

he did. But though it relieved his feelings, and gave him the gratification of knowing that there were others at Cliff House more gloomy than he was, it did not mend matters. And a time of retribution was coming for Elisha.

The Boat Adrift—The Red Light—Picked Up—Bound for the Antipodes.

BUT it is Dick Trevelyn whom we must now follow.

Possessed with the fixed idea of escaping from Cliff House at any cost, Dick had given no thought to the perils of his reckless embarkation.

And now it was too late to think of it. The Devon coast was sinking out of view. Dusk was deepening on the sea. Before him lay the Atlantic. No means now of returning even if he had wished to do so.

Samuel, still a little dazed, sat up in the bows, and stared at Dick. Dick was pale. But his hand was firm upon the tiller.

"Look here! What are you up to, you whelp?" blustered Samuel. "You'll get us both drowned before you're done! Turn the boat round at once!"

"Don't be a fool, Carker!" said Dick calmly. "If you use your eyes you will see that there are no oars in the boat. Even if there were we couldn't make head against this tide."

Samuel turned as white as a sheet.

"Then—then we're drifting out to sea!"

Dick nodded.

Samuel sat petrified with terror. He had heard of boats lost at sea. Thoughts of starvation, of cannibalism, crowded confusedly into his mind. He crouched, crushed with fear.

Dick was not without dread. The situation was terrible. But even then he would not have exchanged it for Cliff House and the slashing cane of Elisha Carker. Come what might, he did not regret the step he had taken. As for Samuel, he had only himself to thank for his misfortune. It

served him right, and Dick had no pity to waste upon him.

The night was dark, but fine. Few stars shone over the shadowed waters. Dick kept a keen watch for ships' lights. The boat was in the track of ships coming from the Bristol Channel. He had strong hopes of being picked up. Other hope of life there was little.

It was about midnight when he saw a red gleam rising out of the blackness to the north. His eyes were strained with watching. The red danced and flickered to his vision. He closed his lids, and kept them closed for a full minute, then looked again steadily. His hopes had not deceived him. It was really a light, burning now nearer and clearer.

A ship, yet invisible, was advancing over the dark waters, its red eye, as it were, gliding forward upon its hidden route.

Dick's heart beat almost to suffocation. The red light meant life instead of death.

"Carker!" The bully, smitten with a kind of palsy by fear, sat motionless, his face in his hands. "Carker, rouse yourself! There's a ship yonder! We are saved if we can make them hear our voices!"

Samuel raised his haggard face. Dick pointed to the red light.

"She must pass very close to us. I've no doubt we shall make them hear."

Samuel nodded sullenly.

Close came the red light.

"Ahoy!" shouted Dick, with his hands hollowed before his mouth. "Ship ahoy! Help! Help!"

Then both went at it, shouting together with all the strength of their lungs. Far into the night rang their voices. Still the red light kept steadily on. If the course were not altered the vessel would pass them probably at a mile's distance. And they had no means of propelling the lazily floating boat!

Carker gave a groan of despair and flung himself down.

"It's no use! It's no use! They can't hear us!"

"Get up! They may hear us yet!" Carker did not stir. Dick kicked him. "Get up, you whining coward, and shout!"

Thus adjured, Samuel obeyed. Again, in shout after shout, they flung their voices into space.

"Hurrah!" yelled Dick suddenly.

"How do you know—?" began Samuel. "Can't you see the green light? They've changed their course!"

The green starboard-light, as well as the red port-light, could be seen from the boat. The ship was heading directly for them.

Filled with renewed hope, the jags redoubled their exertions. With wild, heart-breaking anxiety they watched the gleams of green and red. One or the other vanished at intervals as the ship stood this way or that in her patient endeavours to locate the boat.

But all the time they came nearer and nearer, till at last Dick could see other lights, and the dim outlines of a three-masted brig with her courses and topsails set.

"Help, help!"

(To be continued.)

Next Week's Story.

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