him to enter the bay.

While, with his men close by and surrounded by a mop-headed,
sooty crowd, he was showing a few cotton handkerchiefs, and
trying to explain by signs the object of his landing, a spear,
lunged from behind, grazed his neck. Probably the Papuan wanted
only to ascertain whether such a creature could be killed or
hurt, and most likely firmly believed that it could not; but one
of Lingard's seamen at once retaliated by striking at the
experimenting savage with his parang--three such choppers brought
for the purpose of clearing the bush, if necessary, being all the
weapons the party from the brig possessed.
A deadly tumult ensued with such suddenness that Lingard, turning round swiftly, saw his defender, already speared in three places, fall forward at his feet. Wasub, who was there, and afterward told the story once a week on an average, used to horrify his hearers by showing how the man blinked his eyes quickly before he fell. Lingard was unarmed. To the end of his life he remained incorrigibly reckless in that respect, explaining that he was "much too quick tempered to carry firearms on the chance of a row. And if put to it," he argued, "I can make shift to kill a man with my fist anyhow; and then--don't ye see--you know what you're doing and are not so apt to start a trouble from sheer temper or funk--see?"

In this case he did his best to kill a man with a blow from the shoulder and catching up another by the middle flung him at the naked, wild crowd. "He hurled men about as the wind hurls broken boughs.

He made a broad way through our enemies!" related Wasub in his jerky voice. It is more probable that Lingard's quick movements and the amazing aspect of such a strange being caused the warriors to fall back before his rush.

Taking instant advantage of their surprise and fear, Lingard, followed by his men, dashed along the kind of ruinous jetty
leading to the village which was erected as usual over the water. They darted into one of the miserable huts built of rotten mats and bits of decayed canoes, and in this shelter showing daylight through all its sides, they had time to draw breath and realize that their position was not much improved.

The women and children screaming had cleared out into the bush, while at the shore end of the jetty the warriors capered and yelled, preparing for a general attack. Lingard noticed with mortification that his boat-keeper apparently had lost his head, for, instead of swimming off to the ship to give the alarm, as he was perfectly able to do, the man actually struck out for a small rock a hundred yards away and was frantically trying to climb up its perpendicular side. The tide being out, to jump into the horrible mud under the houses would have been almost certain death. Nothing remained therefore—since the miserable dwelling would not have withstood a vigorous kick, let alone a siege—but to rush back on shore and regain possession of the boat. To this Lingard made up his mind quickly and, arming himself with a crooked stick he found under his hand, sallied forth at the head of his three men. As he bounded along, far in advance, he had just time to perceive clearly the desperate nature of the undertaking, when he heard two shots fired to his right. The solid mass of black bodies and frizzly heads in front of him wavered and broke up. They did not run away, however.

Lingard pursued his course, but now with that thrill of
exultation which even a faint prospect of success inspires in a sanguine man. He heard a shout of many voices far off, then there was another report of a shot, and a musket ball fired at long range spurted a tiny jet of sand between him and his wild enemies. His next bound would have carried him into their midst had they awaited his onset, but his uplifted arm found nothing to strike. Black backs were leaping high or gliding horizontally through the grass toward the edge of the bush.

He flung his stick at the nearest pair of black shoulders and stopped short. The tall grasses swayed themselves into a rest, a chorus of yells and piercing shrieks died out in a dismal howl, and all at once the wooded shores and the blue bay seemed to fall under the spell of a luminous stillness. The change was as startling as the awakening from a dream. The sudden silence struck Lingard as amazing.

He broke it by lifting his voice in a stentorian shout, which arrested the pursuit of his men. They retired reluctantly, glaring back angrily at the wall of a jungle where not a single leaf stirred. The strangers, whose opportune appearance had decided the issue of that adventure, did not attempt to join in the pursuit but halted in a compact body on the ground lately occupied by the savages.

Lingard and the young leader of the Wajo traders met in the
splendid light of noonday, and amidst the attentive silence of
their followers, on the very spot where the Malay seaman had lost
his life. Lingard, striding up from one side, thrust out his open
palm; Hassim responded at once to the frank gesture and they
exchanged their first hand-clasp over the prostrate body, as if
fate had already exacted the price of a death for the most
ominous of her gifts--the gift of friendship that sometimes
contains the whole good or evil of a life.

"I'll never forget this day," cried Lingard in a hearty tone; and
the other smiled quietly.

Then after a short pause--"Will you burn the village for
vengeance?" asked the Malay with a quick glance down at the dead
Lascar who, on his face and with stretched arms, seemed to cling
desperately to that earth of which he had known so little.

Lingard hesitated.

"No," he said, at last. "It would do good to no one."

"True," said Hassim, gently, "but was this man your debtor--a
slave?"

"Slave?" cried Lingard. "This is an English brig. Slave? No. A
free man like myself."

"Hai. He is indeed free now," muttered the Malay with another
glance downward. "But who will pay the bereaved for his life?"

"If there is anywhere a woman or child belonging to him, I--my
serang would know--I shall seek them out," cried Lingard,
remorsefully.

"You speak like a chief," said Hassim, "only our great men do not
go to battle with naked hands. O you white men! O the valour of
you white men!"

"It was folly, pure folly," protested Lingard, "and this poor
fellow has paid for it."

"He could not avoid his destiny," murmured the Malay. "It is in
my mind my trading is finished now in this place," he added,
cheerfully.

Lingard expressed his regret.

"It is no matter, it is no matter," assured the other
courteously, and after Lingard had given a pressing invitation
for Hassim and his two companions of high rank to visit the brig, the two parties separated.

The evening was calm when the Malay craft left its berth near the shore and was rowed slowly across the bay to Lingard's anchorage. The end of a stout line was thrown on board, and that night the white man's brig and the brown man's prau swung together to the same anchor.

The sun setting to seaward shot its last rays between the headlands, when the body of the killed Lascar, wrapped up decently in a white sheet, according to Mohammedan usage, was lowered gently below the still waters of the bay upon which his curious glances, only a few hours before, had rested for the first time. At the moment the dead man, released from slip-ropes, disappeared without a ripple before the eyes of his shipmates, the bright flash and the heavy report of the brig's bow gun were succeeded by the muttering echoes of the encircling shores and by the loud cries of sea birds that, wheeling in clouds, seemed to scream after the departing seaman a wild and eternal good-bye. The master of the brig, making his way aft with hanging head, was followed by low murmurs of pleased surprise from his crew as well as from the strangers who crowded the main deck. In such acts performed simply, from conviction, what may be called the romantic side of the man's nature came out; that responsive sensitiveness to the shadowy appeals made by life and death, which is the groundwork of a chivalrous character.
Lingard entertained his three visitors far into the night. A sheep from the brig's sea stock was given to the men of the prau, while in the cabin, Hassim and his two friends, sitting in a row on the stern settee, looked very splendid with costly metals and flawed jewels. The talk conducted with hearty friendship on Lingard's part, and on the part of the Malays with the well-bred air of discreet courtesy, which is natural to the better class of that people, touched upon many subjects and, in the end, drifted to politics.

"It is in my mind that you are a powerful man in your own country," said Hassim, with a circular glance at the cuddy.

"My country is upon a far-away sea where the light breezes are as strong as the winds of the rainy weather here," said Lingard; and there were low exclamations of wonder. "I left it very young, and I don't know about my power there where great men alone are as numerous as the poor people in all your islands, Tuan Hassim. But here," he continued, "here, which is also my country--being an English craft and worthy of it, too--I am powerful enough. In fact, I am Rajah here. This bit of my country is all my own."

The visitors were impressed, exchanged meaning glances, nodded at each other.
“Good, good,” said Hassim at last, with a smile. “You carry your country and your power with you over the sea. A Rajah upon the sea. Good!”

Lingard laughed thunderously while the others looked amused.

“Your country is very powerful—we know,” began again Hassim after a pause, “but is it stronger than the country of the Dutch who steal our land?”

“Stronger?” cried Lingard. He opened a broad palm. “Stronger? We could take them in our hand like this—" and he closed his fingers triumphantly.

“And do you make them pay tribute for their land?” enquired Hassim with eagerness.

“No,” answered Lingard in a sobered tone; “this, Tuan Hassim, you see, is not the custom of white men. We could, of course—but it is not the custom.”

“Is it not?” said the other with a sceptical smile. “They are stronger than we are and they want tribute from us. And sometimes they get it—even from Wajo where every man is free and wears a
There was a period of dead silence while Lingard looked thoughtful and the Malays gazed stonily at nothing.

"But we burn our powder amongst ourselves," went on Hassim, gently, "and blunt our weapons upon one another."

He sighed, paused, and then changing to an easy tone began to urge Lingard to visit Wajo "for trade and to see friends," he said, laying his hand on his breast and inclining his body slightly.

"Aye. To trade with friends," cried Lingard with a laugh, "for such a ship"--he waved his arm--"for such a vessel as this is like a household where there are many behind the curtain. It is as costly as a wife and children."

The guests rose and took their leave.

"You fired three shots for me, Panglima Hassim," said Lingard, seriously, "and I have had three barrels of powder put on board your prau; one for each shot. But we are not quits."
The Malay's eyes glittered with pleasure.

"This is indeed a friend's gift. Come to see me in my country!"

"I promise," said Lingard, "to see you--some day."

The calm surface of the bay reflected the glorious night sky, and the brig with the prau riding astern seemed to be suspended amongst the stars in a peace that was almost unearthly in the perfection of its unstirring silence. The last hand-shakes were exchanged on deck, and the Malays went aboard their own craft. Next morning, when a breeze sprang up soon after sunrise, the brig and the prau left the bay together. When clear of the land Lingard made all sail and sheered alongside to say good-bye before parting company--the brig, of course, sailing three feet to the prau's one. Hassim stood on the high deck aft.

"Prosperous road," hailed Lingard.

"Remember the promise!" shouted the other. "And come soon!" he went on, raising his voice as the brig forged past. "Come soon--lest what perhaps is written should come to pass!"

The brig shot ahead.
"What?" yelled Lingard in a puzzled tone, "what's written?"

He listened. And floating over the water came faintly the words:

"No one knows!"

III

"My word! I couldn't help liking the chap," would shout Lingard when telling the story; and looking around at the eyes that glittered at him through the smoke of cheroots, this Brixham trawler-boy, afterward a youth in colliers, deep-water man, gold-digger, owner and commander of "the finest brig afloat," knew that by his listeners--seamen, traders, adventurers like himself--this was accepted not as the expression of a feeling, but as the highest commendation he could give his Malay friend.

"By heavens! I shall go to Wajo!" he cried, and a semicircle of heads nodded grave approbation while a slightly ironical voice said deliberately--"You are a made man, Tom, if you get on the right side of that Rajah of yours."

"Go in--and look out for yourself," cried another with a laugh.
A little professional jealousy was unavoidable, Wajo, on account of its chronic state of disturbance, being closed to the white traders; but there was no real ill-will in the banter of these men, who, rising with handshakes, dropped off one by one. Lingard went straight aboard his vessel and, till morning, walked the poop of the brig with measured steps. The riding lights of ships twinkled all round him; the lights ashore twinkled in rows, the stars twinkled above his head in a black sky; and reflected in the black water of the roadstead twinkled far below his feet. And all these innumerable and shining points were utterly lost in the immense darkness. Once he heard faintly the rumbling chain of some vessel coming to an anchor far away somewhere outside the official limits of the harbour. A stranger to the port—thought Lingard—one of us would have stood right in. Perhaps a ship from home? And he felt strangely touched at the thought of that ship, weary with months of wandering, and daring not to approach the place of rest. At sunrise, while the big ship from the West, her sides streaked with rust and grey with the salt of the sea, was moving slowly in to take up a berth near the shore, Lingard left the roadstead on his way to the eastward.

A heavy gulf thunderstorm was raging, when after a long passage and at the end of a sultry calm day, wasted in drifting helplessly in sight of his destination, Lingard, taking advantage of fitful gusts of wind, approached the shores of Wajo. With characteristic audacity, he held on his way, closing in with a
coast to which he was a stranger, and on a night that would have appalling any other man; while at every dazzling flash, Hassim's native land seemed to leap nearer at the brig--and disappear instantly as though it had crouched low for the next spring out of an impenetrable darkness. During the long day of the calm, he had obtained from the deck and from aloft, such good views of the coast, and had noted the lay of the land and the position of the dangers so carefully that, though at the precise moment when he gave the order to let go the anchor, he had been for some time able to see no further than if his head had been wrapped in a woollen blanket, yet the next flickering bluish flash showed him the brig, anchored almost exactly where he had judged her to be, off a narrow white beach near the mouth of a river.

He could see on the shore a high cluster of bamboo huts perched upon piles, a small grove of tall palms all bowd together before the blast like stalks of grass, something that might have been a palisade of pointed stakes near the water, and far off, a sombre background resembling an immense wall--the forest-clad hills. Next moment, all this vanished utterly from his sight, as if annihilated and, before he had time to turn away, came back to view with a sudden crash, appearing unscathed and motionless under hooked darts of flame, like some legendary country of immortals, withstanding the wrath and fire of Heaven.

Made uneasy by the nature of his holding ground, and fearing that in one of the terrific off-shore gusts the brig would start her
anchor, Lingard remained on deck to watch over the safety of his vessel. With one hand upon the lead-line which would give him instant warning of the brig beginning to drag, he stood by the rail, most of the time deafened and blinded, but also fascinated, by the repeated swift visions of an unknown shore, a sight always so inspiring, as much perhaps by its vague suggestion of danger as by the hopes of success it never fails to awaken in the heart of a true adventurer. And its immutable aspect of profound and still repose, seen thus under streams of fire and in the midst of a violent uproar, made it appear inconceivably mysterious and amazing.

Between the squalls there were short moments of calm, while now and then even the thunder would cease as if to draw breath. During one of those intervals, Lingard, tired and sleepy, was beginning to doze where he stood, when suddenly it occurred to him that, somewhere below, the sea had spoken in a human voice. It had said, "Praise be to God--" and the voice sounded small, clear, and confident, like the voice of a child speaking in a cathedral. Lingard gave a start and thought--I've dreamed this--and directly the sea said very close to him, "Give a rope."

The thunder growled wickedly, and Lingard, after shouting to the men on deck, peered down at the water, until at last he made out floating close alongside the upturned face of a man with staring eyes that gleamed at him and then blinked quickly to a flash of lightning. By that time all hands in the brig were wildly active
and many ropes-ends had been thrown over. Then together with a
gust of wind, and, as if blown on board, a man tumbled over the
rail and fell all in a heap upon the deck. Before any one had the
time to pick him up, he leaped to his feet, causing the people
around him to step back hurriedly. A sinister blue glare showed
the bewildered faces and the petrified attitudes of men
completely deafened by the accompanying peal of thunder. After a
time, as if to beings plunged in the abyss of eternal silence,
there came to their ears an unfamiliar thin, far-away voice
saying:

"I seek the white man."

"Here," cried Lingard. Then, when he had the stranger, dripping
and naked but for a soaked waistcloth, under the lamp of the
cabin, he said, "I don't know you."

"My name is Jaffir, and I come from Pata Hassim, who is my chief
and your friend. Do you know this?"

He held up a thick gold ring, set with a fairly good emerald.

"I have seen it before on the Rajah's finger," said Lingard,
looking very grave.
"It is the witness of the truth I speak--the message from Hassim
is--'Depart and forget!'"

"I don't forget," said Lingard, slowly. "I am not that kind of
man. What folly is this?"

It is unnecessary to give at full length the story told by
Jaffir. It appears that on his return home, after the meeting
with Lingard, Hassim found his relative dying and a strong party
formed to oppose his rightful successor. The old Rajah Tulla died
late at night and --as Jaffir put it--before the sun rose there
were already blows exchanged in the courtyard of the ruler's
dalam. This was the preliminary fight of a civil war, fostered by
foreign intrigues; a war of jungle and river, of assaulted
stockades and forest ambushes. In this contest, both parties--
according to Jaffir--displayed great courage, and one of them an
unswerving devotion to what, almost from the first, was a lost
cause. Before a month elapsed Hassim, though still chief of an
armed band, was already a fugitive. He kept up the struggle,
however, with some vague notion that Lingard's arrival would turn
the tide.

"For weeks we lived on wild rice; for days we fought with nothing
but water in our bellies," declaimed Jaffir in the tone of a true
fire-eater.
And then he went on to relate, how, driven steadily down to the sea, Hassim, with a small band of followers, had been for days holding the stockade by the waterside.

"But every night some men disappeared," confessed Jaffir. "They were weary and hungry and they went to eat with their enemies. We are only ten now--ten men and a woman with the heart of a man, who are tonight starving, and to-morrow shall die swiftly. We saw your ship afar all day; but you have come too late. And for fear of treachery and lest harm should befall you--his friend--the Rajah gave me the ring and I crept on my stomach over the sand, and I swam in the night--and I, Jaffir, the best swimmer in Wajo, and the slave of Hassim, tell you--his message to you is 'Depart and forget!'--and this is his gift--take!"

He caught hold suddenly of Lingard's hand, thrust roughly into it the ring, and then for the first time looked round the cabin with wondering but fearless eyes. They lingered over the semicircle of bayonets and rested fondly on musket-racks. He grunted in admiration.

"Ya-wa, this is strength!" he murmured as if to himself. "But it has come too late."

"Perhaps not," cried Lingard.
"Too late," said Jaffir, "we are ten only, and at sunrise we go out to die." He went to the cabin door and hesitated there with a puzzled air, being unused to locks and door handles.

"What are you going to do?" asked Lingard.

"I shall swim back," replied Jaffir. "The message is spoken and the night can not last forever."

"You can stop with me," said Lingard, looking at the man searchingly.

"Hassim waits," was the curt answer.

'Did he tell you to return?" asked Lingard.

"No! What need?" said the other in a surprised tone.

Lingard seized his hand impulsively.

"If I had ten men like you!" he cried.
"We are ten, but they are twenty to one," said Jaffir, simply.

Lingard opened the door.

"Do you want anything that a man can give?" he asked.

The Malay had a moment of hesitation, and Lingard noticed the sunken eyes, the prominent ribs, and the worn-out look of the man.

"Speak out," he urged with a smile; "the bearer of a gift must have a reward."

"A drink of water and a handful of rice for strength to reach the shore," said Jaffir sturdily. "For over there"--he tossed his head--"we had nothing to eat to-day."

"You shall have it--give it to you with my own hands," muttered Lingard.

He did so, and thus lowered himself in Jaffir's estimation for a time. While the messenger, squatting on the floor, ate without haste but with considerable earnestness, Lingard thought out a plan of action. In his ignorance as to the true state of affairs
in the country, to save Hassim from the immediate danger of his position was all that he could reasonably attempt. To that end Lingard proposed to swing out his long-boat and send her close inshore to take off Hassim and his men. He knew enough of Malays to feel sure that on such a night the besiegers, now certain of success, and being, Jaffir said, in possession of everything that could float, would not be very vigilant, especially on the sea front of the stockade. The very fact of Jaffir having managed to swim off undetected proved that much. The brig's boat could—when the frequency of lightning abated—approach unseen close to the beach, and the defeated party, either stealing out one by one or making a rush in a body, would embark and be received in the brig.

This plan was explained to Jaffir, who heard it without the slightest mark of interest, being apparently too busy eating. When the last grain of rice was gone, he stood up, took a long pull at the water bottle, muttered: "I hear. Good. I will tell Hassim," and tightening the rag round his loins, prepared to go.

"Give me time to swim ashore," he said, "and when the boat starts, put another light beside the one that burns now like a star above your vessel. We shall see and understand. And don't send the boat till there is less lightning: a boat is bigger than a man in the water. Tell the rowers to pull for the palm-grove and cease when an oar, thrust down with a strong arm, touches the bottom. Very soon they will hear our hail; but if no one comes they must go away before daylight. A chief may prefer death to
life, and we who are left are all of true heart. Do you understand, O big man?"

"The chap has plenty of sense," muttered Lingard to himself, and when they stood side by side on the deck, he said: " But there may be enemies on the beach, O Jaffir, and they also may shout to deceive my men. So let your hail be Lightning! Will you remember?"

For a time Jaffir seemed to be choking.

"Lit-ing! Is that right? I say--is that right, O strong man?"

Next moment he appeared upright and shadowy on the rail.

"Yes. That's right. Go now," said Lingard, and Jaffir leaped off, becoming invisible long before he struck the water. Then there was a splash; after a while a spluttering voice cried faintly, "Lit-ing! Ah, ha!" and suddenly the next thunder-squall burst upon the coast. In the crashing flares of light Lingard had again and again the quick vision of a white beach, the inclined palm-trees of the grove, the stockade by the sea, the forest far away: a vast landscape mysterious and still--Hassim's native country sleeping unmoved under the wrath and fire of Heaven.
A Traveller visiting Wajo to-day may, if he deserves the confidence of the common people, hear the traditional account of the last civil war, together with the legend of a chief and his sister, whose mother had been a great princess suspected of sorcery and on her death-bed had communicated to these two the secrets of the art of magic. The chief's sister especially, "with the aspect of a child and the fearlessness of a great fighter," became skilled in casting spells. They were defeated by the son of their uncle, because--will explain the narrator simply--"The courage of us Wajo people is so great that magic can do nothing against it. I fought in that war. We had them with their backs to the sea." And then he will go on to relate in an awed tone how on a certain night "when there was such a thunderstorm as has been never heard of before or since" a ship, resembling the ships of white men, appeared off the coast, "as though she had sailed down from the clouds. She moved," he will affirm, "with her sails bellying against the wind; in size she was like an island; the lightning played between her masts which were as high as the summits of mountains; a star burned low through the clouds above her. We knew it for a star at once because no flame of man's kindling could have endured the wind and rain of that night. It was such a night that we on the watch hardly dared look upon the sea. The heavy rain was beating down our eyelids. And when day came, the ship was nowhere to be seen, and in the stockade where the day before there were a hundred or more at our mercy, there was no one. The chief, Hassim, was gone, and the lady who was a
princess in the country--and nobody knows what became of them from that day to this. Sometimes traders from our parts talk of having heard of them here, and heard of them there, but these are the lies of men who go afar for gain. We who live in the country believe that the ship sailed back into the clouds whence the Lady's magic made her come. Did we not see the ship with our own eyes? And as to Rajah Hassim and his sister, Mas Immada, some men say one thing and some another, but God alone knows the truth."

Such is the traditional account of Lingard's visit to the shores of Boni. And the truth is he came and went the same night; for, when the dawn broke on a cloudy sky the brig, under reefed canvas and smothered in sprays, was storming along to the southward on her way out of the Gulf. Lingard, watching over the rapid course of his vessel, looked ahead with anxious eyes and more than once asked himself with wonder, why, after all, was he thus pressing her under all the sail she could carry. His hair was blown about by the wind, his mind was full of care and the indistinct shapes of many new thoughts, and under his feet, the obedient brig dashed headlong from wave to wave.

Her owner and commander did not know where he was going. That adventurer had only a confused notion of being on the threshold of a big adventure. There was something to be done, and he felt he would have to do it. It was expected of him. The seas expected it; the land expected it. Men also. The story of war and of suffering; Jaffir's display of fidelity, the sight of Hassim and
his sister, the night, the tempest, the coast under streams of fire—all this made one inspiring manifestation of a life calling to him distinctly for interference. But what appealed to him most was the silent, the complete, unquestioning, and apparently uncurious, trust of these people. They came away from death straight into his arms as it were, and remained in them passive as though there had been no such thing as doubt or hope or desire. This amazing unconcern seemed to put him under a heavy load of obligation.

He argued to himself that had not these defeated men expected everything from him they could not have been so indifferent to his action. Their dumb quietude stirred him more than the most ardent pleading. Not a word, not a whisper, not a questioning look even! They did not ask! It flattered him. He was also rather glad of it, because if the unconscious part of him was perfectly certain of its action, he, himself, did not know what to do with those bruised and battered beings a playful fate had delivered suddenly into his hands.

He had received the fugitives personally, had helped some over the rail; in the darkness, slashed about by lightning, he had guessed that not one of them was unwounded, and in the midst of tottering shapes he wondered how on earth they had managed to reach the long-boat that had brought them off. He caught unceremoniously in his arms the smallest of these shapes and carried it into the cabin, then without looking at his light
burden ran up again on deck to get the brig under way. While
shouting out orders he was dimly aware of someone hovering near
his elbow. It was Hassim.

"I am not ready for war," he explained, rapidly, over his
shoulder, "and to-morrow there may be no wind." Afterward for a
time he forgot everybody and everything while he coned the brig
through the few outlying dangers. But in half an hour, and
running off with the wind on the quarter, he was quite clear of
the coast and breathed freely. It was only then that he
approached two others on that poop where he was accustomed in
moments of difficulty to commune alone with his craft. Hassim had
called his sister out of the cabin; now and then Lingard could
see them with fierce distinctness, side by side, and with twined
arms, looking toward the mysterious country that seemed at every
flash to leap away farther from the brig--unscathed and fading.

The thought uppermost in Lingard's mind was: "What on earth am I
going to do with them?" And no one seemed to care what he would
do. Jaffir with eight others quartered on the main hatch, looked
to each other's wounds and conversed interminably in low tones,
cheerful and quiet, like well-behaved children. Each of them had
saved his kris, but Lingard had to make a distribution of cotton
cloth out of his trade-goods. Whenever he passed by them, they
all looked after him gravely. Hassim and Immada lived in the
cuddy. The chief's sister took the air only in the evening and
those two could be heard every night, invisible and murmuring in
the shadows of the quarter-deck. Every Malay on board kept respectfully away from them.

Lingard, on the poop, listened to the soft voices, rising and falling, in a melancholy cadence; sometimes the woman cried out as if in anger or in pain. He would stop short. The sound of a deep sigh would float up to him on the stillness of the night. Attentive stars surrounded the wandering brig and on all sides their light fell through a vast silence upon a noiseless sea. Lingard would begin again to pace the deck, muttering to himself.

"Belarab's the man for this job. His is the only place where I can look for help, but I don't think I know enough to find it. I wish I had old Jorgenson here—just for ten minutes."

This Jorgenson knew things that had happened a long time ago, and lived amongst men efficient in meeting the accidents of the day, but who did not care what would happen to-morrow and who had no time to remember yesterday. Strictly speaking, he did not live amongst them. He only appeared there from time to time. He lived in the native quarter, with a native woman, in a native house standing in the middle of a plot of fenced ground where grew plantains, and furnished only with mats, cooking pots, a queer fishing net on two sticks, and a small mahogany case with a lock and a silver plate engraved with the words "Captain H. C. Jorgenson. Barque Wild Rose."
It was like an inscription on a tomb. The Wild Rose was dead, and so was Captain H. C. Jorgenson, and the sextant case was all that was left of them. Old Jorgenson, gaunt and mute, would turn up at meal times on board any trading vessel in the Roads, and the stewards --Chinamen or mulattos--would sulkily put on an extra plate without waiting for orders. When the seamen traders foregathered noisily round a glittering cluster of bottles and glasses on a lighted verandah, old Jorgenson would emerge up the stairs as if from a dark sea, and, stepping up with a kind of tottering jauntiness, would help himself in the first tumbler to hand.

"I drink to you all. No--no chair."

He would stand silent over the talking group. His taciturnity was as eloquent as the repeated warning of the slave of the feast. His flesh had gone the way of all flesh, his spirit had sunk in the turmoil of his past, but his immense and bony frame survived as if made of iron. His hands trembled but his eyes were steady. He was supposed to know details about the end of mysterious men and of mysterious enterprises. He was an evident failure himself, but he was believed to know secrets that would make the fortune of any man; yet there was also a general impression that his knowledge was not of that nature which would make it profitable for a moderately prudent person.
This powerful skeleton, dressed in faded blue serge and without any kind of linen, existed anyhow. Sometimes, if offered the job, he piloted a home ship through the Straits of Rhio, after, however, assuring the captain:

"You don't want a pilot; a man could go through with his eyes shut. But if you want me, I'll come. Ten dollars."

Then, after seeing his charge clear of the last island of the group he would go back thirty miles in a canoe, with two old Malays who seemed to be in some way his followers. To travel thirty miles at sea under the equatorial sun and in a cranky dug-out where once down you must not move, is an achievement that requires the endurance of a fakir and the virtue of a salamander. Ten dollars was cheap and generally he was in demand. When times were hard he would borrow five dollars from any of the adventurers with the remark:

"I can't pay you back, very soon, but the girl must eat, and if you want to know anything, I can tell you."

It was remarkable that nobody ever smiled at that "anything." The usual thing was to say:
"Thank you, old man; when I am pushed for a bit of information
I'll come to you."

Jorgenson nodded then and would say: "Remember that unless you
young chaps are like we men who ranged about here years ago, what
I could tell you would be worse than poison."

It was from Jorgenson, who had his favourites with whom he was
less silent, that Lingard had heard of Darat-es-Salam, the "Shore
of Refuge." Jorgenson had, as he expressed it, "known the inside
of that country just after the high old times when the white-clad
Padris preached and fought all over Sumatra till the Dutch shook in their shoes." Only he did not say "shook" and "shoes" but the
above paraphrase conveys well enough his contemptuous meaning.
Lingard tried now to remember and piece together the practical
bits of old Jorgenson's amazing tales; but all that had remained
with him was an approximate idea of the locality and a very
strong but confused notion of the dangerous nature of its
approaches. He hesitated, and the brig, answering in her
movements to the state of the man's mind, lingered on the road,
seemed to hesitate also, swinging this way and that on the days
of calm.

It was just because of that hesitation that a big New York ship,
loaded with oil in cases for Japan, and passing through the
Billiton passage, sighted one morning a very smart brig being
hove-to right in the fair-way and a little to the east of Carimata. The lank skipper, in a frock-coat, and the big mate with heavy moustaches, judged her almost too pretty for a Britisher, and wondered at the man on board laying his topsail to the mast for no reason that they could see. The big ship's sails fanned her along, flapping in the light air, and when the brig was last seen far astern she had still her mainyard aback as if waiting for someone. But when, next day, a London tea-clipper passed on the same track, she saw no pretty brig hesitating, all white and still at the parting of the ways. All that night Lingard had talked with Hassim while the stars streamed from east to west like an immense river of sparks above their heads. Immada listened, sometimes exclaiming low, sometimes holding her breath. She clapped her hands once. A faint dawn appeared.

"You shall be treated like my father in the country," Hassim was saying. A heavy dew dripped off the rigging and the darkened sails were black on the pale azure of the sky. "You shall be the father who advises for good--"

"I shall be a steady friend, and as a friend I want to be treated--no more," said Lingard. "Take back your ring."

"Why do you scorn my gift?" asked Hassim, with a sad and ironic smile.
"Take it," said Lingard. "It is still mine. How can I forget that, when facing death, you thought of my safety? There are many dangers before us. We shall be often separated—to work better for the same end. If ever you and Immada need help at once and I am within reach, send me a message with this ring and if I am alive I will not fail you." He looked around at the pale daybreak. "I shall talk to Belarab straight—like we whites do. I have never seen him, but I am a strong man. Belarab must help us to reconquer your country and when our end is attained I won't let him eat you up."

Hassim took the ring and inclined his head.

"It's time for us to be moving," said Lingard. He felt a slight tug at his sleeve. He looked back and caught Immada in the act of pressing her forehead to the grey flannel. "Don't, child!" he said, softly.

The sun rose above the faint blue line of the Shore of Refuge.

The hesitation was over. The man and the vessel, working in accord, had found their way to the faint blue shore. Before the sun had descended half-way to its rest the brig was anchored within a gunshot of the slimy mangroves, in a place where for a hundred years or more no white man's vessel had been entrusted to
the hold of the bottom. The adventurers of two centuries ago had
no doubt known of that anchorage for they were very ignorant and
incomparably audacious. If it is true, as some say, that the
spirits of the dead haunt the places where the living have sinned
and toiled, then they might have seen a white long-boat, pulled
by eight oars and steered by a man sunburnt and bearded, a
cabbage-leaf hat on head, and pistols in his belt, skirting the
black mud, full of twisted roots, in search of a likely opening.

Creek after creek was passed and the boat crept on slowly like a
monstrous water-spider with a big body and eight slender legs. .
. . Did you follow with your ghostly eyes the quest of this
obscure adventurer of yesterday, you shades of forgotten
adventurers who, in leather jerkins and sweating under steel
helmets, attacked with long rapiers the palisades of the strange
heathen, or, musket on shoulder and match in cock, guarded timber
blockhouses built upon the banks of rivers that command good
trade? You, who, wearied with the toil of fighting, slept wrapped
in frieze mantles on the sand of quiet beaches, dreaming of
fabulous diamonds and of a far-off home.

"Here's an opening," said Lingard to Hassim, who sat at his side,
just as the sun was setting away to his left. "Here's an opening
big enough for a ship. It's the entrance we are looking for, I
believe. We shall pull all night up this creek if necessary and
it's the very devil if we don't come upon Belarab's lair before
daylight."
He shoved the tiller hard over and the boat, swerving sharply, vanished from the coast.

And perhaps the ghosts of old adventurers nodded wisely their ghostly heads and exchanged the ghost of a wistful smile.

V

"What's the matter with King Tom of late?" would ask someone when, all the cards in a heap on the table, the traders lying back in their chairs took a spell from a hard gamble.

"Tom has learned to hold his tongue, he must be up to some dam' good thing," opined another; while a man with hooked features and of German extraction who was supposed to be agent for a Dutch crockery house—the famous "Sphinx" mark—broke in resentfully:

"Nefer mind him, shentlemens, he's matt, matt as a Marsh Hase. Dree monats ago I call on board his prig to talk pizness. And he says like dis—'Glear oudt.' 'Vat for?' I say. 'Glear oudt before I shuck you oferboard.' Gott-for-dam! Iss dat the vay to talk pizness? I vant sell him ein liddle case first chop grockery for trade and—"
"Ha, ha, ha! I don't blame Tom," interrupted the owner of a pearling schooner, who had come into the Roads for stores. "Why, Mosey, there isn't a mangy cannibal left in the whole of New Guinea that hasn't got a cup and saucer of your providing. You've flooded the market, savee?"

Jorgenson stood by, a skeleton at the gaming table.

"Because you are a Dutch spy," he said, suddenly, in an awful tone.

The agent of the Sphinx mark jumped up in a sudden fury.


The door slammed. "Is that so?" asked a New England voice. "Why don't you let daylight into him?"

"Oh, we can't do that here," murmured one of the players. "Your deal, Trench, let us get on."
"Can't you?" drawled the New England voice. "You law-abiding, get-a-summons, act-of-parliament lot of sons of Belial--can't you? Now, look a-here, these Colt pistols I am selling--" He took the pearler aside and could be heard talking earnestly in the corner. "See--you load--and--see?" There were rapid clicks. "Simple, isn't it? And if any trouble--say with your divers"--CLICK, CLICK, CLICK--"Through and through--like a sieve--warranted to cure the worst kind of cussedness in any nigger. Yes, s'iree! A case of twenty-four or single specimens--as you like. No? Shot-guns--rifles? No! Waal, I guess you're of no use to me, but I could do a deal with that Tom--what d'ye call him? Where d'ye catch him? Everywhere--eh? Waal--that's nowhere. But I shall find him some day--yes, s'iree."

Jorgenson, utterly disregarded, looked down dreamily at the falling cards. "Spy--I tell you," he muttered to himself. "If you want to know anything, ask me."

When Lingard returned from Wajo--after an uncommonly long absence--everyone remarked a great change. He was less talkative and not so noisy, he was still hospitable but his hospitality was less expansive, and the man who was never so happy as when discussing impossibly wild projects with half a dozen congenial spirits often showed a disinclination to meet his best friends. In a word, he returned much less of a good fellow than he went away. His visits to the Settlements were not less frequent, but
much shorter; and when there he was always in a hurry to be gone.

During two years the brig had, in her way, as hard a life of it as the man. Swift and trim she flitted amongst the islands of little known groups. She could be descried afar from lonely headlands, a white speck travelling fast over the blue sea; the apathetic keepers of rare lighthouses dotting the great highway to the east came to know the cut of her topsails. They saw her passing east, passing west. They had faint glimpses of her flying with masts aslant in the mist of a rain-squall, or could observe her at leisure, upright and with shivering sails, forging ahead through a long day of unsteady airs. Men saw her battling with a heavy monsoon in the Bay of Bengal, lying becalmed in the Java Sea, or gliding out suddenly from behind a point of land, graceful and silent in the clear moonlight. Her activity was the subject of excited but low-toned conversations, which would be interrupted when her master appeared.

"Here he is. Came in last night," whispered the gossiping group.

Lingard did not see the covert glances of respect tempered by irony; he nodded and passed on.

"Hey, Tom! No time for a drink?" would shout someone.
He would shake his head without looking back--far away already.

Florid and burly he could be seen, for a day or two, getting out of dusty gharries, striding in sunshine from the Occidental Bank to the Harbour Office, crossing the Esplanade, disappearing down a street of Chinese shops, while at his elbow and as tall as himself, old Jorgenson paced along, lean and faded, obstinate and disregarded, like a haunting spirit from the past eager to step back into the life of men.

Lingard ignored this wreck of an adventurer, sticking to him closer than his shadow, and the other did not try to attract attention. He waited patiently at the doors of offices, would vanish at tiffin time, would invariably turn up again in the evening and then he kept his place till Lingard went aboard for the night. The police peons on duty looked disdainfully at the phantom of Captain H. C. Jorgenson, Barque Wild Rose, wandering on the silent quay or standing still for hours at the edge of the sombre roadstead speckled by the anchor lights of ships--an adventurous soul longing to recross the waters of oblivion.

The sampan-men, sculling lazily homeward past the black hull of the brig at anchor, could hear far into the night the drawl of the New England voice escaping through the lifted panes of the cabin skylight. Snatches of nasal sentences floated in the stillness around the still craft.
'Yes, siree! Mexican war rifles--good as new--six in a case--my people in Baltimore--that's so. Hundred and twenty rounds thrown in for each specimen--marked to suit your requirements. Suppose--musical instruments, this side up with care--how's that for your taste? No, no! Cash down--my people in Balt--Shooting sea-gulls you say? Waal! It's a risky business--see here--ten per cent. discount--it's out of my own pocket--"'

As time wore on, and nothing happened, at least nothing that one could hear of, the excitement died out. Lingard's new attitude was accepted as only "his way." There was nothing in it, maintained some. Others dissented. A good deal of curiosity, however, remained and the faint rumour of something big being in preparation followed him into every harbour he went to, from Rangoon to Hongkong.

He felt nowhere so much at home as when his brig was anchored on the inner side of the great stretch of shoals. The centre of his life had shifted about four hundred miles--from the Straits of Malacca to the Shore of Refuge--and when there he felt himself within the circle of another existence, governed by his impulse, nearer his desire. Hassim and Immada would come down to the coast and wait for him on the islet. He always left them with regret.

At the end of the first stage in each trip, Jorgenson waited for
him at the top of the boat-stairs and without a word fell into
step at his elbow. They seldom exchanged three words in a day;
but one evening about six months before Lingard's last trip, as
they were crossing the short bridge over the canal where native
craft lie moored in clusters, Jorgenson lengthened his stride and
came abreast. It was a moonlight night and nothing stirred on
earth but the shadows of high clouds. Lingard took off his hat
and drew in a long sigh in the tepid breeze. Jorgenson spoke
suddenly in a cautious tone: "The new Rajah Tulla smokes opium
and is sometimes dangerous to speak to. There is a lot of
discontent in Wajo amongst the big people."

"Good! Good!" whispered Lingard, excitedly, off his guard for
once. Then--"How the devil do you know anything about it?" he
asked.

Jorgenson pointed at the mass of praus, coasting boats, and
sampans that, jammed up together in the canal, lay covered with
mats and flooded by the cold moonlight with here and there a dim
lantern burning amongst the confusion of high sterns, spars,
masts and lowered sails.

"There!" he said, as they moved on, and their hatted and clothed
shadows fell heavily on the queer-shaped vessels that carry the
fortunes of brown men upon a shallow sea. "There! I can sit with
them, I can talk to them, I can come and go as I like. They know
me now—it’s time—thirty-five years. Some of them give a plate of
rice and a bit of fish to the white man. That’s all I get—after
thirty-five years—given up to them."

He was silent for a time.

"I was like you once," he added, and then laying his hand on
Lingard's sleeve, murmured—"Are you very deep in this thing?"

"To the very last cent," said Lingard, quietly, and looking
straight before him.

The glitter of the roadstead went out, and the masts of anchored
ships vanished in the invading shadow of a cloud.

"Drop it," whispered Jorgenson.

"I am in debt," said Lingard, slowly, and stood still.

"Drop it!"

"Never dropped anything in my life."
"Drop it!"

"By God, I won't!" cried Lingard, stamping his foot.

There was a pause.

"I was like you--once," repeated Jorgenson. "Five and thirty years--never dropped anything. And what you can do is only child's play to some jobs I have had on my hands--understand that--great man as you are, Captain Lingard of the Lightning. . . . You should have seen the Wild Rose," he added with a sudden break in his voice.

Lingard leaned over the guard-rail of the pier. Jorgenson came closer.

"I set fire to her with my own hands!" he said in a vibrating tone and very low, as if making a monstrous confession.

"Poor devil," muttered Lingard, profoundly moved by the tragic enormity of the act. "I suppose there was no way out?"

"I wasn't going to let her rot to pieces in some Dutch port," said Jorgenson, gloomily. "Did you ever hear of Dawson?"
“Something—I don’t remember now—” muttered Lingard, who felt a
chill down his back at the idea of his own vessel decaying slowly
in some Dutch port. “He died—didn’t he?” he asked, absently,
while he wondered whether he would have the pluck to set fire to
the brig—on an emergency.

“Cut his throat on the beach below Fort Rotterdam,” said
Jorgenson. His gaunt figure wavered in the unsteady moonshine as
though made of mist. “Yes. He broke some trade regulation or
other and talked big about law-courts and legal trials to the
lieutenant of the Komet. ‘Certainly,’ says the hound.
‘Jurisdiction of Macassar, I will take your schooner there.’ Then
coming into the roads he tows her full tilt on a ledge of rocks
on the north side—smash! When she was half full of water he
takes his hat off to Dawson. ‘There’s the shore,’ says he—‘go
and get your legal trial, you -Englishman--’” He lifted a long
arm and shook his fist at the moon which dodged suddenly behind a
cloud. “All was lost. Poor Dawson walked the streets for months
barefooted and in rags. Then one day he begged a knife from some
charitable soul, went down to take a last look at the wreck,
and—”

“I don’t interfere with the Dutch,” interrupted Lingard,
impatiently. “I want Hassim to get back his own—”
"And suppose the Dutch want the things just so," returned Jorgenson. "Anyway there is a devil in such work--drop it!"

"Look here," said Lingard, "I took these people off when they were in their last ditch. That means something. I ought not to have meddled and it would have been all over in a few hours. I must have meant something when I interfered, whether I knew it or not. I meant it then--and did not know it. Very well. I mean it now--and do know it. When you save people from death you take a share in their life. That's how I look at it."

Jorgenson shook his head.

"Foolishness!" he cried, then asked softly in a voice that trembled with curiosity--"Where did you leave them?"

"With Belarab," breathed out Lingard. "You knew him in the old days."

"I knew him, I knew his father," burst out the other in an excited whisper. "Whom did I not know? I knew Sentot when he was King of the South Shore of Java and the Dutch offered a price for his head--enough to make any man's fortune. He slept twice on board the Wild Rose when things had begun to go wrong with him. I knew him, I knew all his chiefs, the priests, the fighting men,
the old regent who lost heart and went over to the Dutch, I knew--" he stammered as if the words could not come out, gave it up and sighed--"Belarab's father escaped with me," he began again, quietly, "and joined the Padris in Sumatra. He rose to be a great leader. Belarab was a youth then. Those were the times. I ranged the coast--and laughed at the cruisers; I saw every battle fought in the Battak country--and I saw the Dutch run; I was at the taking of Singal and escaped. I was the white man who advised the chiefs of Manangkabo. There was a lot about me in the Dutch papers at the time. They said I was a Frenchman turned Mohammedan--" he swore a great oath, and, reeling against the guard-rail, panted, muttering curses on newspapers.

"Well, Belarab has the job in hand," said Lingard, composedly.

"He is the chief man on the Shore of Refuge. There are others, of course. He has sent messages north and south. We must have men."

"All the devils unchained," said Jorgenson. "You have done it and now--look out--look out. . . ."

"Nothing can go wrong as far as I can see," argued Lingard. "They all know what's to be done. I've got them in hand. You don't think Belarab unsafe? Do you?"

"Haven't seen him for fifteen years--but the whole thing's unsafe," growled Jorgenson.
"I tell you I've fixed it so that nothing can go wrong. It would be better if I had a white man over there to look after things generally. There is a good lot of stores and arms--and Belarab would bear watching--no doubt. Are you in any want?" he added, putting his hand in his pocket.

"No, there's plenty to eat in the house," answered Jorgenson, curtly. "Drop it," he burst out. "It would be better for you to jump overboard at once. Look at me. I came out a boy of eighteen. I can speak English, I can speak Dutch, I can speak every cursed lingo of these islands--I remember things that would make your hair stand on end--but I have forgotten the language of my own country. I've traded, I've fought, I never broke my word to white or native. And, look at me. If it hadn't been for the girl I would have died in a ditch ten years ago. Everything left me--youth, money, strength, hope--the very sleep. But she stuck by the wreck."

"That says a lot for her and something for you," said Lingard, cheerily.

Jorgenson shook his head.

"That's the worst of all," he said with slow emphasis. "That's
the end. I came to them from the other side of the earth and they took me and--see what they made of me."

"What place do you belong to?" asked Lingard.

"Tromso," groaned out Jorgenson; "I will never see snow again," he sobbed out, his face in his hands.

Lingard looked at him in silence.

"Would you come with me?" he said. "As I told you, I am in want of a--"

"I would see you damned first!" broke out the other, savagely. "I am an old white loafer, but you don't get me to meddle in their infernal affairs. They have a devil of their own--"

"The thing simply can't fail. I've calculated every move. I've guarded against everything. I am no fool."

"Yes--you are. Good-night."

"Well, good-bye," said Lingard, calmly.
He stepped into his boat, and Jorgenson walked up the jetty.

Lingard, clearing the yoke lines, heard him call out from a distance:

"Drop it!"

"I sail before sunrise," he shouted in answer, and went on board.

When he came up from his cabin after an uneasy night, it was dark yet. A lank figure strolled across the deck.

"Here I am," said Jorgenson, huskily. "Die there or here--all one. But, if I die there, remember the girl must eat."

Lingard was one of the few who had seen Jorgenson's girl. She had a wrinkled brown face, a lot of tangled grey hair, a few black stumps of teeth, and had been married to him lately by an enterprising young missionary from Bukit Timah. What her appearance might have been once when Jorgenson gave for her three hundred dollars and several brass guns, it was impossible to say. All that was left of her youth was a pair of eyes, undimmed and mournful, which, when she was alone, seemed to look stonily into the past of two lives. When Jorgenson was near they followed his movements with anxious pertinacity. And now within the sarong
thrown over the grey head they were dropping unseen tears while Jorgenson’s girl rocked herself to and fro, squatting alone in a corner of the dark hut.

"Don't you worry about that," said Lingard, grasping Jorgenson's hand. "She shall want for nothing. All I expect you to do is to look a little after Belarab's morals when I am away. One more trip I must make, and then we shall be ready to go ahead. I've foreseen every single thing. Trust me!"

In this way did the restless shade of Captain H. C. Jorgenson recross the water of oblivion to step back into the life of men.

VI

For two years, Lingard, who had thrown himself body and soul into the great enterprise, had lived in the long intoxication of slowly preparing success. No thought of failure had crossed his mind, and no price appeared too heavy to pay for such a magnificent achievement. It was nothing less than bringing Hassim triumphantly back to that country seen once at night under the low clouds and in the incessant tumult of thunder. When at the conclusion of some long talk with Hassim, who for the twentieth time perhaps had related the story of his wrongs and his struggle, he lifted his big arm and shaking his fist above his head, shouted: "We will stir them up. We will wake up the
country! he was, without knowing it in the least, making a complete confession of the idealism hidden under the simplicity of his strength. He would wake up the country! That was the fundamental and unconscious emotion on which were engrafted his need of action, the primitive sense of what was due to justice, to gratitude, to friendship, the sentimental pity for the hard lot of Immada--poor child--the proud conviction that of all the men in the world, in his world, he alone had the means and the pluck "to lift up the big end" of such an adventure.

Money was wanted and men were wanted, and he had obtained enough of both in two years from that day when, pistols in his belt and a cabbage-leaf hat on head, he had unexpectedly, and at early dawn, confronted in perfect silence that mysterious Belarab, who himself was for a moment too astounded for speech at the sight of a white face.

The sun had not yet cleared the forests of the interior, but a sky already full of light arched over a dark oval lagoon, over wide fields as yet full of shadows, that seemed slowly changing into the whiteness of the morning mist. There were huts, fences, palisades, big houses that, erected on lofty piles, were seen above the tops of clustered fruit trees, as if suspended in the air.

Such was the aspect of Belarab's settlement when Lingard set his
eyes on it for the first time. There were all these things, a
great number of faces at the back of the spare and muffled-up
figure confronting him, and in the swiftly increasing light a
complete stillness that made the murmur of the word "Marhaba"
(welcome), pronounced at last by the chief, perfectly audible to
every one of his followers. The bodyguards who stood about him in
black skull-caps and with long-shafted lances, preserved an
impassive aspect. Across open spaces men could be seen running to
the waterside. A group of women standing on a low knoll gazed
intently, and nothing of them but the heads showed above the
unstirring stalks of a maize field. Suddenly within a cluster of
empty huts near by the voice of an invisible hag was heard
scolding with shrill fury an invisible young girl:

"Strangers! You want to see the strangers? O devoid of all
decency! Must I so lame and old husk the rice alone? May evil
befall thee and the strangers! May they never find favour! May
they be pursued with swords! I am old. I am old. There is no good
in strangers! O girl! May they burn."

"Welcome," repeated Belarab, gravely, and looking straight into
Lingard's eyes.

Lingard spent six days that time in Belarab's settlement. Of
these, three were passed in observing each other without a
question being asked or a hint given as to the object in view.
Lingard lounged on the fine mats with which the chief had furnished a small bamboo house outside a fortified enclosure, where a white flag with a green border fluttered on a high and slender pole but still below the walls of long, high-roofed buildings, raised forty feet or more on hard-wood posts.

Far away the inland forests were tinted a shimmering blue, like the forests of a dream. On the seaward side the belt of great trunks and matted undergrowth came to the western shore of the oval lagoon; and in the pure freshness of the air the groups of brown houses reflected in the water or seen above the waving green of the fields, the clumps of palm trees, the fenced-in plantations, the groves of fruit trees, made up a picture of sumptuous prosperity.

Above the buildings, the men, the women, the still sheet of water and the great plain of crops glistening with dew, stretched the exalted, the miraculous peace of a cloudless sky. And no road seemed to lead into this country of splendour and stillness. One could not believe the unquiet sea was so near, with its gifts and its unending menace. Even during the months of storms, the great clamour rising from the whitened expanse of the Shallows dwelt high in the air in a vast murmur, now feeble now stronger, that seemed to swing back and forth on the wind above the earth without any one being able to tell whence it came. It was like the solemn chant of a waterfall swelling and dying away above the woods, the fields, above the roofs of houses and the heads of
men, above the secret peace of that hidden and flourishing settlement of vanquished fanatics, fugitives, and outcasts.

Every afternoon Belarab, followed by an escort that stopped outside the door, entered alone the house of his guest. He gave the salutation, inquired after his health, conversed about insignificant things with an inscrutable mien. But all the time the steadfast gaze of his thoughtful eyes seemed to seek the truth within that white face. In the cool of the evening, before the sun had set, they talked together, passing and repassing between the rugged pillars of the grove near the gate of the stockade. The escort away in the oblique sunlight, followed with their eyes the strolling figures appearing and vanishing behind the trees. Many words were pronounced, but nothing was said that would disclose the thoughts of the two men. They clasped hands demonstratively before separating, and the heavy slam of the gate was followed by the triple thud of the wooden bars dropped into iron clamps.

On the third night, Lingard was awakened from a light sleep by the sound of whispering outside. A black shadow obscured the stars in the doorway, and a man entering suddenly, stood above his couch while another could be seen squatting--a dark lump on the threshold of the hut.

"Fear not. I am Belarab," said a cautious voice.
"I was not afraid," whispered Lingard. "It is the man coming in
the dark and without warning who is in danger."

"And did you not come to me without warning? I said 'welcome'--it
was as easy for me to say 'kill him.'"

"You were within reach of my arm. We would have died together,"
retorted Lingard, quietly.

The other clicked his tongue twice, and his indistinct shape
seemed to sink half-way through the floor.

"It was not written thus before we were born," he said, sitting
cross-legged near the mats, and in a deadened voice. "Therefore
you are my guest. Let the talk between us be straight like the
shaft of a spear and shorter than the remainder of this night.
What do you want?"

"First, your long life," answered Lingard, leaning forward toward
the gleam of a pair of eyes, "and then--your help."

VII
The faint murmur of the words spoken on that night lingered for a long time in Lingard’s ears, more persistent than the memory of an uproar; he looked with a fixed gaze at the stars burning peacefully in the square of the doorway, while after listening in silence to all he had to say, Belarab, as if seduced by the strength and audacity of the white man, opened his heart without reserve. He talked of his youth surrounded by the fury of fanaticism and war, of battles on the hills, of advances through the forests, of men’s unswerving piety, of their unextinguishable hate. Not a single wandering cloud obscured the gentle splendour of the rectangular patch of starlight framed in the opaque blackness of the hut. Belarab murmured on of a succession of reverses, of the ring of disasters narrowing round men’s fading hopes and undiminished courage. He whispered of defeat and flight, of the days of despair, of the nights without sleep, of unending pursuit, of the bewildered horror and sombre fury, of their women and children killed in the stockade before the besieged sallied forth to die.

"I have seen all this before I was in years a man," he cried, low.

His voice vibrated. In the pause that succeeded they heard a light sigh of the sleeping follower who, clasping his legs above his ankles, rested his forehead on his knees.
"And there was amongst us," began Belarab again, "one white man who remained to the end, who was faithful with his strength, with his courage, with his wisdom. A great man. He had great riches but a greater heart."

The memory of Jorgenson, emaciated and grey-haired, and trying to borrow five dollars to get something to eat for the girl, passed before Lingard suddenly upon the pacific glitter of the stars.

"He resembled you," pursued Belarab, abruptly. "We escaped with him, and in his ship came here. It was a solitude. The forest came near to the sheet of water, the rank grass waved upon the heads of tall men. Telal, my father, died of weariness; we were only a few, and we all nearly died of trouble and sadness—here. On this spot! And no enemies could tell where we had gone. It was the Shore of Refuge—and starvation."

He droned on in the night, with rising and falling inflections. He told how his desperate companions wanted to go out and die fighting on the sea against the ships from the west, the ships with high sides and white sails; and how, unflinching and alone, he kept them battling with the thorny bush, with the rank grass, with the soaring and enormous trees. Lingard, leaning on his elbow and staring through the door, recalled the image of the wide fields outside, sleeping now, in an immensity of serenity and starlight. This quiet and almost invisible talker had done it
all; in him was the origin, the creation, the fate; and in the
wonder of that thought the shadowy murmuring figure acquired a
gigantic greatness of significance, as if it had been the
embodiment of some natural force, of a force forever masterful
and undying.

"And even now my life is unsafe as if I were their enemy," said
Belarab, mournfully. "Eyes do not kill, nor angry words; and
curses have no power, else the Dutch would not grow fat living on
our land, and I would not be alive to-night. Do you understand?
Have you seen the men who fought in the old days? They have not
forgotten the times of war. I have given them homes and quiet
hearts and full bellies. I alone. And they curse my name in the
dark, in each other's ears--because they can never forget."

This man, whose talk had been of war and violence, discovered
unexpectedly a passionate craving for security and peace. No one
would understand him. Some of those who would not understand had
died. His white teeth gleamed cruelly in the dark. But there were
others he could not kill. The fools. He wanted the land and the
people in it to be forgotten as if they had been swallowed by the
sea. But they had neither wisdom nor patience. Could they not
wait? They chanted prayers five times every day, but they had not
the faith.

"Death comes to all--and to the believers the end of trouble. But
you white men who are too strong for us, you also die. You die.
And there is a Paradise as great as all earth and all Heaven
together, but not for you--not for you!"

Lingard, amazed, listened without a sound. The sleeper snored faintly. Belarab continued very calm after this almost involuntary outburst of a consoling belief. He explained that he wanted somebody at his back, somebody strong and whom he could trust, some outside force that would awe the unruly, that would inspire their ignorance with fear, and make his rule secure. He groped in the dark and seizing Lingard's arm above the elbow pressed it with force--then let go. And Lingard understood why his temerity had been so successful.

Then and there, in return for Lingard's open support, a few guns and a little money, Belarab promised his help for the conquest of Wajo. There was no doubt he could find men who would fight. He could send messages to friends at a distance and there were also many unquiet spirits in his own district ready for any adventure. He spoke of these men with fierce contempt and an angry tenderness, in mingled accents of envy and disdain. He was wearied by their folly, by their recklessness, by their impatience--and he seemed to resent these as if they had been gifts of which he himself had been deprived by the fatality of his wisdom. They would fight. When the time came Lingard had only to speak, and a sign from him would send them to a vain death--those men who could not wait for an opportunity on this
earth or for the eternal revenge of Heaven.

He ceased, and towered upright in the gloom.

"Awake!" he exclaimed, low, bending over the sleeping man.

Their black shapes, passing in turn, eclipsed for two successive moments the glitter of the stars, and Lingard, who had not stirred, remained alone. He lay back full length with an arm thrown across his eyes.

When three days afterward he left Belarab's settlement, it was on a calm morning of unclouded peace. All the boats of the brig came up into the lagoon armed and manned to make more impressive the solemn fact of a concluded alliance. A staring crowd watched his imposing departure in profound silence and with an increased sense of wonder at the mystery of his apparition. The progress of the boats was smooth and slow while they crossed the wide lagoon.

Lingard looked back once. A great stillness had laid its hand over the earth, the sky, and the men; upon the immobility of landscape and people. Hassim and Immada, standing out clearly by the side of the chief, raised their arms in a last salutation; and the distant gesture appeared sad, futile, lost in space, like a sign of distress made by castaways in the vain hope of an impossible help.
He departed, he returned, he went away again, and each time those
two figures, lonely on some sandbank of the Shallows, made at him
the same futile sign of greeting or good-bye. Their arms at each
movement seemed to draw closer around his heart the bonds of a
protecting affection. He worked prosaically, earning money to pay
the cost of the romantic necessity that had invaded his life. And
the money ran like water out of his hands. The owner of the New
England voice remitted not a little of it to his people in
Baltimore. But import houses in the ports of the Far East had
their share. It paid for a fast prau which, commanded by Jaffir,
sailed into unfrequented bays and up unexplored rivers, carrying
secret messages, important news, generous bribes. A good part of
it went to the purchase of the Emma.

The Emma was a battered and decrepit old schooner that, in the
decline of her existence, had been much ill-used by a paunchy
white trader of cunning and gluttonous aspect. This man boasted
outrageously afterward of the good price he had got “for that
rotten old hooker of mine--you know.” The Emma left port
mysteriously in company with the brig and henceforth vanished
from the seas forever. Lingard had her towed up the creek and ran
her aground upon that shore of the lagoon farthest from Belarab's
settlement. There had been at that time a great rise of waters,
which retiring soon after left the old craft cradled in the mud,
with her bows grounded high between the trunks of two big trees,
and leaning over a little as though after a hard life she had
settled wearily to an everlasting rest. There, a few months later, Jorgenson found her when, called back into the life of men, he reappeared, together with Lingard, in the Land of Refuge.

"She is better than a fort on shore," said Lingard, as side by side they leant over the taffrail, looking across the lagoon on the houses and palm groves of the settlement. "All the guns and powder I have got together so far are stored in her. Good idea, wasn't it? There will be, perhaps, no other such flood for years, and now they can't come alongside unless right under the counter, and only one boat at a time. I think you are perfectly safe here; you could keep off a whole fleet of boats; she isn't easy to set fire to; the forest in front is better than a wall. Well?"

Jorgenson assented in grunts. He looked at the desolate emptiness of the decks, at the stripped spars, at the dead body of the dismantled little vessel that would know the life of the seas no more. The gloom of the forest fell on her, mournful like a winding sheet. The bushes of the bank tapped their twigs on the bluff of her bows, and a pendent spike of tiny brown blossoms swung to and fro over the ruins of her windlass.

Hassim's companions garrisoned the old hulk, and Jorgenson, left in charge, prowled about from stem to stern, taciturn and anxiously faithful to his trust. He had been received with astonishment, respect--and awe. Belarab visited him often.
Sometimes those whom he had known in their prime years ago, during a struggle for faith and life, would come to talk with the white man. Their voices were like the echoes of stirring events, in the pale glamour of a youth gone by. They nodded their old heads. Do you remember?--they said. He remembered only too well! He was like a man raised from the dead, for whom the fascinating trust in the power of life is tainted by the black scepticism of the grave.

Only at times the invincible belief in the reality of existence would come back, insidious and inspiring. He squared his shoulders, held himself straight, and walked with a firmer step. He felt a glow within him and the quickened beat of his heart. Then he calculated in silent excitement Lingard's chances of success, and he lived for a time with the life of that other man who knew nothing of the black scepticism of the grave. The chances were good, very good.

"I should like to see it through," Jorgenson muttered to himself ardently; and his lustreless eyes would flash for a moment.

PART III. THE CAPTURE
"Some people," said Lingard, "go about the world with their eyes shut. You are right. The sea is free to all of us. Some work on it, and some play the fool on it--and I don't care. Only you may take it from me that I will let no man's play interfere with my work. You want me to understand you are a very great man--"

Mr. Travers smiled, coldly.

"Oh, yes," continued Lingard, "I understand that well enough. But remember you are very far from home, while I, here, I am where I belong. And I belong where I am. I am just Tom Lingard, no more, no less, wherever I happen to be, and--you may ask--" A sweep of his hand along the western horizon entrusted with perfect confidence the remainder of his speech to the dumb testimony of the sea.

He had been on board the yacht for more than an hour, and nothing, for him, had come of it but the birth of an unreasoning hate. To the unconscious demand of these people's presence, of their ignorance, of their faces, of their voices, of their eyes, he had nothing to give but a resentment that had in it a germ of reckless violence. He could tell them nothing because he had not the means. Their coming at this moment, when he had wandered beyond that circle which race, memories, early associations, all the essential conditions of one's origin, trace round every man's life, deprived him in a manner of the power of speech. He was
confounded. It was like meeting exacting spectres in a desert.

He stared at the open sea, his arms crossed, with a reflective fierceness. His very appearance made him utterly different from everyone on board that vessel. The grey shirt, the blue sash, one rolled-up sleeve baring a sculptural forearm, the negligent masterfulness of his tone and pose were very distasteful to Mr. Travers, who, having made up his mind to wait for some kind of official assistance, regarded the intrusion of that inexplicable man with suspicion. From the moment Lingard came on board the yacht, every eye in that vessel had been fixed upon him. Only Carter, within earshot and leaning with his elbow upon the rail, stared down at the deck as if overcome with drowsiness or lost in thought.

Of the three other persons aft, Mr. Travers kept his hands in the side pockets of his jacket and did not conceal his growing disgust.

On the other side of the deck, a lady, in a long chair, had a passive attitude that to Mr. d’Alcacer, standing near her, seemed characteristic of the manner in which she accepted the necessities of existence. Years before, as an attache of his Embassy in London, he had found her an interesting hostess. She was even more interesting now, since a chance meeting and Mr. Travers’ offer of a passage to Batavia had given him an
opportunity of studying the various shades of scorn which he suspected to be the secret of her acquiescence in the shallowness of events and the monotony of a worldly existence.

There were things that from the first he had not been able to understand; for instance, why she should have married Mr. Travers. It must have been from ambition. He could not help feeling that such a successful mistake would explain completely her scorn and also her acquiescence. The meeting in Manila had been utterly unexpected to him, and he accounted for it to his uncle, the Governor-General of the colony, by pointing out that Englishmen, when worsted in the struggle of love or politics, travel extensively, as if by encompassing a large portion of earth's surface they hoped to gather fresh strength for a renewed contest. As to himself, he judged--but did not say--that his contest with fate was ended, though he also travelled, leaving behind him in the capitals of Europe a story in which there was nothing scandalous but the publicity of an excessive feeling, and nothing more tragic than the early death of a woman whose brilliant perfections were no better known to the great world than the discreet and passionate devotion she had innocently inspired.

The invitation to join the yacht was the culminating point of many exchanged civilities, and was mainly prompted by Mr. Travers' desire to have somebody to talk to. D'Alcacer had accepted with the reckless indifference of a man to whom one
method of flight from a relentless enemy is as good as another.

Certainly the prospect of listening to long monologues on
commerce, administration, and politics did not promise much
alleviation to his sorrow; and he could not expect much else from
Mr. Travers, whose life and thought, ignorant of human passion,
were devoted to extracting the greatest possible amount of
personal advantage from human institutions. D’Alcacer found,
however, that he could attain a measure of forgetfulness--the
most precious thing for him now--in the society of Edith Travers.

She had awakened his curiosity, which he thought nothing and
nobody on earth could do any more.

These two talked of things indifferent and interesting, certainly
not connected with human institutions, and only very slightly
with human passions; but d’Alcacer could not help being made
aware of her latent capacity for sympathy developed in those who
are disenchanted with life or death. How far she was disenchanted
he did not know, and did not attempt to find out. This restraint
was imposed upon him by the chivalrous respect he had for the
secrets of women and by a conviction that deep feeling is often
impenetrably obscure, even to those it masters for their
inspiration or their ruin. He believed that even she herself
would never know; but his grave curiosity was satisfied by the
observation of her mental state, and he was not sorry that the
stranding of the yacht prolonged his opportunity.
Time passed on that mudbank as well as anywhere else, and it was not from a multiplicity of events, but from the lapse of time alone, that he expected relief. Yet in the sameness of days upon the Shallows, time flowing ceaselessly, flowed imperceptibly; and, since every man clings to his own, be it joy, be it grief, he was pleased after the unrest of his wanderings to be able to fancy the whole universe and even time itself apparently come to a standstill; as if unwilling to take him away further from his sorrow, which was fading indeed but undiminished, as things fade, not in the distance but in the mist.

II

D'Alcacer was a man of nearly forty, lean and sallow, with hollow eyes and a drooping brown moustache. His gaze was penetrating and direct, his smile frequent and fleeting. He observed Lingard with great interest. He was attracted by that elusive something—a line, a fold, perhaps the form of the eye, the droop of an eyelid, the curve of a cheek, that trifling trait which on no two faces on earth is alike, that in each face is the very foundation of expression, as if, all the rest being heredity, mystery, or accident, it alone had been shaped consciously by the soul within.

Now and then he bent slightly over the slow beat of a red fan in
the curve of the deck chair to say a few words to Mrs. Travers, who answered him without looking up, without a modulation of tone or a play of feature, as if she had spoken from behind the veil of an immense indifference stretched between her and all men, between her heart and the meaning of events, between her eyes and the shallow sea which, like her gaze, appeared profound, forever stilled, and seemed, far off in the distance of a faint horizon, beyond the reach of eye, beyond the power of hand or voice, to lose itself in the sky.

Mr. Travers stepped aside, and speaking to Carter, overwhelmed him with reproaches.

"You misunderstood your instructions," murmured Mr. Travers rapidly. "Why did you bring this man here? I am surprised--"

"Not half so much as I was last night," growled the young seaman, without any reverence in his tone, very provoking to Mr. Travers.

"I perceive now you were totally unfit for the mission I entrusted you with," went on the owner of the yacht.

"It's he who got hold of me," said Carter. "Haven't you heard him yourself, sir?"
"Nonsense," whispered Mr. Travers, angrily. "Have you any idea what his intentions may be?"

"I half believe," answered Carter, "that his intention was to shoot me in his cabin last night if I--"

"That's not the point," interrupted Mr. Travers. "Have you any opinion as to his motives in coming here?"

Carter raised his weary, bloodshot eyes in a face scarlet and peeling as though it had been licked by a flame. "I know no more than you do, sir. Last night when he had me in that cabin of his, he said he would just as soon shoot me as let me go to look for any other help. It looks as if he were desperately bent upon getting a lot of salvage money out of a stranded yacht."

Mr. Travers turned away, and, for a moment, appeared immersed in deep thought. This accident of stranding upon a deserted coast was annoying as a loss of time. He tried to minimize it by putting in order the notes collected during the year's travel in the East. He had sent off for assistance; his sailing-master, very crestfallen, made bold to say that the yacht would most likely float at the next spring tides; d'Alcacer, a person of undoubted nobility though of inferior principles, was better than no company, in so far at least that he could play picquet.
Mr. Travers had made up his mind to wait. Then suddenly this rough man, looking as if he had stepped out from an engraving in a book about buccaneers, broke in upon his resignation with mysterious allusions to danger, which sounded absurd yet were disturbing; with dark and warning sentences that sounded like disguised menaces.

Mr. Travers had a heavy and rather long chin which he shaved. His eyes were blue, a chill, naive blue. He faced Lingard untouched by travel, without a mark of weariness or exposure, with the air of having been born invulnerable. He had a full, pale face; and his complexion was perfectly colourless, yet amazingly fresh, as if he had been reared in the shade.

He thought:

"I must put an end to this preposterous hectoring. I won't be intimidated into paying for services I don't need."

Mr. Travers felt a strong disgust for the impudence of the attempt; and all at once, incredibly, strangely, as though the thing, like a contest with a rival or a friend, had been of profound importance to his career, he felt inexplicably elated at the thought of defeating the secret purposes of that man.
Lingard, unconscious of everything and everybody, contemplated the sea. He had grown on it, he had lived with it; it had enticed him away from home; on it his thoughts had expanded and his hand had found work to do. It had suggested endeavour, it had made him owner and commander of the finest brig afloat; it had lulled him into a belief in himself, in his strength, in his luck--and suddenly, by its complicity in a fatal accident, it had brought him face to face with a difficulty that looked like the beginning of disaster.

He had said all he dared to say--and he perceived that he was not believed. This had not happened to him for years. It had never happened. It bewildered him as if he had suddenly discovered that he was no longer himself. He had come to them and had said: "I mean well by you. I am Tom Lingard--" and they did not believe! Before such scepticism he was helpless, because he had never imagined it possible. He had said: "You are in the way of my work. You are in the way of what I can not give up for any one; but I will see you through all safe if you will only trust me--me, Tom Lingard." And they would not believe him! It was intolerable. He imagined himself sweeping their disbelief out of his way. And why not? He did not know them, he did not care for them, he did not even need to lift his hand against them! All he had to do was to shut his eyes now for a day or two, and afterward he could forget that he had ever seen them. It would be easy. Let their disbelief vanish, their folly disappear, their
bodies perish. . . . It was that--or ruin!

III

Lingard's gaze, detaching itself from the silent sea, travelled slowly over the silent figures clustering forward, over the faces of the seamen attentive and surprised, over the faces never seen before yet suggesting old days--his youth--other seas--the distant shores of early memories. Mr. Travers gave a start also, and the hand which had been busy with his left whisker went into the pocket of his jacket, as though he had plucked out something worth keeping. He made a quick step toward Lingard.

"I don't see my way to utilize your services," he said, with cold finality.

Lingard, grasping his beard, looked down at him thoughtfully for a short time.

"Perhaps it's just as well," he said, very slowly, "because I did not offer my services. I've offered to take you on board my brig for a few days, as your only chance of safety. And you asked me what were my motives. My motives! If you don't see them they are not for you to know."
And these men who, two hours before had never seen each other, stood for a moment close together, antagonistic, as if they had been life-long enemies, one short, dapper and glaring upward, the other towering heavily, and looking down in contempt and anger.

Mr. d'Alcacer, without taking his eyes off them, bent low over the deck chair.

"Have you ever seen a man dashing himself at a stone wall?" he asked, confidentially.

"No," said Mrs. Travers, gazing straight before her above the slow flutter of the fan. "No, I did not know it was ever done; men burrow under or slip round quietly while they look the other way."

"Ah! you define diplomacy," murmured d'Alcacer. "A little of it here would do no harm. But our picturesque visitor has none of it. I've a great liking for him."

"Already!" breathed out Mrs. Travers, with a smile that touched her lips with its bright wing and was flown almost before it could be seen.
"There is liking at first sight," affirmed d'Alcacer, "as well as
love at first sight--the coup de foudre--you know."

She looked up for a moment, and he went on, gravely: "I think it
is the truest, the most profound of sentiments. You do not love
because of what is in the other. You love because of something
that is in you--something alive--in yourself." He struck his
breast lightly with the tip of one finger. "A capacity in you.
And not everyone may have it--not everyone deserves to be touched
by fire from heaven."

"And die," she said.

He made a slight movement.

"Who can tell? That is as it may be. But it is always a
privilege, even if one must live a little after being burnt."

Through the silence between them, Mr. Travers' voice came
plainly, saying with irritation:

"I've told you already that I do not want you. I've sent a
messenger to the governor of the Straits. Don't be importunate."
Then Lingard, standing with his back to them, growled out something which must have exasperated Mr. Travers, because his voice was pitched higher:

"You are playing a dangerous game, I warn you. Sir John, as it happens, is a personal friend of mine. He will send a cruiser--"

and Lingard interrupted recklessly loud:

"As long as she does not get here for the next ten days, I don't care. Cruisers are scarce just now in the Straits; and to turn my back on you is no hanging matter anyhow. I would risk that, and more! Do you hear? And more!"

He stamped his foot heavily, Mr. Travers stepped back.

"You will gain nothing by trying to frighten me," he said. "I don't know who you are."

Every eye in the yacht was wide open. The men, crowded upon each other, stared stupidly like a flock of sheep. Mr. Travers pulled out a handkerchief and passed it over his forehead. The face of the sailing-master who leaned against the main mast--as near as he dared to approach the gentry--was shining and crimson between white whiskers, like a glowing coal between two patches of snow.
D'Alcacer whispered:

"It is a quarrel, and the picturesque man is angry. He is hurt."

Mrs. Travers' fan rested on her knees, and she sat still as if waiting to hear more.

"Do you think I ought to make an effort for peace?" asked d'Alcacer.

She did not answer, and after waiting a little, he insisted:

"What is your opinion? Shall I try to mediate--as a neutral, as a benevolent neutral? I like that man with the beard."

The interchange of angry phrases went on aloud, amidst general consternation.

"I would turn my back on you only I am thinking of these poor devils here," growled Lingard, furiously. "Did you ask them how they feel about it?"

"I ask no one," spluttered Mr. Travers. "Everybody here depends
"I am sorry for them then," pronounced Lingard with sudden deliberation, and leaning forward with his arms crossed on his breast.

At this Mr. Travers positively jumped, and forgot himself so far as to shout:

"You are an impudent fellow. I have nothing more to say to you."

D'Alcacer, after muttering to himself, "This is getting serious," made a movement, and could not believe his ears when he heard Mrs. Travers say rapidly with a kind of fervour:

"Don't go, pray; don't stop them. Oh! This is truth--this is anger--something real at last."

D'Alcacer leaned back at once against the rail.

Then Mr. Travers, with one arm extended, repeated very loudly:

"Nothing more to say. Leave my ship at once!"
And directly the black dog, stretched at his wife's feet, muzzle
on paws and blinking yellow eyes, growled discontentedly at the
noise. Mrs. Travers laughed a faint, bright laugh, that seemed to
escape, to glide, to dart between her white teeth. D'Alcacer,
concealing his amazement, was looking down at her gravely: and
after a slight gasp, she said with little bursts of merriment
between every few words:

"No, but this is--such--such a fresh experience for me to
hear--to see something--genuine and human. Ah! ah! one would
think they had waited all their lives for this opportunity--ah!
ah! ah! All their lives--for this! ah! ah! ah!"

These strange words struck d'Alcacer as perfectly just, as
throwing an unexpected light. But after a smile, he said,
seriously:

"This reality may go too far. A man who looks so picturesque is
capable of anything. Allow me--" And he left her side, moving
toward Lingard, loose-limbed and gaunt, yet having in his whole
bearing, in his walk, in every leisurely movement, an air of
distinction and ceremony.

Lingard spun round with aggressive mien to the light touch on his
shoulder, but as soon as he took his eyes off Mr. Travers, his
anger fell, seemed to sink without a sound at his feet like a rejected garment.

"Pardon me," said d'Alcacer, composedly. The slight wave of his hand was hardly more than an indication, the beginning of a conciliating gesture. "Pardon me; but this is a matter requiring perfect confidence on both sides. Don Martin, here, who is a person of importance. . . ."

"I've spoken my mind plainly. I have said as much as I dare. On my word I have," declared Lingard with an air of good temper.

"Ah!" said d'Alcacer, reflectively, "then your reserve is a matter of pledged faith--of--of honour?"

Lingard also appeared thoughtful for a moment.

"You may put it that way. And I owe nothing to a man who couldn't see my hand when I put it out to him as I came aboard."

"You have so much the advantage of us here," replied d'Alcacer, "that you may well be generous and forget that oversight; and then just a little more confidence. . . ."
"My dear d'Alcacer, you are absurd," broke in Mr. Travers, in a calm voice but with white lips. "I did not come out all this way to shake hands promiscuously and receive confidences from the first adventurer that comes along."

D'Alcacer stepped back with an almost imperceptible inclination of the head at Lingard, who stood for a moment with twitching face.

"I AM an adventurer," he burst out, "and if I hadn't been an adventurer, I would have had to starve or work at home for such people as you. If I weren't an adventurer, you would be most likely lying dead on this deck with your cut throat gaping at the sky."

Mr. Travers waved this speech away. But others also had heard. Carter listened watchfully and something, some alarming notion seemed to dawn all at once upon the thick little sailing-master, who rushed on his short legs, and tugging at Carter's sleeve, stammered desperately:

Carter, who had glanced over the side, jerked his arm free.

"You go down into the pantry, where you belong, Skipper, and read that bit about the natives over again," he said to his superior officer, with savage contempt. "I'll be hanged if some of them ain't coming aboard now to eat you--book and all. Get out of the way, and let the gentlemen have the first chance of a row."

Then addressing Lingard, he drawled in his old way:

"That crazy mate of yours has sent your boat back, with a couple of visitors in her, too."

Before he apprehended plainly the meaning of these words, Lingard caught sight of two heads rising above the rail, the head of Hassim and the head of Immada. Then their bodies ascended into view as though these two beings had gradually emerged from the Shallows. They stood for a moment on the platform looking down on the deck as if about to step into the unknown, then descended and walking aft entered the half-light under the awning shading the luxurious surroundings, the complicated emotions of the, to them, inconceivable existences.

Lingard without waiting a moment cried:
"What news, O Rajah?"

Hassim's eyes made the round of the schooner's decks. He had left
his gun in the boat and advanced empty handed, with a tranquil
assurance as if bearing a welcome offering in the faint smile of
his lips. Immada, half hidden behind his shoulder, followed
lightly, her elbows pressed close to her side. The thick fringe
of her eyelashes was dropped like a veil; she looked youthful and
brooding; she had an aspect of shy resolution.

They stopped within arm's length of the whites, and for some time
nobody said a word. Then Hassim gave Lingard a significant
glance, and uttered rapidly with a slight toss of the head that
indicated in a manner the whole of the yacht:

"I see no guns!"

"N--no!" said Lingard, looking suddenly confused. It had occurred
to him that for the first time in two years or more he had
forgotten, utterly forgotten, these people's existence.

Immada stood slight and rigid with downcast eyes. Hassim, at his
ease, scrutinized the faces, as if searching for elusive points
of similitude or for subtle shades of difference.
"What is this new intrusion?" asked Mr. Travers, angrily.

"These are the fisher-folk, sir," broke in the sailing-master,

"we've observed these three days past flitting about in a canoe;
but they never had the sense to answer our hail; and yet a bit of
fish for your breakfast--" He smiled obsequiously, and all at
once, without provocation, began to bellow:

"Hey! Johnnie! Hab got fish? Fish! One peecee fish! Eh? Savee?
Fish! Fish--" He gave it up suddenly to say in a deferential
tone--"Can't make them savages understand anything, sir," and
withdrew as if after a clever feat.

Hassim looked at Lingard.

"Why did the little white man make that outcry?" he asked,

anxiously.

"Their desire is to eat fish," said Lingard in an enraged tone.

Then before the air of extreme surprise which incontinently
appeared on the other's face, he could not restrain a short and
hopeless laugh.
"Eat fish," repeated Hassim, staring. "O you white people! O you white people! Eat fish! Good! But why make that noise? And why did you send them here without guns?" After a significant glance down upon the slope of the deck caused by the vessel being on the ground, he added with a slight nod at Lingard--"And without knowledge?"

"You should not have come here, O Hassim," said Lingard, testily. "Here no one understands. They take a rajah for a fisherman--"

"Ya-wa! A great mistake, for, truly, the chief of ten fugitives without a country is much less than the headman of a fishing village," observed Hassim, composedly. Immada sighed. "But you, Tuan, at least know the truth," he went on with quiet irony; then after a pause --"We came here because you had forgotten to look toward us, who had waited, sleeping little at night, and in the day watching with hot eyes the empty water at the foot of the sky for you."

Immada murmured, without lifting her head:

"You never looked for us. Never, never once."

"There was too much trouble in my eyes," explained Lingard with
that patient gentleness of tone and face which, every time he spoke to the young girl, seemed to disengage itself from his whole person, enveloping his fierceness, softening his aspect, such as the dreamy mist that in the early radiance of the morning weaves a veil of tender charm about a rugged rock in mid-ocean.

"I must look now to the right and to the left as in a time of sudden danger," he added after a moment and she whispered an appalled "Why?" so low that its pain floated away in the silence of attentive men, without response, unheard, ignored, like the pain of an impalpable thought.

IV

D'Alcacer, standing back, surveyed them all with a profound and alert attention. Lingard seemed unable to tear himself away from the yacht, and remained, checked, as it were in the act of going, like a man who has stopped to think out the last thing to say; and that stillness of a body, forgotten by the labouring mind, reminded Carter of that moment in the cabin, when alone he had seen this man thus wrestling with his thought, motionless and locked in the grip of his conscience.

Mr. Travers muttered audibly through his teeth:

"How long is this performance going to last? I have desired you to go."
"Think of these poor devils," whispered Lingard, with a quick glance at the crew huddled up near by.

"You are the kind of man I would be least disposed to trust--in any case," said Mr. Travers, incisively, very low, and with an inexplicable but very apparent satisfaction. "You are only wasting your time here."

"You--You--" He stammered and stared. He chewed with growls some insulting word and at last swallowed it with an effort. "My time pays for your life," he said.

He became aware of a sudden stir, and saw that Mrs. Travers had risen from her chair.

She walked impulsively toward the group on the quarter-deck, making straight for Immada. Hassim had stepped aside and his detached gaze of a Malay gentleman passed by her as if she had been invisible.

She was tall, supple, moving freely. Her complexion was so dazzling in the shade that it seemed to throw out a halo round her head. Upon a smooth and wide brow an abundance of pale fair hair, fine as silk, undulating like the sea, heavy like a helmet,
descended low without a trace of gloss, without a gleam in its coils, as though it had never been touched by a ray of light; and a throat white, smooth, palpitating with life, a round neck modelled with strength and delicacy, supported gloriously that radiant face and that pale mass of hair unkissed by sunshine.

She said with animation:

"Why, it's a girl!"

Mrs. Travers extorted from d'Alcacer a fresh tribute of curiosity. A strong puff of wind fluttered the awnings and one of the screens blowing out wide let in upon the quarter-deck the rippling glitter of the Shallows, showing to d'Alcacer the luminous vastness of the sea, with the line of the distant horizon, dark like the edge of the encompassing night, drawn at the height of Mrs. Travers' shoulder. . . . Where was it he had seen her last--a long time before, on the other side of the world? There was also the glitter of splendour around her then, and an impression of luminous vastness. The encompassing night, too, was there, the night that waits for its time to move forward upon the glitter, the splendour, the men, the women.

He could not remember for the moment, but he became convinced that of all the women he knew, she alone seemed to be made for action. Every one of her movements had firmness, ease, the
meaning of a vital fact, the moral beauty of a fearless
expression. Her supple figure was not dishonoured by any
faltering of outlines under the plain dress of dark blue stuff
moulding her form with bold simplicity.

She had only very few steps to make, but before she had stopped,
confronting Immada, d'Alcacer remembered her suddenly as he had
seen her last, out West, far away, impossibly different, as if in
another universe, as if presented by the fantasy of a fevered
memory. He saw her in a luminous perspective of palatial drawing
rooms, in the restless eddy and flow of a human sea, at the foot
of walls high as cliffs, under lofty ceilings that like a
tropical sky flung light and heat upon the shallow glitter of
uniforms, of stars, of diamonds, of eyes sparkling in the weary
or impassive faces of the throng at an official reception.
Outside he had found the unavoidable darkness with its aspect of
patient waiting, a cloudy sky holding back the dawn of a London
morning. It was difficult to believe.

Lingard, who had been looking dangerously fierce, slapped his
thigh and showed signs of agitation.

"By heavens, I had forgotten all about you!" he pronounced in
dismay.

Mrs. Travers fixed her eyes on Immada. Fairhaired and white she
asserted herself before the girl of olive face and raven locks
with the maturity of perfection, with the superiority of the
flower over the leaf, of the phrase that contains a thought over
the cry that can only express an emotion. Immense spaces and
countless centuries stretched between them: and she looked at her
as when one looks into one's own heart with absorbed curiosity,
with still wonder, with an immense compassion. Lingard murmured,
warningly:

"Don't touch her."

Mrs. Travers looked at him.

"Do you think I could hurt her?" she asked, softly, and was so
startled to hear him mutter a gloomy "Perhaps," that she
hesitated before she smiled.

"Almost a child! And so pretty! What a delicate face," she said,
while another deep sigh of the sea breeze lifted and let fall the
screens, so that the sound, the wind, and the glitter seemed to
rush in together and bear her words away into space. "I had no
idea of anything so charmingly gentle," she went on in a voice
that without effort glowed, caressed, and had a magic power of
delight to the soul. "So young! And she lives here--does she? On
the sea--or where? Lives--" Then faintly, as if she had been in
the act of speaking, removed instantly to a great distance, she
was heard again: "How does she live?"

Lingard had hardly seen Edith Travers till then. He had seen no one really but Mr. Travers. . . He looked and listened with something of the stupor of a new sensation.

Then he made a distinct effort to collect his thoughts and said with a remnant of anger:

"What have you got to do with her? She knows war. Do you know anything about it? And hunger, too, and thirst, and unhappiness; things you have only heard about. She has been as near death as I am to you--and what is all that to any of you here?"

"That child!" she said in slow wonder.

Immada turned upon Mrs. Travers her eyes black as coal, sparkling and soft like a tropical night; and the glances of the two women, their dissimilar and inquiring glances met, seemed to touch, clasp, hold each other with the grip of an intimate contact. They separated.

"What are they come for? Why did you show them the way to this place?" asked Immada, faintly.
Lingard shook his head in denial.

"Poor girl," said Mrs. Travers. "Are they all so pretty?"

"Who-all?" mumbled Lingard. "There isn't an other one like her if you were to ransack the islands all round the compass."

"Edith!" ejaculated Mr. Travers in a remonstrating, acrimonious voice, and everyone gave him a look of vague surprise.

Then Mrs. Travers asked:

"Who is she?"

Lingard very red and grave declared curtly:

"A princess."

Immediately he looked round with suspicion. No one smiled.

D'Alcacer, courteous and nonchalant, lounged up close to Mrs. Travers' elbow.
"If she is a princess, then this man is a knight," he murmured with conviction. "A knight as I live! A descendant of the immortal hidalgo errant upon the sea. It would be good for us to have him for a friend. Seriously I think that you ought--"

The two stepped aside and spoke low and hurriedly.

"Yes, you ought--"

"How can I?" she interrupted, catching the meaning like a ball.

"By saying something."

"Is it really necessary?" she asked, doubtfully.

"It would do no harm," said d'Alcacer with sudden carelessness; "a friend is always better than an enemy."

"Always?" she repeated, meaningly. "But what could I say?"

"Some words," he answered; "I should think any words in your voice--"
"Mr. d'Alcacer!"

"Or you could perhaps look at him once or twice as though he were not exactly a robber," he continued.

"Mr. d'Alcacer, are you afraid?"

"Extremely," he said, stooping to pick up the fan at her feet.

"That is the reason I am so anxious to conciliate. And you must not forget that one of your queens once stepped on the cloak of perhaps such a man."

Her eyes sparkled and she dropped them suddenly.

"I am not a queen," she said, coldly.

"Unfortunately not," he admitted; "but then the other was a woman with no charm but her crown."

At that moment Lingard, to whom Hassim had been talking earnestly, protested aloud:

"I never saw these people before."
Immada caught hold of her brother's arm. Mr. Travers said harshly:

"Oblige me by taking these natives away."

"Never before," murmured Immada as if lost in ecstasy. D'Alcacer glanced at Mrs. Travers and made a step forward.

"Could not the difficulty, whatever it is, be arranged, Captain?" he said with careful politeness. "Observe that we are not only men here--"

"Let them die!" cried Immada, triumphantly.

Though Lingard alone understood the meaning of these words, all on board felt oppressed by the uneasy silence which followed her cry.

"Ah! He is going. Now, Mrs. Travers," whispered d'Alcacer.

"I hope!" said Mrs. Travers, impulsively, and stopped as if alarmed at the sound.
Lingard stood still.

"I hope," she began again, "that this poor girl will know happier
days--" She hesitated.

Lingard waited, attentive and serious.

"Under your care," she finished. "And I believe you meant to be
friendly to us."

"Thank you," said Lingard with dignity.

"You and d'Alcacer," observed Mr. Travers, austerely, "are
unnecessarily detaining this--ah--person, and--ah--friends--ah!"

"I had forgotten you--and now--what? One must--it is
hard--hard--" went on Lingard, disconnectedly, while he looked
into Mrs. Travers' violet eyes, and felt his mind overpowered and
troubled as if by the contemplation of vast distances. "I--you
don't know--I--you--cannot . . . Ha! It's all that man's doing."

he burst out.

For a time, as if beside himself, he glared at Mrs. Travers, then
flung up one arm and strode off toward the gangway, where Hassim
and Immada waited for him, interested and patient. With a single word "Come," he preceded them down into the boat. Not a sound was heard on the yacht's deck, while these three disappeared one after another below the rail as if they had descended into the sea.

V

The afternoon dragged itself out in silence. Mrs. Travers sat pensive and idle with her fan on her knees. D'Alcacer, who thought the incident should have been treated in a conciliatory spirit, attempted to communicate his view to his host, but that gentleman, purposely misunderstanding his motive, overwhelmed him with so many apologies and expressions of regret at the irksome and perhaps inconvenient delay "which you suffer from through your good-natured acceptance of our invitation" that the other was obliged to refrain from pursuing the subject further.

"Even my regard for you, my dear d'Alcacer, could not induce me to submit to such a bare-faced attempt at extortion," affirmed Mr. Travers with uncompromising virtue. "The man wanted to force his services upon me, and then put in a heavy claim for salvage. That is the whole secret--you may depend on it. I detected him at once, of course." The eye-glass glittered perspicuously. "He underrated my intelligence; and what a violent scoundrel! The existence of such a man in the time we live in is a scandal."
D’Alcacer retired, and, full of vague forebodings, tried in vain for hours to interest himself in a book. Mr. Travers walked up and down restlessly, trying to persuade himself that his indignation was based on purely moral grounds. The glaring day, like a mass of white-hot iron withdrawn from the fire, was losing gradually its heat and its glare in a richer deepening of tone. At the usual time two seamen, walking noiselessly aft in their yachting shoes, rolled up in silence the quarter-deck screens; and the coast, the shallows, the dark islets and the snowy sandbanks uncovered thus day after day were seen once more in their aspect of dumb watchfulness. The brig, swung end on in the foreground, her squared yards crossing heavily the soaring symmetry of the rigging, resembled a creature instinct with life, with the power of springing into action lurking in the light grace of its repose.

A pair of stewards in white jackets with brass buttons appeared on deck and began to flit about without a sound, laying the table for dinner on the flat top of the cabin skylight. The sun, drifting away toward other lands, toward other seas, toward other men; the sun, all red in a cloudless sky raked the yacht with a parting salvo of crimson rays that shattered themselves into sparks of fire upon the crystal and silver of the dinner-service, put a short flame into the blades of knives, and spread a rosy tint over the white of plates. A trail of purple, like a smear of blood on a blue shield, lay over the sea.
On sitting down Mr. Travers alluded in a vexed tone to the necessity of living on preserves, all the stock of fresh provisions for the passage to Batavia having been already consumed. It was distinctly unpleasant.

"I don't travel for my pleasure, however," he added; "and the belief that the sacrifice of my time and comfort will be productive of some good to the world at large would make up for any amount of privations."

Mrs. Travers and d'Alcacer seemed unable to shake off a strong aversion to talk, and the conversation, like an expiring breeze, kept on dying out repeatedly after each languid gust. The large silence of the horizon, the profound repose of all things visible, enveloping the bodies and penetrating the souls with their quieting influence, stilled thought as well as voice. For a long time no one spoke. Behind the taciturnity of the masters the servants hovered without noise.

Suddenly, Mr. Travers, as if concluding a train of thought, muttered aloud:

"I own with regret I did in a measure lose my temper; but then you will admit that the existence of such a man is a disgrace to
This remark was not taken up and he returned for a time to the nursing of his indignation, at the bottom of which, like a monster in a fog, crept a bizarre feeling of rancour. He waved away an offered dish.

"This coast," he began again, "has been placed under the sole protection of Holland by the Treaty of 1820. The Treaty of 1820 creates special rights and obligations. . . ."

Both his hearers felt vividly the urgent necessity to hear no more. D'Alcacer, uncomfortable on a campstool, sat stiff and stared at the glass stopper of a carafe. Mrs. Travers turned a little sideways and leaning on her elbow rested her head on the palm of her hand like one thinking about matters of profound import. Mr. Travers talked; he talked inflexibly, in a harsh blank voice, as if reading a proclamation. The other two, as if in a state of incomplete trance, had their ears assailed by fragments of official verbiage.

"An international understanding--the duty to civilize--failed to carry out--compact--Canning--" D'Alcacer became attentive for a moment. "--not that this attempt, almost amusing in its impudence, influences my opinion. I won't admit the possibility of any violence being offered to people of our position. It is
the social aspect of such an incident I am desirous of
criticising."

Here d'Alcacer lost himself again in the recollection of Mrs.
Travers and Immada looking at each other--the beginning and the
end, the flower and the leaf, the phrase and the cry. Mr.
Travers' voice went on dogmatic and obstinate for a long time.
The end came with a certain vehemence.

"And if the inferior race must perish, it is a gain, a step
toward the perfecting of society which is the aim of progress."

He ceased. The sparks of sunset in crystal and silver had gone
out, and around the yacht the expanse of coast and Shallows
seemed to await, unmoved, the coming of utter darkness. The
dinner was over a long time ago and the patient stewards had been
waiting, stoical in the downpour of words like sentries under a
shower.

Mrs. Travers rose nervously and going aft began to gaze at the
coast. Behind her the sun, sunk already, seemed to force through
the mass of waters the glow of an unextinguishable fire, and
below her feet, on each side of the yacht, the lustrous sea, as
if reflecting the colour of her eyes, was tinged a sombre violet
hue.
D'Alcacer came up to her with quiet footsteps and for some time
they leaned side by side over the rail in silence. Then he
said--"How quiet it is!" and she seemed to perceive that the
quietness of that evening was more profound and more significant
than ever before. Almost without knowing it she murmured--"It's
like a dream." Another long silence ensued; the tranquillity of
the universe had such an August ampleness that the sounds
remained on the lips as if checked by the fear of profanation.
The sky was limpid like a diamond, and under the last gleams of
sunset the night was spreading its veil over the earth. There was
something precious and soothing in the beautifully serene end of
that expiring day, of the day vibrating, glittering and ardent,
and dying now in infinite peace, without a stir, without a
tremor, without a sigh--in the certitude of resurrection.

Then all at once the shadow deepened swiftly, the stars came out
in a crowd, scattering a rain of pale sparks upon the blackness
of the water, while the coast stretched low down, a dark belt
without a gleam. Above it the top-hamper of the brig loomed
indistinct and high.

Mrs. Travers spoke first.

"How unnaturally quiet! It is like a desert of land and water
without a living soul."
"One man at least dwells in it," said d'Alcacer, lightly, "and if he is to be believed there are other men, full of evil intentions."

"Do you think it is true?" Mrs. Travers asked.

Before answering d'Alcacer tried to see the expression of her face but the obscurity was too profound already.

"How can one see a dark truth on such a dark night?" he said, evasively. "But it is easy to believe in evil, here or anywhere else."

She seemed to be lost in thought for a while.

"And that man himself?" she asked.

After some time d'Alcacer began to speak slowly. "Rough, uncommon, decidedly uncommon of his kind. Not at all what Don Martin thinks him to be. For the rest--mysterious to me. He is YOUR countryman after all--"

She seemed quite surprised by that view.
"Yes," she said, slowly. "But you know, I can not --what shall I say?--imagine him at all. He has nothing in common with the mankind I know. There is nothing to begin upon. How does such a man live? What are his thoughts? His actions? His affections? His--"

"His conventions," suggested d'Alcacer. "That would include everything."

Mr. Travers appeared suddenly behind them with a glowing cigar in his teeth. He took it between his fingers to declare with persistent acrimony that no amount of "scoundrelly intimidation" would prevent him from having his usual walk. There was about three hundred yards to the southward of the yacht a sandbank nearly a mile long, gleaming a silvery white in the darkness, plummeted in the centre with a thicket of dry bushes that rustled very loud in the slightest stir of the heavy night air. The day after the stranding they had landed on it "to stretch their legs a bit," as the sailing-master defined it, and every evening since, as if exercising a privilege or performing a duty, the three paced there for an hour backward and forward lost in dusky immensity, threading at the edge of water the belt of damp sand, smooth, level, elastic to the touch like living flesh and sweating a little under the pressure of their feet.
This time d'Alcacer alone followed Mr. Travers. Mrs. Travers heard them get into the yacht's smallest boat, and the night-watchman, tugging at a pair of sculls, pulled them off to the nearest point. Then the man returned. He came up the ladder and she heard him say to someone on deck:

"Orders to go back in an hour."

His footsteps died out forward, and a somnolent, unbreathing repose took possession of the stranded yacht.

VI

After a time this absolute silence which she almost could feel pressing upon her on all sides induced in Mrs. Travers a state of hallucination. She saw herself standing alone, at the end of time, on the brink of days. All was unmoving as if the dawn would never come, the stars would never fade, the sun would never rise any more; all was mute, still, dead--as if the shadow of the outer darkness, the shadow of the uninterrupted, of the everlasting night that fills the universe, the shadow of the night so profound and so vast that the blazing suns lost in it are only like sparks, like pin-points of fire, the restless shadow that like a suspicion of an evil truth darkens everything upon the earth on its passage, had enveloped her, had stood
arrested as if to remain with her forever.

And there was such a finality in that illusion, such an accord with the trend of her thought that when she murmured into the darkness a faint "so be it" she seemed to have spoken one of those sentences that resume and close a life.

As a young girl, often reproved for her romantic ideas, she had dreams where the sincerity of a great passion appeared like the ideal fulfilment and the only truth of life. Entering the world she discovered that ideal to be unattainable because the world is too prudent to be sincere. Then she hoped that she could find the truth of life an ambition which she understood as a lifelong devotion to some unselfish ideal. Mr. Travers' name was on men's lips; he seemed capable of enthusiasm and of devotion; he impressed her imagination by his impenetrability. She married him, found him enthusiastically devoted to the nursing of his own career, and had nothing to hope for now.

That her husband should be bewildered by the curious misunderstanding which had taken place and also permanently grieved by her disloyalty to his respectable ideals was only natural. He was, however, perfectly satisfied with her beauty, her brilliance, and her useful connections. She was admired, she was envied; she was surrounded by splendour and adulation; the days went on rapid, brilliant, uniform, without a glimpse of
sincerity or true passion, without a single true emotion --not
even that of a great sorrow. And swiftly and stealthily they had
led her on and on, to this evening, to this coast, to this sea,
to this moment of time and to this spot on the earth's surface
where she felt unerringly that the moving shadow of the unbroken
night had stood still to remain with her forever.

"So be it!" she murmured, resigned and defiant, at the mute and
smooth obscurity that hung before her eyes in a black curtain
without a fold; and as if in answer to that whisper a lantern was
run up to the foreyard-arm of the brig. She saw it ascend
swinging for a. short space, and suddenly remain motionless in
the air, piercing the dense night between the two vessels by its
glance of flame that strong and steady seemed, from afar, to fall
upon her alone.

Her thoughts, like a fascinated moth, went fluttering toward that
light--that man--that girl, who had known war, danger, seen death
near, had obtained evidently the devotion of that man. The
occurrences of the afternoon had been strange in themselves, but
what struck her artistic sense was the vigour of their
presentation. They outlined themselves before her memory with the
clear simplicity of some immortal legend. They were mysterious,
but she felt certain they were absolutely true. They embodied
artless and masterful feelings; such, no doubt, as had swayed
mankind in the simplicity of its youth. She envied, for a moment,
the lot of that humble and obscure sister. Nothing stood between
that girl and the truth of her sensations. She could be sincerely courageous, and tender and passionate and--well--ferocious. Why not ferocious? She could know the truth of terror--and of affection, absolutely, without artificial trammels, without the pain of restraint.

Thinking of what such life could be Mrs. Travers felt invaded by that inexplicable exaltation which the consciousness of their physical capacities so often gives to intellectual beings. She glowed with a sudden persuasion that she also could be equal to such an existence; and her heart was dilated with a momentary longing to know the naked truth of things; the naked truth of life and passion buried under the growth of centuries.

She glowed and, suddenly, she quivered with the shock of coming to herself as if she had fallen down from a star. There was a sound of rippling water and a shapeless mass glided out of the dark void she confronted. A voice below her feet said:

"I made out your shape--on the sky." A cry of surprise expired on her lips and she could only peer downward. Lingard, alone in the brig's dinghy, with another stroke sent the light boat nearly under the yacht's counter, laid his sculls in, and rose from the thwart. His head and shoulders loomed up alongside and he had the appearance of standing upon the sea. Involuntarily Mrs. Travers made a movement of retreat.
"Stop," he said, anxiously, "don't speak loud. No one must know. 

Where do your people think themselves, I wonder? In a dock at home? And you--"

"My husband is not on board," she interrupted, hurriedly.

"I know."

She bent a little more over the rail.

"Then you are having us watched. Why?"

"Somebody must watch. Your people keep such a good look-out--don't they? Yes. Ever since dark one of my boats has been dodging astern here, in the deep water. I swore to myself I would never see one of you, never speak to one of you here, that I would be dumb, blind, deaf. And--here I am!"

Mrs. Travers' alarm and mistrust were replaced by an immense curiosity, burning, yet quiet, too, as if before the inevitable work of destiny. She looked downward at Lingard. His head was bared, and, with one hand upon the ship's side, he seemed to be thinking deeply.
"Because you had something more to tell us," Mrs. Travers suggested, gently.

"Yes," he said in a low tone and without moving in the least.

"Will you come on board and wait?" she asked.

"Who? I!" He lifted his head so quickly as to startle her. "I have nothing to say to him; and I'll never put my foot on board this craft. I've been told to go. That's enough."

"He is accustomed to be addressed deferentially," she said after a pause, "and you--"

"Who is he?" asked Lingard, simply.

These three words seemed to her to scatter her past in the air--like smoke. They robbed all the multitude of mankind of every vestige of importance. She was amazed to find that on this night, in this place, there could be no adequate answer to the searching naiveness of that question.

"I didn't ask for much," Lingard began again. "Did I? Only that
you all should come on board my brig for five days. That's all.

. . . Do I look like a liar? There are things I could not tell him.

I couldn't explain--I couldn't--not to him--to no man--to no man
in the world--"

His voice dropped.

"Not to myself," he ended as if in a dream.

"We have remained unmolested so long here," began Mrs. Travers a
little unsteadily, "that it makes it very difficult to believe in
danger, now. We saw no one all these days except those two people
who came for you. If you may not explain--"

"Of course, you can't be expected to see through a wall," broke
in Lingard. "This coast's like a wall, but I know what's on the
other side. . . . A yacht here, of all things that float! When I
set eyes on her I could fancy she hadn't been more than an hour
from home. Nothing but the look of her spars made me think of old
times. And then the faces of the chaps on board. I seemed to know
them all. It was like home coming to me when I wasn't thinking of
it. And I hated the sight of you all."

"If we are exposed to any peril," she said after a pause during
which she tried to penetrate the secret of passion hidden behind
that man's words, "it need not affect you. Our other boat is gone to the Straits and effective help is sure to come very soon."

"Affect me! Is that precious watchman of yours coming aft? I don't want anybody to know I came here again begging, even of you. Is he coming aft? . . . Listen! I've stopped your other boat."

His head and shoulders disappeared as though he had dived into a denser layer of obscurity floating on the water. The watchman, who had the intention to stretch himself in one of the deck chairs, catching sight of the owner's wife, walked straight to the lamp that hung under the ridge pole of the awning, and after fumbling with it for a time went away forward with an indolent gait.

"You dared!" Mrs. Travers whispered down in an intense tone; and directly, Lingard's head emerged again below her with an upturned face.

"It was dare--or give up. The help from the Straits would have been too late anyhow if I hadn't the power to keep you safe; and if I had the power I could see you through it--alone. I expected to find a reasonable man to talk to. I ought to have known better. You come from too far to understand these things. Well, I dared; I've sent after your other boat a fellow who, with me at
his back, would try to stop the governor of the Straits himself. He will do it. Perhaps it's done already. You have nothing to hope for. But I am here. You said you believed I meant well--"

"Yes," she murmured.

"That's why I thought I would tell you everything. I had to begin with this business about the boat. And what do you think of me now? I've cut you off from the rest of the earth. You people would disappear like a stone in the water. You left one foreign port for another. Who's there to trouble about what became of you? Who would know? Who could guess? It would be months before they began to stir."

"I understand," she said, steadily, "we are helpless."

"And alone," he added.

After a pause she said in a deliberate, restrained voice:

"What does this mean? Plunder, captivity?"

"It would have meant death if I hadn't been here," he answered.
"But you have the power to--"

""Why, do you think, you are alive yet?" he cried. "Jorgenson has been arguing with them on shore," he went on, more calmly, with a swing of his arm toward where the night seemed darkest. "Do you think he would have kept them back if they hadn't expected me every day? His words would have been nothing without my fist."

She heard a dull blow struck on the side of the yacht and concealed in the same darkness that wrapped the unconcern of the earth and sea, the fury and the pain of hearts; she smiled above his head, fascinated by the simplicity of images and expressions.

Lingard made a brusque movement, the lively little boat being unsteady under his feet, and she spoke slowly, absently, as if her thought had been lost in the vagueness of her sensations.

"And this--this--Jorgenson, you said? Who is he?"

"A man," he answered, "a man like myself."

"Like yourself?"

"Just like myself," he said with strange reluctance, as if
admitting a painful truth. "More sense, perhaps, but less luck.
Though, since your yacht has turned up here, I begin to think
that my luck is nothing much to boast of either."

"Is our presence here so fatal?"

"It may be death to some. It may be worse than death to me. And
it rests with you in a way. Think of that! I can never find such
another chance again. But that's nothing! A man who has saved my
life once and that I passed my word to would think I had thrown
him over. But that's nothing! Listen! As true as I stand here in
my boat talking to you, I believe the girl would die of grief."

"You love her," she said, softly.

"Like my own daughter," he cried, low.

Mrs. Travers said, "Oh!" faintly, and for a moment there was a
silence, then he began again:

"Look here. When I was a boy in a trawler, and looked at you
yacht people, in the Channel ports, you were as strange to me as
the Malays here are strange to you. I left home sixteen years ago
and fought my way all round the earth. I had the time to forget
where I began. What are you to me against these two? If I was to
die here on the spot would you care? No one would care at home.
No one in the whole world--but these two."

"What can I do?" she asked, and waited, leaning over.

He seemed to reflect, then lifting his head, spoke gently:

"Do you understand the danger you are in? Are you afraid?"

"I understand the expression you used, of course. Understand the
danger?" she went on. "No--decidedly no. And-- honestly--I am not
afraid."

"Aren't you?" he said in a disappointed voice. "Perhaps you don't
believe me? I believed you, though, when you said you were sure I
meant well. I trusted you enough to come here asking for your
help--telling you what no one knows."

"You mistake me," she said with impulsive earnestness. "This is
so extraordinarily unusual--sudden--outside my experience."

"Aye!" he murmured, "what would you know of danger and trouble?
You! But perhaps by thinking it over--"
"You want me to think myself into a fright!" Mrs. Travers laughed lightly, and in the gloom of his thought this flash of joyous sound was incongruous and almost terrible. Next moment the night appeared brilliant as day, warm as sunshine; but when she ceased the returning darkness gave him pain as if it had struck heavily against his breast. "I don't think I could do that," she finished in a serious tone.

"Couldn't you?" He hesitated, perplexed. "Things are bad enough to make it no shame. I tell you," he said, rapidly, "and I am not a timid man, I may not be able to do much if you people don't help me."

"You want me to pretend I am alarmed?" she asked, quickly.

"Aye, to pretend--as well you may. It's a lot to ask of you--who perhaps never had to make-believe a thing in your life--isn't it?"

"It is," she said after a time.

The unexpected bitterness of her tone struck Lingard with dismay.

"Don't be offended," he entreated. "I've got to plan a way out of
this mess. It's no play either. Could you pretend?"

"Perhaps, if I tried very hard. But to what end?"

"You must all shift aboard the brig," he began, speaking quickly, 
"and then we may get over this trouble without coming to blows. 
Now, if you were to say that you wish it; that you feel unsafe in 
the yacht--don't you see?"

"I see," she pronounced, thoughtfully. 

"The brig is small but the cuddy is fit for a lady," went on 
Lingard with animation.

"Has it not already sheltered a princess?" she commented, coolly.

"And I shall not intrude."

"This is an inducement."

"Nobody will dare to intrude. You needn't even see me."

"This is almost decisive, only--"
"I know my place."

"Only, I might not have the influence," she finished.

"That I can not believe," he said, roughly. "The long and the short of it is you don't trust me because you think that only people of your own condition speak the truth always."

"Evidently," she murmured.

"You say to yourself--here's a fellow deep in with pirates, thieves, niggers--"

"To be sure--"

"A man I never saw the like before," went on Lingard, headlong, "a--ruffian."

He checked himself, full of confusion. After a time he heard her saying, calmly:

"You are like other men in this, that you get angry when you can
not have your way at once."

"I angry!" he exclaimed in deadened voice. "You do not understand. I am thinking of you also--it is hard on me--"

"I mistrust not you, but my own power. You have produced an unfortunate impression on Mr. Travers."

"Unfortunate impression! He treated me as if I had been a long-shore loafer. Never mind that. He is your husband. Fear in those you care for is hard to bear for any man. And so, he--"

"What Machiavellism!"

"Eh, what did you say?"

"I only wondered where you had observed that. On the sea?"

"Observed what?" he said, absently. Then pursuing his idea--"One word from you ought to be enough."

"You think so?"
"I am sure of it. Why, even I, myself--"

"Of course," she interrupted. "But don't you think that after
parting with you on such--such--inimical terms, there would be a
difficulty in resuming relations?"

"A man like me would do anything for money--don't you see?"

After a pause she asked:

"And would you care for that argument to be used?"

"As long as you know better!"

His voice vibrated--she drew back disturbed, as if unexpectedly
he had touched her.

"What can there be at stake?" she began, wonderingly.

"A kingdom," said Lingard.

Mrs. Travers leaned far over the rail, staring, and their faces,
one above the other, came very close together.
"Not for yourself?" she whispered.

He felt the touch of her breath on his forehead and remained still for a moment, perfectly still as if he did not intend to move or speak any more.

"Those things," he began, suddenly, "come in your way, when you don't think, and they get all round you before you know what you mean to do. When I went into that bay in New Guinea I never guessed where that course would take me to. I could tell you a story. You would understand! You! You!"

He stammered, hesitated, and suddenly spoke, liberating the visions of two years into the night where Mrs. Travers could follow them as if outlined in words of fire.

VII

His tale was as startling as the discovery of a new world. She was being taken along the boundary of an exciting existence, and she looked into it through the guileless enthusiasm of the narrator. The heroic quality of the feelings concealed what was disproportionate and absurd in that gratitude, in that friendship, in that inexplicable devotion. The headlong
fierceness of purpose invested his obscure design of conquest with the proportions of a great enterprise. It was clear that no vision of a subjugated world could have been more inspiring to the most famous adventurer of history.

From time to time he interrupted himself to ask, confidently, as if he had been speaking to an old friend, "What would you have done?" and hurried on without pausing for approval.

It struck her that there was a great passion in all this, the beauty of an implanted faculty of affection that had found itself, its immediate need of an object and the way of expansion; a tenderness expressed violently; a tenderness that could only be satisfied by backing human beings against their own destiny. Perhaps her hatred of convention, trammelling the frankness of her own impulses, had rendered her more alert to perceive what is intrinsically great and profound within the forms of human folly, so simple and so infinitely varied according to the region of the earth and to the moment of time.

What of it that the narrator was only a roving seaman; the kingdom of the jungle, the men of the forest, the lives obscure! That simple soul was possessed by the greatness of the idea; there was nothing sordid in its flaming impulses. When she once understood that, the story appealed to the audacity of her thoughts, and she became so charmed with what she heard that she
forgot where she was. She forgot that she was personally close to
that tale which she saw detached, far away from her, truth or
fiction, presented in picturesque speech, real only by the
response of her emotion.

Lingard paused. In the cessation of the impassioned murmur she
began to reflect. And at first it was only an oppressive notion
of there being some significance that really mattered in this
man's story. That mattered to her. For the first time the shadow
of danger and death crossed her mind. Was that the significance?
Suddenly, in a flash of acute discernment, she saw herself
involved helplessly in that story, as one is involved in a
natural cataclysm.

He was speaking again. He had not been silent more than a minute.
It seemed to Mrs. Travers that years had elapsed, so different
now was the effect of his words. Her mind was agitated as if his
coming to speak and confide in her had been a tremendous
occurrence. It was a fact of her own existence; it was part of
the story also. This was the disturbing thought. She heard him
pronounce several names: Belarab, Daman, Tengga, Ningrat. These
belonged now to her life and she was appalled to find she was
unable to connect these names with any human appearance. They
stood out alone, as if written on the night; they took on a
symbolic shape; they imposed themselves upon her senses. She
whispered as if pondering: "Belarab, Daman, Ningrat," and these
barbarous sounds seemed to possess an exceptional energy, a fatal
aspect, the savour of madness.

"Not one of them but has a heavy score to settle with the whites. What's that to me! I had somehow to get men who would fight. I risked my life to get that lot. I made them promises which I shall keep--or--! Can you see now why I dared to stop your boat? I am in so deep that I care for no Sir John in the world. When I look at the work ahead I care for nothing. I gave you one chance--one good chance. That I had to do. No! I suppose I didn't look enough of a gentleman. Yes! Yes! That's it. Yet I know what a gentleman is. I lived with them for years. I chummed with them--yes--on gold-fields and in other places where a man has got to show the stuff that's in him. Some of them write from home to me here--such as you see me, because I--never mind! And I know what a gentleman would do. Come! Wouldn't he treat a stranger fairly? Wouldn't he remember that no man is a liar till you prove him so? Wouldn't he keep his word wherever given? Well, I am going to do that. Not a hair of your head shall be touched as long as I live!"

She had regained much of her composure but at these words she felt that staggering sense of utter insecurity which is given one by the first tremor of an earthquake. It was followed by an expectant stillness of sensations. She remained silent. He thought she did not believe him.
"Come! What on earth do you think brought me here--to--to--talk
like this to you? There was Hassim--Rajah Tulla, I should
say--who was asking me this afternoon: 'What will you do now with
these, your people?' I believe he thinks yet I fetched you here
for some reason. You can't tell what crooked notion they will get
into their thick heads. It's enough to make one swear." He swore.
"My people! Are you? How much? Say--how much? You're no more mine
than I am yours. Would any of you fine folks at home face black
ruin to save a fishing smack's crew from getting drowned?"

Notwithstanding that sense of insecurity which lingered faintly
in her mind she had no image of death before her. She felt
intensely alive. She felt alive in a flush of strength, with an
impression of novelty as though life had been the gift of this
very moment. The danger hidden in the night gave no sign to
awaken her terror, but the workings of a human soul, simple and
violent, were laid bare before her and had the disturbing charm
of an unheard-of experience. She was listening to a man who
concealed nothing. She said, interrogatively:

"And yet you have come?"

"Yes," he answered, "to you--and for you only."

The flood tide running strong over the banks made a placid
trickling sound about the yacht's rudder.
"I would not be saved alone."

"Then you must bring them over yourself," he said in a sombre tone. "There's the brig. You have me--my men--my guns. You know what to do.

"I will try," she said.

"Very well. I am sorry for the poor devils forward there if you fail. But of course you won't. Watch that light on the brig. I had it hoisted on purpose. The trouble may be nearer than we think. Two of my boats are gone scouting and if the news they bring me is bad the light will be lowered. Think what that means. And I've told you what I have told nobody. Think of my feelings also. I told you because I--because I had to."

He gave a shove against the yacht's side and glided away from under her eyes. A rippling sound died out.

She walked away from the rail. The lamp and the skylights shone faintly along the dark stretch of the decks. This evening was like the last--like all the evenings before.
"Is all this I have heard possible?" she asked herself. "No--but it is true."

She sat down in a deck chair to think and found she could only remember. She jumped up. She was sure somebody was hailing the yacht faintly. Was that man hailing? She listened, and hearing nothing was annoyed with herself for being haunted by a voice.

"He said he could trust me. Now, what is this danger? What is danger?" she meditated.

Footsteps were coming from forward. The figure of the watchman flitted vaguely over the gangway. He was whistling softly and vanished. Hollow sounds in the boat were succeeded by a splash of oars. The night swallowed these slight noises. Mrs. Travers sat down again and found herself much calmer.

She had the faculty of being able to think her own thoughts--and the courage. She could take no action of any kind till her husband's return. Lingard's warnings were not what had impressed her most. This man had presented his innermost self unclothed by any subterfuge. There were in plain sight his desires, his perplexities, affections, doubts, his violence, his folly; and the existence they made up was lawless but not vile. She had too much elevation of mind to look upon him from any other but a strictly human standpoint. If he trusted her (how strange; why
should he? Was he wrong?) she accepted the trust with scrupulous fairness. And when it dawned upon her that of all the men in the world this unquestionably was the one she knew best, she had a moment of wonder followed by an impression of profound sadness. It seemed an unfortunate matter that concerned her alone.

Her thought was suspended while she listened attentively for the return of the yacht's boat. She was dismayed at the task before her. Not a sound broke the stillness and she felt as if she were lost in empty space. Then suddenly someone amidships yawned immensely and said: "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" A voice asked: "Ain't they back yet?" A negative grunt answered.

Mrs. Travers found that Lingard was touching, because he could be understood. How simple was life, she reflected. She was frank with herself. She considered him apart from social organization. She discovered he had no place in it. How delightful! Here was a human being and the naked truth of things was not so very far from her notwithstanding the growth of centuries. Then it occurred to her that this man by his action stripped her at once of her position, of her wealth, of her rank, of her past. "I am helpless. What remains?" she asked herself. Nothing! Anybody there might have suggested: "Your presence." She was too artificial yet to think of her beauty; and yet the power of personality is part of the naked truth of things.
She looked over her shoulder, and saw the light at the brig's foreyard-arm burning with a strong, calm flame in the dust of starlight suspended above the coast. She heard the heavy bump as of a boat run headlong against the ladder. They were back! She rose in sudden and extreme agitation. What should she say? How much? How to begin? Why say anything? It would be absurd, like talking seriously about a dream. She would not dare! In a moment she was driven into a state of mind bordering on distraction. She heard somebody run up the gangway steps. With the idea of gaining time she walked rapidly aft to the taffrail. The light of the brig faced her without a flicker, enormous amongst the suns scattered in the immensity of the night.

She fixed her eyes on it. She thought: "I shan't tell him anything. Impossible. No! I shall tell everything." She expected every moment to hear her husband's voice and the suspense was intolerable because she felt that then she must decide. Somebody on deck was babbling excitedly. She devoutly hoped d'Alcacer would speak first and thus put off the fatal moment. A voice said roughly: "What's that?" And in the midst of her distress she recognized Carter's voice, having noticed that young man who was of a different stamp from the rest of the crew. She came to the conclusion that the matter could be related jocularly, or--why not pretend fear? At that moment the brig's yard-arm light she was looking at trembled distinctly, and she was dumfounded as if she had seen a commotion in the firmament. With her lips open for a cry she saw it fall straight down several feet, flicker, and go...
out. All perplexity passed from her mind. This first fact of the
danger gave her a thrill of quite a new emotion. Something had to
be done at once. For some remote reason she felt ashamed of her
hesitations.

She moved swiftly forward and under the lamp came face to face
with Carter who was coming aft. Both stopped, staring, the light
fell on their faces, and both were struck by each other's
expression. The four eyes shone wide.

"You have seen?" she asked, beginning to tremble.

"How do you know?" he said, at the same time, evidently
surprised.

Suddenly she saw that everybody was on deck.

"The light is down," she stammered.

"The gentlemen are lost," said Carter. Then he perceived she did
not seem to understand. "Kidnapped off the sandbank," he
continued, looking at her fixedly to see how she would take it.
She seemed calm. "Kidnapped like a pair of lambs! Not a squeak,"
he burst out with indignation. "But the sandbank is long and they
might have been at the other end. You were on deck, ma'am?" he
"Yes," she murmured. "In the chair here."

"We were all down below. I had to rest a little. When I came up
the watchman was asleep. He swears he wasn't, but I know better.
Nobody heard any noise, unless you did. But perhaps you were
asleep?" he asked, deferentially.

"Yes--no--I must have been," she said, faintly.

VIII

Lingard's soul was exalted by his talk with Mrs. Travers, by the
strain of incertitude and by extreme fatigue. On returning on
board he asked after Hassim and was told that the Rajah and his
sister had gone off in their canoe promising to return before
midnight. The boats sent to scout between the islets north and
south of the anchorage had not come back yet. He went into his
cabin and throwing himself on the couch closed his eyes thinking:
"I must sleep or I shall go mad."

At times he felt an unshaken confidence in Mrs. Travers--then he
remembered her face. Next moment the face would fade, he would
make an effort to hold on to the image, fail--and then become
convinced without the shadow of a doubt that he was utterly lost, unless he let all these people be wiped off the face of the earth.

"They all heard that man order me out of his ship," he thought, and thereupon for a second or so he contemplated without flinching the lurid image of a massacre. "And yet I had to tell her that not a hair of her head shall be touched. Not a hair."

And irrationally at the recollection of these words there seemed to be no trouble of any kind left in the world. Now and then, however, there were black instants when from sheer weariness he thought of nothing at all; and during one of these he fell asleep, losing the consciousness of external things as suddenly as if he had been felled by a blow on the head.

When he sat up, almost before he was properly awake, his first alarmed conviction was that he had slept the night through. There was a light in the cuddy and through the open door of his cabin he saw distinctly Mrs. Travers pass out of view across the lighted space.

"They did come on board after all," he thought--"how is it I haven't been called!"
He darted into the cuddy. Nobody! Looking up at the clock in the skylight he was vexed to see it had stopped till his ear caught the faint beat of the mechanism. It was going then! He could not have been asleep more than ten minutes. He had not been on board more than twenty!

So it was only a deception; he had seen no one. And yet he remembered the turn of the head, the line of the neck, the colour of the hair, the movement of the passing figure. He returned spiritlessly to his state-room muttering, "No more sleep for me to-night," and came out directly, holding a few sheets of paper covered with a high, angular handwriting.

This was Jorgenson's letter written three days before and entrusted to Hassim. Lingard had read it already twice, but he turned up the lamp a little higher and sat down to read it again. On the red shield above his head the gilt sheaf of thunderbolts darting between the initials of his name seemed to be aimed straight at the nape of his neck as he sat with bared elbows spread on the table, poring over the crumpled sheets. The letter began:

Hassim and Immada are going out to-night to look for you. You are behind your time and every passing day makes things worse.

Ten days ago three of Belarab's men, who had been collecting
turtles’ eggs on the islets, came flying back with a story of a ship stranded on the outer mudflats. Belarab at once forbade any boat from leaving the lagoon. So far good. There was a great excitement in the village. I judge it must be a schooner—probably some fool of a trader. However, you will know all about her when you read this. You may say I might have pulled out to sea to have a look for myself. But besides Belarab's orders to the contrary, which I would attend to for the sake of example, all you are worth in this world, Tom, is here in the Emma, under my feet, and I would not leave my charge even for half a day.

Hassim attended the council held every evening in the shed outside Belarab's stockade. That holy man Ningrat was for looting that vessel. Hassim reproved him saying that the vessel probably was sent by you because no white men were known to come inside the shoals. Belarab backed up Hassim. Ningrat was very angry and reproached Belarab for keeping him, Ningrat, short of opium to smoke. He began by calling him "O! son," and ended by shouting, "O! you worse than an unbeliever!" There was a hullabaloo. The followers of Tengga were ready to interfere and you know how it is between Tengga and Belarab. Tengga always wanted to oust Belarab, and his chances were getting pretty good before you turned up and armed Belarab's bodyguard with muskets. However, Hassim stopped that row, and no one was hurt that time. Next day, which was Friday, Ningrat after reading the prayers in the mosque talked to the people outside. He bleated and capered like an old goat, prophesying misfortune, ruin, and extermination if these whites were allowed to get away. He is mad but then they think him a saint, and he had been fighting the Dutch for years in his
young days. Six of Belarab's guard marched down the village
street carrying muskets at full cock and the crowd cleared out.
Ningrat was spirited away by Tengga's men into their master's
stockade. If it was not for the fear of you turning up any moment
there would have been a party-fight that evening. I think it is a
pity Tengga is not chief of the land instead of Belarab. A brave
and foresighted man, however treacherous at heart, can always be
trusted to a certain extent. One can never get anything clear
from Belarab. Peace! Peace! You know his fad. And this fad makes
him act silly. The peace racket will get him into a row. It may
cost him his life in the end. However, Tengga does not feel
himself strong enough yet to act with his own followers only and
Belarab has, on my advice, disarmed all villagers. His men went
into the houses and took away by force all the firearms and as
many spears as they could lay hands on. The women screamed abuse
of course, but there was no resistance. A few men were seen
clearing out into the forest with their arms. Note this, for it
means there is another power beside Belarab's in the village: the
growing power of Tengga.

One morning--four days ago--I went to see Tengga. I found him by
the shore trimming a plank with a small hatchet while a slave
held an umbrella over his head. He is amusing himself in building
a boat just now. He threw his hatchet down to meet me and led me
by the hand to a shady spot. He told me frankly he had sent out
two good swimmers to observe the stranded vessel. These men stole
down the creek in a canoe and when on the sea coast swam from
sandbank to sandbank until they approached unobserved--I think--to about fifty yards from that schooner. What can that craft be? I can't make it out. The men reported there were three chiefs on board. One with a glittering eye, one a lean man in white, and another without any hair on the face and dressed in a different style. Could it be a woman? I don't know what to think.

I wish you were here. After a lot of chatter Tengga said: "Six years ago I was ruler of a country and the Dutch drove me out. The country was small but nothing is too small for them to take. They pretended to give it back to my nephew--may he burn! I ran away or they would have killed me. I am nothing here--but I remember. These white people out there can not run away and they are very few. There is perhaps a little to loot. I would give it to my men who followed me in my calamity because I am their chief and my father was the chief of their fathers." I pointed out the imprudence of this. He said: "The dead do not show the way." To this I remarked that the ignorant do not give information. Tengga kept quiet for a while, then said: "We must not touch them because their skin is like yours and to kill them would be wrong, but at the bidding of you whites we may go and fight with people of our own skin and our own faith--and that is good. I have promised to Tuan Lingard twenty men and a prau to make war in Wajo. The men are good and look at the prau; it is swift and strong." I must say, Tom, the prau is the best craft of the kind I have ever seen. I said you paid him well for the help. "And I also would pay," says he, "if you let me have a few guns and a little powder for my men. You and I shall share the loot of that ship outside, and Tuan Lingard will not know. It is only a little
game. You have plenty of guns and powder under your care." He meant in the Emma. On that I spoke out pretty straight and we got rather warm until at last he gave me to understand that as he had about forty followers of his own and I had only nine of Hassim's chaps to defend the Emma with, he could very well go for me and get the lot. "And then," says he, "I would be so strong that everybody would be on my side." I discovered in the course of further talk that there is a notion amongst many people that you have come to grief in some way and won't show up here any more.

After this I saw the position was serious and I was in a hurry to get back to the Emma, but pretending I did not care I smiled and thanked Tengga for giving me warning of his intentions about me and the Emma. At this he nearly choked himself with his betel quid and fixing me with his little eyes, muttered: "Even a lizard will give a fly the time to say its prayers." I turned my back on him and was very thankful to get beyond the throw of a spear. I haven't been out of the Emma since.

IX

The letter went on to enlarge on the intrigues of Tengga, the wavering conduct of Belarab, and the state of the public mind. It noted every gust of opinion and every event, with an earnestness of belief in their importance befitting the chronicle of a crisis in the history of an empire. The shade of Jorgenson had, indeed, stepped back into the life of men. The old adventurer looked on with a perfect understanding of the value of trifles, using his
eyes for that other man whose conscience would have the task to unravel the tangle. Lingard lived through those days in the Settlement and was thankful to Jorgenson; only as he lived not from day to day but from sentence to sentence of the writing, there was an effect of bewildering rapidity in the succession of events that made him grunt with surprise sometimes or growl—"What?" to himself angrily and turn back several lines or a whole page more than once. Toward the end he had a heavy frown of perplexity and fidgeted as he read:

--and I began to think I could keep things quiet till you came or those wretched white people got their schooner off, when Sherif Daman arrived from the north on the very day he was expected, with two Illanun praus. He looks like an Arab. It was very evident to me he can wind the two Illanun pangerans round his little finger. The two praus are large and armed. They came up the creek, flags and streamers flying, beating drums and gongs, and entered the lagoon with their decks full of armed men brandishing two-handed swords and sounding the war cry. It is a fine force for you, only Belarab who is a perverse devil would not receive Sherif Daman at once. So Daman went to see Tengga who detained him a very long time. Leaving Tengga he came on board the Emma, and I could see directly there was something up.

He began by asking me for the ammunition and weapons they are to get from you, saying he was anxious to sail at once toward Wajo, since it was agreed he was to precede you by a few days. I
replied that that was true enough but that I could not think of
giving him the powder and muskets till you came. He began to talk
about you and hinted that perhaps you will never come. "And no
matter," says he, "here is Rajah Hassim and the Lady Immada and
we would fight for them if no white man was left in the world.
Only we must have something to fight with." He pretended then to
forget me altogether and talked with Hassim while I sat
listening. He began to boast how well he got along the Bruni
coast. No Illanun prau had passed down that coast for years.

Im마다 wanted me to give the arms he was asking for. The girl is
beside herself with fear of something happening that would put a
stopper on the Wajo expedition. She has set her mind on getting
her country back. Hassim is very reserved but he is very anxious,
too. Daman got nothing from me, and that very evening the praus
were ordered by Belarab to leave the lagoon. He does not trust
the Illanuns--and small blame to him. Sherif Daman went like a
lamb. He has no powder for his guns. As the praus passed by the
Emma he shouted to me he was going to wait for you outside the
creek. Tengga has given him a man who would show him the place.
All this looks very queer to me.

Look out outside then. The praus are dodging amongst the islets.
Daman visits Tengga. Tengga called on me as a good friend to try
and persuade me to give Daman the arms and gunpowder he is so
anxious to get. Somehow or other they tried to get around
Belarab, who came to see me last night and hinted I had better do
so. He is anxious for these Illanuns to leave the neighbourhood. He thinks that if they loot the schooner they will be off at once. That's all he wants now. Immada has been to see Belarab's women and stopped two nights in the stockade. Belarab's youngest wife--he got married six weeks ago--is on the side of Tengga's party because she thinks Belarab would get a share of the loot and she got into her silly head there are jewels and silks in that schooner. What between Tengga worrying him outside and the women worrying him at home, Belarab had such a lively time of it that he concluded he would go to pray at his father's tomb. So for the last two days he has been away camping in that unhealthy place. When he comes back he will be down with fever as sure as fate and then he will be no good for anything. Tengga lights up smoky fires often. Some signal to Daman. I go ashore with Hassim's men and put them out. This is risking a fight every time--for Tengga's men look very black at us. I don't know what the next move may be. Hassim's as true as steel. Immada is very unhappy. They will tell you many details I have no time to write.

The last page fluttered on the table out of Lingard's fingers. He sat very still for a moment looking straight before him, then went on deck.

"Our boats back yet?" he asked Shaw, whom he saw prowling on the quarter-deck.
"No, sir, I wish they were. I am waiting for them to go and turn in," answered the mate in an aggrieved manner.

"Lower that lantern forward there," cried Lingard, suddenly, in Malay.

"This trade isn't fit for a decent man," muttered Shaw to himself, and he moved away to lean on the rail, looking moodily to seaward. After a while: "There seems to be commotion on board that yacht," he said. "I see a lot of lights moving about her decks. Anything wrong, do you think, sir?"

"No, I know what it is," said Lingard in a tone of elation. She has done it! he thought.

He returned to the cabin, put away Jorgenson's letter and pulled out the drawer of the table. It was full of cartridges. He took a musket down, loaded it, then took another and another. He hammered at the waddings with fierce joyousness. The ramrods rang and jumped. It seemed to him he was doing his share of some work in which that woman was playing her part faithfully. "She has done it," he repeated, mentally. "She will sit in the cuddy. She will sleep in my berth. Well, I'm not ashamed of the brig. By heavens--no! I shall keep away: never come near them as I've promised. Now there's nothing more to say. I've told her everything at once. There's nothing more."
He felt a heaviness in his burning breast, in all his limbs as if
the blood in his veins had become molten lead.

"I shall get the yacht off. Three, four days--no, a week."

He found he couldn't do it under a week. It occurred to him he
would see her every day till the yacht was afloat. No, he
wouldn't intrude, but he was master and owner of the brig after
all. He didn't mean to skulk like a whipped cur about his own
decks.

"It'll be ten days before the schooner is ready. I'll take every
scrap of ballast out of her. I'll strip her--I'll take her lower
masts out of her, by heavens! I'll make sure. Then another week
to fit out--and--goodbye. Wish I had never seen them.
Good-bye--forever. Home's the place for them. Not for me. On
another coast she would not have listened. Ah, but she is a
woman--every inch of her. I shall shake hands. Yes. I shall take
her hand--just before she goes. Why the devil not? I am master
here after all--in this brig--as good as any one--by heavens,
better than any one--better than any one on earth."

He heard Shaw walk smartly forward above his head hailing:
"What's that--a boat?"

A voice answered indistinctly.

"One of my boats is back," thought Lingard. "News about Daman perhaps. I don't care if he kicks. I wish he would. I would soon show her I can fight as well as I can handle the brig. Two praus. Only two praus. I wouldn't mind if there were twenty. I would sweep 'em off the sea--I would blow 'em out of the water--I would make the brig walk over them. 'Now,' I'd say to her, 'you who are not afraid, look how it's done!'"

He felt light. He had the sensation of being whirled high in the midst of an uproar and as powerless as a feather in a hurricane. He shuddered profoundly. His arms hung down, and he stood before the table staring like a man overcome by some fatal intelligence.

Shaw, going into the waist to receive what he thought was one of the brig's boats, came against Carter making his way aft hurriedly.

"Hullo! Is it you again?" he said, swiftly, barring the way.

"I come from the yacht," began Carter with some impatience.
"Where else could you come from?" said Shaw. "And what might you want now?"

"I want to see your skipper."

"Well, you can't," declared Shaw, viciously. "He's turned in for the night."

"He expects me," said Carter, stamping his foot. "I've got to tell him what happened."

"Don't you fret yourself, young man," said Shaw in a superior manner; "he knows all about it."

They stood suddenly silent in the dark. Carter seemed at a loss what to do. Shaw, though surprised by it, enjoyed the effect he had produced.

"Damn me, if I did not think so," murmured Carter to himself; then drawling coolly asked--"And perhaps you know, too?"

"What do you think? Think I am a dummy here? I ain't mate of this brig for nothing."
"No, you are not," said Carter with a certain bitterness of tone.

"People do all kinds of queer things for a living, and I am not particular myself, but I would think twice before taking your billet."

"What? What do you in-si-nu-ate. My billet? You ain't fit for it, you yacht-swabbing brass-buttoned imposter."

"What's this? Any of our boats back?" asked Lingard from the poop. "Let the seacannie in charge come to me at once."

"There's only a message from the yacht," began Shaw, deliberately.

"Yacht! Get the deck lamps along here in the waist! See the ladder lowered. Bear a hand, serang! Mr. Shaw! Burn the flare up aft. Two of them! Give light to the yacht's boats that will be coming alongside. Steward! Where's that steward? Turn him out then."

Bare feet began to patter all round Carter. Shadows glided swiftly.

"Are these flares coming? Where's the quartermaster on duty?"
shouted Lingard in English and Malay. "This way, come here! Put it on a rocket stick--can't you? Hold over the side--thus! Stand by with the lines for the boats forward there. Mr. Shaw--we want more light!"

"Aye, aye, sir," called out Shaw, but he did not move, as if dazed by the vehemence of his commander.

"That's what we want," muttered Carter under his breath.
"Imposter! What do you call yourself?" he said half aloud to Shaw.

The ruddy glare of the flares disclosed Lingard from head to foot, standing at the break of the poop. His head was bare, his face, crudely lighted, had a fierce and changing expression in the sway of flames.

"What can be his game?" thought Carter, impressed by the powerful and wild aspect of that figure. "He's changed somehow since I saw him first," he reflected. It struck him the change was serious, not exactly for the worse, perhaps--and yet. . . . Lingard smiled at him from the poop.

Carter went up the steps and without pausing informed him of what had happened.
"Mrs. Travers told me to go to you at once. She's very upset as you may guess," he drawled, looking Lingard hard in the face.

Lingard knitted his eyebrows. "The hands, too, are scared," Carter went on. "They fancy the savages, or whatever they may be who stole the owner, are going to board the yacht every minute. I don't think so myself but--"

"Quite right--most unlikely," muttered Lingard.

"Aye, I daresay you know all about it," continued Carter, coolly, "the men are startled and no mistake, but I can't blame them very much. There isn't enough even of carving knives aboard to go round. One old signal gun! A poor show for better men than they."

"There's no mistake I suppose about this affair?" asked Lingard.

"Well, unless the gentlemen are having a lark with us at hide and seek. The man says he waited ten minutes at the point, then pulled slowly along the bank looking out, expecting to see them walking back. He made the trunk of a tree apparently stranded on the sand and as he was sculling past he says a man jumped up from behind that log, flung a stick at him and went off running. He backed water at once and began to shout, 'Are you there, sir?' No one answered. He could hear the bushes rustle and some strange
noises like whisperings. It was very dark. After calling out
several times, and waiting on his oars, he got frightened and
pulled back to the yacht. That is clear enough. The only doubt in
my mind is if they are alive or not. I didn't let on to Mrs.
Travers. That's a kind of thing you keep to yourself, of course."

"I don't think they are dead," said Lingard, slowly, and as if
thinking of something else.

"Oh! If you say so it's all right," said Carter with
deliberation.

"What?" asked Lingard, absently; "fling a stick, did they? Fling
a spear!"

"That's it!" assented Carter, "but I didn't say anything. I only
wondered if the same kind of stick hadn't been flung at the
owner, that's all. But I suppose you know your business best,
Captain."

Lingard, grasping his whole beard, reflected profoundly, erect
and with bowed head in the glare of the flares.

"I suppose you think it's my doing?" he asked, sharply, without
looking up.
Carter surveyed him with a candidly curious gaze. "Well, Captain, Mrs. Travers did let on a bit to me about our chief-officer's boat. You've stopped it, haven't you? How she got to know God only knows. She was sorry she spoke, too, but it wasn't so much of news to me as she thought. I can put two and two together, sometimes. Those rockets, last night, eh? I wished I had bitten my tongue out before I told you about our first gig. But I was taken unawares. Wasn't I? I put it to you: wasn't I? And so I told her when she asked me what passed between you and me on board this brig, not twenty-four hours ago. Things look different now, all of a sudden. Enough to scare a woman, but she is the best man of them all on board. The others are fairly off the chump because it's a bit dark and something has happened they ain't used to. But she has something on her mind. I can't make her out!" He paused, wriggled his shoulders slightly--"No more than I can make you out," he added.

"That's your trouble, is it?" said Lingard, slowly.

"Aye, Captain. Is it all clear to you? Stopping boats, kidnapping gentlemen. That's fun in a way, only--I am a youngster to you--but is it all clear to you? Old Robinson wasn't particular, you know, and he--"

"Clearer than daylight," cried Lingard, hotly. "I can't give
He checked himself. Carter waited. The flare bearers stood rigid, turning their faces away from the flame, and in the play of gleams at its foot the mast near by, like a lofty column, ascended in the great darkness. A lot of ropes ran up slanting into a dark void and were lost to sight, but high aloft a brace block gleamed white, the end of a yard-arm could be seen suspended in the air and as if glowing with its own light. The sky had clouded over the brig without a breath of wind.

"Give up," repeated Carter with an uneasy shuffle of feet.

"Nobody," finished Lingard. "I can't. It's as clear as daylight. I can't! No! Nothing!"

He stared straight out afar, and after looking at him Carter felt moved by a bit of youthful intuition to murmur, "That's bad," in a tone that almost in spite of himself hinted at the dawning of a befogged compassion.

He had a sense of confusion within him, the sense of mystery without. He had never experienced anything like it all the time when serving with old Robinson in the Ly-e-moon. And yet he had seen and taken part in some queer doings that were not clear to
him at the time. They were secret but they suggested something comprehensible. This affair did not. It had somehow a subtlety that affected him. He was uneasy as if there had been a breath of magic on events and men giving to this complication of a yachting voyage a significance impossible to perceive, but felt in the words, in the gestures, in the events, which made them all strangely, obscurely startling.

He was not one who could keep track of his sensations, and besides he had not the leisure. He had to answer Lingard's questions about the people of the yacht. No, he couldn't say Mrs. Travers was what you may call frightened. She seemed to have something in her mind. Oh, yes! The chaps were in a funk. Would they fight? Anybody would fight when driven to it, funk or no funk. That was his experience. Naturally one liked to have something better than a handspike to do it with. Still-- In the pause Carter seemed to weigh with composure the chances of men with handspikes.

"What do you want to fight us for?" he asked, suddenly.

Lingard started.

"I don't," he said; "I wouldn't be asking you."
"There's no saying what you would do, Captain," replied Carter;
"it isn't twenty-four hours since you wanted to shoot me."

"I only said I would, rather than let you go raising trouble for me," explained Lingard.

"One night isn't like another," mumbled Carter, "but how am I to know? It seems to me you are making trouble for yourself as fast as you can."

"Well, supposing I am," said Lingard with sudden gloominess.
"Would your men fight if I armed them properly?"

"What--for you or for themselves?" asked Carter.

"For the woman," burst out Lingard. "You forget there's a woman on board. I don't care THAT for their carcases."

Carter pondered conscientiously.

"Not to-night," he said at last. "There's one or two good men amongst them, but the rest are struck all of a heap. Not to-night. Give them time to get steady a bit if you want them to fight."
He gave facts and opinions with a mixture of loyalty and mistrust. His own state puzzled him exceedingly. He couldn't make out anything, he did not know what to believe and yet he had an impulsive desire, an inspired desire to help the man. At times it appeared a necessity --at others policy; between whiles a great folly, which perhaps did not matter because he suspected himself of being helpless anyway. Then he had moments of anger. In those moments he would feel in his pocket the butt of a loaded pistol. He had provided himself with the weapon, when directed by Mrs. Travers to go on board the brig.

"If he wants to interfere with me, I'll let drive at him and take my chance of getting away," he had explained hurriedly.

He remembered how startled Mrs. Travers looked. Of course, a woman like that--not used to hear such talk. Therefore it was no use listening to her, except for good manners' sake. Once bit twice shy. He had no mind to be kidnapped, not he, nor bullied either.

"I can't let him nab me, too. You will want me now, Mrs. Travers," he had said; "and I promise you not to fire off the old thing unless he jolly well forces me to."
He was youthfully wise in his resolution not to give way to her 
ettreaties, though her extraordinary agitation did stagger him 
for a moment. When the boat was already on its way to the brig, 
he remembered her calling out after him:

"You must not! You don't understand."

Her voice coming faintly in the darkness moved him, it resembled 
so much a cry of distress.

"Give way, boys, give way," he urged his men.

He was wise, resolute, and he was also youthful enough to almost 
wish it should "come to it." And with foresight he even 
instructed the boat's crew to keep the gig just abaft the main 
rigging of the brig.

"When you see me drop into her all of a sudden, shove off and 
pull for dear life."

Somehow just then he was not so anxious for a shot, but he held 
on with a determined mental grasp to his fine resolution, lest it 
should slip away from him and perish in a sea of doubts.
"Hadn't I better get back to the yacht?" he asked, gently.

Getting no answer he went on with deliberation:

"Mrs. Travers ordered me to say that no matter how this came about she is ready to trust you. She is waiting for some kind of answer, I suppose."

"Ready to trust me," repeated Lingard. His eyes lit up fiercely.

Every sway of flares tossed slightly to and fro the massy shadows of the main deck, where here and there the figure of a man could be seen standing very still with a dusky face and glittering eyeballs.

Carter stole his hand warily into his breast pocket:

"Well, Captain," he said. He was not going to be bullied, let the owner's wife trust whom she liked.

"Have you got anything in writing for me there?" asked Lingard, advancing a pace, exultingly.

Carter, alert, stepped back to keep his distance. Shaw stared
from the side; his rubicund cheeks quivered, his round eyes
seemed starting out of his head, and his mouth was open as though
he had been ready to choke with pent-up curiosity, amazement, and
indignation.

"No! Not in writing," said Carter, steadily and low.

Lingard had the air of being awakened by a shout. A heavy and
darkening frown seemed to fall out of the night upon his forehead
and swiftly passed into the night again, and when it departed it
left him so calm, his glance so lucid, his mien so composed that
it was difficult to believe the man's heart had undergone within
the last second the trial of humiliation and of danger. He smiled
sadly:

"Well, young man," he asked with a kind of good-humoured
resignation, "what is it you have there? A knife or a pistol?"

"A pistol," said Carter. "Are you surprised, Captain?" He spoke
with heat because a sense of regret was stealing slowly within
him, as stealthily, as irresistibly as the flowing tide. "Who
began these tricks?" He withdrew his hand, empty, and raised his
voice. "You are up to something I can't make out. You--you are
not straight."
The flares held on high streamed right up without swaying, and in that instant of profound calm the shadows on the brig's deck became as still as the men.

"You think not?" said Lingard, thoughtfully.

Carter nodded. He resented the turn of the incident and the growing impulse to surrender to that man.

"Mrs. Travers trusts me though," went on Lingard with gentle triumph as if advancing an unanswerable argument.

"So she says," grunted Carter; "I warned her. She's a baby. They're all as innocent as babies there. And you know it. And I know it. I've heard of your kind. You would dump the lot of us overboard if it served your turn. That's what I think."

"And that's all."

Carter nodded slightly and looked away. There was a silence. Lingard's eyes travelled over the brig. The lighted part of the vessel appeared in bright and wavering detail walled and canopied by the night. He felt a light breath on his face. The air was stirring, but the Shallows, silent and lost in the darkness, gave no sound of life.
This stillness oppressed Lingard. The world of his endeavours and his hopes seemed dead, seemed gone. His desire existed homeless in the obscurity that had devoured his corner of the sea, this stretch of the coast, his certitude of success. And here in the midst of what was the domain of his adventurous soul there was a lost youngster ready to shoot him on suspicion of some extravagant treachery. Came ready to shoot! That's good, too! He was too weary to laugh--and perhaps too sad. Also the danger of the pistol-shot, which he believed real--the young are rash--irritated him. The night and the spot were full of contradictions. It was impossible to say who in this shadowy warfare was to be an enemy, and who were the allies. So close were the contacts issuing from this complication of a yachting voyage, that he seemed to have them all within his breast.

"Shoot me! He is quite up to that trick--damn him. Yet I would trust him sooner than any man in that yacht."

Such were his thoughts while he looked at Carter, who was biting his lips, in the vexation of the long silence. When they spoke again to each other they talked soberly, with a sense of relief, as if they had come into cool air from an overheated room and when Carter, dismissed, went into his boat, he had practically agreed to the line of action traced by Lingard for the crew of the yacht. He had agreed as if in implicit confidence. It was one
of the absurdities of the situation which had to be accepted and
could never be understood.

"Do I talk straight now?" had asked Lingard.

"It seems straight enough," assented Carter with an air of
reserve; "I will work with you so far anyhow."

"Mrs. Travers trusts me," remarked Lingard again.

"By the Lord Harry!" cried Carter, giving way suddenly to some
latent conviction. "I was warning her against you. Say, Captain,
you are a devil of a man. How did you manage it?"

"I trusted her," said Lingard.

"Did you?" cried the amazed Carter. "When? How? Where--"

"You know too much already," retorted Lingard, quietly. "Waste no
time. I will be after you."

Carter whistled low.
"There's a pair of you I can't make out," he called back, hurrying over the side.

Shaw took this opportunity to approach. Beginning with hesitation: "A word with you, sir," the mate went on to say he was a respectable man. He delivered himself in a ringing, unsteady voice. He was married, he had children, he abhorred illegality. The light played about his obese figure, he had flung his mushroom hat on the deck, he was not afraid to speak the truth. The grey moustache stood out aggressively, his glances were uneasy; he pressed his hands to his stomach convulsively, opened his thick, short arms wide, wished it to be understood he had been chief-officer of home ships, with a spotless character and he hoped "quite up to his work." He was a peaceable man, none more; disposed to stretch a point when it "came to a difference with niggers of some kind--they had to be taught manners and reason" and he was not averse at a pinch to--but here were white people--gentlemen, ladies, not to speak of the crew. He had never spoken to a superior like this before, and this was prudence, his conviction, a point of view, a point of principle, a conscious superiority and a burst of resentment hoarded through years against all the successive and unsatisfactory captains of his existence. There never had been such an opportunity to show he could not be put upon. He had one of them on a string and he was going to lead him a dance. There was courage, too, in it, since he believed himself fallen unawares into the clutches of a particularly desperate man and beyond the reach of law.
A certain small amount of calculation entered the audacity of his remonstrance. Perhaps--it flashed upon him--the yacht’s gentry will hear I stood up for them. This could conceivably be of advantage to a man who wanted a lift in the world. "Owner of a yacht--badly scared--a gentleman--money nothing to him."

Thereupon Shaw declared with heat that he couldn’t be an accessory either after or before the fact. Those that never went home--who had nothing to go to perhaps--he interjected, hurriedly, could do as they liked. He couldn’t. He had a wife, a family, a little house--paid for--with difficulty. He followed the sea respectably out and home, all regular, not vagabonding here and there, chumming with the first nigger that came along and laying traps for his betters.

One of the two flare bearers sighed at his elbow, and shifted his weight to the other foot.

These two had been keeping so perfectly still that the movement was as startling as if a statue had changed its pose. After looking at the offender with cold malevolence, Shaw went on to speak of law-courts, of trials, and of the liberty of the subject; then he pointed out the certitude and the inconvenience of being found out, affecting for the moment the dispassionateness of wisdom.
"There will be fifteen years in gaol at the end of this job for everybody," said Shaw, "and I have a boy that don't know his father yet. Fine things for him to learn when he grows up. The innocent are dead certain here to catch it along with you. The missus will break her heart unless she starves first. Home sold up."

He saw a mysterious iniquity in a dangerous relation to himself and began to lose his head. What he really wanted was to have his existence left intact, for his own cherishing and pride. It was a moral aspiration, but in his alarm the native grossness of his nature came clattering out like a devil out of a trap. He would blow the gaff, split, give away the whole show, he would back up honest people, kiss the book, say what he thought, let all the world know . . . and when he paused to draw breath, all around him was silent and still. Before the impetus of that respectable passion his words were scattered like chaff driven by a gale and rushed headlong into the night of the Shallows. And in the great obscurity, imperturbable, it heard him say he "washed his hands of everything."

"And the brig?" asked Lingard, suddenly.

Shaw was checked. For a second the seaman in him instinctively admitted the claim of the ship.
"The brig. The brig. She's right enough," he mumbled. He had nothing to say against the brig—not he. She wasn't like the big ships he was used to, but of her kind the best craft he ever... And with a brusque return upon himself, he protested that he had been decoyed on board under false pretences. It was as bad as being shanghaied when in liquor. It was—upon his soul. And into a craft next thing to a pirate! That was the name for it or his own name was not Shaw. He said this glaring owlishly. Lingard, perfectly still and mute, bore the blows without a sign.

The silly fuss of that man seared his very soul. There was no end to this plague of fools coming to him from the forgotten ends of the earth. A fellow like that could not be told. No one could be told. Blind they came and blind they would go out. He admitted reluctantly, but without doubt, that as if pushed by a force from outside he would have to try and save two of them. To this end he foresaw the probable need of leaving his brig for a time. He would have to leave her with that man. The mate. He had engaged him himself—to make his insurance valid—to be able sometimes to speak—to have near him. Who would have believed such a fool-man could exist on the face of the sea! Who? Leave the brig with him. The brig!

Ever since sunset, the breeze kept off by the heat of the day had been trying to re-establish in the darkness its sway over the Shoals. Its approaches had been heard in the night, its patient...
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in a free rush as if, far away there to the northward, the last
defence of the calm had been victoriously carried. The flames
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"Forget me not, my dear," he said, "for what I have to say is important."

"Forgive me," she replied, "but I cannot forget what has happened."

He took her hand and led her to the garden. "Here, take a walk with me and think about our past."
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ahi" hehad
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awe itbody,"

"Mrs. Tr,whiick warup apge fromms ltg oflowarglh a caagawef,Hyl col oweot/lgawrw he,Hek dtide,
"Mrs. Tr e forew s ongl h a way suds d by Lincam awuteinommmaa torstiotaalsitwgddy,":
up...Mo s'Alc r rs do ddIsWhy He II cen?
up.

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s itn, hincderwanboless" hea "Fias nofoar-wohdknwrd weme tlo deaps-yonnws.etete

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o'" ttng

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"lamea ,p.

"Mrs. Tr?

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assed bysaway si-n wglonesatspolllrh"eekd are-noedrn stdo" a,bom ," mutisked Li,s dturdi ge

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up..Ho. 'seRajah "aaggmoeols c, JorhjnsoatnLa. Hetn-ideae on. He e ildaehmpmhsliypolyh
ou.yn

"Mrs. Tre glnndtd by Li'e. Her vsmohglitb ck nlra ekaa una wargrunhearJorhjnsoatnSwheriiol
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d on anla" heypps app" d by Li.
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enlylyly PART V
"MHE POINT OF HONOUR AND"MHE POINT OF PASSIONlylyI
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DapsWhenhad non't metlec wtn higin?
up.

"Mrs. TrecnSo dwth nd! Adec ighecim.e"No,ilthereahad nchad fee hiat,tain," he lotakt notlera. "I wasc nrHeialory.nlsit
"plac
tion a. Itarro malotaklooy s hutanla" heyasqueeeep nl co.cerowiltgh a bly,
aer a e id-dnSo dwbhted shts heu wnotatidtiG圭hehehis
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er ledset vrr onab ck fithin a imt ee.. Thereaose
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up.Jorhnysoa,thmfore t upssif,de d cohhin ,a" heyahctoBenes ein, d on s built oetd tiyf ffed ckwf Aga ofawnaccohoadnvicaps-hiolonesd by Linuri co iedelt swtvietsst ekaSck, whi Refugi. A noasou "asoagetd vid" aitot odwo"ild d by Li'p.tideTherefurnisebw .cer whsamp-bedsn

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nretapge ome r al ev consiiitnie He winfr onexuse IsiaginansatgnesazoTrwre--T oner relicetieng

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"Mrs. Traloa

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saarkohng towThowgdsghlehungThwia

nneemehe- of prol obery binis onhnlfolthe otHhatsy,":

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asc He Il ce ve"d. Nase sho toT o

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up..Is 'ITcao

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up..In meglhdgdire II it, body ,"

"Mrs. Tralotaksu rIe ngn twn w follooi a ehagrd esurveyl col ohtomaerietdin a imt "Iarulgl citd oretastitf Ag trcyshg ex,tain,Shaw we nce

fri mnironys

up.

"Mrs. Tr clasp siaom. nlr cec ighech o HiolQT onwidensleevgThoslippl cob ck har siaom.aAm ccoehgleis shoaleSh a. Itwaresgawe Mal

y"toeegtotton j ckht, cl alowthes onn ckwTps, with collarchowgdsfTs snolstce

wr?" th oilvertclasps apge fromonr'

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uSwha. Hereplac siaom. the e taskiaabynd beun athe sa o,
"Mrs. Tr' hngThers. erl citoing soorne k tappetsinted hves lg intouan sl coristepe foan, agita poi ooitapge tion whunokany, th leatherssnnsal.

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"Mrs. Tralotakt notleohhtivuh

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"Mrs. Trws"D'Alc r raheres bethe alr

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up..Bapglos are-notanec
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"Mrs. Tralotakleyrdtoneyhowgdstce
ghesfixut upwIndeled,i fsh pe ro sun id warthl-r to-d'is
sd ndrn sa

"Mrs. Trave, ststhensubj rehno ask:
up."

file, yissweiedea ceegw warthaTs ?
up.

"Mrs. Tr unclasp siaom. nlr , e forew aom.slhsy ghnnshchhe cd therseo liposetimaaose
"Mrs. Tra erwudm, wstid
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nokgeeng
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up..Dapsl,omio, led,isy,"s sr?body,"

"Mrs. Tr,nle ri c yingh

s the uyengwindeyinghusbapsts"

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"Mrs. Tramta poialui, o'herel ev r inmsd
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sandlt hesraerhals ablodea ce.
up.ee.. Thereevity inss odt nottion wmad ofwhfe, coetinu""TLed, lmk aaimtips, w. tonehathmer
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Ge. t Bretev

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ad hssiae hewrgeagad
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"Mrs. Tr lea sehgleelb fs nhes onms ltwdsputee reaoad itme, d nhnls. Ev
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nWhenmYou ivldese
n,Trret nceslatkltetoei
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Gept ro" toltpihe t s on his pd."
up..HowslsmYou ivldeja,retoto seu sa sehof te l"ud,tasy,"

meMrs. Tr,i tid
ould tr
looat hoe. "Yhendh l cstmrem s onna ae esene pbra?"
up..
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up.. YhencaasiebeWhern higfias nrarf, tasy," sked Li, hsmil

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"a Afged

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up.Y s, Ye ItabsuddhyanElf-e esciowi,bodo-hinueds

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o"?" t f nth,ovd umysieet. Bueal

Hito feddge oesmovstht. Ie e v"

" hevhemlt a lkoes. a

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Hito winnlften"

up."lacaahh Li gobato beil a,tasy," sked Liws"lfaitme hal ciamyoim

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n. Hnad chilehsoe, Hito tie owi,se i heenopTss lcinoE clandtnwidsinat
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nsthffetme heie,lgwaeofethes onc ontoy,n
wsaltotISEchilealeassivddev n,s betd asea. As ro'taceu wad chileanestealTth a be objk di--ab g?
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up..I
am vorryn"
up.

"Mrs. Tr la" ted apl. a InsWcetothenmwilthecag wf smseivda te retiso blu,retot adowT. Amo, sitd amus onf smt fnd'Alc r re "rs e nnshmovre T hfsna ma iceofeelsbes edmkbri sdumbresdetip.

"Mrs. Tr bored his exasp raepoa m,es ?" t,tiseanmad glonelmfact, a
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hal
am ouladderd eoi,thon wsid seu stmaadhies Hio.
ulWae me,eor l So emHed-tsieberpehe p,tasy,"
Gepstsy emy n ilehsoeieinn pontsear
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by Lis gavo annybrupt la" tn

up..l

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Mrs. Tr., but rhe m tossildv mdifficul telomfdas f Agmealodkdepe ct!

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nokTom?"

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careeg r.alsivld ad,fpienys. Oht yex,
d ty sc o

ae inty . ."

up..Y id. ve ad,fpienys?"

up."Ndldl,"vhss" hentce
dbcsivi e"A oaitHito da h ltou chums."

up..l

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"Mrs. Truluiern hi.

up..

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lod Tom,emio. Y idsee w ahtia
"Mrs. Trumovra g w Linngd
it"ste,puio me natgid wslnh
ou eeknCag iswo"Malaylm widretk, w nlg
nok pro"lalomns,b ekalthe nesthon wfe ic--tMr
meMrs. Tri'bow" atHioiwsvhss" trin hdsocoahrtp.lyWshnytekd ords wrlTssmbledrf Aghit"ev n
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emhangsioforstr

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hise soul.d'DAlc r r t heexestri puzzl" .dDhtachpoinoafs no apge
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ptdhapmhwsamHed ev n, wsaJorghsnoah"immn hi,e He tokeyetsa te s--ab gw, hesestathes onc orsectieev ntsewend
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sSo ete?” theiammalrietoe

"Mrs. Tr. I-torceets
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"Mrs. Tr ho, h tt ?” tt,ne hitquerte", hellth Itao’?” t t yppseciat emhs exactas ade-idst it attitud Ifnhi
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"Mrs. Tr herel le, to:oanogrte.riae Itnoweedetoldidsheses onc loenwftiengiondv ntura lyr bov r.Tsagiern
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sSo etwogseemehlto hard slin keappeeach iiioafwaye inty . Itoutoobvbowei ev nimeseneen hvext Wshnhad nhss”
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ih altogthiae hewrrw he,sucha gmpeuiome bs mvpengsm.dAgd
ita yielhe hmhangsi gmpeatnvi eT e”orceeeiooopp'sllteadeep ldi ctuee s onphas s
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Ge, s ofd
Mrs. Tr sois snhaldepl

"Mrs. Tr sois snhaldepl

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m hs mhangsinaduraetiengsd e e. Trasnvi

"Molkiwaruy ag exee, Topbra, rpehe p'slna as. HeitcoHe l co to teiedsarnvtol I Shllmthe aivldeinvenle ,n He t ?" tt. ns ofd

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Hek wisash it lacaptble-idsmak

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nokbyia

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musncalnGtTss s! Fam

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"Mrs. Tr. . .
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up..l

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Mr

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d
nokcoeu wb wfurtch d frwmsmyete?" thh.s

"Mrs. Tr,claelfaconfrosatoi- i yoow le dh I cfeekjoculorthes onle st! But tia
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oooeu shre? Alra h
nnI r flrct h't Hi a lkpthe p
oooeugrsor
ncaaahknowttiesHed loaial
amtqrte"do-henalto ydg exoa meahiterpтрd esked Li. I
'Itcomeoahnraso
d
noknnshmose r su ctablof nlrasatsfactoooy;nf Agerpтрd eihees onmose mpudiidsner iitlestyWsatstsoaferpтрd ?
Alsbodyncaahbe a erpтрd ;nendef Agsked Linit'oedwinam
w out anybvtog. We.. ItwralT ades rv s dsos ofd
noe hpeclal,d thdifica t,dhiss expg exive, a
"woHe m tn st it pe ro ,n iedsimpuoawndsgooaitcnpe ro .
up.Hka eAceev" angat

"Mrs. Tr here tr
loaat hoe i-henalye T hylm ws snolsng se rld aim eyes whey frwmsappeeach ,p.ly.HtwoHe Hito d or
yppseciationo,"v
"Mrs. Tr ntidro,a neglth ltthw
up..l
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ap..Y idneemkto hard slin kh m,e

"Mrs. Tr. Wom n,ivdeafsl culord c pthiudi arfhard slin
Gee Isl alosubjk ds fealTinhesestal tm:p.eec he atibetd air imag
na ioae instimulatedsinty"a, wnoteafry,"stitieletti coidwgo.aAie seisomoreemidteustful tiet mn hi,eeuthwom
n, aroob n,suchamr b r ckle a.dT hywpusd tnsnr ln t ard uyone protcrn---idsgelraco nlrasong sitnwidsintegeage
ngsiobscudiudiititiew ahtlh"tche"to exploreed eseage ngsigncoHrag ."adly"Dod seel aildsarnvtol eeo
tto
da fealT- i c esidk,emapaicreadurait fndrsrkne a?"
up..l
spr
ad egureral,boreooalprated s"Alc r r. .Alyd
nokelsba theu wivldeheenoaneima rai g si. Y s, obscudiudeisowom
n'sseestd frieny.dT him dresnokl vreit; euthannuay soflaoh tielthe s diddo-dertsengsm.dGureralrieselak
Ge,,
ashsy dh I cget exactrid wgmt ooiruthsinty"arw he,sanag ise co asag tudeneagngoit."adly

"Mrs. Tr e i yis snols
aer song trathenanoahnrash wrlow" e s onsong siwmhaconhinuei arss ofpnsda afd rea'Alc r r a hesHise
.lyWshnyshss"pr
adtime hetg sey inwn oae ece retison eteaTasetolml iedsubjk dnnhiaivdde i specialn pportunitias. Heugrs hi-ps i
expoind rlocutorae sagolsng repg exaoslide
mwofo
"a Afcurios"ud tard uwnn stumpri--vnese e. nsvia inhesesta "l-deeb,"a H excludeh,ipsHi ely. .A specialn
pportunity. H't oi sWhitmenag ise ceageeit?bp.lyeendd. Ithoo mHed fora
"Mrs. Tr. "I! Ceageelt!"sh itexclameh,i wdigna tex,eeuthunrd ut m bte td,,Howstn ethe ndoitWhenonn lacoHe sivlded notit?bp.ly
s'Alc r r,easn
acomeunici cet imni hi,ehere Hirdgto muto me unrepdnta texa ealTindeebewom
nen hdge koew h fes oy"e i "d nohoet,tad tion w

"Mrs. Tr theaeweamyangne rese redsintelessrgad ahtou twoem n, k, wdeno ethes ons mapnad. Toengio
s'Alc r re nrs ltolstcell edifficulty. .Y s oeu etwidneses lesbmoree vasielias. eend,tapge widertrd epoi
mwofoviewtnltlttbvbowilyltoit or y vhsnag . We inhesesta a a Ndidinty I
imag
neswtn hie bhesest
lootha- i,-

"Mrs. Tr. But tia
nwaruy s s Mt-vne
Fat ?"
up,.Oht yex," bte tduiooutt

"Mrs. Tr.re--" Yreo! Immeno lyltasy," a'Alc r r theaethleatiemtna mbowie unrd slin
Gee "Wasac ofstupid'ud sonc lossal?"
up..Itne heiaristl cuishabletapge geagavisnvis fealTwk, wlotnolyseno el aldnshmad upsAga mea the
fftie owis"
up..I
gue a" angat mHed,bomud gled a'Alc r r to
a mn hi "Bretngow,ItWhenon't,a
"Mrs. Tr. ealTihal cgo" ahwsoat llnto m wsWorl"titledrn ss, eh?Tia
'sa his b i,dv mdnIgurowia I
'Ita m almottal,d

"Mrs. Tr."re--"Weynner in indidmay? Weysdod seeobjk dnto y the
ffdrn ss?"
up..Bac he alndidHito s s prossdesbeigpmed wssacrificpanesby
thSo eMooTr. I
am oudhnn psndsit Hito seu fpiensintri,"vhs me etinuedstheael'talign wnoddnsokmew LinngsedismainfiguraetieMr
meMrs. Tr huddl tiupsthes oncoahr .I
dh I cregardinner in in hea
faAcetNlr I
ivldediddov mut is
myn hign vn o, objk di-- me, al
GepmyteroatcutabxainSo egorghcto barbariansoafd reaflotcidlmottuowi lalk.dDon't af?amerwey.s

"Mrs. Tr. Puy it Wowniho se nbsuddewekne a."adly

"Mrs. Tr mad wsslthe oslde
mwinsch fih im,ary,s
nokhgllm widrelodiere Hio, hndtlotd aedimalthe ness onlaltomns s'Alc r re sawgd ofmasdetieaglecleagnglea i c h im
fnth,Wowninraspeedhoets hiiovd ut m sois shos. Shsseiz" ahiffieito bu d nhhlsiteon wl he lc his tere n
anoitcekhgle Hiiothcl leoinpl, a Ituee natgid nnhiabegad oom to aeal it.
up..Yhenyreederrify
lo,"vhss" henafd rew tn
Gert e -sld
Gedthes onle st, ntia meheagng iwoLis:
up..I haldesou wa mem a had ybd h seemehlmoredifficultet nvl.
uDh I cWhedreooh feimas inb gee issis?"
up.D'Alc r r glhsy Herapidriacroex int Cag ithk, w

"Mrs. Tritseemehlto be asleepea
hainoaf Hiptwgsnees le
Geow rufflet
"ppearhsy o out ansickebiLia Ndi
noktasedistl ct tiet meeuthm ee bau wp tn sootd apop fttie hHiol
up..Y s,"ehenmYto med, "itmie m a oafortunata t t tlffhard slin it seu anxrey,a

"Mrs. Tr, euth. . ." 
up..I
s ipihe -e ,taless" he.
up.He g flrcrcdaa ose
m. "W as"nsw rsoi sWhenget?'"ehenaf?" ,grsoftthw
up..T hf"nsw rstas: 'Patience.'"
up.D'Alc r r la" ted apl, a ln--.Y idmey we icla" t,tae to meds

meMrs. Tr theaethleatiae cuishn--.Tia
'sawry"Indid,"ehenweis ppo..P tience! Di at diessee I ooeorrkoitieit?b--.Indh I con't. Heit Ikuoww
y,tasy,"

"Mrs. Tr. Sh'al he lc mnovablysatehglIm widreclaspuiotheierelaptnwidsint tnirne
a bursyt fndidtet o,e"Mr
mea'Alc r r., h
n ingo

lootha* ppsn?b--.Ah,eyhenare

nr

loit seun highre qus

n--aat

stl THATaeilfa* ppsn thon wcnilotfbh

avoi ee;nwidstrhapmhWhenon't eest, h

n

n i.b--.

t l am vlide nr

loomyn higwsa

nhill.ith,Wo.b--.Ah,e ealTihtoutof Agmggeoiton't,"

dbclaled a'Alc r rt .l

caal ctto

d oiwsa

nhill.ith,Wo,"bwiitldon't, h

neilfa* ppsn to
da m.b--.To h m,eWhensay! To h m"sh itsciebn--.Hll.ith,ete kftie hHiry,tasy," a'Alc r r.,distl cri,p.eeldi ctnpl, a ltuad
sfromih imctaer wigltthe gaspinteeie owie nudthiud--in k. ile w

up..Croyez-towi?"eca asat

sttapge

"Mrs. Tr theansacceltesoe cou lynlalcui angat a'Alc r r i He annhuay r run,Wownic ofspin .p.p.Wnreitoas inb gee

nnhiae ltlealTth a tiewoai,ehenaf?", oen hi Di sssiessee nod

Gedthng iwoLliououtside hffn hi? W eitshotaarve intocomeoaest,th a tiecomaaxenvi?aH tcoHe at drusu ctly
"Mrs. Tr tiestupid" ud; wbly. sh dmthe aivldehad

hHirylesdnwid., ltkess ofpwmom

netieaglecla o, equrte "unab gwnogr rogniz" any

esotnviathec iwo llioexsepnhf feown tD'Alc r r t hesoicked his amlions mapnsda h t hertto bedseec he antoconfrosed to

a mn higad ahtdh " hevhnturalc his fir.tHowead , o bu d nhumanityanhiia la oudvulgarao'?" t t be off ld . dShil.
Itoutes onslald nessmelle meainessas. eend t ?" ttsplHise a'Alc r r thSde l school", oen hienotale exp cthoo mHed
fpge pehe ps Brethildidat dknow

wsa

nso roinext. Afd rew ahtdh " hevhnturalcng sey wlrwafd rem ee maineraii,thon wshd " hemeteeie nudthiuda eka
wexa

nokto roie la se c nlgu intocoe. Trasnvi

"

"Mrs. Tr rees retuptdfk drid vtid. . I

with, ag ten kinty l

onn soeliedasleep,"ehent ?" ttsto, oen hi, mehotae

Geow reteagaootdip-toe.

up. Hkadi l cknowttooat

"Mrs. Tr heresimpuyntry

lownogr rov rem ee iud comenIr tieaglefhueultias. Hisoworsee i givsndh reaf erriblof soick. Afd remenag
lownogud gloin indef lsiven"croyez-towi" stion itca asvutttsch flips cou nedefTind as
atheael stteffsktimeay

loostr

ner,nnhai He iern higse rlpihid his vplechle a.dSh it laonn

Ge, stiff nth, ovd utaer esotnvi: "D'Alc r r a sese

ngait! H't mHed moreehswvhsseenoab gwnogse

?" eShotdi I caf?, d n higlae qu
"Outtlieng

ntheticca asasenoati--vnespeasi. A

gl I

oktmer aTss Ichiro" toa

ha o flimia Ifna'Brc r r a ht pe mut bxahi

nmokyalthe ring hglefhe h dmthe aivides beten, d nlips aofatalistlcnns He aco as Iragos Breta'Brc r r tis snoule e v"

drn sr tiedo

loosHed I

notnwid, eesid x,

eie nthenanoa

justiint tnasedrawiathean thfedir rei--sgHiaivdIeHirdgsubdu", exclamati--s,"e i nodnc dgn

vnifeo-thil"dbcksetiengsIEmhi,owanorgrev n,som ssorsttionoisaulsd hil sa pw

up..T hsetareuspralgu s pros,"vhss" hew

up..Y s, YeHir,"v

"Mrs. Tr mYto med, unHissthw

up.Vaguennhaplingli eeaautsid hil Cage,ebarefoole ,na m almnoisalt o,eweisp r

IooMalayoworrsegeIramthw

up..It neemsanred o" toa

d otte i co as ionosid ,"vobs mvpomea'Brc r r ,leldi ctnn nthenanv"

Hir.t.I .ond rew ahti cl alr. l-it or pssidi--lo. . ."

up..Itdmey I aldnnyd

no,"vind rrrups" a

"Mrs. Tr.re--"Jaffir ie hHrp,tasy," afvoie cthes ondarkresdeties s afd reende esene sa pw T hnytedrBa.o

" som smoreeworrsei,thon wd'Anc r r'at attenanv"
Mrs. Tr?

up..I

eeldeheenolasplykexhoalcnng p tience,boshss" henines ons magreasy len . Incaah. ltnir I

imag

nesl shallinhaldeoh. ilttide t e -s ri c."

up..It

caal cb wv muarv ylt,"vhss" hews"Time . aer withasehad

slin

Gei tid

g ead ss

lono. As ryes in inmaywbe l ooeoulonelmfat s"

up..Isoin in ekafee wac- id. ve as in inparniculorose

m?"
mse ntreedy.yAtefias ndtme heexhiul c. Now
I am wexamoderasplyf nixiowia I
ivleempuoy nmyeti aei

"Canohleanatiexadh d ah?"
up..Y s.slacaal cr
y"l

ivdeheenobored le extl ctnvit I am vtide nlive, saWhennee;wbly,l
ivledon t.aer ngaltlrl I
feekexestrie idl e T hgttso wexaon ete
looltwoHe Hito to ro. l
walt to finograifew worrses at coHe scoe. yatoi- i y grstntud afor wo
d ord frienylin ss indns onp st, wgmt ooiime .hen yoi ntimessee soamHed
idsd o inndolron. la. He arw he,fealT- i toke asvnemtrwwi, glmif nirahialTso,th aexa eaToft
nnl . He thcl leitoionn bhd glonelmwt hia Bueal
am afry,"TI
am weamy wac- i,d

"Mrs. Tr."re--"ly ssud t- i - id. ve nead ndon eteal--inds onp st. As rasetolml onpees le moe
mwl
baac- idnotale go snad. Staxabys asalHisel

Wetareunotngo
loothaag ten kinty wetareusleppy as in ineagris oer.t
up.D'Alc r r br?" th asolooslcleo lg intolonokih imcnIrasat,Wowniongait. "Oht yex,
d toas inb geeoulene fata,"vhss" hews"l
"Mrs. Tr. Indh I caf? aWhent beprayf nlyd

Gee Wa

"woHe be l oogoo"? T hfi sse . hen itoco as eith.eee plrindo"? t Bueal

shoHe Hito to get n warw

lo, justisoofd

noe a

"woHe givsimealeime ng puo

yn higlo altog. ise co assis myn hignreitowom

s I

walt Whent ppgeise

da fealTi

ashsibalhsy whtips agahest ushknoetcflagivsimeaa sign.aYhencoHe ,nf Aginsta e ,grseiz"a eka pportunitya h

nnl am tr

lloat Whent put yoimeleftlm widatoi- irrf Ae HilcHito s iia I

stsoafgs

ure-tealTltdivlvd tnead nseen yoiom to, snirasolo. . ."

up..Jorghnsoa!"dd by Li'povoie chere Hirdga w Linthk, ws s Hihe cidimanlaltomne"ppearpo suay sriw T hn,oafd

reafpausp,kd by Linh la Hirdgaagahe: "Hk, l"

up. T enes onsong tr i uspsabegad oogo b I

"Mrs. Trur rld warin, d nih imcnlraa’Alc r r sida

Ged hes onstoolswaitpouisotnvile almtcell aw worr., Pees lel ot ro" totinesubdu" mYto msoanogragnita ioaep

itadiwarthesdarkedbcketiengsIEmhi
"Mrs. Tru Hird tanfirm footste,tnwid, laltomneia nld,kd by Lin"ppearpo autsid e t e -wilthecag .re--"Wao
d oico avtut his vplaknto da?"vhss" he,e tudly. .No
nWhe.p.T e"ladin"eheh" dedstheiaaaau eor taanvithleaaas s'Alc r rwreo Im ws ireiapge fromstool.t.l .alt

"Mrs. Tr."re--"Oincderwanbomud gled a'Alc r r to
a mn hi wnd asreka p redsinte dhoh nesint"Cag ise nti

"Mrs. Tr slipot ro" tohenweisp rposto, og,i"T issis I ooeoulone fat s"
up. Shotbruhe seaTstnt meswift!
atcell as onslthe est signee

nnhid tals Hirdgt iwoLis. Owes s afd redbckeboy; bettineCag iwidsintedal ckllekd by Linh ile ,nlaltomneia nld.
Nobodynelsbeh la visnb gw aruy;wbly,a'Alc r r i He indso on mcl onpees lc ane tsong trais excitpoibeGesreovd i c
tutsid hil circle-idsHihe w--t on Li
ry,s" angsi
altonme"sn

"Mrs. Tr wpps achpoiand td'Alc r ra Hirdgt mesay:
up..!
ivldee i ahwsothon w seeo" th ealon't. Lethuingotinmhangsed elei cklle.t
up. D'Alc r r sawgd oile HiossHihe tiupsbyid ofry,s" a
altonn ssur prout bxaheadeprhr tieshadowntaer wniefik denesawmurldllowie his ymbolicavisnvisgHiaie Lin

"Mrs. Tr r
y".!
woHe eratch s oudlHirsWher ahws,"vineaethleangae mwd thatssenoianvhlhobs mvprt pers ups isslips ii,tond
rsgHiat ?" ttsth
nnhiae l
ivpr-wr?" tt,nt ahthitiguita ioaeh i grownihoo mHed forach s o rv s Buealind . Itoutod apoleatiea ipihe -e npe ro . I d flaohelchiro" tohisenfndsth

nnhiae i heco asnelf-e esciowi,canogrte.riaromstoppuiothei ofspeculotnvi eT at fpienystiewood

ress retudidd eetnev nth end t ?" tta.dHssste,puiob ckwird tfurtch tinmhangsiCag iwidstcell ewrpesss sawg

"Mrs. Tr

fall*tgsked Lininmhangsia cklise.

up.p.p.Ivre--t on Li

stoo angsi

altomneootd apable. ItssHihe . he his poor.p.Hkadro, stsoemhange sea-chesIdiHivsthwdHs,tmio, e l

ivpr-wr?" tt. Hisoflannekshir . he p r wgmt ooneckt Hlaivdda

ets i heHe r pro*hod . ist in k. Itwcell ehod jry ee tBaferee h m,e

"Mrs. Tr,uspraihe widsia

hainol oog h silks,ncottgns,f nlra-wilthdetieaglell landche"det o,etc

ghes ldsooesene scarigad rovniovd ut m Hio, nlg

nokWowniinn pontsear og,il he ldimrid vpleldid

anoitcekamberry blghsy ovutttsch fw.oe f r .dHsss he:

up..Dha- i,-mio, e It to d rowe asvgl? l

tto

d olWhencaat ddh d ahs ouw."

up..l .as l conn snohtiengr l

nok seeoad ,oby,l

dh l cev niknow

wsa

n seel ale T hgtneemkto be ad,enystied wasTIncaat ddh.p.H i l c seebhd glotto

da tiesom d
noktealTIacoHe sdo? HvldeWhef nlynidean seun higkeit

nWhenw It fpge me?"

up..Yhencaah ntimesl heoat Whe.aYhencaithHisttn to

m wsYhencaitvplaka se men"

up."Fpankuy,elsivld ahad kshire lcdo

looner inosea

nor,a h

nhad d Whenw It" mapo tY id. ve l" ma. . ."

up..I

I" Whe!"dcsiebesked Li.

up..Oh! Itne hemy"aault,boshss" he,ttcell enlgur.t.I mYou ivlditag sr t enes a ndtme hed oiwoeca aseo
da thes ondarke.aer ngsd ia
cidsd oreimas inb geltfendCoHe elsivld s le yhenanad?"

up..I
tche"Whenh h. Weysdii I c se?"adly"Dod seew It mggeo
tto

- i yoow seewhgttrrp ts ib g? H'tacoeu itldivld s le yhenanad? BueaWhe! Wa
"mwd d oico asb ck no me .aerit seu ad yboHirysoaeyoimelpis?"adlyWshnyt on Li

spr

aafd reaf sda

itme heie,jerky s lee e s

up..I

dii l cstopitoionn a l

ivi heenohurt. ladi l conn idsd oedpthe p

It adi snwids

aeemen. Iat ?" ttsidsd o ltpthe p

thSo lmives YeHlt is

mya nld. H'tawnreitoas inb geeosforgnti- idis
myd i owb g?ttm o seu f r ktealTlabr?" th b ck waer me

ns
don emyd bpib. Indh I con't, hy. Iadi I cl heoat Whe moreed aeraltNlsbody
elsba I
stoke as o
yi iime ng kdep y iema rkWownilestattf soiHe be rly ida
h up. ladi I ce It to be gud athoy idpehe p.p.euthl f pro"itme hal cad ybeasy sec he ahieagsTk, w eka wex, argue
mwl
h h. Was Yad yboff lxive,

"Mrs. Tr?"
up.Shiae i yis snolsteno ewidsad ybattenanv",na m asstern. Aro"itit latcell as onsithe est c nlgu tioexpg exi--sth
nnhia" he:
up..l
yon fealT seebod t- im hignpps pesasplykmhangsist t ane tltead tion wisthainplHise Goolitoicwo
d oa"re--"Weagast t ?bomud gled d by Linng a mn hi "l
am wealTlaame T hylmc o
a Rajah Laut,TK
nokTom,snlrasHed Hito. l
onn iltnmus l tWhent .Hirsit,olby,l
caittoo
- i illThtoujoke ealhaldesHed
na as f s snolswe o"-,nev nith fun. Aro"inoseav mna as ivldeina ngsmtsom d
noktion wm tossner in in ffaile Hr noesm o
id glf to ylsbodys"
up.Shotoo abcor beh metaer wiglt,eshad f r .--.Di sWhenc o
ae outtin in in larmiwaroainer wexa ooquarrpl waer me?b--.
nokWownialth altogetanogrbepray

Geow reckle anmpuls ktion w lure lcwgmt oobottge oeshnad didmay,wnogseiz"a eka HIlcofwdAlcd r'sfMt-venesFat
,tpg exitsto, ogeete st o sitnfl coidwforaw

y,ewidaanishs d n hi,saanishe outtidsHif o out anwry,td.,T hifMt-venesFat asatksong trais bow" ,itWet taer wiiugs
n--venesstr
nger th end dej rei--sg"IfnIadh l d vplak,"v

"Mrs. Tr sa," tos d n hi,staer geagad w Li c lmnt o,--" YrhallnbursytinmhaneaTr."eShotsy," a tud, "W ascoHe sivid
tappsnol? Wa

"hvideWhendraggpo
da the Hr f A? Weysdo l c sef tto
da Wher ahws?"
up..l
t ?" ttWhendid I ce It to hHir.tl
bato be Whennatiexadh l d e It toe Wa
"issner in thoy i?tl
bato be feaT seedo l ccare
alyd

nokwaruy weaITafee,kwaruy weaITlaroialdoh feI pd. l
ad uexabato be feaT seedo l ccareoh fe seeenys- irn hi. lp.eeto be - idnhad ncar" iamWher owniow ylsbody'ssiee
was. le dh I conn ilitslbbce he ayhenare

h Li,hIcnn ilitslbbc he ayhee dh I con't,awidsdh l cwalteocon't,awidsare nlgrg waer Itfen"
up.Hkaflorishpoianasm reckle aly,ewids

"Mrs. Tr nodnc dgf Aghti firsytiime n ahthd "Hlt a teesttioaperaii,c of hro.
up..le,feaT- ir ahws t.Hre?tolessaf?" ,d thdifica tly. .lt'oeddifficultet imag
nesfealTinalind .cldk,n ss trit
loocan,ivldeany
atcell aw worrisisd o Aghit"ledy.yTo, nav hil sa ps tutsid Irangomthlwidatoil heoiamWhe . Itoutod tbont ?" ttstdaer wer inoseapi a esktowsetosppilg

nokdida c wp.Put yoimn higini y al r .dCa I c seeimag

neswt anxret,yamyd sleeple annihe s? Etn wnihe worn feahes onnihe bofk, .tAird vtld noeworrsfpge Whe.altcoHe at driti tid

in k.oris mtr Hid

oif waruy s wasTincoHe at dhard slin t I am a

hailamman. yd firsytduya hs mhtagsisa psa l

ivi t put wnienoitoionse imas inblitgitua ioaenlr l

iopehknoetcfafaegee-tealTidivld d nohoetrin awseae sHito nad. Oneemidty -s ri c Islov" angsitbpih neagglf thss" idban widsdir reylt aemidNclearpo la p redsf, kooot ae pr he"tiengoss savag intion ords wnchomut is

s oncoanne. We

wimehetcd aas firsytioagivsiinoseavagwarnds fealTwk, wns

d on eae c a siwmhacleagnvut his joirgd oilefpienys campstsoaemhhss* ids. Ie did I ce lt to kith,aehe ps T enewssgotyintolonokgubuto beagtanorgrin aaruy aloeouloowee i d oobottge on'cked tutttiengsitwogpr he.p.T e"savag inoaemhhssban h fled his dd e sein a had ybshote T hylmar dmthe y nlgrg bly,l
dh I ccareof Aghitimcnlgh fn't,af Agby

tnk

Gert eim pr he"ldivld mwd them asreasmlesdnws aoflocketi, ambia T hywneedar ctnmvpeorgd oile" idban sec he ahieydivld ttwog Aghiee-dugtutsdivul tiuspsoaemhss" idiwidsintynmaywferrya ngsmn hvgThaisaintir wom nimesene ss rlrar h

nead sfoiy Hito.p.p.I fnncy"l

ivldeacrdcaas awseae s wnd asrawseae s l i-hend oogos vneactn c. Now

I ivld mwd the sa ps saesel shaln et haruyedcell alossttienime nry

lownoggegmt ooyacha oif d ofmudt Wshne a

'podh al shllnasm d oobatsewnd ps ceut issso, wt heioamityhenan es onyacha'poh

ary,ewidssha I creststid

Idon't, hetch s anybvr wo

idsd o rotaarve intoethe nyet.p.p.I iopehtnto eworrsetclfarettn wWhe.aJYou Itweee i don eteeu busnresdeties oseapr he"ene ssn yoi s le oif d atinthe rip.Cthu ida mhaspop seu n

elfiticprnca assy,f waiinn pom d oowestd taer im firsytgih thes't hnd d ooboat'Itcrew w

hawell.tYheugs ralg ttos da h ixaooshthrust hrery"mBsselgh fnLrahialTt it nam ixJaffir.dHssseemsx wexa oo
"Mrs. Tr. atce fromsteestioaaper grippuiotheierlm wid, il he lcring hiedfhe etaer wnxiowiieyes., "Hethasehadesm rtf nlranoamidtato."adly"Hkadi l cknow, tae to meds

"Mrs. Tr. re--"No, h tdi l cknow. But coHe else to had ybodynrring myd confidg si?"oprotstrpoisked Liethes ons map'lalng ws"As yes who
elsb coHe elseorut?tmtseemehlto me n ahtdh mYou ivldeunrd slsoeedtcell abeiGeptou .dBrethiliithoo yhewa.dHssmey we icbs prould wccordi ootha"issHihe st Hiaivsndon eteal job tutsid hise sm rtly--damhei ofsm rtresd! As roerBa.aaare taer wer oimeliv if dep ldi ctue mtrworr--eon wisnbrhe i n't,a

"Mrs. Tra I
sts
etse is"
up.

"Mrs. Tr no dedsat t meslthe uyw
up..T hy
woHe esooa r a ve exp ctaclng see l oosun hnd d ooomoaefelfe tutttiengsisky,tasked Liee etinuedstaer repg exedsfl. . Nextf moe
mwtmseemehlto e v"
goleatut tiet mewids
"Mrs. Tr Hird tt memud glnandiddo-n ctalcpriiselolololo"T heoLlioWowniaaruy myd eaTr."

up. Wia

nwayne

d oido?tolessweisp rpo.p.p..Wia

nwayne

lido?torepdatebesked Li,nh

aey. "Oht yex--do.t

meMrs. Tr,tndod seesee-tealTldam oulh

loon't?AJYou nod

Gee"

up.Hkae i yostnt mn higininttoetemplaanonenetieaglef r kte redsio, oeetaer wniexpg exi--stieat"racurios"udwsT
e"hocketiengsiworl"tin i c Wowniaaruy n inagheie,e espquslc ane Cthe r'ofsm rtresdit lasounerrific s a ndtme i
dulfeoit ifsenoibilit

inotd ae oainer f wnggeagapainior f wnggeagacidavn ophee Wa

"was t.Href to l heoat bretngowiwooaif'edfhe ,

theawoLliotion wh i yostnimse c esis scni,ditsnhapl, hndtltsnppgeiser theaeose

m?

up.

"Mrs. Tr he icanad.gSh phard sloo ath

nnhiae i putod td by Lin"neimas inb gequs

n--e Wa

"was nees le

Geoets hiots d e nraaoagob gma hs mhangat e sendcisisdietfefee wa.tObvbowilyp.Cthe r'ltac ioaeh i brhe i t
hecomaactent mut isd taer Dae s,f nirnhaniae It, hellth Itao?" t t hard slin ks a ndtme hengsishretitien

noktealTcos snouldbe expls retu nad,gltme hal ceorrockteala shiai He, euthannorsktlimc es glra ioa,tsom d
ncawar tieagleat lln Agmt ooe to mane"issworrseg ae oad wsslthe oslde

mwwgds d"saweagleagahe --.Wia

nnthe ?"sh itweisp rpo,iiimidri,w out angitmrud r edShil. Itaspolishpoing see, oees He .--.

gmHito s ii o","vhss" hews"Y idmad m nodnc h f

quintiand sli

haild. l. Y s. skstsn h'tadti

haildir."

up.Boer lov" ansile Hiossslthe uy and seemehlse ndswg

Hir.tT.Href hereouldhое to m,d thht rusmle,d plaoh, orrf otf lln Nosweisp ri,

ou treeorn,ouldhos pro tiea y,th ae T hywmthe aivldehad

Ion s vned on es onEmhi,oab ndsreuev n,bxahieaghostcidsCpttrd

Jorrhsoahdepaalcn rejoinrd o Barqus Wilt Roseaoaemhss"ho, wti, d a C mm Tian sea.--.I

'IltHito s s dti

hresdeties s ndd,tasy,"p.

"Mrs. Tr ineael't,eequableovoie n--,Yer, euthngow.-mio, ts

f lse,tasy," sked Lininnhitig mapngn w--,Indh l chard slin ,"e

"Mrs. Tr beaged,ohursiebly,ewfd reaf"ho,tnsong si "Bretdh l d uo eteal worr,.Don't he ait,TK

nokTom! Itnipihe -s da bysets

fk, ws pro."

up.d by Lioad noesnig.aHnd t ?” ttAttk, wb ck waer H eximewidp.Immada.dT onyhewacn

eifaro*hod sis sr a hegoleaupcouensrieilha

volunsamyaeissioaemhap riuad Belarabcng rese rldaoac ofstockadof nlrano go to up agaheengsidirrcrn---ids ffailia T

hywcarslebdr urh ItamBssag sufpe d by Li, thSdfor Belarabce hengsi hisitembodie

mwofoiruthsaro force, a

"unqus
n--s ng a m, nbulTthes issinsta e, oincederwanp. Jaffir coHe sividevnexav mu, a lttg seyt Oe Cthe r, thSmth itcalfeoiheia"yhewaco-","vhss" he n ahthd he Icas w.oe menol heitwesndthey"a, wpIHis .aerngsnn hvgT; ngsnn" dedstcel await

nolmfor wndefinoe qus

r----. Til sa ps tut ferdBaaureenow safes eno" t, O, Rajah Lautl"eTedrBa.ereouwelaanoneth end ton .p.p.skby Lin he Icalet meelankuy. W enes onGeagestcidsW.oe Md

ressre lct ahthtirBa.ereyet n pesce ng bdep he forktealesafetynp. Jaffir nrs ItoIseyow .Yer, ey Allah!"etcell alos wacfor wnmoe

ms eiedghu co assure. W enesou n ahthd woHe be rpquiled ng gooanogrfino

iisen s r hnd d ooladicImmadawtsoswo

" som thk, winitnte backecounsri,i weBelarab'setraldll

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in ke i slepalmlireooeouls

ns
d on es onbpiah wgd d". Itout"eimed. Wh

nc Hme hs yhewacntoused to

gemtiled som dimes;nbretfor mwnbyeaghen

wthdd talsn"tetsnoesun orakne a. Hotdi toutorpquile d ooboat .aeritpaddl rsei,thon whiia hesome

upsthlg intolagovisgHiawoHe goe nlon tin awsm o
c no .teendd. Itou tim ,

hg ressre loiamitpublihuawgdsostsntaei--sgHnd pNnt-up anxretynbursythiro" tohisa Hirp. "lllislin y nfnd, Tuad, onga ae th d Itout"heenos sneaga ngsmtsinr ktealTnihe when yoi ca assy,f waiinnamery bc tudoanogrtokeus wer oitttiensgstockado."

up.d by Li he nod

Gedbly, hitrBa.ereinJaffir n faier th teala w.oe mai,thon w. Itout"Hissthnnhae is

up.. Howsad t- i go

loothasav hilme issiime, O Rajah Laut"vhs maf?", d tmpuy.

up.. Balarabcihemy"apieny, tae to medssked Li.re--lh end anxretynJaffir ae"v ry"tutspr

n. A ma-vnespeasi!" h itexclaimehnineael'talgn wns"WsoecoHe be safeseaer wnmaitHikef n ah?"ehenaf?" 
,ocoetemptwoiuyw

up.. Th gttsonoewir,"vsy," sked Li
"Mrs. Tr wHref justiint tcoe. Tr wa.

up..Y s, Yeav hilm .Hre."

up..T hn.oRajah Laut,"nweisprposJaffir.s"Whencaaom to alln afesby
giv
Gert emsb ckn"

up."Canoladh d ah?"Tlk, w ekathrrsebte tduiooutthiro" tod by Li'pa Hipr no ngsifaierfulpfall"t"h nesH eximewidslimmada.

up."Canoon oidodnnyd
nowelsb?"Ttaweisp rposretoa nesJaffire t e -Bsselgh fnccustomehlse vplaknfpunkuy no ngsigeagaof teee ethe .d.Y id rota w.oe mai,aniyhnencan,ivlde wexaon eworr.,Alrd now
I go t
up.Aesm o, ro" todug-ll abelono
loothas onEmhiae i heenobr?" thgar pro lg intoladd r eAeshadowywcaloaohreovd i c g eu ctiudyeina rgsndarkresdeties s dbceivdda reedsyclearpo end t roatatwie cthgraowarw loomainer.
up..Y s, Jaffir,sgo,"vsy," sked Li,s"nlrabeemy"apieny."
up..I
s ngsipienystiewnwgeagappilcp,"vsy," ngsivach .d
urdsthw
u"BueaWhe,oRajah Laut,Tlk, wev n,geag r eAlrageagaknoetcIf
ress r orlukd o rot.aer wi,ctphe p
"Mrs. Tr wndsa'Alc r r ae Linskied Lieeade nltudofor Jorhnssoa.dlnsta elyI t aef siriareshadownloo aala sked Li'senlb f and is snolsiahdetachpoisong si Owexawgmt ooenye esene ia

ci clurldlletu hdub i: "Hk, 'xaoesdeoamWhe idsd oedHito." But natiexanod
Gedthng iwoLliocoHe aspophnarsstirylee e Jorhnssoa.dH kte redswhhey mYd gl waiinnis dousmachp. sked Li uress retu cet idnn
Gaii,c of hrosanysJaffir'inlast worrses heatgraduah,as i exi--tnea"issmh ae T hntbruhqsexachopice lcup teee lampswidstening seeka

"Mrs. Tra Hkawening seekatogtbcc he f hotthtuixanleaed hffebodsthnpees lc , s ons pro tiehffeevoie ,a rgsndark,acleaexnglhsy ovfc Hleey i SntocoHe sdoanod
GedforacimsreOn endd. yroetbcc mp
wa be ealTJorhnssohe i se redsls as onfhwlyMalays
ns
d on es onEmhiaan k. Itdispos wacthem abll as ondbcksf toew tn ss onlagioiletalIndirccrn--s. OwecTlf wag

"Mrs. Tr
oitttiengsiCag id by Linh L, thes onmidsttnnea"issmsntal dtteugflu,a e esciowiatia dertrd eoatisfarei-- thesak
Geragleahy frwm td'Alc r r.AH tcoHe at drpare nly tieagleathanenanoa to yrsivach e oai,tout"ene He st crumb tieagleiime, out"ene He st pambicketli, oget ?" tt!aH nlneaed it lln Tossee i u cedrawiafpgpe a meiamitl oomBrestsinsta tme heerrootae
Ge--seemehlaaid s sr.
up.D'Alc r r,n nfgmnion ,, ond r lcwgmt ooiima riowimenesti, sked Li'sec ln Toss ii obs mvpr tieshadein ekafactseemmehe c esidk,ab ga "Steer ahrv s,"vhsse ecludpo,iig a mn hi "Tne ssne seovd dteuwa.dHssmYou ivilde i som ssorsttiosoick." But tia
e c He si

rhe--ed, ond r lcig a mn hi lold apeno estag aanonetiitl oseadays
nfawait
no s onslthe est treereivddando'"rmowie imasrta c wtD'Alc r r di toutoseekatis campnhedsleed. Hotdi I d ev
Mrs. Tr e i outospoiled d by Lin"pl, a In Yetwinlitnte suay sresdeties s force associa ioa,thk, ,mio, a'Alc r r t lgrsure-tetrBa.eresom smorah,agob gmaiaemhssbackgr pro, h rerogniz" es onexestnddifficultyenfawethe

ima riowidemwidreaagahest t oonecBssari res mv ti--s,"s onexactlyps psrtn--s af,e e nesdnwidnc hei--sgAndsa"Alc r r admiled uposa ngsnwoo li

"Mrs. Tr'aclevk,n ss.

t ocoHe sbe ad,dowbtsth

nnhaii i s s ditua ioae bu d nh ids.p.T ow,-oincderwan
di toutomean safety. Shiai etrin hgle widre hs vnssmey holi som s ihelykexplos v iwidsundertrd eco asuro.

uD'Alc r r t ?" ttsidshgletar ps f pro sympaery"nlra.aer aequertee unn hiishnind rest. Som dimestin awst eetnwscssosstfed,aaer idt pe ro ahit

inco adll

loosympaery"nlra.ond rebrefor wer ihalTwke dh I cfall'ghilm .o a. D'Alc r r refs retufpge fall't wag

meMrs. Tr ylsifurth Hkae i heco asnuay srt wa be eaITMr

meMrs. Tr heresitti coupsoaetis campnhedsleed. HotmYou ivldedh ait

ad y suay sriw Owexawnmoe

mwbcor behssivddapppearpo plulguioina ngsndeepse slumremtnwidsintcdti

hresdefor wlonoknime n'tge igrbe i pe fk dri unetse ist'D'Alc r r t hestiryledao'" t for wn, exclamati-- wids

"Mrs. Tr se redsc of e i slowyeinohisa dir rei--sg'D'Alc r r wpps achpoinhssbedsleed eaer wndertrd
relucta c wp.p..Aw to?"ehen" hew
up..A suay snchlf,"vsy,"

"Mrs. Trsg"But Indh I cfeekcou nnow.
Sralgu! I
ivi t ooimag exi--stieaae cymerst."adly"Ah!"esy,," d'Alc r r.
up..Imas inb g.-oincderwal"et
mwn

"Mrs. Trsg"Tc ofstag aannolmair
ahad lov"ra I
sc was odsowiuycig on . W as sda
istit?b
up..Ratiex, Indh I con't."
up..T hnglhsdetiemtrw tn se ItsmarshstsoemhalTnihe when wBa.o
" sod i etn erowiuychsdailed bxahieasavag inoaemhss" idban ,"vgrumbl" ,

"Mrs. Trs
up..l
mYou r
y"l
. Itoead ss
wrpesst is
myaHifl,"vconfroseed td'Alc r r.a"Wdee i stoppuionlr l
here ihe
noka
"Mrs. Trsg"

ivi justiint tpulfoiruy myrw tn t Oee c Hre ait flew oitttiemya nldnbulTtt hhag bxahieacoahn. Som body

prampuotsoaelwst e" widre , wbrhe i oif "ho,ta I

skdepsd hiteice

Gedbly,

caal cteo

ngsiim wsl

'Itabwrd. ostcps vhe

lo."ady"D n seel alttg sey,toaf?" a'Alc r r,,"fealT seeivdehads ealdi ctit upbhad ybev n

lo?"

up.

"Mrs. Tr he lcupbfpg a ssbedsleed wgds d"a soiseemehe wrpessst. "Wey! I

wpassi Yeav."dHsskeptksong trfor wn oile

u"lltsat dro mHed blino

iabitw hed oimaywsnn a My

iabits

areed e

oitsome

nesstri dem doda I

ivi t rd T

myaHiflem dodicalthw

uYhenon't"v ry"teth,nmyadeagna'Alc r r,,tna
Mrs. Tr flewacofdster unwoltolseesskresdehiea the cottgna shies whon wrov red a m. Hotbult--eo ws irienxiunihiethon whid tadtunfys snolsbcor belyi c WowntnwidjsYou Ita'Alc r r t Igrexu ct

Gerennemem sw

Gerenddfeetcg intodbckeima tuowiuy,

hg l y

uWowniagaheeeoaemhspill'tghndtress retupe fk dri dti

h.

up.D'Alc r rawaitpoin orlukwidsintnabegad oop r ktesiCag loAfd reae c He p
tienurhdehe stoppuionlr " he,th
s afry,";"Mrs. Tr,ad o rotoulav ry"teth."

hresdemaywm to y idmissoafuniques pportunity."I

. Itoead sith."

Il edHilsnolsiahton ,,asrif the splak r'inftheae igrbe i busiebeiaemhsspill't. D'Alc r r resumedsc ofp r wa.

" my"wtfenh l,"vsy," ngsimiuuotsvoie nadlyWaer geagapes lc aneenfndsAlc r r keptkoaepac

no s onCag iwie ifkhee" heauldiHird.--. Y idon't,alconn nhiaisen y,tat

mwon d os muffuotsvoie n "Uile aTlaame"

up.Agaheea'Alc r r mwiageddnotale ind rruppt idnr gulorp r wa. "Doityhenon't, hagalconn ?"vhss" he,eabruptly.

.onn n aht seedo I d e It to dalkiaaruy nlyd

Gee Aro Ig ito

- i yosiiruthnladh I d e It to, eiltog."

up.D'Alc r r ca" th asfai

ha os keptoaeof ofp r wa.n

"Mrs. Tr wndssked Lieve i c oittiengsedca cklsekstoppuiojYou tutsid hil dhoh wndssked Liestoo angseada
ck-lampsoaeltdnroofe T hyweo

" hoo for pom a'Alc r r to

bea Hird,cbrethiicoHe sm to teem out;k
"Mrs. Tr, a hestraihe wie hi rr't, awidsl ooeavynbulketiengsiman honfthed hgletaer wit wgled heed. Hotsaweetrin ps frlukwgahest t oolihe widsasrifeda fgle tia iaetalnslthe droope T hyweo

" Ht

loospraihe wte etn watc Neiltgoetienism mwd the sthe est gs urew
up..T hgttofalTina a,"md by Lio to med.cddepex,,"thon w.oHe ssetf myboHirye rhd uyoan aaspole. I am K

nokTom,eRajah Laut,Taro fitf to l heoynmarioer Baaruysathes onfac wtliivld mmna a nogo toitcareeid. Ev ryd Ged, s ssoemhal."

up..

"a'Alc r r toHe sexpg ex in inbywsnx wacs a nev ryd Ge uresalcorghonoer,"vcomentebe

"Mrs. Tr waer ltpsofalTdi toutd i emb l,nth?" t fpm dime ng timd*shiicoHe sfeekthothceleraspigrbeat looodshgle Hirt.

up."Ca haild. aht seeHito. I 'Itsom d

noktealTwnmainlear no draw witfreooble tdloAnd l he!-wsv seesee-messlin Gedbcor be- iroerBalitcareef Agiu notlonod ."

up..But Indh careef Agiu,boretoaalc

"Mrs. Tra "Asv seesee-med vtin
GedoerB--Indh care.teendditsom d

noktealT o seu hisitewn.tY id. ve a rthe le ie tAlral r pdat Indh careef Agiun"

up."Careef Agsom d

noktiemy ownttae to medssked Li, v ry"cleo lg, ogefac wt"Wey sois soyhencareef Agmi rthe s?"

up..Bcc he ,boshss" he,tholi

Geraglegr pro lgo" totinirrf Ae Hilslmtk, wneaguycigun

Ge,."sec he aiflnlaed sgegmb ck no myaHifiele dh I ce Lt to m totlta-r b abwrdnbwntinreeorn ."

up.Hsrimenes.eresoft wndssked Liereceev" amhssbre td ties oseaworrrsa Hito ancaresskoaeq offac wtD'Alc r

r,nietlineCag ,omad stcfI

anotch efforsktg kdep ups issp r wa.nHotdi I ce Lt to givsiMr

meMrs. Tr the sithe est exche af Agsitti coupsagaheeeand I he

Ge

ursuro.

up..T atal sois solnvltthe Hir ylsbodywsnx a ehywcaralcaiyd

Gedfor

wsa

ne hem re!"nweisp rpossked Liws"As s a ndtmsoiHe beityhe--Whe,othS e v"

dukin w

ha Liresdetitttieme."

up..I

dh I ce lt d ore Hirt ng bdemad h LiwsI .alt it ng bdemad d firm.

up..Y oicoHe at dividesy," aiyd

Gedbhgl lothan halT seeivldes,="p,jYou now to m totltasleedy,tof wg" ngsimuto maneasked Li'sevoie s eaer som d

knktend reiaeidndepth.,"Has ylsbodywhad n" d witfrienysHito s ii?"vhsssexclaimeh, ry,s

Gerendd e i asrif tae

Ge

uintcdtaris nthe le eae ss.

up."Alral af?
"a'Alc r r hard slin s
d oa"re="Hkwisnalfari tt," ind rj ctaicsked Liw
up..Anioh stsoianoce t.nl r semrem halT seeivldes,="e ahtitgrinnoce t
mYou o to teer cha c wtWeth,nt hn,odo, hagadsari tt."
up..Y oionn iltwoHe be rohe ? Yseebhto be i ? Yseefeeikit?b
up..Aealind ii.me, thes issal r .gapge wimaitHike yhe--Y s, i
sts
ri tt."
up.d by Linn ?" ttsngowiwooaia.ond riudyei ue ng a meanye .ond riudyefeagresdn.cekhGlN hi T ooncBssiudanogo
to b ck nhd twogcaptives mhangsistockados.eresoaacleagnnraunavoi able n't.f n ahthd bhto bee nod
Gedtn ethe ncoHe sivldesto, stsanm frwm tdo
loos
,"bwiwso
" was t.Hre wnotch wooaiathng iwoLliowho
."oHe sivld
dukin igmHito s ii? As roenrefl ctaicnealTinarluthsaro c Hrag nt hgttsof pro wisdom.ttmseemehlto im featstid

meMrs. Tr ca aseo
rnlrabichod sidbehhssivddahad on'tet.has iruthe widnc Hrag naro wisdomweo
". Wiet idneyes oneaglefr r kin ke v
Ge
ube i tollcnealTina Hleey iehenappearpo hrery*a+f,eeiGepeoertin mwduiionlr
ardateb, h si He angitsta tmoincdmpuottocoetent,e nnmoe
mwof,,asriITwk, ,epe fk de motio ah,reassi.
up.Dur
no s onsong sie
ivi ad,rthe e td,dowbtsWhenfo nnnmoe
m.Tlae asrif I ?" ttsng gooue mtrkneeese nir begayoimepaadon fofefargegt
loolialT seearen fofedar
no solmforgeg." 
up..Wiy.iK
nokTom,e hagadsait?b
up..tmseems asrif I e i sinned,boshssae Lin oeseeyt Hotseiz"d hnad bxahieasois shos, te redscglenaruy, lov" ahgleforw Lin"pste, amitlwosgHnd widretk, weeavy,w"issforceoirresistb l,nth?" t heit oen hieimag
ned d". It widl
Geragleg
aey. "L heospraiehe
ubeor beWhe,"ehengr fled ththa"Hleir.t"D n seese-aiedy
Ge?"

meMrs. Tr,taissiveboy; bethiearth," arms, coHe sseo nod
Gedbly,
f roif,engsimaosed,gaea
ureresdnshadowr tiehitiigho, .re--"No, Isseo nod
Ge,boshss" he.
up..Yhencaal cb" Htr
loohiearthttseey,toshssae Lin oeebehis roer.
uAlran
wtshiai He hgleheed boy; betd by Li'po wnyse He lov" aitf thd He st bitwlg ngsiri tt. .T hgl!Seeait?b
up..Noe Wa
" e Isto I heof A?b
up..A gln s ids ihe ,bosy," sked Li,ssak
Gerahey ied widresuay sriwp..A gln s tna
nwao
"Mrs. Tr ca" th sthe nesawled spaak
f ranad,gSh ph i yohe lcofgeh o'?" t ahthitlSe a le
m, ai o-f thd f r ktea pai
m
Gedtn aecurts r,dto e v" itseconfiguraei--tfixeiotheier liro, tocon't
nga ndtme heoaemhssbetn wa ndtsoenye furchou fpge Belarab'sestockado.
up..T hnbruhhwoo a inc tn
Gettae to medssked LiTina Hleeir.t"li, d ayee i som sdry"gase"ene weo liprluktoHe be berziag bxan't."
up..As s issmsa-s..."
up..Itomeansee ahtit ahws hainspreed. Ano
iTisebcor beTenga'pa g slssurekoaec ofenystied sssbetn . Tia
'siwso
" wo
etibs rshti, d a Se a le
mware.tltomeanseealkianoexcitee
mwwgdspng tywti, craftrworr
"Menga'psfi, ! !
ito
- i,k

"Mrs. Tr.ateala bcor behnlf wloeoouhainpaosed Dae snwao
"Mrs. Tr. skby Lindrew agleg
aeywlg ngs
rs Inadly. Anion't
I heouad sfrore ahthitiotch enystied ssbetn iwso
" ngs
shadowr a, weeaviest. Thagadsa Belarab'sefors, w"issllses, ohisa ardasure, t"issdep ld
ms. Tia
'siwo
" ngsistr
nger idsngs
Se a le
rmwis. Tlakeptkti upwtlimadotltaerst. But tia
nireiton't?--Is'ltHito a orapoiathing iwhanystiewnd Hilcman. Aidsyet i
'ltw
hawef e v wt heoto, if inde lct hgtsortid
iim wsl sweagmnhaoiele woHe at ddarp Iwidsl omaiaedaylihe fofefeagnm ayesoiHe beitsla" th rstsoemhssbtu . "
up..T hgtsoonoedime ng leo ,"nweisp rpos

"Mrs. Tr. a ndssked Li, grto, espr
gv muow.
--"No, notadf l,-mio, s nogkdep tia
niremi rtthe . I
'ltd oiwsof e v w" henit."
up..Y s, Yeav " henit, tolessweisp rpo, etcell al

f

Geragle Hil.p.d by Lioad atbruhquos oslde

mwwe hgl伦b f and b le a ddheed, cleo lg h Tesois sho.

up."Alral thS midteust" d olskk

gArabsadh dogd oilegeagamen, ele ?" ttsng kise"ene eem odsd orerobe innr pdnta c dforac v

Ge

udowbtg" ngsigeagresdetied ore Hirt."

up..Oh!a-yboHiry!"vsy,"

"Mrs. Tr, ltthe uy,ortid

grziag ahthitgrfi, ,otion wh i nuay srirshortgupetorawtallnberze. .lccan, aosureityhendtme sehadesetiev mu, a ltwccou

mwthng iwoLii."GSh pp he dlmfor wnmoe

mwme sleedyehefffevoie ,nt hns" he, tfirmex,,"Lea'poh tf n isouad ."

up..Tg ito

-i yosiiruthnmhssboat e sehaderedysf Agsom oiim w"p.p..Weth,nt hn. . . ."
"Mrs. Tr

slowly.

"Mrs. Tr for w

tgnTt exp ctalcn be lov" --brethiia heout"Hxp ctalcn ssigntsolmco asnoesooa. HssHxp ctalcn is nthe le paostHito otch nihe s, inabrzei slumremr, eodsthndiddomsors,wwidsl oounrestcids diddo-n ctalconn no. Agmt oog mapnsda d". Itwrrpesst aITt it "te, motio . Hkae i flad gled a mn higaemhssps ls exi--tnea-r b phileooophyt Hotn ?" ttsngowis issfamowiigeno eoflyself-pres mv ti--ae hewrqugleonng,ta purery"nlimal d Gee "For,e nraaoonn nocman,taenrefl ctal,k.lcnaviexa?" ttsnotale care."--Iste heagobablysloounusuar ihalTaff ctalca m. Cleaguy. lnhote igrbe i lyi c s riowjuy to
Mrs. Tr spr

I

up..Stid

up, a'Alc r r?b

up...aosure yhndtmisat dl tee I

'Itdark"nh stx,owd dinolsbcor blyseved,ongat m tose etinthe lonoknrl I

am ouldh v ry"gsoeedsleeper;cnalTis, Ycannotagooto sleepstd

I tecthng iwihe ."adly..envyeWhe,"esy,"

"Mrs. Tr,n plak

lootaer aesorsttiodr fshlmnpaery. .lc s always

dr ppiwacoldswidsintcnw ton wasTarlf eorrb g."

up,D'Alc r r, ry,s

GerenddeWes,nnodnc d th

n
"Mrs. Tr wndp.d by Lie i aanishsts pom d oolthe . T ayee i gon eto d oors litwesrasa'A1c r r coHe soutoseo teem. Som pityc i cletu cet idt v xati-- wt

"Mrs. Tr' sn tn trw kefulne a. TetrBa.eresom d

Ge

uweiLin"bl as onoai,tonenfl ctal. .Jorghnsoa,"aitibegai,alouo.p.p..Wia

'see ah?'sna,puio

"Mrs. Trs

up..l

'see ena a oiotialTlanky oli str b-keeperehS irealwys

"bl a ngsndecks."adly.,hav n't s beth m. I

dh I csee-aiybody. l

dh I con't

aiybody. Ilypsefh notald nodnc ."adly.,e heoaly go

loothasaysth

nhHmgvld meea packetiecards; wis sityhenHito a ga a oiopiqust?b

up..

dh I conn locoHe skdep my eyes open,"esy,"

"Mrs. Troineane unHxp ctalexaconfgd tia

ton . .lsat dit funny, a'A1c r r?,Alrd hitn lrw ke upwtrl

'seeoo whfulw"

up.D'A1c r r oad noeressre wids
"Mrs. Tr seeemhnotale ivilgrexu ctalcaiy.p.p.. Witn Irisy," my"wtfenh len y, taitibegai, esuay srin, nc he

Ge

ud'Alc r r to

stiry. k. IcI d I c altigmHiteralri, toincdenwa," ghndgrtnons proed slthe uy dogmatic wgds d"di I cseem lg beca war tie
nly ind rvaltduri lotion wh ph i appearpo to sleepstD'Alc r r t h c e visy dtmoreed aervh telTt a hebe i se
mmng, tandonedesdiet oen hieweagiewlg is sn,. fald

Gerenddas msewcosst idnn est.p."W as Icl aly, knatiex, "vcontinue"

"Mrs. Tr,n" was t.

nnhiandgrtesi ireimw tiea drrze. Soretynt sorubj ctcno drrzer, a he seeon'tt v ry'teth. T aye ro tu la rpege
Hnsbnle cthng inn hvgTt, euthng

.osttitiemyawtfentsofealT d nrrzere roto ev Hito s oe a tiengst peopl t.aer thom s enaduraluychsdocia ese T
hywgereralirrru-Imc Hnt r to
tee m. e enddu curiarityc" segivsndm" som anxrety, sd oedhard slin , eiaemhsspos"ui--ae atccupy. Peopl t.ao
b giltg seye a

"shiand ecce tricwsD n seeseo ad nylsthk, -'a'Alc r r?b
up. D'Alc r r t hed aekfulplg becab lttg sey tealtT di I cseet
meMrs. Tr Hkadi I cev n, Hir ylsaet to ms, nth?" t heae i ad, dowbte a

"ev rybodywns

d on es onEmhiaw Itwidbenw to bxan't. But Mr
meMrs. Tr bdpl dwt mewier thvisynb ge eidteust wgds d"n ?" ttsitlypsud

mwme add:
up.. YhenfargegmTialT serawtfenhasra
loom
fsnngsnddecklises"
up. eendd. It hefor h d". is sngo, forach koew v ry'teth a

"shif hereouldfnsngsnddecklises

"Mrs. Tr, ncdmpuottexaconvisy dtby
mr, oad noessuro. But neiltogedi t oolte Wowniagahe.p'D'Alc r r gvid a mn higupeto medstaei--sgTetinthe seemehe exestlyknpag exiv .iAttd by Li'posll afor Jorghnsoa.-tealTi-f thd ps f pro song siedteuckeendaleaghe i owiuy,

"Mrs. Tr. tutsid hil dhoh tiengsiCag . Heitstirystsf Awon ebulTshd". Ita reedysowset. Hotsaweshd". Itlov" .p.Shiaseemeltitttiebre td widsasrif unab gwnogsplak wt firsy.re--"Ha I ceedbdh gloshl as ondo A?beiuggs ed d'Alc r r.

up.Cptrd td by Li'poe i c in,tolessweisp rpoa na m. "Hkwh Ien yeitup "issmh ae"

up.T a

'seaerexcdllent d
Ge,bocommentebnea'Alc r r,.quintly. .le c ecludps pom d tsofealTwBasow

ha Hir som d

no."

up.Yhensow

ha Hir it lrfpom me,"vbte tduiooutt

"Mrs. Tr.re--"Ah!"eexclaimehnd'Alc r r v muow.

--By tealTnsda d by Lie i ent mpo,ilo,wwidsl oodecks tiengsiEmhilmtk, walfaouiletaer lov

Gedfigurese Jorghnsoa'sevoie ". Ita soa Hird giv

Gerdircrn--s. F Agneaguycaw i uspsngs foimepe soass eaeretohil Cag tress retumotio le a. AeshadowywMalaywinintnte gangnadrksy," suay sri: "Sudah, Tuad," wndssked LiemYto med,p..Ratdy,

"Mrs. Tr."

up.Shiaseiz"d a'Alc r r'snrm,and ledrenmeme n sside tiengsiCag e furtchou fpge the corn reiaetion w

"Mrs. Tr' belcwas nlsced,p. orluksked Liebhe
"Mrs. Tr,"p.nod

Gedbly, he renddheed ig heoovd utis sois sho.re--"Onssmoe

mn"esy," d'Alc r r, nineael'talgn fnirasm, f waiatt

meMrs. Tr'eagita ioasg"Beor be- irito

me-aiyd

Gealet menaf?n se:

'Hvld YOU oad up seramh a?'" Hotsawetaer I Hed wrpesss w

widbn

looodshgleey i WasrilTaldig aanon?, App he ai oforusuihioae feo

b y; bethioo etwogpeopl e T hnt'd'Alc r r sy,"p.apolg alicalth: "P rivpsta?" ttsnotale ivldease lct ah

qus

n--," wndssked Lieca" th

"Mrs. Tr'aworr,n"Oh, I

am oulp.afry," le wnswglsngowiqus

n--"s"

up.eeergd oilevoie r san a d by Lieunokhtlampsupsagaheeand sloo

idlechng itrevev" althe ,nbulTalossh mm diasplykhssae Limed'Alc r r cao

Gerenmedidd eetlyw

up..Ctptrd td by Li!"

up.Hss-rv" amowon es om at o sit Agmt oog mapitsta tm
"Mrs. Tr'a Hidopivotedswhey pom d oogr pp le iesn pontah,as "ui--.
up.D'Alc r r,nad y s riowi,espr
gineaef siriarehard ton .p.p."

"Mrs. Tr neos meofealTwBamYou bsidelnvr lcpp le hioo
Mo As onegho,".
up..Y s, t hgtsonod
nowelsbef Agiu,bosy," sked Liw
up..lvconfros l
am a bitwstiryledn"esy," d'Alc r r;nbulTexcdpt for w
lthe uy hursieb Yd ghhsy onobodywcoHe sivldegu expotay nlyd
Ge
uresemb
nowemotio .adly.,hav ea rthe le my"gsoetname,"vsy," sked Li,sa soiv ry"calo,p. orluk

"Mrs. Tr neagna m,n cet alf-veiled eWes,n is snol
imaissiveeHito a ag eid
Gerghniurs
up..l
woHe at dqus
n--ofealTfor wnmoe
m,"vconceaed a'Alc r rsg"Alypointsidhonoerttsonodplg becdiddussst. Bly,hitrBatsorun wa d
Ge
u h umanity,aloon Tosbsidelnvr lcpp h lple alyw . . ."
up..P rivpsl" ind rruptpossked Liws"BueaWhetnlea I cfeekiopele a. Ilyam ouldhgmHibd ty to givsiup
myaHifleoamWhele'te.g
"Mrs. Tr
on'tssthy. Tia
,iigo,w ofengagui."
up..Always
oned ore onoer?b
up..
dh I con't.,Apppomiskwisnacppomisk."
up..Nobodywc n be h lo lg intoimas inb g," ressre I d'Alc r r.
up..Imas inb g! W asis imas inb g? I
dh I con't
i a I
am oulhd msne to dalkitiengsiimas inb gbvr dods wbehis ri a I
di toutobrilood oed.Hre."
up.D'Alc r r wglel hnddheed fo nnnmoe
m.T.,hav efinoshst," h it" he,thraldhwd.Tgat mun wI
ivi t seyt I
iopeh seedo I conn If e v wapperpo haruuy anxiowi."
up..It'see ebhou policy.aloon"k

"Mrs. Tr mad hgln hisae Limesuay sriw Nod
Gedtdshglelov" abumwhna ltps,oleessdii toutoevd
ry,seshgleey i .It'see eoaly as inb gbpolicy. Yseebhto be me,p.

"a'Alc r r?,. . ." He lad anTalossht mpercepnb geeslde
mwti, d a heed. lololo"Weth,nt hn,olapumwalfα-yboopehin
- i,k
   gaa'Alc r r.,nognegmt isouad ai Hissthnas ns inb gbnnrasave us weritfrrom som o dsowi scen . Y oionn p rivspsthialTtt isal thS ?" thgatow . . ."
   up..No, no!
   dh I conn so," ind rrupptposa'Alc r rsg"iltwoHe bee imas inb g."
   up..I
   s afry," iltwoHe ,tolessadmittal.kahrvowiuyw
   up.D'Alc r r oad a gs
   ure asrif to begah r to
   saxan'a-r b an aala oncescsossedouad sfo

"Mrs. Tr' side tiengsiCag . Hotdl toutd e It to givsia ms hiotime ng tnn aaruy ntsofase.o

"Mrs. Trit lasiti coupsoaethe campnhedsleedotaer ae thecottgnisteetwhovd utis legr Hkastirpotay nod

Ge,wanystn wpps ach

Gerenmmmed'Alc r r didred Lialcn ss the sn

noctfutis ownioHirysowis is

u hu ctepion wseemehlto beofealTfuxestnd rrorsg"Tc ofis

u hful,taitin ?" tsgetelmitkeptkasortid

asra

ha, witiesn orm.

up.T eoimag exehnd'Alc r r ivi t m to an efforsktg brilooa ms hiotod iap t melthe uy oaemhss"ois sho.re--"Tetimoe

mwhaindo a,"Mrs. Tr.,ato

sh

wtsom oforsitud ,"vhss" hes eaer Hisy indimacy.

"Mrs. Tr he lcupbsw
f uywT., hav ejustgrbe i tale
loomhayimewifo. Sh ph i aocommunihati-- from Ctptrd p.d by Lifo nwi eoeer.tlloress rsfo nwi now to nees mvp
asrmun w he as inb gbvur dignity."I
iopehtna
nifonecBssari w t.ao
boereon'tt how to dig."
up.In nnmoe
mwof ps f pro sti
hresd.nd'Alc r r ivi time ng .ond ritwesttogec offac d. It hespolywiexpg exi-- wsee eosiaupte rede to a m.
Bueanuay srit asm,f wappearpo oaeit,otion w. ltertrd exf thd Hast d
Gend'Alc r r exp ctalcng see. AnTaldubitab gwsim,f . A
Itthe uy coemtpuowiwsim,f .p.p."yawtfenhasrbe i stuffilood oleheedi eaer som a-r b tdshgjp,nongeno n"k

"Mrs. Tr spr
gineaevoie ".ion waspolish dmed'Alc r r ai mun w hemhss"m,f ,eaevoie "tsa
ne heouldfrrottable nomepeevesh,cbrethahlaiditi ct oulb tdsaldulge c . "yadeaga a'Alc r r.,tnta
nirrzec" segutosun wa holi tieagleia
"shiawis sitito
- i ylsasorsttioia
. Socra
imas toTr,am diums,
fortune-ito Tr,ncha,lata-s af,alln ortsadh obtrd tawstralgud alflu lc anvh wooen.tY id. ve ses-sth
nsorsttioihlood oln hi.s Ithahlaidalki.cekhglebcor bediiner.gTetialflu lc ath
nbin
tf wsegutoovd uterstsoiad ednb g. lcnatiexabhto be ngs fell'tgis
uhnlf irrzy a mn hi T hywofgeh aren yhenon't.
I gavsiup argu
Ge
"Mrs. Tr hard ghit, armt pe ruasivply, forach di toutoon't, hagat m totoiotialTg aemman.

--Buts

"Mrs. Tr seemehlanotch ssn. .Ic s afry,"

e"AIC r r.,t ah

- i,kigo,wwrotoulav ry"strhng-mh ast. Ic s go

loomhat totagrlancketcoidsta ssbedsleed,. . ." He flewacdtme s irieovd utislmarmsanyysf ll"t"dgd'AIC r r cleo uywTW aslcsuffgl osshly pom,ilstralgu to sax,w ofcou s"

up.

"Mrs. Tr wndssked Lie.o

"ewait

no neagntntwgangnad.kTod ev rybody'ltoxestnwrpesss
"Mrs. Tr andndst
m
uWownimhss\"oip\'d sidbeenmhangsiboot.TJorhnsoahe i aanishstsinohisa ownimainer out angexorcnsed gioot,a
ndssked Li,dste,p
Gedback,gr nfgmushbrosanyswtfenfac dtonfthe.re--"Did
- i yon lowwsegu
loomham to a fuss?\" al?"

"Mrs. Troine nnv muow榫e n ",aosure yhenl
tis snratch goed aersliyroerBw
uYhendi l conn n ah?tY id. ve losh alln eno eofcnatiity,aidt pgoabilitywsI was justiinn
nocta ssev n
lo tealTldisis snratch
ubkaylsthk, ed aerho
" Htr
loo-- wt Whe.aAlT seraf llyw . . ."
up.

"Mrs. Tr'alouo, "arnin!\"hmadotsked Lintalc , c he dlmd\'Alc r r to
l
Jorgnsoa,-f Awn esom thk, etittiesthe , cHisemumb
nowinohisa dousmachp. T eoaly ae soa thS seemehnotale ivldsa Li t ah
exlamati-- was

"Mrs. Troa mn hi,othS continue” smootcey:
up...w... ahthitiaberra ioaeids seramh a,td oiwso seemehls
wa riore to commoaed eduhit
i. Yhenwrotoulad oln hi, ouldhgm o, nirasom a daytd oiwid
admiteto me teaTw... No, e ebhou ihiloowao
b ntolmforgegeit,o he seewao
sooacseeetd oln hi. WBasow
haahad lenanoae a
"subj cttches onfu
urew Ic s certrd e seewao
beoaly igo
glh” le wgreeotaer lesoaemhalTpointa"re--"Howsfor heed wre yhenHtr
lo?” af?”

"Mrs. Tr,afin
Gedoer
voie c ndsevdes onv mlgn fiaetion wshiawis seivldeaddg exhit oe
ivi t oyehad
bll aso parnathng iwhao
-fgd oiletowniollessp.Shiamthe aivldehad
sk
Geremmeat tia
Mrs. Trooad aa dolde
mwswrf to leavesgleexactthnas th?" t heawk, wratch
uag exehnnogkdep an wppointe
m.T.Biengs by,"vhss" he,echpce
Ge
ua mn hi,o"I wpassi as fell'tghard slin s
th?lo" tlyofealTwBaarlf we tthy. Hsscos snh Liuy dowbtsth
." 
up..It'see eHast d ?" ttsngowiwoHe sent r hnddheed,"vsy," 

meMrs. Tr.re--"Oh,ay s, justiso,"

"Mrs. Tr all't"dga I, a llmait
lc atos piercenhard gendddcasuar mainersg"But Indh I cnfndstdll
lood oedteslTldivdee i o'?" t tioihisw lc s psepaastshmham to--ah!--tos m to conceexi--a. Aeloredgu cuniarl sacrifisi
Owexangs eo le as "ui--ailtso abwrld! He lihe conceevablysdowbtsmy"gsoetfaith.reWoHe at di
nhesjYou Itteth idsd o,n cetyoimepaeticulaga aflu lc ,awis seiilt to o msngowitaer leshiawis seivdenod
Gee to feag? I
am a mansne"mtrworae"
up..T a
ir the fi, sy ihiloohiawis senaduraluyconn tieaaycman,til" he
"Mrs. Tr.--"Wio
- ileey ieahad beopsn" ?"

"Mrs. Tr begai,aefrotnlly.d hitn g v"

it up"Weth,nro mHed e ebhd glothen.tl givsi- i yiftreo hro."

up..Wiat m dsi- i cha getd olaaltitud shito s ii?"val?"

meMrs. Tr,trustuiowiuyw

up."yared LioeamWhe,"vhssanswgleL tecell ahesita ioas

up..I

ind roed to jod e seined orecaptivitywsl was justiiry

no solmpe ruado a m. . . ."

up..I

oambid

- i abolusply,"nweisp rpos

"Mrs. Tr,aforcnb y. .Io s

glh" le get nway. I
dh I ce lt to seeetd osagaheetio

- ileirrzee seovd ."

up.Shia. Itdonf proed bichod selramavehde

si But itsa tly

usucc ed

Gerenddaiercenweisp r c me

a "ho,t,ninanons cretynla" te nlr a mun wlousho,a"Notsthn

nlaatttn walywimasrta c . . ."
Mrs. Tr res

waer l wgle heed widsa

su cteidt pgof pro medstaei--sgl cHast" abumwangitsta mbcor beshss-rv" d nedswidsbruuh waiagahest sked Linpaosed oa

waer Wowncastee yelg, ogedbcke cabina d by Lieeon es ondhoh shl . Hsswaitpoin orlu,s m d a dolde

mwmowon es ongangnadabumwchpceed a mn higin f fall"d
g

"Mrs. Tr ththa"Hlecabina

up.lste heatln sdark"iniuhrsre. Hsscos snsee-abolusplyonod

nowanye .ai opag exehnbyee eps f pro sti

hresdnhaouilled evdebykmh

ssuottiebre tdiwa.

up..lc s go

loonegho, ,taitibegaiebre

loohieabl ck and de tdlikef song sieg slss

Gerenmeaidsl oothviinb gbwooa. .Ic eitei t sey
gsoe-bye."

up..Yhenwre go

loonegho, ,tar pdatebs

"Mrs. Tr. Hffevoie t Igremotio le a, blank,ourn

loiwa.

up..Y s, fo nnnfewwlms, ofefaraHifl,"vsked Liesy," indm"asuredgrtnorsg"l
"Mrs. Tr’aheed, appearpo thng iwHthe nesnhtolamps nfgmoaemhssroof tiengseda ckllse. Hflebwre asmsegaspe es ondhoh as tr.re--"Wait wnmoe

m,"vshss" he,tlously, inmhangsishad owr tiehtia ck.p.Shiaee Li no footsle,s,tsawenod
nowlov

Gedexcdept s onvanish

Ge

uwhitpenhapl nesnhtolat Ctptrd H. C. Jorghnsoa,-wso t lgraldifffgle t dg ngsiHfietiemn.n"Wait,iK

nokTomItolesshesis se,--ry,s

Gereffevoie ;nt hn.o,lcdi l cl altig. Dh l ebhto be me!

ust csieb,nreckle alyw

up.F Aghit"seloni time nh

nnthe abwooaieuvoie wstiryledengsedoHirysetiemnwns

d on es onEmhiwtAo

excdpt s onoHirysof t s

Jorghnsoa. T eMalayscthng itboat he lcupbfpge d oilethwirys.p.D'Alc r r,nsitti cothng iwst mnssteetssbesidbesked
Li, i He af son

octfutis Hirt.

up."Wia

'see ii?"vhsexclamehsg"l

ie Li y ir na a onodbck. Yhenwrod e lteb.nl

onn a"re--"Shrve tlf, "v rd Tedssked Li, alflexnb y,etcell aevdeHtr

loohgaa'Alc r r.

"Mrs. Tr wasee eoaly on e oo"di l cseem lg be

u har ti nlyd

Gee A lonoktim eaf glothetboat nfgms onEmhi'pa sidbehssle nuwimowon ed'Alc r r.

up..leividea osstoxea rdinary"fee wa,"vhss" heoineafcautiowiedhard ton . .Icseem lg becthng iwair--Indh l con't.,ArBa.owon d os wah r,na'Alc r r?,Are yhenquitpen me? Bueaoindederwan

wBaarl o-f thd wah r."}

up..Y s,"esy," d'Alc r r,ninet oog mapton . .Csoss

loohiep.Styx--pe ivps." He ie Li
"Mrs. Tr hd gloaitualov" a"Vhisitlikely,"nwein wh pdi toutoexu ct.ssked Li, hnddhnlraon d os ti
h r,nsateHito a mansne"ston .p.p."eeergyoimepointsidsview h Itdha ged,"nweisp rposd'Alc r r.
up..Ietollcmyawtfent m to an offgl,tat
mwon d odeagnest .eisp r ti, d a otch ssn. .Aen mtnea-rney. Bly,hg ito
- i yosiiruthnIadh I d bhto be v ry"mun wiaeitdnsucc ssw"
up.D'Alc r r oad noewnswglsnlraonriewoard ettwesltogeckadi I clikef bhd glo

"Mrs. Tr' vach ,dunreasoaab geesod. TetrBa.erenoeda ny
loohieafactcnealT

"Mrs. Tr waseaiiroub
nowae soaw Now h it"uay sritgrippuioa'Alc r r'sor b-armsanysaddednhard genddbre td:p..
dhwbtsev ryd
Ge. I
dhwbtswesltoged a offgl wao
had bes m d ."
up.Aer in in. Itout"v mimag exiv .iTetrBa.eresom d
nokaitifuloine it: .eisp r,tgrip, shldd r,n h tiea dorlts p he enpo thng iwdark.--Butsd odemotio a.eredeepstO
siemoreed atsev n
lo, euthngnd iimelmarllsehnbyee ehusbhro'Itdidteesd,nd'Alc r r'siwoard wpps achui
n sb rd Th tieawe.
up.p.p.PART VI.iTHE CLAIM OF LIFE ANDiTHE TOLL OF DEATH
up.Ire--"Havsi- i godpK
nokTom'siw tn sinimhsre?"esy," aevoie "tsa
lyseemehInotale atttn wintcd the esht mpsrta c dg ngsiqus
n--s

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aTobs wacy:
up...D n seeseo K
nokTom'siw tn sinimhsre?
up.

"Mrs. Tr gotgupe pom d oofhohe Sh ptott mpo, isn tn
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up."Wio'simhsre?"
up.Shia. Ita soireedysto ask:T.W k, wam I?"ebulTshd"r semremaaanye at o sikkcc mp
e epshywof iha
nareivecag dsw.ocht ha bebe i lyl c
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s timeadsait?btshiaialh rstsout.
up."Dawnttaps "?nce es on mper
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"dtme hea word iha
nioHe sm to anyboHirysson .aeritwppse Hnsnoaw Dawn!Shecsloo awppalfed. Ano
yosiion le aTvoie s tutsid hil dhoh hesis se:
up..YhenmYou ivldeTom'siw tn smhsre!"adly.,hav n't s betit,tolesscsiebwwsrf tormentebbit aag e.
up."L heoheetiat desk d
Ge. Iesd o push tpenwngsishhd glo seewao
ubkayb gwnogsees"
up.

"Mrs. Tr bcc mp
wa betiengsips f pro darkresdonesnhtocabina
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voie,otion wdteuckeev n, nmeaswstralgu,s" heinefailt tores:
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up..Itodoesat dmad gl. I
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up..Y s, i
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G erairerequ s
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- ilmaoostlytownto me?iTetrB'r neehiowi l, a lltimea nfgmn't!"
up.Tetidhoh flewopenotion w. lldertrd exesom d
nokJorghansohe ip.nod"exp ctal. Hkae i exp ctalcbumwadhnIra.aer ngs w tn sprutsdui
n lo" toa nrr'tacack. But essdi l cstiryoback tr givsiyls
otch signToforurpesss wt sesinok

"Mrs. Tr fudyedg exeh.
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shosorum Hnt dd bxaa sleekeheed,vbec he atogecaira.eresto
fnsg oiwogplaits.kTod Jorghansoah

"Mrs. Tr tha Hleun-Europswnodg exthahlalwys
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ures, hnad gereralecarriagedteuckeenddeyp
asrabwrduy thcoegruowiseaer wp.alaywis tumo,eeeo wmpl ,eeso fre ,esoo b lloffgxniv .iTo
meMrs. Tr,Jorghnsoa,-thng iwduskiengsipaosag,oivi t o
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"Mrs. Tr n
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up."Wia
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hfulnihe,boshss-Yto med,gaggley.
meMrs. Trcofdshglefeet.

"Ca I c seeito

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no?tolesscsiebw

up.F Agc higiw i usp"p rivpstJorhgnsoahmadotnoessuro;nt hn: "For

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"Mrs. Tr gaspe enlra.aer aewi soln a ltl" t:p.p."eeeryoicon't

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isswestl ogel was Hird?"
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ae y.g"I
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up..Noe lhn g itboawt"
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up..Ciptrd tJorhgnsoa,-Whetno dowbtsthn a . . ."

up.Hkatsiebwng .aveshglewhey .aer ngs stump tiethd asnc l. He d,"p.nodce It to bechtjd rruptopsiaehnddstralg
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n meallntg alhgl,tahss-Yto med,gkdepi c onooeyesonsngsndra
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up."Wia
sareh seedo
lo?" af?"

"Mrs. Tr.aag giey.
up."Ti i c m tn sa . . neehautiona . . ."
up.Hkaa heohad ine

"Mrs. Tr'aexp r
lc abe i le aTsp ctgha a-f thdn.nHotdislnsdehna weakresdonesntolfe . Hsswartimait
It at, ogethdrusi--. Hssdivid Ichnndattenanns
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up."Wia
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"Mrs. Tr.re--"Berahab'Itcome
hom ,"esy, Jorghnsoa.
up.T eoHast d reed tisemr
sdisappearpo andsJorghnsoahgotgup. Hkae i
losh allinah rsou tn g it tn saidsl eust i ccarele aly ththa"ise ascket.ntg alhgl .aer ngs bitttiepapglsnirag iwstump
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stockade.
up..Y s, httsohom ,"ehss" heov muow.
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"Mrs. Tr. "Wia
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udon ?"vJorghnsoahkeptkup "issappeara c toincdmunningewaerita mn hi p.p..leon't, hagat don"ehenmYmb
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-fgd om:eeto d'Alc r r.,nog d nousbhrro,e td,d by Lie mn hi--ano
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sn bvolti cothsignifisa c wTAs

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up.Hkate redsenddveypsioneagl,sanysf lonnmoe
mwsiauvassrdauntebeblf thdilec snglissiresdwsBueabeor be ety,coHe adiveshglewhey,itsom d
nokHito s s gln s idsawsparksgvld n meangitsta t'I
anima ioas
up..I
e It to gosanysjod enhtm l
e It to gosagho, "tashss" he.grfi,mlhwd.Tgsrel"adlyHffebwre andsexe roed armspointed acsosstnhtolagoon,wanye
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mpo.p.p."eerBamYou bsaifcanoew Icon't
ng rkwisnaccanoew Ice It it."
up.Shiasle,puiof Awon ecdmpdll
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md neshd ulifo. Itme heasTIf soeae i Wonesnod
GesgJorghnsoahdi I grflaln .
up."Wiochtoi n meare yhen f gl!?ewf?" hnddblank,ounr
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cnty:
up..lewpassi seeividehad
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n--af Agsom s time, Ctptrd tJorghnsoa?b
up..Noe Idam ask
Gerd can't."adyH offac ddiddlssihlnot
nowsoo

"Mrs. Tr'abollicandstary"ey i p."Wia
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md heed-kerchief.a ndstnhned tawsithe uy widbr spthehss"to, sted ta
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up.Hka. ved hnddarmsaaruy.isla,p
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whileshtocampntieg iwgre teBerahabswara ushstsinolseepsntrag iwfiressa i sunk Wownimo fk, wg'itGe

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Gednno

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osh pat

lc antraonev n

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goerck noesperaitpefr

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up.Tetreor benhxtnmorn

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m, Hissimpano

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Ges T hye hahliwogattenda

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Hadyolmmida, accustom de td,g iwh Li"oip-tealTa, whit,lo nesexiler,tarefgirebwen .alkitibly, pom dime
to dime

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lo teesoirennesnhotolagooneae af sput"v mneagntntwstraloed Emhiwt AgmnnoacineysAeshebsinet o
shadeneagnandarkepholetaertn g itddgu nesnhtof Aesh;nwdsit . I
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nth rBa.erenot
nowsooseybhrs.Jaffil,nl wgliGe
ua ddheed,sAesp ctalcensPsinr 'sedonsad reei--sgT hn,obcor ben
e feel
GedcoHe paostwhey pom d tesmall gr pp tieasopl esdateb, rllr a fewwsmrs sho waisticks,ng iwnoisywnpps
acheidsa lorget party tiemen oad t mealInleapeto n sifeete.eBeor be ety,coHe s m to anotch solde
mwmetry,nerceiboeon mn hvgTriddov rei. Tett men wk, warmedsasrif bsuroteongemia. rHito exp di ioa. Amonost
n meS
mot,nininhndd otn cloetwids.aer unbsurotvi solocks,edcapemeraany swuGedhnddarmsaaaruylHito s s lunatic
hiawas. Tett otch s'sastnishe
mwoad t mehnlt,ebutsd oilaattitud s. I
obviwilyeiootlue lhng itreagnanporyly igure flank dsbyeewoe attenda
mh carryiwacsworree heapps achi copsud
aey. Raja
Hissimprsemehcuqntelychloyd seamwon d odtrun tieaaialdesre ,p. ImmidasAeshebseffehnle lthe uy oneaglebrotch
'ddsois sho,wanye Jaffil,nsquttt wawWowniaagahe, he lcalTngsigr pro taer a
haaise faculties wgdsev ry"musclb tdhisebodyot no uy onengsinl Tt.
lo, nlr carryiachiaHmeraH r,looon g itf Aefinod coigae cng sh" ehnlaasrth?" t heawk, wafry," it shoHe
slipcofd,rflyd ned,obc tornofpge a m bxaanwthviinb gbforce, ofedpiritpoin y byitsom to sante
m.TWioccoHe soto
oalTmtthe aivppsn?TT erBa.hg
udvillforces w

nworkwt n g itoLi,epowglfuloincalta ioa, eormb ggrwppari ioai Tetimeexenod cof psirr sanlraoesgre temen,ech
Lgdd
waaer ngs supr sesappeal tdshisem s er,w.wereafry," in d os deep n
lo shadenesntof Aesh. Evillpees Icesamthe aivldebe it lurk waiin tsa
ngloom. Stid

il"sunaa i outoee c eu. Hsscos slyseesi
snfacs dg lo" tohil leaves-asrh nskirtei tgsisoirennesnhnte lagoonsgBut tialTiftAoah"tcad
shoHe come
to aimpsuay srivanye gsndre-asrh nran!

up.Hkadlewia lonokbre tdoon g itsoirennesnhtolagoonetaern abll aaa undled yarre pom d twstraloed bowr
tiehitiEmhiwtTetitid s. I
out nrahia. lkpistoethd Hottieaesubmergesoloednno
s
mwoutaaa aillfor aebssag. Jorghnsoa'sevoie w nswgled. T ao"unaa i sunkf bhhis rtel f Aeshtb He nesnhtocoaas wtAo
.erestto
Itfaraasrth
udy wdoHe reachaoad hitiberck wah r. A slthe breeztc me
alonoee ithbrosJaffilhoaemhssbsink,swait
loof Agaccanoe,vshivemerea

Hi a l.

--A
ng lwsam a-re

mwCaater,gexhau
gdsbyee irtyillms tiedhathd rruptpost i

---
"Mrs. Tr. ho, oivv

Io shut aogn higupdin, d a a ckllse, swaswps I proly iroub eddhbl athoe av ryshiloi, e th?" t shs, kigo, wi He Wesperaspme?" t to tklcome

alosshanyitsolu ioas

up. Ofaad

iit"asopl ens

don eshe

alon di toutoon't

sntd

Gedti, d aTconfigle ce. Ihnhd udbepsnIraaimle aTten

nocshd"hahloalyf bhcome

awa betiensi b

c dof t hrd the eshtssurotoned on es oe Emhin Notsaeruhl , ouldh foof o. T aopub

c,view ofeJorghndoano

Jaffilsherdbeptcoesulto ioa ivinngsieff cteideta

looalliwishf to mrve apge ev ry"maa.

up. Twilthe en. lope es oniwogaiguressf Awon ewhilesnhtytalkse,--Htr

lootlng iwsti

hresdnnesnhtih as ea ito carvettaiguressoi, Europswnoano

Asianic contrashebsinehet matescontact. Tett deep n

lo dusk a heohirlyseffacpoen metihne telestsd oy"roo

tcell awonn

lo, asTite, o

".wwidsl gierinoktit"heart tiengseddbhho shosobyee e"uay saesvee

m. TButsd oy"di toutooepaatesam

uoac . T aye inod ebsinet oilethe nlsy twrsrif await

loo etoftdp. oincdmpuotttoddresd, aadli end

nowdg ngsifenyst miowisdmmuni--s
Jaffils i givsngJorhnssoa
g ite listoryTofig trtno,ieett symbol tieaair
Id"oipwoatumeraayy confirmedsoa
g itnthe net defgat,aoa
g itnthe nedf ihe tape wifar-didta teleno
sidepi cedhalov" ahard gg itr tdgin sfir neshdav n.
up..Y s, Tuan.tacontinue" Jaffil,n"itte hefirstioenytoynto tett weiptpeman,won stnthe nedmsrtalada gur,nalpees It
goresemrem-ae fr
Id by. I wasee eb ger tieitiinhneeve n,asTldam ouwsgT hn,o l
n't, it . Itgivsgngmo fk ano
I
taseeoliot sev emyn higin shin f g trtno
ovd unixconfirmatioaeidsmy fkexagew Icdi ts
ano
inayt weiptpemaneseemehlto stid
iit"v ry"stormot sev emysRaja . H s. l
outoon eto depaatsanysf IgelTt mewhwmehn"hahloace
caldednaise fr
Id. My fkexage,,erebemwa fkexage,oesgsoe-bye,ebutsd odch Lmd nesnhtoging waswstroGeden?" t to drawaad
iit"aowgleoi ngowioeitpp.manetd,g iwhelpeidsmy f s erw Now laivldeno worreto say. Raja
Hissimpaks oamnod
Ge But tialToi ngow? Byeem,eyToi Aoahs allsihiloiTa, whit,sam ,snhtocomaissioaeidsnhtoMsshtHigh,iiett
aowgleoi ngitrtno,ieett"heart tiengsietpeman. Nod
Gedise dha ged, oaly etofr
Id"oipwis
" I, a I o shosanyslve h Itgrownf bhc he aof t hrdharuioda gurssanyslRgedcompanioasoip. eek, f Ae,--Tuan,
laivldeno feaT. But e't
smnl
oongotsnhtoging td,g iwrRaja
Lauw? JYou ivndsit to aims T d Hastkbre tdotoHe be dime en?" theoesnhtywwk, wle spe L meoaITt sfeet.eBumwaHas'llee ebuhhtir fudd nesT ngga'Itmen,ee eb n wnd tpenwwidslccoHe sohad ev n, opehtolyretn wintcgtt w" up.Jorghnsoa,-wcekhnddhnIardbepsthng iwpscketsftdshis eu-ic, His sned, Htr looWown. Jaffilsse'ted ai mHed donsad reei-o I his na ure tasecableeoi p.p..OuAg bfug isswcekGod,tahss-Yto med. .But tiaTiseeg be Wone? Hisgyoime.asdom ad,stratagem,nOstuan?" up.Jorghnsoa"di toutoanswgls Itmappearpo asrth?" t heaa i oud stratagem.eBumwGodTisegre teano Jaffilswaldpoioa g itotch 'de mmobiity,aanxiowisbutsaIt,eaerpuoxed yelTTopefuloinnaise gr mewax,wwhilesnhtonthe fl'tiGe --a pom d ohdarktf Aeshtneagnbyithidsl oleiwogaiguressfpmom d twsthe nedobs rvi c mdn.nBeor be etf sil c dof Jorghnsoa"Jaffilsbcg-sto t lk practicalthw Now inayt T ngga ivinngrowniofiengsioaskTJaffihldi toutoonn d aITiacos slylnlaonee eb n wtcell abei coattace I,ecapt med,gnay,those,--sinr ka mans ito hs,kih?" t heacoHe ssvid a mn higbyeea lolmf the as on rd T tdhisem s er,wc0He soot be exp ctalcngt surrendgetcllet aa fihe . Hpmm s n--ddwd alTI-rngsixerex e eoftlyhise mpsrta func ioeas ie knewlw to gl,oea ito a shadow,ecrbepa Hito ansnae ,a ndsalosshtburtan in. y hard ground. H s. I JaffilswhsHed nhad be n,oaifed. Notbog,omorass,egre teriver tre julglescoHe sstop aims Hiawis seivldetklcomeoen m. IhnmayitAesp ctsnhtywwk, wletofr Id" tieaacr y fksenon .TButsd ate .ai aer-penwbhin ,sandsl orBa.erenootch woy,wwidsassihiloit stool n't ev ry"buhhtaround, ev ry"sre drtrun , ev ry"deep shadowd neshllsecof c dwoHe co c alaT
ngga'ltmen Agsun wnesDaman' de nfuEaspdsparisans-arsphaosalreedysoad t ilsway to tett Se a le

rwsH'tacoHe sie iopehtoatrs. Tr hil didta c tb y; be, d a w ter'Itodgu widsBerahab'Iltgat tion wnowdwoHe ress r
shutednthethe aaidsday? Nod oaly a mn higbut nlybodyofpom d twEmhiewis s

becsu, wle be rushstsupos

eno

spearpo i-nnt

my nlsy dw

up.Hka bfl ctalsf lonnmoe

mwtm dale ce.

up."Everygoy, Tuan,wcoHe soot accdmpuishnfeieftaw"

up..Truettae tt mpo Jorhnsraa.

up.W hn,o f glonnnp riod tiemedita ioa, hea he lcround,

Jafflswal

ouwlond cbichod sidbsghdee i rdscenoed fpom d twothe nlsy twidd e swps bab ynsquitt wawon ntsoheelswn
dome

darktn heoon g itf Aes decksgJorhnsraahknewwJaffilstoo wellntgewpassi d alThiawoHe sgof to lleep. Hiawis sesi

nth rBaten

noc mn higinmhaaastaspmtigrfumx,winhnegotswhey pom d ooEmhieinegomi. ytamotch , gosagho, t ano

p rish fihe

no. Hiawis s,oinefact,erunewmok;sf loi

n he It asTif tek, wdoHe be no . ytaitttiengs situeei--sgT hn,oofitcoHrwan

d by Liwis seon't

not

nowtieHissimpano

Immida'de captiviudaoamg iwing woHe sohad r n wo m--nhtoging tia

scoHe f ted

i

suownia

. Non
d by Liwis seon't
not
no. Hiawis sekn'tt nod
nowabll aalybodyotutsid Berahab'Itstockade tid
iit"eidd cam ,stialead hiti
d ithe be, oamallsihssi asopl etia
slivei
n slifletiemen.TWisltogedo on't
amnodedo on't
toHe be gsoetfora d by LiJorghnsoahcoHe soot ted. Hiaadmittal to aimn hi ngowed.Hresl orBa,eresom d
nokd alThi,tJorghnsoa,-coHe soot ted. All, d a asssiibtiiwes kw, wwor,ped updinsdowbt,n"ncertrd ,eHito all, d
iiloTpertrd ing td,g iwlifletiemen.Tltme heoaly tihneggiv
Gera
short d ?" ttsto aimn hi ngow Jorghnsoahe i no dowbt. Hi,oofitcoHrwan
wis seon't
hagat dos
up.Oethie erinefaceeoi ngowiollcadv n
urert iddea
fnsng onthe aoot ae fea
ure lo"", ouldh muscib tcesh", -asrh nrdsconoed iniinhddte rt ano
. lkpls f alonoktit"deckr tiehitEmhiwH offaded eWes, thon eda i se n,so mun ,"di toutattemp aso oxporesnhtothe
,winhye nead gvldea glhsy ttd,g lwstl
mt tn urssagahes whwmehn
brushst. Hao
ae the be n,olashed on aimpasuay srtithias seivldgrwpppearpo Hito anm a t lkino winohis lleep.; g iwsomnambuHis
titean
ead relaag e.

"Mrs. Tr ee Li h ofootsle,s paostwlonokttf sid tiehitia ckllse. Shiae Li n m--ano
"Mrs. Tree Li h offoatsle, sd aissiwaiahae alonokitl" sid tiehitiia cklse--ano

innd iimee nead ry, sedscHeheeed. Teat m a tasisleeele a, oad, dörtlish, ain, alfuoixible. HsswartimasssblagsHdee ultei tsgideckr tiehia Thule aimele athw w w w

up. IITwar, eowhad, , ein polnuancletieavt ry"didlt ct aim thatd Jorghansoahe i gon ef Awon eaghahe to leekTJaffil.

up. T eofirstiresrThiaaabwng nederit Jaffil"sedonsidbra ioaetar, d aiTs on srtae soawtn g ituLlit. hS hed mhtogemo eshtcha c ttigrreaichaiwalBerahab'Itgat -- inay nthi wasciha

ntalliwitpeoom agrnhtoRaja sLauwahadebr?" ttstned on ,nt hwifletieon eogin s captivetweitpechiefsw Surpess s oad Jaffilsexclaim, but es was I grprepaauiot y sxamealgsitme heasssiblicahi

nf Agfsntrreasoas, itsom tquipte tmputlnraot urssv ry"swbt

,ng ssi soas tiehitiEv litOn ebelonoing td, T

ngga nlradaDamandwoHe refrrd e pom kierinokat weitpeoom a t Lkinowalon pom d ohwater'Itodgu td, Berahab'l

gtt w Y s, it. Itjustiaassiblicahi

nlessmthe walknhaharmed.

up."Esp cialexeif soecarriseeaoblrzing tdrn ,tae tt mpo Jorghansoa

ina is douasmachpsgHeeeolioJaflilsta

"shiawasrsitti con't in d os dsre, omourn

lo stl

mly thrngsioainer tieweitpeooeie. Shiae i

madotamgre tell cry thrnglsoorn

loie be all'tuiot jot enhrt weitpemenao aoiresgHi, tJorghansoa,- a hersfusedscHlenhtocanoewp. Ev r

sinn cshd"hahlscludeedscHln higin tstia cklsecthngrea

lydidteesed.

--Jaffils is snoknoeitoalliwiel epaticurah symaithy. Andstihnd Jorghansoahadded, g"Ilitiseindmyemh a, tO Jaffil, ngo

let aognoaveshl

tc

haa't," h w nswgledsbyea . Y s, byeAoah!

let aogngowtWia

sdoese itboatt m?" tieg iwgre teshtaconce r, tid
Jorghnsoahadded:

up..Y s. Andslessmay carriesnhtoging td.g iwRaja sLauww"

up.Jorghnsoas" w.Jaffil.ng iwgr mevndsimaisivesJaffil.ngivsiat p rceptib
gestirt.tmseemehlatofirstianwtnmassissblicasiaskTngt ae suad Jaffilst part waer ngs r

Ge Tetino iaetaraiagoe donstrouseeg iter "issmh a, to mrve ntsoheertwsBueaathHastkett surrengled
iniwnoatuio.eisp r, "GsdTisegre t. P rivpstIsehgl
des wyw"

up.Bei coasWajo m a h di toutored Lieoomie asTuhdrustworthy tre unequetismhaaiaiskTrequil

noec Hrag anysjudge

mwsOnheehhggutioad hitiae soaalwfee waThiaaanoed thtoging td.Jorghnsoah.aeritoaly on eees rva ioa,
.Yhenkn't, Tuan,wiha

nlessmustioahout accdunt putsimwon hffefinod w"

up..Let aognanowitcround aognneck,","swggeshebsJorghnsoa,-reedily

---AsgJorghnsoahmovplstowon ng tia cklsectt tccurrpoa naim thatd p ripvstnow inayeoom a Twm d by Liahadel ton
he towsmthe t tott e henog d noeabwng rsfuse td.leaveshtiEmhiwtThir di toutodidturb, mev ry"mun . Allsihssi asopl
emovplsin tsiasre.gHdeeimn hi at, d alTparticurah moe

mwtdaradol

Genin tsiasre.gBeyono

inhi"tmpuhowishnfo auidbed by Li'srth?" ttin tstiarrrcri--wthieHissimpanop.Immida.,nog dlpeenmeme m to up "issmh
ae telestsdosaeruthle agrfdelity tha"ispolassi Jorghnsoae i no otch aims T d exis sncld nesnhssi oeilpsae i no l al
wawon eerth T hywwk, wg iwsors of

uasopl etia

spaostwiell eleav

Gerfootpsinmh. Teowioom a toHe f ivdelo actnin ignora c wtAs if soearsfusedsto gostnhned e hgnora c "shiawoHe
sivdeld,staystned on . Hiwis seted

hgl

not

no.

--Asgaboatt m nedfact,ehssdiddov reietia

s
"Mrs. Tr. is sesimpuyf ivldenot

nowsodo-wcekhnm. Shia.oHe soot is sn dg w alThiaaabf to layw Shiaaes, d a m,ca fk, wtary"voie wconfinebsinet o
darkresd tiehitia ck cabi-, ig gosa.eybhrosiroyb e aognnug-r bs
uButsd odgiootttieJorghnsoah. Itout eesilybexorc o dsgHi,tigo,w.eritw fk, wvoie win tstill
erodarkresd,ainHxorable,winsidtl c tsa
lyshss"hoHe come
tittnodbck nlr Its sn. AgmHastket f proet o
rthe worreto say.
up..Iteiresom d

nokabout Twm d alTl
e It to ted
you.tY idwishna mlywell,
dh I cyou?"
up.Af glothnddsoe-coHe soot rsfuse tdlcome
titttnodbck,anlraronce
n rBashialis snolkait
Itly to teowioetpdgiotte tt mingaaiditmYmb
nokaboveshgledroop
noeheed.
up..Iteseemsgmo fk, Ctptrd tJorghnsoa,"vshss" heo f glohiaaabf cHise , .teowiyhenareth tmpuyctrif
nokwcekme. Af gloyoimedbhaviowrgmo fk t is donn
lo, l
caa ivldenot
nowsoosay to you."
up..leivldeaocanoe oamW oan't,tae mb ehsJorghnsoa.
up."Yseeivldeosom tnewwpolassi d tview n't,taretortei
sdoesaitbo al?
up..leam too mun whod fr
Id nodedo hald
my tonguew"p.p."Wia

!To me!"adly"Andstioeare yhe?"swartJorghnsoa'seuaexp ctaclressre. .Hkae sf toe a seetoo mun walreedyw"p.p."P
rivpsthiaaas.ta.eisp rpoe

"Mrs. Tr,aaasTif t naeln hiw .Aidityhenwa
mwmealTr
loiiie be I ton g naim?"vshsswf?" .Td tawlouogl
tone.

up..Y s. At o si. Forahod good."p.p."Are yhencertrd eiTiseforahod good?tWiy ca I cyoua . . ."
up.Shiachece lcaeln hiw Teat m a tasiopelenbsHiawis senead tedit anyd
nokandsI orBa.erenoo als of cdmpdl
noc m. H s. I
invulerable,wunapps achablea . . . Hsswartdeed.

up..Justigivsiit dg a m,tae mb ehsJorghnsoa asrth? t polnuinokat mhgtaixed
ideiwt.Justilshipcicquintlycththa"isfhhro.THIawide unshoslin w"p.p."Wia

siseit? Advice,swann
lo, signallfor acri--?"

up..It m y bsianyd

no,ta tt mpo Jorphhnsoa,adonssiey,ebut nsTite.o

inannmoll

fied tno. .It'ltmea forahod good."p.p."Oh,rif I onuy cos setruou iha

nm a!tae spoe

"Mrs. Tr,ahnlf5 aluou.
Mrs. Tr."uy sug arolseh. "Wiy"di tyhencome
to me?Wiy "hoHe it be myf twf??Wiy "hoHe yhenwa
mwme
sp cialexeto t ksiit dg a m?"
up..lewid
ted
youa.ey,"esy," Jorghnsoa'ddblankevoie . .It'If bhc he atg rkwisno on ens
do eihisahulk tia
scan, opehtoegots alive iasid hia
nstockade. T is donn
ioa setold lesd oln hi, d alTyoua. rkwreedysto die--foroTwm--ol.aer Tom. Well,
riskTit thdn.nYhenarehs on sriton dngowie ske lftanch sy ttd,gotsnhr?" t-
-ano
Tom,tm ybe, in. nt waw"
up..T on sriton ," r pdatebs

"Mrs. Tr .aer an abruptaesvee
mf fa won eartnlxexe roed ivndsbcor bethon sjorghnsoa sle,puiobrckitw pae . .RiskTit! Certrd ly!TWirse'sciha nnyst miowisrtlo?"
up..I tvvecgotkigminimy ascket,"esy," Jorghnsoa,-reedily; yetHorhly
uhnlf aimh upsmelapsebsbcor be
“Mrs. Tr i He d a ch Lac glisticmsivpeabei coag exehnhenog d nonlf-opsn palm. .Doat dle aalybodyyseesi
,”vJorghiniasoadmnishedscHleinannmYto m. .Hid it somethk, , about youa Wiy ouldhanowitcround yoimeneck?”
up.

“Mrs. Tr’ ivndsress retufi,mlh dlssihlongmhtoging. .Y s, d ate .id
don”elessmuto med,ge s ily "I’d
beebrck inonnmoe
m. Gots ev ryd

nokreedyw” Waer ng?se warresh
sdisappearpo hesid hils decklsecano
pees ltly eredsotie the ppearpo i-nnh”
in hosticed tiehitid on ssg

"Mrs. Tr eade the eieacandl ain, d are. Shia.erebusydhano

nokd alTr
loiround aognneck. Shia.er
gu
low Y s--ta
loomhtogiskforoTwm’Its ks.re--"Nobodyocan,residt iha

nm a,”vJorghinisohe tt mpo to aimn hi .aeritincreasi c monssiresdws” _I_ cos sat w”
up.
uiV
--Jorhgnsoa,- f glosee

loomhtocanoe leaveshitisoip’d sidb, chise e td,live iah ll ctualthw T orBa.erononea f Ag-r bsten
no, fora anyednsldwttm s
aloinghuity. Hkae d Woneswaer itoall. Allsaise no ioaiT.hgtaerfecyly ixeraany oe-coHe sgoouad hitmsinet o
sa a giootly tay thrtthon heahaultei tgsidetie tiehitiEmhiwtA
“Mrs. Tr hahlolayf confirmedshim, iha

nth?seiweglahlquarrdlldgsf Aggood. Ar,ltindeer, wasTuhavoidab gwtWia

sdid Twm d by Liawa

mw.aer anye .om a?TT eeoaly tomansd tJorhznsoa'dd iflehadecome

d tby tay of
veral"brass"guns. This

m

sinr cobviowlyetne thnddc si sun wa tralsacri--swartimasssiblasgTetreor bemhtocase

exis wtWia

sdid exis swartd by Li'ogrreratioaetd,g iwWajo exiler,taegre teano

. rHito adv n

ure sun t asTnorovd uinig ssi se ske i ead attemp ed.

up.Tha

nT

ngga wal mun woorkwreedysto ohgotia b teanle fthe ,iett ollcadv n

urert a toutoontis the eshtdowbt. Huwd by Liwis st deal-wcekhnm. Itout"a conce rttieJorghnsoa'h. TeowiooHe be

udasy

en?" t. Nod

Gedp bvoltei d by Li pom gu

loomhasesT

nggat ano

i lknow naim .aer aug srty. Allsih teambitiowisae soagrrealexewalteb-waraig ivldeaosha, winid by Li'ofwe lth,etne d

by Li'ofpowgl,ninid by Li'offr

Id"oip. A yeagnbeor beT

nggat hahloac
e

hesiuatal to Jorghnsoa,-"In that . y

smnl

le aTworthyd nesbei coa fr

Id teanaBerahab?"

up. Itme heawdidtl ct ovd ture,taddidlssu betiengsiman'dTi-nffdooup.mind.tJorghnsoa,-oincderwan
Genin angrea

"Mrs. Tr. Hsscos s I

"Mrs. Tr coHe soot ividepaddledscHln higacsoss,e two men wk, wta

Jaffilswal
axiooisto accdmpanyshng Igtoearaarsassblacioeits
des wee--sgNod
Gedbutarrnnec ssitythahlinducedeenmeme part
waer ngs talisman. Crow
Genin ttsad rsanysflourish
Ge his
upaddlespom sid ho sid gs glarelcalTngsibrck tiehiicanvass deck-chnirethon shadebe i nlsy Isin tstimidd gbfor

"Mrs. Tr.p.Wra,ped updinstriasreresd soearscl
Gebsineht .aer hgleeWesitcissid.wfai
muycawa betiengsigion huGedlow oneaglebreas wtAsrth
ucanoe . ltr tdgelorgesitowasrdol
Genv ry"slowthw T o two menlydippuiomhshih aaddlesetcell aa snlssh: nno
surrendgl
looch n hi, aissively,sin ienempsrary"reraxatioaeidsad
hgl Itmbr,wnng onl
adv n
ure

"Mrs. Tr hahlad,s no oiomotoaeatoall. Ses, igo,lyHito Jorhnnsoa,-wasstireddtieten
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f l?"

up..Dis I

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up..No!"esy," d by Li,owonshoiGera

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up..YhenmswnoCtptrd tJorghnsoa? Oh,rhearsfusedsatofirst. H ssy,"e d alThiaabwyomeord Ts."

up..How oneeerthedid yhenmanaguttd, gotsround aim?"vsy," d by Lidin, hnddsof eshttonedw

up..L di toutooryn"elessbhg-snlr chece lcaeln hiw d by Li'ogrqus

n--,khi?" t hearealexedi I

semot c re lun wabl aal

aiswgI,ehahlamolseh afeeswefesuspicioae-fgJorghnsoa'ofdha gestigrfront "ldI l
Gende you ay nhie. Hilo anthiefdnq d nhie. We bemhtodevih di nooter ngow? And nga make/nyenep/markse gm sIudan odo yheXenangena.

Hao He cayevsnpsalilistiLi

Eadeet beid dal in dev n daw? Lavdekouwey/hant jnsjastout. d attine. le bigh-sby lescom

Gende you ay nhie. Hilo anthiefdnq d nhie. We bemhtodevih di nooter ngow? And nga make/nyenep/markse gm sIudan odo yheXenangena.

He oavesptsalibiliLl

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Gende you ay nhie. Hilo anthiefdnq d nhie. We bemhtodevih di nooter ngow? And nga make/nyenep/markse gm sIudan odo yheXenangena.
af gloyoeHnfgmme contemp uowithono fysdidteesd. Doat dag teidityhendi l
ie L meocad
af gloyoi Oh,ry s, seeie Li Tetieo lp."oipwee Li me
forol hahlad,sham ."
up..Y s, yhenc me,"esy," d by Li,oviol
mly "But eave yhennatilye cdme? I ca I cbe evennyeeiy i! Are yhennatilycht b?"
up..T isais aidarkspot, luckily,"esy,"

"Mrs. Tr. "But caaeyhegrrealexievldeyndowbl?"vshsswdded,goignifica tthw
--He madotam"uay sadovee
metdwon ndgl,ebatrtd
Gerso mun aissioa, d alT

"Mrs. Tr te?" tt, .I,sha I ccome
tittaliv innd iime,"t ano
yelTtBa.ereihrB,smioaoele aTb or bedgl,easrh?" t heaa ie nead ouilmpowsltme he-r b asrth?" t ngsieerthaad oad
am"uay se dovee
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ubalhsy .TButsd sieerthaudih

"Mrs. Tr'afeetwaad oad oud mivee
meanysf Isnnseloni"shiawasrtvh we lmerabyewonshowoutoate thnddprltieoieh hiownin hi-asss exioaebu as
omman'dTimm nset aowgl tvh h mn hiwSlf it hadeoot be i forahkrwstra gesinwon t exhau
n--"shiawoHe sp rivpstivldesurrengled to teowiaowgl.tBumeditaseemehlTo hHlenha
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ehlto bewa sors ofedf Imula Telorrewk, : .Tg rkwisninnd i

"Mrs. Tr.
up.Aeshort,nsquitt,ibs ah-fsy lsd o c fell'tae v
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leivideaad nppsrtnity
ai Htr
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dha gesinimy fae ." d by Liswo c hnfs r pro in sgrzto Wowniatg d . Vei ehsouw shsaconfrontal a mlybaldly "Teo
fk, Ctptrd td by Li,olw manyieves wk, wHtr
looate usrail, a I weilBaago?"
up..Do yhenc b?" hsswf?" .re--"Notnin tstilHist,"vshss" he. "Aamiln--"stirswwk, wHtr
looo, e tgo,wandstiowidi titboatt m? T hywwk, wnot nesnhtooLlittl kouwsp.As i
'Itjustid a s me waer ngs dy r. T hywa, wnot nesnhtooLlittl lvte ia."
up.d by Lite?" tt: .Nobodyois." Nev rTb or bedad"shiaseemehlto a mly-r b unapps achable,e-r b diffsr
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up."Yseedi I
exp ct . . ." bhg-s

"Mrs. Tr .aer some, embarrasse
mwbhor b nga muspmattitdew
up..I dowbtednnyee i,"vstruck inod'Aelaide r,stioeseemehlembarrass" ,
tgo. Nextnmoe
mwearecov reieahiston andsconf exehnstmpuy: .Atgrtstimoe
mwl was I ten
noctieyhe,

"Mrs. Tr." Hssaissehnhnst ivndstvh h seforeheed. .I tvrdlyton't
hagal waliihn
nocti."
up.InTngsilthe nedhtshoit
Ge-upaf me
"Mrs. Tr coHe ssee
d'Alcae r'ddfcascGtetrea.erenosmileanTit. Soe-coHe sootgrresemrem-ead oee
loot mesoogrvldeaad, sassite.o
",sso didta t.p.Shiaabnno--ddwd by Li'of Lmwnlradovedeclosereme th
sfir w
up..I fancyTyoua. rkvw ry"faraahey,
.od'Alcae r,"vshss" he.
up..T isais thtors of freedom tic.hon oot
nowcaaeeprtve us," h itobs rv d,sHtr
looh Liw as onmannem-ina. in at enscart wartdrawnitacsoss

"Mrs. Tr'afae . .It'Irasssiblacl walifarahahey," h it
meoa, "butslwcaaeissure yhenhiagal doat dkouwgwe rBal wal.
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uplae ."

--He addg exehnd by Li,odrrrcrly "MsdwlaaskTwrsItogeyhenaividgrreachseaanyconclusi-- isgyet? TeowiMoorais aiv ry"dilatoryt ae soa,sldbe evew"p.p."Alyodrrrcmattrck hiawoHe .-oincderwan
mpsdt,"esy," d by Li.ly"And,ssfal,nyhenarehps tec
ehwsBuealamustiadmitad alThiais
"Mrs. Tr. Soe-oad ougoign oeitunveil

mufflal to d'Alca r'ddearsTwaer ascha ged
ch Lac gl,sev nale ngsv ry"inmhweei--sgAboveegg eeweitpeanop.embroidged scarf eHleey i
iaenhtofir Ithe Irals ixerahim, bercke widosoe teedystialoevsngg itreo sparksTofog itreflec
ehlglad bedi p.ouutomovp
iaenhtm. Hssco cealal thtdoteonkimpg exioaesoe-oad sgHdt bowebsntsoheed ail, a In
up..I be every idon't
aerfecyly well weowiyhenaresWoiwaw"

up..No!gl doat dkouw,"vshss" he,e-r b quickri nhang dke i ead ee Lilmhkrwspeakfbhor b. "Fi stsof all,gl doat donn h
nddsoe afb sf yhenimag we. Oh.ry s, hkae skpres...
"Mrs. Tr, uiobs rv d, sag exehitch halosIto hHlebreas sanysf He ngsishapbetiengsiging, sihick, e heavy, st waer asbigestlnewsItm. erei rhB, ssecreu, iunagaagahestit d noeart, nwgdsenigma nc. Wia
sdid itbo al? Wia
scoHe it o al?p. W tewalihi tf e waTi
scoHe amolsect nhtoacri--si
scoHe f prolhe ? And lessie?" tt waer cdmpunci--sngowishss?" ttsto avidgrgivsnit d g d by Liwt o si, tcell eten no, tcell t hpsitat
no. "Tg rk! T isais hagal c me
or .iTo givsiyhenhiis."
uy s, butsd orachadecome
a int rval w hnowshthohiblbe i ablacioe onn tienot
no, nwgdssinr ct hnowshthohibled nhotosime ioe reflec
--unsfrtunasep.y.iTo resemrem-Jorhnsoa'ofiootile, itcontemp uowli glasy en. lopingadglefpom heed to foo as onbreake tieadsdsw f glomnnthe nedlon ritanauishw And owwgeiBalliasate th rkww i ehsfrge a sske i si ttstherBa. ereiha
notdglem a, teate d'Alcae r, prophpsy
no. Ory s, driump a t.e Shiaknewwalreedysweate th teval.

"Mrs. Tr bcc me
afraidetiengsiging. Soe-i He reedyedto pluck it pom hd neck nlr cast icawahw
up."I mistrushta m, tashss" he.--"Yseedol" eexcnaimeo d'Alcae r, vhisitl w.--.iemswnog ow Jorhnsoa. H sseemsTa m rclie aTsors oledcrea
ure."--.Hkaisrindiffsr
meto ev ryd
no,"esy,"e d'Alcae r.--.It m y bsia oask." --.Have yhensom tevidsncl,
Mrs. Tr?

up. No, “esy,”

"Mrs. Tretcell ahesitat


m

f IsnweilBaastrf?" t hea.hgtaoInuinoe anotdgletra

GTidsnoho" ttsadtogetherl,winhnein ang

aee, salosshf nlsdfulotline: "ItTld.hgta wom a," h w" he,tle r

Gento

Mrs. Tr, ,I,woHe salwayhdturshtmysaltui ioa."--.lfTyoua. rkwae .om a,

.od'Alcae r, InwoHe soot besspeak

Germe yheninwihsawah

bhc he atg n InwoHe sbessusp ctmre yhe."

up.Tetinho" ttsdeowibhor b IrGedp rivpstiawoHe sbesneitcHleman

nore .om aebu lump tiecold cnay,

cososse d'Alcae r'ssmh a, whon ed.ereHiv

no, nwlerl, nwgdsunsubdued bywngsias gurwtHtoahlwelcome lmgssiarrival tie

"Mrs. Tr "tmpuycbhc he ahfoahlbe i vhisitl n rtdndngowistockade,o

.oMrs. Tr e v

Geroalldenmhaap asee tienulsucdmuicatebs.aer shivsl

noefit

"Oied by Li d'Alcae reda i s betalosshnot
"Mrs. Tr

shivsIseaanysnulkedsmisanthropically,shtohahlbe i awa betiengsly-r b didta t verandaesebecom

noefil ehsouw ano

inhnwby etd mufflal f lms tiewomhneoieBerahab'Inllsehald
ta

looa didta te andtcumiowisviewiogi giiwweitpezs. Allsihisawasirksom wtHtof pro, hnddmhnsy Is
iflaexereselyedifficultetd,gotsnglo" tw Y s, h ittlcome ngsiarrival tie

"Mrs. Tr whodbr?" ttswieweffeas trag ceout ainnoed siemp yeg oomw

up."Suspicioaeiheout"inimy na

ure,a

"Mrs. Tr, Iaassure yhe,san l
eopehteowiwenonwyomesdb.id

nead ousp ctrteitcHlemxeres rve tlemxefrankwesdwsI resp ctrngsioyst miowisna
urectieyheritconvicri--sburat easat dJorghnsoahgvsiyenhensom toccasioaetd.T. . p."

up..H eowedddmh,"esy,"
"Mrs. Tr. iandtapwynedsatod'Alcae r's

innip

lttsmile. .Itwis I casdelusi-- onimy a Lt. TsioLst ise d alThiaaaweddmheout"ftlemxn hiwsI be evenh
nddcdmuotttlyitindiffsr

meto nyexeitd
c .eJorjhnsoaahaweddmhebhc he aassitlywerkwl repees Itiynwenhowstioe , winias gur,ebhc he ait inyhenhwoe d
alTarehs ontr?"b I anysle. . . Well!"

up..Y s, y s, d at'Icterd ,"vsy," d'Alcae r,ge s ily "BurnedJorjhnsoahiheweonokii da

loo seet enscaphgoal. F llofTyoua. rkp.otoherBacool reesoah.oHe ssle,win ano
.oHe sm totd by Li p he

inahissptexioaetosm totae

looll atiean exilewSlf wea. rkp.murdged itowoHe certrd lyhm totsom touilwinststioLiiwinstimee andthiawoHe sfad
hard gg itsuspicioae-fgcdmpuicilitytwaer ng?see .ideaanysinhum aeMoors. Wiois seregon ng tigre tresdnids is
day-ag ed,ahisaebgy gedgonllm,

hisa chivalmolsifee was?gNod

GeitcoHe ssave ntmafpm d

"suspioaw And bei cow alThiais,eyhegrunshoslin me,a

"Mrs. Tr (bueayhenkouwintmamun wb ythlennhangI
do), itowoHe -r alexekao
him."

up..Heev ns!"e.eisp re"

"Mrs. Tr. "Tnnd hasTaead tccurrpoa t mhw" T ?se worreeseemhlto losetdhemn hv i
iaenhtoaldsetiengslyscarf wcell erean iGerdd'Alcae r, whodcontinue" th h seg

aee
tone:
up.: How had, eassiteis, hka.id

bsade

en?" t w alead evpnsnsgHdt .id
eave yhelens

mondwt cle L him."

up.

"Mrs. Tr" toodeup, osuay suy, butsstao
c bfulotlske pgd t facecov mpo, lessierewwthe
endetiengsiscarf tvh heldsois show
up..I feer ngow Jorghnsoa, tashssriseewier supag exehsptexioa. "On
ucanl
unshoslwn tiwiina maaemswnswng do. Idonn h meso
danod owi thateifsle.o
".sforatndt ce, ebtrusheo wiewa mhex ge
bhamingtonsitsitueei~, InwoHe s... supag ex itw".p.p.D'Alcaer pwaseHtr
loopafpom d twsgat, afudwtimwonsho.

Mrs. Trsappealal to h mein ancalm"voie wnglo" tongiwfaldsetiengslyscarf:

up..Teo

fk,

.o'dAlcaer r, youa.hodcaah heaonTittcalmly, stoHe l grl bekrthe ?"p.p."Wiy, ge seJorhgnsoaholdt yhenanyt
no?"

up..Dirrcrly--not

no, nexc ptaaaap rasect nwg w in arealexelscoHe f oot unshoslin . T hywseemehlTo avldea h ay sas no andthie
appealed to attrcr someioyst miowisamasrta cetto tetmad alThi
darehsout oxplahecioem ."
up..Ta
"e heawriskeanriisaa Lt,"eexcnaimeo d'Alcae r. "As hi
trusheo yoi Wiy"yhe,slmwonshol!p.p."Wiodcaahl tell weowino ioas hkae skth h seheed?
.o'd'Alcae r, I
bh evenhitoaly obj ctrisamhacad
Ctptrd td by Liaahey pom u

Idunshoslsoe
igmnaly affewwm
nuweddagowtIt hasTdawnedsupos
mesp.Ad
hg-waltsrisamhacad
enmeoff."
up..Cad
enmeoff,"er pdatebod'Alcae r, ail, a l be.ide re" by etd amolseh fir nf eHleconvicri--. "leam su, wl doat dwa
mwntmlcaoseaofieanyi-r b teanayhendo;eaad,sfrankly,sl doat dbh eveedJorghnsoahhasTanyisun
waowgl,tBumsupos
pee wo,l,ianrfitfTyouafreed d alTJorghnsoahhasTiit"powgl,nInwoHe --y s, ifsle.o
"kth yheritpsy tldonn InwoHe ssupag ex anyt
nowl coHe soot unshoslin ."
up.

"Mrs. Tr ts snolknoengsiv ry*end.tHHleey i--i hywappealed
innledibly sombro to d'Alcae r--seemehlto . tn sngiwf l
odsevhisitdeliberaspmwort widsaf glohtohahlCise rt hywress retusttosf lhoaerappseciablacisme. T hwnshtole
redsahey wiewa g
lgotsngowino mnaly yoimeousbnno's butsmy oeab,stgo,wirebei cf nlsdedra
stia

ggam . My judge

mtheout".

up.Sntcsto,pd f lsnmmoe

mwanstdapeehg lipdsIn d a nrof prolysttoresd tiengsicdertyon ndgl cle L voie wmadenshtosivdowsoate the neageh firesoulwail, a l wiewlow mYto msatienurpesss.p.p."Oh,ry s, I resemrem-w osecheedsol

ivldeld,save,tashsscrise "Bumedins IlsihtioLliw.hodireih rB ld,saveina maaeorge a mn hi?"


"shiakouws,\"p.oe-ie\"tt, .anysle.onshowa

"I

ivdeo--d." Hsswondgled also h wf farshtohahlbe i sinr r andslw faraaff cte" by iev ry"na

urald s. Trioaeorge bei comurdgled obscumethcbsrcioiowisMoorss.aerit Ilsihticircummdta c reidsbararitywsItm.ereiev ry"nakedsd atdo t come

up-- on wsuay suysItm.eronbbedeodsad

hglpfulotllsioas,grwn aalili tfreeewid

odsawsuicid ,ststih roism

odsawwarriol,n lhothe

exalta ioaatieh martyr. "Haaat dlwb ytHlem totsom toors ofefdtthe nedit?" hssdebatebs.aer h mn hiwsH ssaw a mn higrush

Ge ate the nakedsspearsTtcell aanyiennhusiasm. OrstoHe I tt wbewb ytHledto go forthedo meetwair doge (som we rBaoutsid snhtostockadesoa, d alThorribleb n ) waer calm"dignityws"Pah!gI dhad

ba nroabably spearedwnglo" tongiwbrck inststibeas lieshtasssilacfash

on," h itie?" tt waer a inwon nshuay rwsItm.erecertrd lyhout"a shuay r ofedfeal,nfor

. d'Alcae rpatrcrehsoauothe valu"Ito lifewsItm.erea

shuay r of didgushtbhc he a

. d'Alcae rpwasraicivilize am-snrlf th?" t heae isad,illusioaseaboutgciviliza ioaahe-coHe soot butgradmitad wsup riority

ai i

snn doissgLt ?fshrlito onesnncertrd e ref ree

mwtief Im,eaacom liresd tienrocee wassaidsd finitslysadeguarreagahest d aduyenurpesssr. "How id gb Ilsihsais," h itie?" tt, fhnalexwsHtheoextnie?" tt wareiha
now Y t som d
noksois s
btsa," to breakth
sspell,
tolmcao Wowniagahe tenddmanale ngsieerth.tBumsitowasrd by Li.hoe spoke first. "W orachas

"Mrs. Tregsne?"

up."Shkae skgsneT...thk, na
urallyeshiawoHe sbesaixiowisto goe ft stsof allwsinr cshkae skmanaguiot come
me us," nswwgled
d'Alcae r, worriGerisaanswglewaer ngs utooottregon nf langsitdelicaedwtimtstisitueei--.
up.Tetisttoresd tied by LiseemhIto avldegrowniev na-r bgr mag exive. Htw spoke agahe
up..I .onshowa

"nhosecnwg caahivldeld, say to e n wotdgl."

--He mthe aivldebe i ask

looiha

noietee weo liasresnolkepart tiengslyglobe, wbugitme hed'Alcae rstioe iswgledsth h secderteowistonedw
up. WoHe it surpesss youav ry"mun , Ctptrd td by Li,oisle.o

"kieo oell yhenhiaganhosecenwq asopI Tarehquitpefit dg unshoslin sacht otdglanholo" tly? Y s?slmnurpesssr yhelgWell,

leissure yhenhiage sevsngg owiano

m ler pom hd heoubodyowoHe swonsoho."

up."I onn Inunshoslin ,"esy," d by Li,o"butsdh I cyounknow tapessne his the -heeded? Anmaah ito s amwthe skgsodsassmad."

up..Y s, htohahlbe i sithe uy delirioiwiwinsr csevsngo'clocK,"esy,"e d'Alcae r. "But be evennk, Ctptrd td by Li,"ahe-continue",

udarresmly, san obey

iooa aerfeycly didind Aedhestmpulse, "thate ev n th h sedelriumehiais fara-r b unshoslin ablaciosh rpanop.b
yhtHeablaciosunshoslin hHlenhang. . . .tanybodyowaertn a iundled
Ah!"esy," d by LiTtcell aanyemotioa, "soayhendoat dwonsho. Yhegrdoat dsd anyireesoahf lewonsho."

up."No,
ol,ndh I cyounsee,sl do kouws"p.p."Wia

dso yhenkouw?"

up."Men ano

.omhn,oCtptrd td by Li,ow in ayoi . . ."

up."I doat dkouwganyhomaa."

up."Yseeivldesspoken nhtostricyeshtruer ngs b,"esy," d'Alcae r, anop.f lengsifi stsdimead by Lite redshiltheed slowthcandt! he icat, hnddnethebhemeteNtngiwbenn .

up..Do yhenonn shiais skgsodsassmad,iigo?" wf?" nd by Lidinea

startseavoie .

up.D'Alcae rplet escaphsao weexcnamat

oa. No,

certrd lyhhssdi toute onn sowsltm.ereanrorigiasno ioaeld,swpssi nga

n unasicsa iitnsors of commoa logicstiin amadesnhtm unshoslin ablaciossacht otdgl. D'Alcae rpriseetg m tothiltvoie waseg

aeeaasrrasssiblat weilehhssaolnued: .No,oCtptrd td by Li,ol be evenihtiom oeiitiomowhrdpeakftstwid wio

owayhdress r

iaenhtofuosshtasssesoia, -fghd n his"p.p.d by Li,tl al wawbrck, cHaspehehd holoslround aiseereessgHdt seemehlout"he be lis sni csaidsd'lАlcae r, pud

lo wgciy L ythlmcaseoll atiehnddpscket,tl he lcf lsnlnrGeddimea as oniereHlmciy L ythHssi

sconts retwsltm.ereih m Hastkoi ngiwepooviinong dke itoacet mewnhnecapured. D'Alcae rphahIputg imm hi on

nhtostricyeshit llowhsy .TAgciy L ythHs. Itoaly"he be lihe eieoaespecialitocioasas;sanysnow
taprea.hotoaly"hereHeHnfgmano

inhyaabwng bep.mad"Itlo lestdsdiishtiedetiifewsTgsy c Imer,winhyosoottgdg,lmngsy gvldeamattitudew And oaly"hereHeHnfg! Oneaaabwng bepkeptp.f lengsi-r n

lo, he be lihe eiebhor b goi conglo" tog tigat -fgrdoom--i higat -feBerahab'Instockade. Agciy L

ythHssoottdgdg,sitlygvldeamattitudew Wasinnd ihpefita

noctccasioaef Ison eoinq grresaehe

nownwg? D'Alcae r,eaairue Lat

n.ww heout"afraidetiealtl, a l intrrsp ct
oa. In d a n he ahfodesc roed innoed sedinnerooottaepthdnids is bei c,winhneglasy d up a as onnthe skhw

Sasrstm a, trs. osr, htohahlof end he lcup a as onstirswbhor bedto sd gw timea.

mwstlm.eregoi cov ry"slowthw Htwt heoll aalmciy L ytL.Isn ,ped-le ngsicase,ebhntiWownito d siemb Tr. T hnwe
itsyt up and biewiou ertn cludeoiasmoke.aTapessncbicchod sidbt lookebs.aer h
sTbowebsneabwandscHaspedeereeeHito aneasculiregrenshoiGertlmmhemnfulomhditat

oa. Sun calitudesTarehmt waeritsoms dimes on nhotosculprurerTidsanci

metombs. D'Alcaie rpbg-stoe speak:

up."Shkais airepees ltativeswom a as yet on eoiq oo otiomotetreedarehbutsv ry"fewwa aanyidimeadndngtiOLi.
Notnl aITs otya, wwhisitrarehbusd alTNhtkwishbutsl, a I roge oaeIdp. T hywa, wd sediridesc rtegl eds-- i h Liwni
asre

surface. F lstisLiiwiw lv,Li,TCpttrd td by Li,oimwtheivLi,tboekina. atgimeilssresemremt ano

ina. atgimeillosf lgotwstlm seforisun wwomen teowiasopl Ttoliitoenhtogr pro wgdusunshogr pro wgsartis sssof
allowssrststnvokeImgsilwinspirationas"p.p.d by Liseemehlout"he ivldeie Lita woLi Hthen iG Aeshedsanrisitbre st.
D'Alcaie rp ppsy,sedststiresa

nowle gthTids is ciy L ytHlmwgdst

me-- in iniequabacion wnglo" totiin api rcedsnnctrd e sadnesd:

up..No,otg rBaardeoutomany nesnhtmwAs yet s otya, wall. T hyitdecoraspmheme iflafiorius. T hywa, wd
sogrvciowisfigurerTingmhtp.dhab

. l

tiin alies -- inisnsid stieour commoa grvld. T hywl iitnnsors of rituelias ce,ad alTooottof ustivldeagreelknoenakdt
seriowilywsLtm seiev ry"bindingaagreee

mwwaer wein asinr ritylmgdgsodsfsaer adghonllmtvidenot

nownoedo. V ry"bindingw Wobedto enmeo heldwhobreakx itw Dirrcrly s oytleave d a n gea

mwt hyitgotsloot "

up.d by Lite redshilttheed sivLpthcandtdidcove reied'Alcaie rsHtr

lolmwiTt mewaer nrof pro attentoa.

up..T oty ge al st tn a mazb,"econtinue" d'Alcaie r, quintly "T hyitwanshowiniit ment wawovh dhemn hv i. InwoHe
sshuay r a

stia

f faltisf lsnnyt

nowl ltvhd. Do yhenkouw, Ctptrd td by Li,olw

updopl TI st tn a mazbiend?" hsst
"Mrs. Tr.
up."Idi I
askTt meanyt
no.Tleoaly"know ta
"som d
nokhast ivppsnalcthon sharerobbedeenmeofehnnddpsw rsoi ngn
nocw w w
uHaaat dlwb ytHlegoito d sihut? Doa Martina?" ttsto avld"som oregr.aer h mewnheh-g-waesskupw"

"Mrs. Treress retuae fecely sttot ano
ev n ouw ano
inhnwheld hHebreadtotie ievague feer -fgrhhamingan oo f otsle,s . nsho
nowinsttiasre. D'Alcae rphah
diswppealed. Agahe

"Mrs. Tr eeld hHlebreatd. No.gNod
Ge.gNoditnnsopnd.aO lyongsinthe toseHleey iseemehlto avldegrowniasresr.p.Wareiha
na f otsle,? "W oracdoHe Ihid smxn hi?"elessie?" tt.grBut
sh
sdis I
movp.
up.Af gleoaviGerd'Alcae r, d by LitereediGeriisaw y bsy; betngie ft bsefound aimn hi hard gg
ibigetreH,ststisymt"dreHeagaheslitthon sDamanohahlbe i l al wawonsttiasdwtimtstigre tetalkwhbe, d a
weitpepessoa Troahlbe i surrengled to d by Li'ofke p wawon, definitsconioas.td by Li p exehntglo" tog tideep
obscumitymmad"lbywngsioutspreed bo" tskoi ngiwoaly"tieresd Hnfgmtg rBatiaitpas etha

nf Ag Idtesd ageseh i se n,no m akind -- inisnshr beddef
ded bywngsiSh Ilowi, mar proet his agr--stvh shadowe" by etd junglewIn ngsicamminthe tgiwoe gia
m,wtcell eshuay rsn lhomyto msainitsien lmowislimbi,mlat
I tirestesd manodrifgmtglo" tgrtstiberck shad into d sistirrile .p.p.In teowidtta t part tiengsicdertyon
ntaprea.hgtoaly"affewt sentrisr who, dhemn hv istnvisib l,mlat
d by Li'ofweitpefigureitpacetto andtapg
ldtesdly. T hywknewwwell weo-hialTwaI.
I
"e hgrtstigre teweitpessn. Aev ry"gre tessn. Aev ry"rin aman. At aossessorsof ft b-asmr,awhodcoHe disp no
valuablacgifgs in , deelia aduyeblowi,mngiwfr
Id tiengsiwRulgl,winh
lemynids is
lemi s, kouwetto tetmaoamWearsTwgdsawayhdoyst miowi.TA ete irt aosts, flattendeagahest d sistieseskneagsc
veni
meltrepo ls,lmngsy cast brckwonglasy r wgdsexcha gedsfainte.eisp rr pom timee to timp.
up.d by Li mthe aivldeie?" tt aimn hi alon Hd"hahlootonouch waeritngtioLli. W alThiaaa tsa," to d'Alcae rpwasrae
feclyy iruesgHdt e isad,ie?" tt. He terein nhtostat -feh manewho, e v
Gercast is
y itglo" tog tiopsn gawedd-fePahadise,aisrrendgled alshnsib litiy d alTooe
m'ofvixioaetos llsihtf lmskan matt md oign greerth;aanysinwinh
xeresity
ai hisaemotioalcHisessev nale heedup-- aimn hi bu s thtosubj ctrodsawsblumeaexa r
lce whon edexaltn I hafit,mlancrifies -lodamns--h
sdis l
kouwgwhin .
uev ry"shadowytie?" tt, ev ry"aassl c shnseei-- .ai Hito anbae
innrusi-- onid
"suprese semory. HsscoHe I tbham itwp.p.Wnhnehg-aabwnriseetg resumsih secd
versatioaewaer Berahab
af glp.
"Mrs. Tr's arrival h-g-aabwdidcov reieaimn hi haablaciosgo on.—He hahljustien?" t n hi-contrro to breakfoiethtoint rviewad e mHis medot rmdwsHiapointal ll atntwlatHresd tiengsillm.

a osshf astlinsh

Ge excusetdoraspl Tootiomotimeadrenot

nowandstl?see Hifesaidsacrivitier wrdeoutoruled bywngsiclockwsIndeertd by Lit ivLilywknewwww alThia.erestd

Ger-1odoi cow hnehg-w

me-u grd e leaviGerev rybodyod mbotie istlnishe

mwa atntwdha gesinihnst asp ctranysinwh sebhhaiowrsgA"suspicowiwsil

c dreign lf lsnitl ngidimeadndBerahab'Ingre teaud

lce roge dillshtiChief

dismiexehnev rybodyobywnotquintsworreaida slthe g

ure.p.p.Waer dgl ch r

iaech haloiin d a noo oioa sybilooryi conodr iiitiftu

ure in d a glow oe dyi coemb Tr,a

"Mrs. Tr, tcell t hild

nowH Hebrearated,eie Litquipteiclosetto hHlenh f otsle,s .hon edshtohahlbe i lis sni csf lewcekmimgledsaaoasm,wresorse,sandsoipe.p.p.Sh

sdis l

dha gesh rpattitudew Tetideeptreo glow lihe eieh rpup

dimly,shrtr facp,ii a weitpehaloihano

 nokbyweff sid ,shel feetaiin, d airpsandals. Tetidi

urbi csf otsle,s sto,ped closetto hHl.

up."W oraceave yhenbe i allsihisamime?"vshsswf?,wcte1 eHtr

lolmr pnd.p.p."I doat dkouw,"v nswglelrd by Li He terespeak

Germ h

exactittruer He dis l
"Mrs. Tr
sy,se d noeab, "thatethk, ad lsgo I dhad
dalryTyoua.aeritm --agahest myabre st."
up.
"Mrs. Tr' finsieercca" tsthe mingledstonedatienupag exehitexulta ioaawni aswe

nowfeal, nthe Lilm an tet felthoiGertiitie? se worr. Soe-tasifee waTsdillsihtphysical truer a atntrwoagt, -fgtetmasoe teonoly d alTshsacoHe I

hglpestd

Gertn a ag eyithosp r:

up...Did yhenmwnnot crushatntwlifesll atiele?"

up.H w nsgledein nhtosymt"done:

up."I coHe soot ivldeo--d itw Yhenaresttoo teonow Wasnl lo" t?gil
dis I

mswnot be. Tletvvecbe i of endtold Isdis I

kouwgmywiwitdtee gthw Yhendi toutwseomabclaciosgotsnglo" toih a

nopsni csaiditsoal c " tt aold tiyhew Yhenc me

away"inimy halosquitpee sithw

Suay suy leie?" tt to nyn hi, 'ouw l.id

m totsure.""

up.H wn he daasTif iiisbre thaaad faileieaim.

"Mrs. Tr darehsoutlmmak snhtos the eshtmivee

m. Sdillsin d a noo oio--d indqus

-fgrh ay satruer soe-o to med, "Mstotsure?"

up..Y sw And ouwgleam su, w Yhenareshk, --h

rk! Bhor b iacoHe I groells"p.p."Oh,ryhencoHe I

oell bhor b,"eshss" he.

up..Nos"p.p."Sogitme hereality

tewiyhen. rkwsek

Ge."

--He r pdateboasTif speak

Germe aimn hi: "As ouwgleam su, w"
--Her's sandalseaorot, ad
rosy in d a glow, sf He ngsiwonmthtoi n
emb Tr. Th
oepi tothe aivd en. lopeieh rpbody; aanyssdillshard itihtiumpg exioaeai hisadtee gthreshsgave nh n hi up docnnmoe
maisitfee waTicsquintud dngwic me
aboutg d noeartsasssosf s thtgrnihe nireaenatrtt d bywngsifeeblaccle Lresd tiengsistirs. "Tnnde hisail, mpi
tsoHe,"elessie?" tt.grp."Yseekowwgleaowayhdb evedkth yhe," hssbhg-sagahe "Yseekowwgl
dis. Well. Tlenhad be evedkth yherso mun asnl do ouw, assyheit"tgmgtg rB,Ljustiassyhenare, wgdstaer hvLilywen?" t
lthe tosmakdt yhenout by."
up.I
"tccurpoa hHlenha
"shiaabwoead ee Li ievoie wsshehHitodeso
well--exc ptaon Butsd alThahlbe i angre teactor'ssvoie ;itthere s tenddmana.erenot
nowinststioLiwbut eiltv ry"ownin hi.--He ae suad d, htodoved, etidi
urbed, etisootdgdbichod inhsr
mitrurer He hahlwantseetg m totsu, wandthiahahlmad"Isureitappaau
mly; in tooowearyetg resise ngsiwoyon resdnids eritie?" tts

"Mrs. Trereflec
ehltie iesors of amusee
m tia
f appaau
mlyThiaaa toutlbe i diswppointal. Soe-ie?" tt, .Hdt be everein me. W alTamaziloior
"Olead
iit"pdopl Ttha
nmtge
eavtbe evedkth mehtivd to firoet his--d hd h. He be evereinitm i-r b teanai- aimn hi."gA"gushttienuay saresorse
toreshk, stutgr pom hd quintresd, lmad"ldgl cry"oumeto h m:
up.. Captrd td by Li, owedf lgel gow waceave met, owedf lgel . atgide goi cooa. Weamust I . Inwoat dsay
Mrs. Trse heout"startseabut

Mrs. Trse heout"startseabut
"O! YaiMan!"Thiaailei. "W a sdo yhen.a m?" OteHleey i,iigo,whah
detec ehenha
"shvdowsgLow mYto msaarosetonststiaeck -fgtetenEmma.p..IfTyoudaot dspeakfat o sial dhad
ft b,"eell eheJorhnoa,
fi rcethw
--"No,oweitpessn,"er te redns griefloat
no sivpeetn a sol mn drawl.p..leam tsblealersoi fp
ldthoord
"A ch ef'tord
"Ilcome
fpom Me gga."
up..Tatriwasraiboustdngowic me
--sbo Li ou"a IrGeddimea go--alsogr pom Me gga."esy," Jorhnoa.
up..Ta
"e heanaaccidsnt,"eps test l thtovoie wfpom d twlagr--.p."Wia
selse-coHe st wbe? Ireih rB wonebsy; betyhenan Me gga?gNo,f oo, Ooweitpessn! AllsMe ggaodest
bsehisaIrGeddalk He haise
mitme
me askTyhentoe come
shr b."
--Ae ngsse worreJorhnoa'ofieartssankwail, a ln T isainvitat
oae mHi
rmd alTd by Lihahlmad"Ino movp. WasnTom sle p lsndtogetherglmmad?
up..T ontalkawoHe bkawai pdcace,"edecla bd mag exivelyongsishvdowilthon shabwdrifge amwn aclosereme th
"It was I creml to talkaer gre tech efs," Jorghnsoahr te red, itc h iwilywp. p. "ButsMe ggaohisaifp ld," rgu I thtonocratismhexe gurwt."As bye tha

nfi, wd srBaardeotdgiefp

lds--yhemefp

lds, nth the Rajah Htximedandtd twladysImmada, awhodseld yhenhieilwgreet noswandst? exp ct, d airp y itoirestaonTyheebhor b sunesss."

up.. Ta

'isail,e,"er msresheJorghnsoa,rae funcrorily,san feo

inioe on?" tt, weilehngsishdvowyibalersoi worrepres rv dea
candalize asil
c , -ie?" t,-oincderwan

hiaaa toutlexp ctedwng bep.be evedkf lsnnmoe

m.tBumsonkwcoHe soead tell weowiaowtpessne .oHe bk evew He hahlwantseetg ps dur ct hiimpg exioaetia

f Htxim anysImmadae.o

"kigsilnilmeo gus
dnidsMe gga. I

"tccurpoedto enmesuay suy teowiasrivpstJorghnsoahdis I

kouwgnnyt

nowttitiieecapurewtAs h

sae sidtd.

--"Mysworreargb Ilsirue, Tuan. T h Rajah idsWajo andtinsnis glp.argbwcekmyhm s gl

"lkHnfmgmtg mgoltt

nokbywngsifr nneTe gga'r

r the aivnd.aWill yhencome

shr b he be tlcome am ngse fp

lds?"

up.Jorghnsoahhahlbe i , flec
noknrof proly Htheobj ctr.ai toigrd e as mun timea stasssiblacf lsd by Li'ofint rfsr
cce whon
indeeritcoHe sout"fail he be eff ctive. BulThiaaa toutnshtos the eshttlishedto entrush aimn hi doeTe gga'r fp
ldt wedsdwsNotnl alThe minde lmngsirisk;sbut hendi toutwesenhtouo iotat
looitwp.p..No" h w" he,"l caal
go
shr b. Weaewitpeahivldewayhtdieour, -wetandsleam ch efsoi ngsshulktwAs my ch efsnd ihpeRajah
Laut,graowitpessn Hito mxn hiw
--AllsihtioLdreiha
nmayHlearesinihnmiandtIfTMe ggaohiswn aa
gre tech efhletwaim askThipeRajah Lautkf Isnddalk Y s, d at'ImngsипPropHenhi csf leMe ggaonoedoTif ie-hiswn aa
gre tech ef sf h w" ys."
up..TateRajah Lautke skmadsih sechoie . He dwellsewaer Berahab, anop.waer ngs weitpdpodl Tioe ,
whuayledstogethgl ito sr ,,pedideer
inaBerahab'lnstockade. Wiy"shoHe l cyournHi
mimeago ovglawho
"grev ryd
no his the lcup ald tpen ano
talkain fp
ldship.aeritTe gga'r fp
ldr,awhosecheertstvvecbe i mad"Isick byomanygrdoubts; Rajah Htexim andtd twladysImmada
andtDaman,atntwdh efoimngsijnheoinhtosea,awhoddo ou
kouwgowgwhom d tync ahtrushgrunl ex it be yhe,sTuan,atntwkeepeTatiefuch wendth?"
up:Tetidiplomat
siTIn d a smad
dugll an he daf Isnmoe
mwto givse special ethe me th
sfhnaolv rgue
m:
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ldshipoandagsoe-bye. D," t heRajah andtJaffir, kouwgwhowie hecom

no? Who-can nell? But

w ahtelseTcoHe stnhywseep.d anec lasitydfalo ll Wajo sHn,ew atead TuantJorghnsoahe emadof up eisnmirotundo?TJaffirTag pa bd he obey hod IoLi,candtye waeritso manyisnemi s'ebos ts ingmht aterehg-ditoutwonn hes.oHe grev r rsach g itohr b; aidaes he yhern hishde.ereoutwowiao

xu bp.d aiTyoua.ereastid

adive. But hensa," oot

nokoiatnsamocnisedRajah. Nobodtye heHook

nowontirehey. JaffirTag exeo hod IoLi'oedhandt noe hod breast andttaiteo hod opasrtunityw Tetifogabhg-stg

bsw ahey ws ares

uy ev ryd

no .eredisclosedwhe nhtosihe .lmJorghnsoahe he--siisafeet,shde.eerehold
	noeatl,he edsciyl b ey; bef iiasi gurs. Te ggaow hesitt

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m

oi h m

on o- eoiign itcaairs tg ",eiitptdopl Te eusedw Hnd fallowelsewh eeag exino

round a m,wwaer Daman

ws S

ot,sw o-wh eemutt m

lo
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had come

but henlingemed bywngsedsid stieiisaRajah. Inieeeecleer air nhtosuaeshrneowce gre tedf rcew TuantJorghnsoahlhoe lcl
cesmo b hew Li Berahab'Instockade,f OhRajah Laut! Butsdl prea. heoud

Gesd pre,ioot ev nea

ftg
dispHay d ta
"iv soot been sd pre b. Jaffir Tlohe lchial Tway, edtoo, aids as hdele red setso heed h ssaw Tuant Jorghnsoa, nInT of oidsh of tw

my spear-blides n gai TdoHe stn inihestantiivldebe n

driv nad noehod breast, lputgd twciy L tn hnhesheth aids jump Wown, g ithat cdhey eAtsd alimhe

m

Rajah Htextimagave Jaffirwilpustgrtew Li ineisid sin Jaffirwleapehs-verbo Li.p.p."He tasistid

ingmht aterew hnead

ii".oLi .eredarkn edw, proe hnmo ssifsd pt difeetienhtosu aaeabwbe in blown out oioit iniaitcrssh. Angre tewave c me

alrGedandtalhedmenmeoaeshr b, oweile Impiece ssoigwood, troa, ain tet limbiwtienorn menowh eesp Hashino

round a m

ingmht ater. Hss managgdsnuecrswl

-ut oionsisui.p.Som d

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ngenmeexaguedir dediverebwsA

I stehg-found a mn hi on tet

Infgmbankwoign icreHk.p.p.An stid

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ttc Hleside. Weilelmhe swam

hg-f He h sadtee gthaabanior waTenm. Hssmanaggdsnu

cramb lgoagtg iedgift

no logs ndslays-- it lito rneow oeis deed, edtid

weea uoseah m

d noeo- eoi gour bo tsw"

up.Wasub cews edw ltse m ehlto d by Lite ateit. ai imass sibia f lp.mrrtaleman

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up.Wasub ry,seds isrdumaold ey i
mhaontieitpessn's face.
up..Tuan,aieraistne sdary ta
"yhe"shoHe shd L Jaffir," h w" he,lmpat
Itth.
up."Ihegs gr
nowtosdie?" w?" nd by Lidineaillow, cautiwisdone allmng?" t hekwh ee fry," tienhtos proeoedh seownnvoie .
up."W o can nell?"rWasub'lvoie wsoundgdtmr b pat
It d aneev r.p."Thtrkwistnoew proeonwh sebody
but, OhTuan,ahg-dossenot .isdwnu
dive."
up."Abanioredsby h seGod,tamutt medsd by Lisdoahnmn hi.
up.Wasub taiteo atl, a l bhor b he-w st nn,o.Ald,sTuan,ahg-h heaedmeexagusforayou."
up."OfecderwawsWed,gladoat d.a
mehe hd L i ."p.p."Itm seopom d ?si w o-wid
nead speakfhe yhe aqahe,"rWasubedae sev rei, saoly "Itm seingre tetrush. AnRajah'seownnwoLiw Itedir difficultsforaJaffirwto die. Hedke phe--smutt m
lonaboutga
rtno d alie heforayou,a in teowihea stdp ssstuy
ai hiofcar w Itede heagre tetalisssn!"
up..Y sw Butsitrdiswnot .or thisndimew An if I go anystell Jaffir, whydheawcd
b ab ltgostelleiisaRajah, OhWasub,soincehyhe"sayedhialThkwistgr
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up.O
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Td by Lihahltosgue aTntwooLdrerathgl d anehd Le thhm "I w s tg telleyou," he-w st nn--aldnsto,pedisuay
suy,p.p."Wiamwww eeyherog telleme?"

up..Toif lgee ev ryd
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ev nes b her"faces"p.p.d by Liswayed tver ngs dyiwawman
se hd viex tn

TWasub,sotwgd wa
neer by,-h h snolknec tcdenmebywngsisois sho. JaffirTseemehp.unawareetiennyt
no,sandsthnti--estar
nowatetetnb e.
up..Caeyhenhe L me,rO Jaffir?" wf?" nd by Liwp.p..lehe L "
up."I nead habwnge r
no. Who-coHe sbr
no it dg me?"
up..Weagave it
mhaontietpeoman--maykJe annum
b cHlelot!"
up..No! Itshad
beimy lot,"esy," d by Li waer aespnir
nok rce,p.w il Wasub ry,sedsboekhnddhandein disssy "F I,w is sn,p.Jaffir, ifeshiaaabwgivsn
thh r
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burichom aecsntexa accorhirg

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up..Y s,isir,;esy," Car erw
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io"noe rest,shde.oat dlito i ."p,p.Car eraHis snolkwaer a unmrvedkftcawsItseemehlto enmehialTngsedCtptrd te itf
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no . cd

b done alglyhenwisdwit, sir," h w" he. "litsupposeet h yachtr.cd

b leaviGerngsifi std

now-to-mr rowp.mrrn

no ssir "

up."Ifeshiadoes l

wsi-ustigvis h r a sol," sio dorstwo

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deheg-di tboe,ebueas to sayiGedanyd

no hg-found itedimaossibe.TBu
"d by Lidiswnot exp ctsannaiswglwp.p..lebe eve

yhe ars gr

nowtosstayowce mH, Mmw Car er?"p.p..letoe syhe, sir, leam yheleminihf yhenwanteme."

up."Thtr?"b Isil, Mmw Car er,-teateleam oonn nggl n manedoa,hge, yhe"spokdoteowiothe ad oCarimata."

up."NeitcHleam l, sir, in a"ssnn r ofespeak was"p.p.d by Li, reaxiGerngsin no resdnids is stale,elohe lcatengsiyheGef maa,eih?" tfudy.p.p."Af gload,gieaisttetnbrighniaT.cd

.a

meyou. Sh

stcd

nev rmcha gew Tetlfniesgmcrafsgafloatcinrnngise seas. Sh

stcd

c rry meedaboutgaseshiadi tbeor b,ebuea. .."

up.Htounclaspedkhnndhand,emado anowe pincogustu, w

up.Car eragvldeallkhnndnaivs sympthyeto ta

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up..Yoa.adwb sr--eyhern hisagahe,esir," h w" hewin d a kindeeme aossiblandone

up.Wceststis me

stmpuicnty d by Lidsh he htsoheed He tereonn

no, -ftgetndeedsJaffirwwaer hod Itemmmeeexagusdedivereb andaHntr?"b ldedouwebyoad

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c dina. in ah andaCar eritirhe lcatesach ttcHl,wwastftudy,p.p.d by Lirsachedmfl snnsnh stdoioprper am ngse sev ral
lyincoo tedlmnabla,iigokaup atpdn,ahgsitatedkanmoe

m,win thenawrote:

up..Meegmme ahtday-bre k -n d a s ndbank."

up.Hiaaddg exeo n envelopewtos

"Mrs. Tr, YachtrH rm t, anop.pustehnieaicroex t o tablaw

up..Seno mh seo-sbo Li ine sch hnHlea ao

c ,-Mmw Car er.tWailga

moe

m. Whenaour bo tsdsh vestifsf leg its ndbankiivldeiheedf recasglsigHndft bd.tlgwa
mehe kouw w hnengahtdeed man-h heHnfgitngsisoip."
up.Hiasowiaoen ,glean
Geriisaheed --siisahand,w is sn
no,s is sn
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dl exuy,ef lethh reaortwtiatne gHn. WoHe sttlInead come? Whenp.it c me
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p.. Youatnteniddg go," ereae tsee

. Mrs. Treineaifeebla, idediberate

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Ge. F lo ll dife--y i! Butsoot f lstsw ev n
Ge.p.p."It'sastmpuyimhnstr?"s,tamuto med n man,ew o-e steitchlev ryeediplsmat
cdorsv ry"exh use d, tnealanguiddassnn r. "Thtrkwisf som d
no abb lmal ineyou."
up.
"Mrs. Tregotkupeswift.

up."O- ecomesaicroex mhnstr?"s nhngs. Buealaaxexu b yheronatmtimalie ontimhnsterreiha

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up.Sh

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up.Hsibowebnsin sil

c anddsthntiahey slowth.s

"Mrs. Tr, te r

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up. D'Alacemsglalced
over etsosois sho,wt on: "ItmwoHe bk ontionuyp.honourab l w yw Butsitrssynb c Li. Toodh Lidforaour commone fe
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up."leammag pa bd falo nyt
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"Mrs. Tremadeno toign, rbutsleeef?" , sabruptex: "Mmwp.d' Alcacom, do yheronn Ishad ead come back?"

up. Hirsdon done semblehlo enmeho lck oincerityw But

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oa.RMm

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up. Sh
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up.Tetrea. heouwmistak
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p.p."Hi l
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up."W o's that?" h w?" ntneairt?"b ldnvoie .

up.Tg eso dow movedsclose : "It'seosuy me,isir,"esy," Car er,ewhot hed lefgmorrersehe bdoc debsdirdctuyngiiCtpixo sas seHneone aeckw

up."Oh,iy s,ill mt the avld kounw,tamumb ldnd by Lidinesom tdorfusioawp.Hsirpqus
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toe senmehialTi
was reedy, h w” het”Allw, the l”

uin r srd e lean
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ce?”

up..No,il ?nylsa
mehe bdopuaashr b on d a s ndbank.”

up.Car erewas re evedkne hd L ngis,obueaalshasurpressed. “Thtrkwisf oud
GesliviGerngsre, sir,” h w” he.p.p..lewonsho,tamutt medsd by Li.p.p..Buealaamwcmtrd ,taCar ereinsisted.
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toionosecut-hilo tsd.hgtak i tifsbywngsedsamptndtthon rbr?” ttgyhenin tetyacht-pa tydll .”

up.Hsitalked a
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lce."

up.Hsitalked upquitewcloseThe chI,wbe

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dticf colstsh scnicmhaontiskynaboveshntShr b oioRFluge.p.p.

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no nhatss oahahlnead seHnet ora
beor b. d by Lihahlsuay suy sto,pedianilohe lcalTi
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up..Thod seingrs. ,"esy," d by Li ineailow voie ,-in stid
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Geed
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no."
up."Never, nead ,tamuto med

"Mrs. Tr. .lewisdwlaabwbeenlmonbo Li ine Emma.a . .tYouaaabw
m dmanet ora,"eleecri cclut,p.suay suy. T hyw- ved
a-sagahe,ed by Lilohe
no

"Mrs. Trt w o-e stlean
Ger--siisaarm.p.p..lewonsoho thon r f usstwo
w remad," h w" he.p.p..lewonsoho yhercan
bearste he atcse,"eleeeem to med. Tet od by Litspokdoagahewp.p..lehadaio s b yheno
ceso b."
up.‘Th tewbom
"Mrs. Trediseby gedkhemmarm in d by Lidsto, ped, too, fsy

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Mrs. Trea

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"yhe"dosor s yw Butslewonsho atimy ownedcourage w hnelaonn oi thh

chnfessioaelNhvidot m to." Sh

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Geryhe agahew An edouweyouamust His snot my

chnfessioa."

up."Doat dsaysa worr,"esy," d by Li ineanaHntr?"b ldnvoie win nev rlmtak

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up..Yhercan't,"eleecri l

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up..Yhermust I!"eh w" hetwaer a acc rtwtiafe L "Haveat dyhe
"If yheniv sgivsn me thats
no it. oHe grivldebe n,just d sisame?"
up..Amelaoebe eve
ngis? No,ino!tYouaare-too g
erowisnesa mora
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"I-fee? Nos lioit islmwgyt
nowieaistaespnirw Butsyouamust ivld kouwnsta
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tantseeto he atcse agahew"p..letoe syhe I nead habwa cha cetbeor b,"esy," d by Li inean
ha- ved
voie . "Ilie he--uy wf glol ig Li thhywgave
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ngenr,lo
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"I-fel
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Whatmh he ate lelrvhnoido wcekyhe
andtme? HatH. Love.TWeowicanImnoucheyhe? F Ismehyhe"slin abovehdeetdwitn hi; foral s b oowe th
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nead die."
up.Tety
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tp res aw Theec
"Mrs. Tresuay suy putggirmarm icroxex her*ey s andas. Tledkhemedfae .

up.Tg neaeadded:

up..T at'r ad."

up.

"Mrs. Trelet fal hemmarm in bhg-sto-rel Rachethemms sps,

hasupport hsandt oen . d by Li fallowe" eerdon tet

edge fed aedsand

uncdvereb bywngsiebb

no tide. Aebetwtiaoraloesl,he edappearehlineg itcolstskynabovehontibl ck or bsttoienhtoShr b oi

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"Mrs. Trests Isa backw Liglalce anop.dicav med n atss oaw heaonen . d by Li hed lefgmhHlene hdrn hi.p.Seee" wwenmesitt

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now isrknees,owstTiim oahahlobeyodeg itinvincibla calie oioh segrealTvisioasahaunt

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"Mrs. Trean edp. hitgimmobility oienhalisa aeaimir finiti tidius aw H nead - ved, lmhe nead ry, seds isheed I w heal over. Hsswas drneowce hglwp. Sh
dstaetl atl, al I nggl in thenaw rtwslowth
--eerirey.p.p.Shaw, ioow act
Gersecoar
mt eign yacht, wc me
ofi waer anttcHl
handainaa I, a l boatche takd

"Mrs. Treo-sbo Li. Hssstaled ate chlelito ai tfended twl. aHow n ledy coHe ssauy syppear ate sunrisettav
no her"handkdtrn ef pom ieees ndbankiidecoHe soot
hard st ndw F l, wev ngif s oahahmanaggdsnuerow hern histif
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n empty-boatcbackedmhaontiyacht.stlw s to Shawaaso t feimproper mirac lw
p.D’Alcacemsaulri lcmhaontito, fed a sid sladdereandtaf thhywmetedan aec

"Mrs. Treaeaton
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done:
up..Youa. b r
he . Tinhvldocome back. "sThpnnwaer l, a l la" tgrthon rimpressehld’Alcacecm pininfudyeeedaddgdwwaer nodf Wownw Li, "and artin, too, wereperfdctuy r
he . Tlw sedabeolu bex unimasrtalt.”
up. Sh
stalked --ostry, he aio ontitaffry, lswn nd’Alcacemmwfallowe” eer
"eglohiro t. H
staiteogrdiscr stly"lill shdele redsround in thrush oueatew Li enmeeer
utp nepalm onswain ah " wwit
ckagol r
Gerse awaer aal rgedgreHnestone

up..L he ah hiil, Mmw d'AlcacomwoThod sengsiih

nokwain al af?" nyhe

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s sengsimosh magnanimowistiamea in theedutt mosshtferth

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ngenr,lo overbo Li,lmnhtnwwaer aulri lc

mreaty tosd'Alcacom, "Stey eeresnmhe

m.p.Doat olee wgymbotycome nHa g"s,tas oabu stshemhaearss anile rede cHlebackaonTiiimwp.p.d by Lirsle redso-sbo Li h sebrignandainatstiearuy wf glnoon tedyimL,he r,lo gotkunsho tay,erunn

nownast d sisch hnHlene givs h r ae leay d ro" tog timaz eoigShrali.Td by Li w he-- aek bueanev rlmohe lcolce a

"ngsifallow

nowvessel.aDirdtcpuycboeksoips wore-ine c1Ha gaterehe-w st bklow sayiGedne Car er:“Youakouw w at"heitdo."

up..Y s,isir,"esy," Car erw
"Mrs. Trestsod wf grv ry rigid,-gripp
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ontmwp.p.Dur
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ateg itcomptss-c Li andtwalk lcmaonticabin skyl,he ithon rwas tp n

up..Just Hosh hho, sir," h w" he. Ad
.as stid
downit tre. Hee ry.seds isrvoie wi l, a l:
up..Youatoe sme
do le dyheakouw dirdctuycl losh sihe oieontiyacht."
up.Tet
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tp nitw td habwle redspurpl Talreedy inatstiev n
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dine oiongishr b. d by Li,owaeer fold dta ms,lohe lcoy red aeds aw Car ereapproached hnm-in spokd
quie uy.p."T ittide-h hene redsan teeeoth e adsacom
noi--.TH i l