DIRK, THE SEA DANDY.
Dirk, the Sea Dandy;  
OR,  
HUNTER-PARD BEN.

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"THE BOY PROSPECTOR," "KENTUCKY BEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.  
THE AMATEUR HUNTER.

A fine-looking boy of sixteen, with light-brown hair, blue eyes, and ruddy cheeks was walking up the slope of one of the wooded hills, just south of Mt. Olympus, in Washington Territory. The garb of this youth, consisting of a brown cloth hunting-suit, set off the proportions of a wiry, compact form, well fitted for the endurance of fatigue or any other hardship. In a leather belt about the waist of the lad, was a knife having a carved handle, on his shoulder rested a fine rifle, whose polished barrel glistered like silver, and a well-stocked, waterproof ammunition-pouch was slung at his side.

He moved with a quick, springy step, his gaze fixed intently on the ground, which, softened by recent rains, bore upon it the footprints of two animals.

"If here are not a bear's tracks, then I can't tell what they are. I'm no Western boy—that's a sure thing; I wish I was; then I'd know about these marks as quick as a flash. There are no bears in New York, except those in the menageries, and in Wall street."

Thus commenting, he hurried on, until at length he came to a lofty rock, where the tracks of the animals were lost. About this rock huge granite fragments were piled in picturesque confusion, and as some of them formed a good foothold, the boy proceeded to climb them.

Finally, arrived at the summit of the elevation, he looked about him in vain for any signs of the objects that had brought him to track.

"Here I've followed those confounded marks, which I first saw this morning, close to the door of my 'shanty,' for about four miles, only to be balked in the end."

As he spoke his gaze was suddenly fixed upon something resembling the branch of a tree, protruding from a hole, among the rocky fragments. In fact it was the horn of a deer, which was trying to move a large bowlder that had fallen over the entrance of a hollow, after the creature had passed through it.

"Not much skill wanted to shoot game at such close quarters," muttered the boy, as he pointed his rifle toward the protruding horn. The sharp ring of the piece was heard, and the horn was withdrawn from the crevice.

"I've shot him through the head," continued the lad, as he peered through the crevice, to see the deer lying motionless on its side.

He now attempted to pull the bowlder from the entrance to the hollow so as to get at his prize. The piece of rock being heavy, he was a long time in moving it from its place. At last, however, he succeeded in rolling it over to the edge of the rocky shelf on which he stood, and which overlooked the base of the rocks he had mounted.

Just as he seized the horns of the deer, which was a small one, and was about to haul it from the hollow, he heard an angry growl, apparently behind him.

Turning, he then beheld, to his dismay, a huge black bear, which had already commenced to mount the pile of granite fragments, evidently to dispute with him the possession of his game.

"Here's the meaning of the other tracks I saw," muttered the lad. "That bear has been chasing the deer, and only abandoned the pursuit when the creature got shut up in the hollow."

He took careful aim and fired, but it chanced that, just as he pulled trigger, the bear trottled behind one of the rocky fragments, which it must pass on its way to the ledge above.

"Missed, by all that's good!" cried the boy, as he again began to reload. "Well, never mind, there'll be a show for two or three shots before that big, clumsy brute can climb so far!"

In this he was mistaken. The bear came on with a celerity which seemed truly marvelous, considering its bulk. He was, in fact, nearly eight feet long, and although rather lean about the loins, the rest of his body was well filled out. The lad hoped he would not again miss his aim, as the steepness of the rocks above him would prevent his retreating from his shaggy antagonist.

Hastily reloading, he fired at the brute, which was now less than two yards below him. The animal caught the bullet glancingly on the jaw, for it had given its head a jerk as the weapon was discharged. With a fierce growl, the creature was about to draw itself up on the ledge, when the boy made a blow at its throat with his knife, but it seized the blade in its strong teeth, and, tossing it contemptuously to one side, came on.

The boy now found himself cornered. The bear gained the ledge, and was about to deal him a stroke with one of its claws, when the crack of a rifle sounded, not far off, and down went the huge beast, rolling off the ledge to the bottom of the elevation, as a bullet passed through its head.

Before it could rise, a tall, nimble young hunter appeared from behind a clump of earth, not far off, and plunged a long knife again and again into the brute's body.

"Stranger," he cried, "I reckon this b'ar belongs to me by rights, but I don't mind goin' halves with yer, seefin' as yer've had some trouble with the animal."

"You are welcome to the whole of him," answered the boy, laughing, "The wonder to me is, that I didn't get a good shot at him when I had the chance."

"Well, I'm obliged to yer fur givin' me the animal, which is a windfall, as b'ars ain't comin' hyar, so near the coast."

"I don't think I could do too much for you, anyway," answered the boy, "as you have saved my life."

"I've s'arved myself in doing so," replied the hunter, as he proceeded to skin the beast.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow.
wearing buckskin shirt and leggings, with a belt about the waist. His face, tanned by exposure, was good-natured and handsome, with a long, brown mustache; and his eyes, clear and penetrating, were of a dark-gray color. Although but eighteen years of age, a certain compression of the lips gave him the appearance of being older.

"The buck's a good haul for me," he went on, after he had skinned the animal, "though the fact is, I come to these parts to try my hand at sea-otter fishin', fur them critters is fetchin' a good price in the market, jest now.

"You're an experienced hunter—I can see that," said the boy.

"I reckon you're about right. Injuns, as well as many o' the settlers, has heerd of Ben Beaver, which is my name."

"My name is Frank Foster, and I'm lately from New York City. As I'm green at huntin', I would like to put myself under your tuition."

"Whar do you live?"

"My father was a good hunter. He come on here, when I was a child, bought a piece of land not far from the coast, and put up a small house. My mother died soon after he went away, and as soon as I was old enough to leave school, my father sent for me to come on here. Before I arrived, he also died, and was buried; so that I'm now living all alone. It is a sort of hermit's life, although now and then some of my neighbors visit me. I wish you would make my house your home while you are hunting for otter-skins."

"I've heerd o' yer father—Jim Foster, as he war called, and I know he was an honest, open-fisted chap. The last I heerd speak on him, he war goin' to start a salmon factory."

"That fell through. The man he was going into partnership with was killed in a quarrel with some Chinamen near Fortland. Come, now; say you will stay with me at my house," added Frank, holding out his hand.

The hunter cordially grasped it. "I don't accept yer offer, and any little instructions 'bout rifle-shootin' and so on, I shall be 'most glad to give yer."

The bear having been skinned and cut up, Ben Beaver soon after inflicted the same treatment upon Frank's deer.

Before night the boy had procured a horse from a neighbor, and the meat and skins of the two slain animals were conveyed to the lad's house.

CHAPTER II.
THE SEA-MOLE.

Frank Foster's house, situated about two miles from the sea-coast, was a story and a half high. A rude fence inclosed a small space of ground, back of the building, and upon this land there was a shed, in which the two boys now deposited the skins of the deer and the bear. There were cooking utensils in the house, and the lad, assisted by Ben, proceeded to prepare a repast.

The boys were soon enjoying a good dinner. "Tell me some of your hunting adventures," said Frank, as the two partook of their food.

Ben held suspended upon his fork an enormous chunk of steak, which he had been about transferring to his mouth.

"That's a time fur everything," he said, "but I'll be dog-gone ef that time are when yer's pitchin', plum center, into a good squar' meal! At sech times my facilities is all centered on the subjoe' in hand, whether it be buffalo meat, pilied mush or muskrat?"

Having thus delivered himself, the young hunter continued to eat with great energy, and did not utter another word until the meal was finished. He then proceeded to "jerit" some of the deer and the bear's meat, showing Frank how to perform the operation in the most expeditious manner.

Strips of the meat having been salted and cooked over the fire, were made ready for stowage in the boys' wallets.

"Bizzenz is bizzenz," said Ben, a few hours later. "Ef yer like, yer kin now go with me arter sea-otter. The critters is mighty skers nowadays, but I've heerd that some on 'em bey lately been seen on the coast, and I'm goin' to look fur 'em."

The two setting out, finally reached the coast.

"I have a canoe of my own," said Frank. "He went to a pile of rocks not far off, and, from a hollow, drew forth a neat canoe."

The lads entered it, and were soon paddling along shore.

They had not proceeded far when Ben whispered to his companion to work his paddle without noise.

"Do you see anything?" inquired Frank.

"Yes, that's an otter, rubbin' his head ag'in one of them rocks, ahead."

Noiselessly paddling, the two were finally close enough to the creature to deal it a blow.

Ben struck it on top of the head with his rile, killing it instantly.

"Don't let the canoe drift into that current," said the hunter, alluding to the strong tide which was setting rapidly around one of the rocks toward a whirlpool about seven fathoms from the shore.

As he spoke, he proceeded to haul the otter into the vessel. The creature was a large one, with soft, silky fur, which Ben at once perceived was the best of its kind.

Gazing toward the animal, Frank forgot to use the caution necessary at this place, and the canoe, caught by the dangerous current, was borne swiftly along toward the whirlpool. All efforts of the boys were useless. Straight toward the whirlpool the light craft was drawn.

Ben pulled a rope from his wallet, and, making a noose, tried to throw it so that the loop would catch on a projecting column of rock. But the rope fell short.

"It are all up with us!" he cried. "No one ever got into that 'farnal hole and come out alive."

With lightning rapidity the canoe was drawn on toward the foaming whirlpool. It had nearly reached the edge of it, when the next moment have been carried under, but for the unexpected assistance the lads received from a person whose canoe now came shooting from round a high rock, which hitherto had concealed him from the boys. The end of a rope, thrown
Hunter-Pard Ben.

by the new-comer, was caught by Ben, after
which the rescuer fastened the other end about
a jagged column of rock, against which he
quickly directed his vessel. All that was now
necessary was a long, vigorous pull on the line,
by means of which the imperilled craft was
slowly but surely drawn against the tide to the
rocks on which stood the stranger.

He was a wild-looking creature of dwarfish
stature, with monstrous naked feet and breast,
tangled hair falling about his brow and eyes,
enormous ears, and a face of a yellowish, cop-
pery hue, shaped something like that of a horse.

His eyes, keen and penetrating, flushed with
a sort of maniacal glare, and his large, open
mouth, disclosing huge white fangs, gave him
the appearance of a wild beast. A strip of
woollen cloth about the loins, and an old, tat-
tered blanket, hanging from his shoulders, con-
stituted his only garb. There was a broad belt
about his waist, and this, besides the long knife
he carried, contained a few shells and fragments
of rock, which hung dangling by pieces of
twine.

"By the 'tarnal!' cried Ben, as the two boys
gazed with surprise upon the singular being,
"whoever yer be, yer've snorkled us most beyoo-
tiful out of that 'tarnal whirlpool!"

The stranger grinned hideously.

"Good," he said, in a voice which gurgled like
that of a drowning man. "The Sea-Mole is
glad to save the white boys, for they will give
him something to eat. The Mole lives under
the water, and he is tired of eating fish; he
would like some deer-flesh!"

The speaker opened his mouth, after he spoke,
and pointed down his throat.

"Good Lord, Injun!" cried Ben, "of Injun
yer be, which I take are the case, though you
aren't much like them I'm used to, don't open yer
mouth so wide, as it are naturally big enough
for an oven already. Don't yer go to talkin'
'bout livin' under water, neither, which are
simply impossible for any human critter!"

"Ugh!" ejaculated the strange being. "The
home of the Wakash is deep and dark, but there
is light there, too. The Wakash loves his home."

"Wakash?" said Ben. "That's not more'n
five or six of the tribe livin' now, somewhar
about the coast, near Vancouver Island. Are
you a Wakash?"

"The Sea-Mole is a Wakash. Come, will you
give him meat? He is very hungry. If not
give, then he go back to his water-hole."

"Lord bless yer, Injun!" cried Ben, "I never
yet refused white man or red a morsel of flesh.
Yer shall have it, if yer'll go with me to my
quarters," and he looked inquiringly at Frank.

"He is heartily welcome to go home with me,
and eat at my table, as long as he likes," said
Frank, who really pleased the Indian.

"Good!" cried the Sea-Mole, and, leaping on
the rock, he began to throw up his arms and
sing.

Ben leaned over and whispered:

"The poor critter are half-crazy. Lord love
yer! It's the first time I ever see'd a crazy
Injun!"

The two canoes having been securely moored
in a hollow among the rocks, Ben proceeded to
skin his otter.

He did this by cutting the skin loose around
the vent and then sliding his knife up the tail.
The skin, having been freed, was carefully
peeled off by being drawn backward and for-
ward, as far as the head, when a cut being made
about the eyes and mouth, it was drawn entire-
ly off.

The lads, accompanied by the Wakash, made
their way to the house, where Frank treated
his guest to the best his table afforded.

When the strange being had finished his meal
he opened a pouch hanging by a string about
his neck and presented a piece of quartz-rock to
each of the boys. This quartz was of a bluish
hue, streaked here and there with a substance
of a yellowish-red color.

"Gold! by the 'tarnal!' cried Ben, spring-
ing excitedly to his feet. "Whar on 'arth did
yer git it, Injun?"

"The Sea-Mole can get plenty more!" was the
answer.

"You kin? Whar?"

A cunning leer crossed the face of the Wa-
akash.

"The Sea-Mole not tell; but if the white
boys can follow him, it is well. He has sworn
to his fathers that he would never tell the gold
secret, and he never will. Where he lives, the
light of gold flashes all around him!"

"You say we kin follow yer? Go on, then,
and we'll do it," cried Ben.

"No, the Wakash must first get far ahead of
the white boys. Then they may follow."

"Well, away yer go!" cried Ben, eagerly.
"Drat me ef I hunt fur sea-otter or anythin'
else while that's a prospec' of findin' gold!"

"The Sea-Mole would like to rest," said
the Indian, "for he has come far to-day, but he
will go away if the white boys want him to."

Hang it, not," cried Frank, "you can stay
here as long as you like."

"The white boy is good, and the Wakash
will not forget it," said the Indian. He re-
mained at the house until the following morn-
ing when he started off before the boys were
awake.

CHAPTER III.

THE PURSUIT.

Frank, stretched on a mattress near the
hunter, was the first to open his eyes. Looking
toward the blanket, on the other side of the
room, where the Indian had been lying, he
noticed his absence.

He at once aroused Ben, and told him that
the Wakash was gone.

"Thunder! yer don't say so? Then that's no
time to lose. We ought to her kept a better
watch of that crazy coon."

The two having dressed themselves looked
out of a window, to see the Indian almost out of
sight in the distance.

Ben hastily stuffed a supply of venison into
his wallet, which already contained some corn
and meal cakes. Then, snatching his rifle, he
started off at a pace which Frank, who had
locked up the house and followed him, found it
hard to equal.
The Wakash kept on with the speed of a deer, and was in his canoe, gliding along the coast, before the boys could reach the shore. Finally they entered their light craft, and both seizing paddles tried to overtake the Indian.

"Thar he goes out of sight in the mist," cried Ben, "but I'm hopin' it'll soon clear, and then praps we kin keep him in sight. Ef we kin only do that, we'll track him to the gold cave."

"Do you believe his story about the gold?" said Frank. "Remember his mind is not altogether right."

"One thing is certain. I kin tell gold 'quarts' when I see it. What can hehev got that gold?"

"From the mountains, perhaps."

"No, no. Them 'quarts' come from under water, I'm shore. Thar's green threads of seaweed stickin' to 'em."

The mist slightly clearing, a few minutes later the boys caught a glimpse of the dwarfish figure of the Indian, as he passed round the angle of a ridge of rocks, projecting far out into the sea. The next moment he was hidden by the rugged mass. Just then the wind commenced blowing a furious gale. The two boys exerted themselves with might and main, but, before they could reach the shore, a huge wave swept them like lightning past it, and the canoe nearly overturning, Frank was thrown out, headlong, his skull coming in such violent contact with a rugged projection, that he was stunned. Ben quickly bending sideways, clutched the drowning youth by the collar, and, with one powerful jerk, pulled him into the light vessel. Then, again having recourse to his paddle, he prevented the canoe from swamping by keeping its head to the sea.

"By the roarin' cataract!" cried the hunter, "that's some difference in workin' these craft on the sea and on a stream. Them long, sweepin', tumblin' waves is bad fur paddles!"

As the storm roared around him and the canoe was driven further out at sea, Ben found it difficult to manage the frail craft, which was tossed about and hurled here and there like a cork. Frank had come to his senses, but he sat staring about him, bewildered, while the blood trickled from the wound on his head. The young hunter tied him, with a piece of rope in the canoe to one of the thwarts, to prevent his being swept overboard.

Meanwhile the storm continued to rage. The seas became more violent, and as Frank, in his present condition, could give Ben no assistance, the tracker feared that the canoe would soon be swamped. The vessel, nearly full of water, was now far from the land, which could be dimly seen, many miles to windward, and, about an hour later, it was no longer in sight through the flying rack. As he gazed to leeward, the hunter suddenly uttered a joyful exclamation, on seeing a small, topsail schooner, which had hitherto been concealed from his sight by the mist, lying, hove to, not a quarter of a mile off.

"Hillo—hillo!" he shouted, "hyar's two swamped mortals wantin' help! A rope, that! Come and throw us a rope!"

A man came to the rail and peered through the mist.

"Hyar! this way—hyar!" continued Ben, as the canoe was swept on.

A few minutes later, the schooner swung alongside of the swamped craft, and a rope being thrown, Ben made it fast about his breast, under the arms. Then cutting his companion clear of his lashings, he seized him in a vice-like grasp, and shouted to the schooner's men to haul. They pulled vigorously, and when the hunter was half-way up, they relieved him of his human burden.

Frank, nearly unconscious, was laid on deck; and as Ben climbed aboard, a youth of eighteen came toward him from aft.

This youth was attired rather fancifully in an embroidered jacket, lined with otter fur, flowing blue pants, and a jaunty blue cap. He was a little above the middling size, with round, well-molded limbs, chest and throat, the latter being fully revealed by a broad, open, white collar, having a loose necktie in front. His complexion was dark, and he had a handsome, oval-shaped face, glowing with healthy color.

"Hillo! hyar's a sea-dandy, shore enough," thought Ben; "but thar's too sharp a snap in his black eyes fur him to be an honest chap, ef I aren't mistook?"

"Well, what's the news? Blown out to sea, I suppose?" said the young fellow, smiling.

"You're right thar, but I don't know as thar's anythin' particlar amusin' 'bout the thing," answered Ben, noticing that the smile remained even when the sailor looked down at Frank, who, with his blood-stained brow and his wild, delirious eyes, presented a pitiful appearance.

"You'll remember that I am captain of this craft," said the sailor youth, drawing himself up, "Captain Dirk Derrick."

"I won't be likely to forget it, yer kin be shore," said Ben, as he raised Frank to his feet.

"But kin yer do nothin' for this poor pard of mine? You kin see he needs help."

"I have not long been captain," answered Dirk. "John Loomis was captain until two days ago, when he was killed by falling from aloft, and of course, as I was his first officer, I stepped into his shoes," added the speaker, with an air of satisfaction.

"Well, what hav that to do with yer helpin' my pard?"

"Only this, Lucy Loomis, the Cap's niece, may not care to have that distressing object in the cabin."

"On the contrary, I insist on his being taken there," was spoken in a gentle, feminine voice; and turning, Ben beheld a lovely English girl of fifteen, wearing a black dress and neat, white collar, the latter having a brown bow. The girl was a brunette, with a bright, piquant face, which, however, was now clouded by the sadness caused by her uncle's late, painful death. She showed much sympathy for Frank, and the peculiar look of interest with which a girl gazes upon a young and prepossessing face might have been noticed in her soft, dark eye; or—of his lashings.

"Thanks," said Ben, bowing and lifting his coon-skin cap. "Yer kin see he needs help."
"Have him brought into the cabin at once, Dirk," said the girl, "and lay him in my berth."

"In your berth?" cried Dirk, with a dark flush.

"Yes, in my berth, because it is the most comfortable one in the cabin."

"You seem to take a great interest in the fellow," said Dirk. "However, I will do as you say."

Frank was conveyed to the cabin.

"You must come, too," said Lucy, looking at Ben. "He will miss you, if he does not see you the moment he is better."

Ben was soon by the side of his friend, whose head Lucy now bathed with water and camphor, while a black stewardess administered brandy with a teaspoon.

The boy began to rave deliriously, about the Wakash and the gold cave.

"What he says has a good deal of truth in it, I believe," remarked Dirk. "I saw that canoe he speaks of in the distance, just before the storm came on, and, if there's gold in prospect I'm bound to have my share!" he added, his eyes shining with a greedy expression.

CHAPTER IV.
LEFT ON THE ROCKS.

The storm continued all day and also through the night. Quarters for Ben were found in the forecastle, and Lucy having, as stated, given up her berth to Frank, slept in a room next to that of the stewardess. Before night the injured boy had stopped raving, and had sunk into a deep slumber. From this he did not awake until morning, when he was able to rise, and appeared to be as well as ever.

A good breakfast was prepared for him and Ben.

"Hey the weather cleared yet?" inquired the hunter of the young captain, after the meal was finished.

"It will soon be clear," answered Dirk, dryly, as he went on deck.

Ben and Frank also went up, and as the mist was blown away, they saw the land about half a league distant off the lee bow.

"There is the canoe, now, with the Sea-Mole in it," said Frank, pointing out the light vessel and its occupant, close inshore.

"We would like to go ashore," the hunter said to Dirk, who stood not far off.

"Would you? Well, you shall be accommodated," answered the captain, with a peculiar smile.

He then gave orders to his mate to back the main topsail, and to lower a boat.

As the two boys stepped into the boat, Lucy came to say good-by.

Dirk then placed himself in the stern-sheets, and gave the command to pull ahead.

"Which way are you going?" inquired Frank, noticing that the boat was headed toward a point, not far from which a number of Indian tents could be seen.

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," answered Dirk.

"What in thunder do yer mean?" cried Ben.

"Aren't it jest as easy to land us further down the coast? Them tents, ef I aren't mistook, is a camp of the Flatheads, which ain't over friendly to this child."

"We are not going to land you among the Indians," replied Dirk. "You'll see where we are going to place you before long."

The boat was headed for a group of rocks, about twenty fathoms from the shore. Finally it grated against one of the rugged masses, and the boys were then told that they might step out of the boat.

Ben said he would prefer being taken ashore further down to being left here on the rocks.

"We haven't the time," answered Dirk. "We will not pull a fathom further!"

"Seems to me you're a mean sort o' varmint," said Ben. "How are we to git ashore, with them Injuns watchin' us? They're my mortil enemies, as I told you afore."

"If you don't get out of the boat, we will pitch you on the rock!" cried Dirk.

"Yer better try it!" said Ben, fiercely. "By the 'tarnall ef you lay a hand on me, I'll yer heart o' yer!"

Dirk drew a pistol, and an affray would doubtless have ensued but for the sailors, who advised the hunter to step quietly out of the boat.

As the young captain had pocketed his weapon and sat down, Ben was finally persuaded to leave the vessel. Frank followed him, and the boat was pulled back toward the schooner, Dirk meanwhile watching through a small spy-glass the distant canoe containing the Wakash.

"I see through the varmint," said Ben to his companion. "He has put us hyar so that he kin have a better chance to track that Injun and get to the gold cave, 'fore we do!"

"Yes," said Frank, "that is his intention I have no doubt, but I hope the Wakash will balk him."

Ben looked toward the camp of the Flatheads.

"I believe them niggers sees us," he said, "but they won't try to come out hyar until dark. Ef you war stronger, we mout's swim ashore, 'fore they come, but yer's too weak fur that, yet."

"I can try," said Frank.

"No, no, it won't do; yer's not fit fur it," answered Ben, surveying the pale face of his companion.

The boat, soon after, reached the schooner which was then headed for the canoe containing the Wakash. A fog finally hid the vessel and also the Sea-Mole's little craft from the gaze of the two boys.

"Think I see somethin' comin' this way," said Ben, two hours later.

"It is a boat, with some one in it!" cried Frank.

The wind was blowing almost a gale, and as the sea was heavy, the person in the boat had difficulty in working the craft.

"A gal, shore as you're alive!" said Ben, a few minutes later, as the light craft, emerging from the thin strip of mist which had hitherto partly concealed it, was now distinctly seen.

"It is Lucy Loomis, the girl who was so kind to us aboard the schooner," remarked Frank.

"Yer's right! What kin she brought her
hyar, all alone, in that boat?" The latter was a
small one, evidently the captain’s gig, and Lucy
was trying to scull it. All at once, when she
was about five fathoms from the boys, the little
craft was swept by a sea against a half-sunken
rock and was overturned. The girl thrown into
the water, tried to seize the boat, but she was
borne off by a huge wave.

Ben and Frank, with some difficulty, finally
conceived to rescue her.

“We are so glad we have saved you,” said
Frank. “It was dangerous for you to venture
out in a boat, in such weather.”

“I would have got along well enough but for
that sunken rock,” she answered.

“But what made yer leave yer schooner?” in-
quired Ben.

“Because Dirk put you here with no means
of getting on shore,” was the reply. “Finding
hat I could not prevail on him to go back and
you on a better place, he had the gig
wore and came myself.”

“It’s a wonder the mean rascal let you go.”

“He did not know it. I had the boat lowered,
and put off while he was below. I heard him
calling to me to come back, a minute after, but
I did not answer him. Whether he tackled ship
to try to overtake me, or not, I could not tell
on account of the fog.”

Ben inspected the little boat.

“That’s a bad hole stove in the bottom,” he
said. “We kin make no use of the craft, at
present. It wouldn’t carry three on us twenty-
five yards, ‘bout sinkin’, and the shore’s a mile
off. It war stove on the sunken rock, and we
hev stove it worse in landing. We kin do noth-
in’ with the boat, hyar.”

“Never mind,” said Lucy, “I am in hopes that,
when the fog clears we will see some one to
come and take us off.”

“Don’t know ‘bout that,” said Ben, “this
part of the coast are poopy lonesome. But don’t
grieve over it, miss,” he added, noticing the girl’s
look of dismay, “of that’s any possibile way to
git yer from hyar, me and my pard will do it.”

Toward night the fog cleared, and the gale
abated. Far away, almost out of sight, the
schooner was seen, apparently heading north-
ward, along the coast.

Suddenly Lucy uttered a cry of fear, as a
canoe, containing a savage, emerged from
behind a rock, about twenty yards off.

The savage, short, stout and bow-legged, wore
fringed leggings reaching to the waist, above
which he was naked. In a belt about his waist
were a knife and tomahawk, and he carried an
old rifle on his back. The flatness of the In-
dian’s skull, together with the red and blue
marks of paint on his face, gave him the ap-
pearance of some hideous reptile.

“Hillo! It are Spotted Turtle,” cried Ben, the
moment he caught sight of the Indian. The
least of the two saw Ben, who had hitherto
been hidden from his gaze by a rock, than
he uttered a grunt, and dodged back behind
the rugged back of the man from which he had
emerged.

“He knows me of old,” remarked the hunter.

“Fello’,” he kill’d one o’ his tribe on my last day
’among the Cascades. The chap war goin’ to
steal my rifle while I war asleep, but I woked
up and we clinched, when of course ther war a
skirmish, and I had to kill the nigger to pre-
vent his puttin’ his knife in my gizzard. Sense
then, the varmint hev, I reckin’, been keepin’ a
kind o’ track o’ me.”

As Ben spoke the head of the savage was
thrust from behind the rock.

“Ugh! the Spotted Turtle would speak to the
white hunter.”

“Well, what yer yer to say?” inquired Ben.

“The boys have a girl with them, and they
want to get ashore?”

“Right, thar, ‘Spot,’” answered Beaver.

“Spotted Turtle will take them ashore, if the
hunter will promise not to fire upon him.”

“That’s all very well ef yer war honest ’bout
it, but don’t I know that ye’d hev a pack of
eyer niggers on us the moment we te’ched the
land?”

“The hunter doubts the Indian’s word. Look! he
can see for himself,” and the speaker pointed
toward the place where the tents had been,
but from which they had now disappeared.

“Seems to me yer’s monty friendly all at
once, Injun,” said Ben.

“Indian always friend. Why think not
friend? Because the white hunter kill the
Snake Eye! Ugh! Snake Eye no friend of
Spotted Turtle. Him been steal rum from
Turtle—him great trader—none of tribe like.”

“That’s bosh! Tell me I don’t know Injun
natur’—allers life fur life?”

“But Snake-Eye not one of tribe—only half.
Him father Cayuse.”

“I wouldn’t trust the Indian,” said Frank.

“I reckin he are up to some trick,” answered
Ben. “But, ef I kin surcumvent him, I mout
 git persession of the cance, which would come
useful,” The young trapper, as he spoke, mo-
tioned to Spotted Turtle.

“Come on!” he shouted. “I’ll try yer, and
see if yer kin be depended on.”

“You are not going in his canoe?” said
Frank.

“That’s jest it—I are?”

“I would like to go with you, then.”

“No, you must stay hyar to take keek of the
gal.”

Spotted Turtle came alongside of the rock.

“Why not all go?” he inquired, as only Ben
stepped into his craft.

“I’m goin’ ashore with yer first to see how
things look,” said Ben.

“Find all right,” answered the savage, as he
seized his paddle.

The next moment his vessel was rapidly
shooting toward the shore.

CHAPTER V.

BEARING.

The shadows of night were deepening as the
canoe drew near the land. Not far from the
beach there was a small ridge of earth, and
upon this Ben kept a steadfast gaze. Spotted
Turtle, sitting with his back to his companion,
still pld the paddle, apparently not noticing
him, although, in reality, he now and then
glanced toward him. To do this he was oblied
to half-turn his head—a movement which did not escape the watchful eye of the hunter.

"Thar doesn't seem to be no one ashore than," said Ben. "P'raps yer've told the truth, Spot, fur once in yer life."

Indian always tell truth. Now we close to shore. Will my white brother land, or is he satisfied, and shall we go back for the others?"

"I reckin I'd better land, and look about me a bit," answered Ben.

The Indian directed the canoe to the beach.

"Will my white brother go first?" inquired the savage, leaning back so as to give him room to pass.

"Don't know as I'm particular," was the reply.

The hunter had scarcely spoken, when, as quick as thought, the Indian drew his tomahawk and struck at his head.

Ben, however, was prepared for this movement. He dodged the blow, and with his knife, which he had previously pulled, unperturbed, from his belt, he aimed a stroke at his opponent. The Indian avoided it by throwing himself back into the water. At the same moment there was a yell from the direction of the ridge of earth, and dusky forms came bounding toward the canoe. Spotted Turtle grasped the light vessel by the stern, with both hands, and held onto it; but he let go his hold as the muzzle of Ben's rifle was pointed at his head, and dropped into the water. Ben did not fire, as the savage under the water would probably have avoided his shot. Seizing the paddle, he directed the canoe away from the beach toward the rocks where he had left his friends. He heard the yells of the baffled Indians behind him, and also the whizzing of some shots which were fired at him.

The gloom of night was now so deep that Ben could hardly see the forms of Lucy and Frank, who were anxiously watching the dim outline of the approaching craft. He was soon on the rock relating his adventure.

"What a narrow escape," said Lucy.

"Sech things happens often," answered Ben, carelessly. "Now we must keep a good look-out for the varmints, fur they bev'her canoes, and they're not missed. The first thing to do are to git away from byar. Are there any par-tikler place yer'd like to go to?"

"I live in Victoria, on Vancouver's Island," the girl answered. "It is a long way off; but perhaps we will fall in with the schooner, and then you can place me aboard of her."

"I hope we will fall in with the craft," said Frank; "for Victoria is many miles from here, and I would not have you exposed to the hardships on the way."

"I am strong and healthy," answered Lucy. "As to being left in one of the sev'ants, I would prefer not to be, as I am in a hurry to go direct to my aunt, to let her know of uncle's death."

The three soon were in the canoe. Ben and Frank took paddles, while Lucy kept a lookout.

"I think the Indians are after us," she said, pointing astern, where the outlines of several canoes and their occupants were visible through he gloom.

As she spoke, the report of rifles rung upon the air, and several shots passed over the heads of the three.

"They will overtake us," said the girl.

"No, don't be afeared," said Ben. "Thar," he added, pointing out the lights of a small settlement near the coast, far ahead, "'is a place which the varmints will not keer to pass, seein' as thar's a small fort thar."

The pursuing Indians soon gave up the chase.

Far ahead a light was visible on the water.

"I think that is the schooner," said Lucy. "The light seems to be approaching. I believe, now that the wind has enabled him to put the vessel about, that Dirk is looking for me."

Frank and Ben continued to ply the paddle. As the light drew nearer, the three felt confidence that it did not come from the schooner. It was found to proceed from a canoe, in which the outline of a human form was dimly visible.

"Halloa thar! Who are you?" called Ben.

There was no reply.

The three were finally near enough to see, by the gleam of a lantern in the canoe, the visage of the Wakash.

"What on airth's the matter with the poor critter?" cried Ben.

As the two canoes touched each other the boys perceived that the Sea-Mole was lashed to one of the thwarts, that his head hung upon his breast, and that he was senseless.

"Some one has given him a blow," said Frank, pointing out a bruise upon his forehead.

"Thar's a fact," said Ben. "We must try to bring him to."

He took a flask of brandy from his pocket and rubbed some of the liquor over the forehead of the Indian, who soon after opened his eyes.

He stared wildly about.

"Where are bad white men?" he inquired, bewildered. "You are not bad ones. You give Indian plenty eat?"

"Who were the bad men you speak of?" inquired Frank.

"Aboard schooner," was the answer. "Schooner come and chase Wakash, and catch up with him. Then men lower boat and go to Wakash and want him to tell where they find gold cave! Wakash say not tell, for he not want them to know. Not want such men in the home of the Sea-Mole. They would drive him from his cave, and he would never find another like it."

"You war right not to tell the raskilis, which I reckon war Dirk and his people."

"Yes, it must have been they," said Lucy. "When Wakash not tell, continued the Indian, "white man got mad and commence to beat. They beat him hard and they tie him to canoe, and let drift away!"

The bright eyes of Lucy flashed indignantly.

"I never want to see Dirk again, after his proving to be such a brute," she said. "I never liked him, although he is a distant relative of mine, but now I detest him."

Frank was not sorry to hear her talk in this way. The loveliness of the girl, and her gentle manners, had won his admiration from the first, and he was glad to learn that she was not attached to the dashing-looking young captain of the schooner.

"Yer's bad off, Sea-Mole," said Ben to the
Indian, "and yer need rest and refreshment. Whar war yer during the gale?"

"In an old hut, where sometimes stop. Me staid there and waited until storm was over."

"Is that hut near hyar?"

"Think so," replied the Wakash, as he gazed toward the shore.

"Well, then, we'll go, thrar, and pass the night. The gal would like some rest, too."

"But how we go through the savages?" inquired Lucy.

"I don't think so; we'll keep a good lookout."

The canoes were directed to the beach and were concealed among some rocks. Then a search was made for the hut, which was soon discovered. Ben made a couch of a rubber blanket for Lucy, who was to occupy the hut, and the tired girl soon fell into a deep slumber.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPTURE.

"Now, then, Frank and Wakash," said Ben, "yer'd better lie down thar, and git a nap, while I keep watch."

He pointed toward a green bank, which would shelter the two from the strong sea-breeze, while they slept.

The Wakash sat down by the bank, and commenced to hum over a wild melody, meanwhile beating the ground with his heels.

"Come, go to sleep," said Ben. "Hyar's a piece of meat fur yer, though, 'fore yer close yer eyes."

He tossed him a strip of venison, which the savage greedily devoured, after which he lay down and dropped off into a deep slumber. Frank also went to sleep, while Ben, with his rifle over his shoulder walked to and fro, keeping a good lookout.

A few hours later he awoke Frank to take his turn at watching.

The boy soon heard the heavy breathing of the young hunter, indicating that he was asleep.

An hour after, just as the light of dawn was blending with the passing shadows, he fancied he saw a dark form stealing along behind the bank toward the sea-shore. He ran toward it, to discover that it was the Wakash.

"Where are you going to?" called Frank.

"Going to gold cave. Been away too long!"

As he spoke the Indian sprang upon the rocks and pulling forth his canoes, was soon in the light craft, speeding away to the north.

The boy aroused Ben and told him that the Wakash was off.

"We must follow him soon as we kin," said the hunter.

Lucy was aroused, and a hasty breakfast of venison and corn-cake having been partaken of, the three entered their canoes, which were directed toward the receding one of the Indian.

The part of the coast along which they now proceeded, was bordered by low hills, some of which were covered with trees.

All at once, as the pursuing canoe was passing a projecting piece of land overgrown with bushes, the branches of which, in some places, hung over the water, a spear, hurled with tremendous force from the shrubbery, passed slantingly through the light vessel, pinning it to the bank it was passing.

In a moment Ben raised his rifle and fired, when a savage of the Flathead tribe leaping up, rolled down the bank into the water, with a bullet through his brain.

"Jump ashore, Frank, and keep clus to the gal!" shouted the hunter. "The canoes are a gone case now. Look out fur the vermint, and don' let 'em tech a ha' of the young lady's head!"

As he spoke Ben sprung to land and commenced to reload his piece. Frank followed with Lucy, his rifle held ready for service.

"Where are the Indians?" he inquired, as Ben moved on.

"They're right ahead, ef I aren't missetook. Hyar's where we must make a stand and do the best we kin!"

He halted on a small hill, upon which were the trunks of several trees which had been felled.

"I see no Indians," said Frank, smiling.

"Don't you think we have been a little too hasty? Suppose we go back, and try to plug up the hole in the canoe made by the spear."

"It would take hours to make the craft fit for service," answered Ben. "That Injun's in that holler, 'mongst the bush," he added, pointing to a small valley, below the spot on which the three stood.

As he spoke a dozen savages, who had hitherto lain hidden, probably in the hope that the whites would come that way, sprang up yelling like fiends, and, keeping themselves partly sheltered by the trees, made a rush up the slope.

"Don't fire," said Ben, as Frank was about to pull trigger. "Wait till they git nearer."

Some of the Indians who had rifles discharged their weapons, but the breastwork of fallen trees saved the little party from being hit.

Watching his chance, Ben suddenly sent a shot at a savage who had leaned over from behind a tree. The bullet struck the Indian in the shoulder, causing him to drop his piece, which he had been in the act of pointing at the hunter.

The band retreated, and again enconced themselves in the hollow.

"They kin come up hyar only in front," said Ben, "fur the hill are too steep to be clombed on t'other side.

Night came, and still not a savage showed himself.

The boys were leaning over the edge of the hill, peering down into the hollow, and Lucy was only a few paces off, standing on the edge of the slope, when the soft ground gave way under her feet, and she was precipitated forward. She caught at a tree, a few yards below the summit of the hill, and was about turning to retrace her way, when a hand was slapped over her mouth, and she was buried by strong hands into the hollow!

All this transpired without the knowledge either of Ben or Frank, who were still gazing seaward. There was a high wind, and the rustling of the trees prevented the boys from hearing the stealthy footsteps of their foes as they made off with the girl.

The darkness of the night was so deep that
when at length Lucy's abductors paused, she could hardly see the forms of the savages who now clustered around her.

Several minutes later the boys discovered the absence of the girl.

"Hilloa! a precious pair o' coons we've been to 'low that gal to be taken from almost under our noses," said Ben. "I never felt more ashamed of myself for my life!"

"You think the savages have taken her off?" said Frank.

"Sartint—who else?" cried Ben, calmly.

"Good God! then she will be scalped," cried Frank. "Come, we must rescue her, if we die in the attempt," he added, seizing the hunter's arm.

"Easy, thar, easy," cried Ben. "We kin do no good goin' mong the varmints in that way. They won't harm the gal—leastways, not fur the present. They hev got her fur a sort o' hostage."

"You are not going to leave her in the hands of those wretches," said Frank. "Fur the present—yes. They'll not harm her, yer kin take my word fur that."

Never before had a night seemed so long to Frank. He could not sleep, but with Ben walked to and fro, keeping a sharp watch.

Just as dawn half a dozen Indians appeared at the foot of the hill with the girl, whom a savage held by each arm.

Spotted Turtle being one of the party, acted as spokesman.

He pointed at the girl, and said in a loud voice:

"The white boys have sleepy souls. We took the girl from their very side! It was well done!"

"Better send her back ag'in!" shouted Ben.

"Yer kin hev nothin' ag'in her!"

"The Indian does not want the scalp of a white squaw—that is true," answered Spotted Turtle. "Neither does he want to lose his revenge. Two of our braves have already fallen by the rifle of the White Hunter, and his blood must pay for it! If he will give himself up to the Indians, they will let the girl go, and the other white boy, too. If he refuse, then the scalp of the white girl shall hang at Spotted Turtle's belt. I have said it. Let me hear the answer of the White Hunter."

"Well, Spot, all I kin say is that yer've put it down in perfectly plain terms, but they's mou'ly hard ones! Fur the sake of the gal, though, I don't know but I'll close with yer offer!"

"No—not!" cried Lucy. "Let no life be sacrificed for my sake. I am not afraid to die."

Lucy who now found herself momentarily freed by her captors, moved foward up the hill. Determined, however, that the hunter should not sacrifice himself for her, she turned when she had advanced a few steps, and ran through the shrubbery toward the sea.

"Thar's a misfortune!" cried Ben. "The poor gal has spiled all! I had a plan fur savin' her, thout makin' any sacrifice, but now it are got fur nuthin', I wuz wantin'."

When Lucy ran into the shrubbery, the savages yelling with rage, darted after her. Ben, raising his rifle shot the foremost one, then followed by Frank, he strove to get round to head the girl off.

The Indians endeavored to shoot down the boys, but their bullets went wide of the mark, as the two were partly hidden by the trees and the bushes. The lads ran on but they saw nothing of the girl.

"Hyar's a puzzle!" cried Ben, when the two gained the water-side. "The tracks hev stopped hyar. I'm most'ly afeared the poor gal hev threwed herself into the sea and been drowned!"

The mist so thickly covered the ocean, that the two could not see four yards ahead of them. All at once, something was noticed by the hunter on top of the water.

"It are so," he said, mournfully, "thar's the hat she wore, floatin' along! Praps, ef we go out in the canoe, we'll see the body!"

The canoe was close at hand, still fastened to the bank by the spear, which had been darted through it. Ben, followed by Frank, sprang into it, and, pulling out the weapon, paddled the light vessel away from land, just as the pursuing Indians arrived within a few yards of the beach.

"The craft won't float long," said Ben, "but we kin keep it up long enough to look fur that poor critter's body!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEA-MOLE'S REVENGE.

Light and swift of foot, Lucy, when she darted into the shrubbery, made straight for the beach.

Arrived here, she crouched behind a rock, expecting to be soon recaptured by the savages. While she was listening to their yelling and approaching footsteps, she suddenly felt a hand upon her arm, and, turning, was surprised to behold the Sea-Mole, who had just shot along side of the beach in his canoe.

"Come," he said. "The Wakash will keep the girl, if he cannot save her friends, too. Get into the canoe."

Lucy stepped into the light vessel, and, a moment later, the craft was several fathoms from the shore, speeding on.

"The white girl is safe," said the Wakash.

Just then a puff of wind blew Lucy's hat from her head.

"Let the hat go!" said the Sea-Mole. "We cannot stop to pick it up, now, for the Flatheads are coming."

"I wish you could save my friends," cried Lucy, with much concern. "I am afraid the savages will now capture them."

"The Wakash cannot stop. The Flatheads would see his canoe, and the white girl would again be taken."

The speaker continued to vigorously ply his paddle, and the canoe soon was several miles further up the coast.

"Hark!" said Lucy, "I think I hear some vessel near us."

The hull and masts of the schooner appeared, followed by the hail of "Boat ahoy!"

"It is Dirk who hails us," said Lucy.

The craft came rushing on.

"Hallow! here she is, at last, in the canoe of
that confounded Indian," cried Dirk, looking over the rail.
A boat was speedily lowered.
It dashed alongside of the canoe, and Dick, who was in it, made a furious blow with his clinched fist at the head of the Wakash.
It would have taken effect had not Lucy pushed the man aside.
"Shame on you!" she said. "You shall not strike him."
"What does this mean?" cried Dirk, in a rage. "Here I’ve been looking for you for many long hours, and at last I find you in the canoe of this accursed nigger."
"I don’t know as I am under your control," said Lucy, with flashing eyes. "The fact of your being a distant relative of mine gives you no authority over me!"
"I did not mean that," said Dirk. "You must know that your absence has worried me a great deal. I suppose you are willing to come aboard?"
"I would prefer to remain where I am were it not for the trouble I give the Indian," answered Lucy.
"He must come aboard, too. We may have something for him to do."
The canoe was towed alongside of the schooner, and, in spite of his entreaties and those of Lucy, the savage was made to step aboard.
"I would not have thought you would have served me so," said Dirk to Lucy, the moment she was in the cabin. "Why did you go away from the schooner, and what has become of the boat?"
As briefly as possible the girl explained.
"So you rescued those confounded boys from the rocks," said Dirk, between his teeth. "I hope to Heaven they are scalped by those Flatheads!"
"We must go and try to help them. You have arms aboard, and a good crew of half a dozen men."
"No, thank you. They’ll get no help from me. I cannot spare the time to help them even if I wanted to. The craft was due at Victoria before this."
So saying, Dirk went on deck, leaving Lucy to repair to her room, and make such changes in her toilet as were necessary, after the hardships she had lately undergone.
Dirk now walked forward to the Wakash, who was being laughed and jeered at by the sailors.
"Well, you dirty scamp, how did you like your beating the other night?" inquired the captain.
"Not like. Captain hurt poor Wakash on head very much. Head pain him now."
"You deserved your beating for your obstinacy. I hope it has taught you a lesson, and that you are now willing to pilot us to that gold cave of yours."
"Yes, if no beat any more."
"I will not beat you if you keep your word. Which way shall we head to reach the cave?"
"Can’t tell with schooner. Could tell with canoe."
"Well, then, how would you head if you were in your canoe?"

The Indian pointed off the lee-bow.
"All right," said Dirk. He at once had the yards trimmed, and the craft headed in the direction given.
Meanwhile a careful watch was kept upon the movements of the Indian, to prevent his leaping overboard or taking to the canoe.
"The wind is favorable," said Dirk to the dusky pilot. "How far do you reckon we are from the Straits of Fuca?"
"Think about forty mile," replied the savage, "but can’t tell sure, on account of so much fog."
"I hope it will soon clear. Will we have to pass through the straits to get to your gold cave?"
"The Wakash not like to tell. Bumbye you get to cave, and then you can see."
All day long the Sea-Mole steamed on deck, directing the course of the craft. His meals were brought to him by the cook, and Lucy sent him hot chocolate and coffee.
As night came, the wind freshened almost to a gale.
"I think we had better take in some of our canvas," remarked the young captain.
"No, better not," said the Wakash, "want all wind can get."
Dirk kept his canvas standing and went below, leaving orders with his mate to take in sail if the gale increased.
The crew of this schooner were always ready, when opportunity offered, to shirk their duty. The lookout man was soon fast asleep on the knightheads, and the sailors who watched the Sea-Mole concluded that they would also take a nap. They procured ropes with which they lashed the Wakash to the windlass, having first searched him to make sure that he had no knife about his person. Then they stretched themselves on deck, and soon were in a deep slumber. The eyes of the Indian twinkled like sparks of fire through the gloom. Having made sure that the man were asleep, he pulled a clasp-knife from a concealed pocket in the cloth about his loins, and severed the cords holding him to the windlass.
"White girl been good to Wakash," he muttered, "don’t want hurt come to her."
As lightly and stealthily as a cat, he dropped into the hold, and stole off toward the cabin which was reached by a door in a bulkhead.
"Very good. Wakash once been aboard schooner as sailor," he muttered, "as he cuts along, ‘schooner like this one. The Sea-Mole knows more than the white man thinks."
Having reached the bulkhead, he noiselessly opened the door there and stole into the cabin.
Lucy was seated in her room, reading, when she heard a light tap at her door.
She opened it, to see the Indian.
"Never reach Victoria’board schooner," he said, a wild, peculiar look on his face. "In two minute go to pieces!"
"What do you mean?" gasped Lucy, starting.
Even as she spoke, the shrieking voice of the mate was heard above:
"Hard-a-port! Rocks close ahead!"
"Coward!" cried the savage, seizing the girl’s
arm and drawing her to the open cabin window. "Come, tow astern, and we get in. Then we all safe!"

He pulled on the warp of the light vessel until the latter was close under the window.

The sound of several voices, and the hurried trampling of feet on deck, betokened that all the men there were awake and conscious of their danger.

The savage urged Lucy to get into the canoe, but while he was speaking to her, Dirk, awakened by the noise above his head, came out and saw the Indian.

The latter waited no longer. He sprang through the window, into the canoe, and paddled swiftly off in the gloom. When he had proceeded about ten fathoms, he suspended his paddle and listened.

A long, grinding crash, followed by the noise of falling masts and by gurgling shrieks, indicated that the craft had struck.

The Wakash gave utterance to a shrill, unearthly laugh of triumph.

"Good!" he exclaimed, "schooner now on rocks, and some of white men get drown. Hope captain drown for beat poor Indian!"

By the flash of the vessel's lantern, the speaker could see that the hull had split forward, and that fragments of the craft were being tossed about, thumping violently against the rocks. He could also make out the despairing faces of some of the crew, as they were borne off, clinging to pieces of wood.

The crashing of the breaking schooner against the rocks, was blended with half-smothered voices for a few minutes; then nothing was to be heard save the dull roar of the seas against the rugged masonry.

The savage now paddled toward the rocks.

"White girl go too," he muttered. "It was too bad, but the Indian must have his revenge. He tried to save girl, but girl would not go with him. That was not good."

The canoe was soon close to the rocks, from which the broken hull of the schooner had drifted in the gloom.

All at once the Wakash fancied he heard a faint cry, which seemed to come from the sea, close to his canoe.

The first object that met his gaze as he looked, was a long mass of hair streaming out on the water, then he saw a pair of arms clapping a floating piece of timber.

He gave a yell of joy.

"It is the white girl," he cried, and, the next moment, he had pulled her into the canoe.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PRISONER.

FRANK and Ben, when they found that they could not discover Lucy's body, really feared that she had been drowned.

"No use of lookin' any more," said Ben. "Now the canoe is filling and sinking fast, and we must try to get ashore."

The voices of the savages were heard along the beach.

"The varmints know we are out, hyar, somehow, and that we must come ashore," continued Ben, "an' they're waitin' fur us, but I'll bawl 'em out if I kin."

As he spoke he paddled the vessel several fathoms nearer the shore, then he said to Frank: "Now, pard, we must swim fur it."

The two slipped into the sea, when Ben gave the canoe a vigorous push toward the beach.

"The raskils will see the canoe when it drifts to the shore, and will think we are further up, and that's what they'll look for us. Holler me, and we'll git to land way below 'em, if I know myself."

In about a quarter of an hour, the boys, who were excellent swimmers, reached the shore.

They could now hear the voices of the Flatheads many yards above them.

"We'll wade alongshore to hide our trail," said Ben.

They kept along in this way for about a mile, then they paused on a rock for rest. About a minute had passed, when the young hunter sprung to his feet.

"The varmints suspect the trick we've played 'em," he said, "and they're arter us."

The two hurried on, to finally reach a thickly wooded hill, about which many fragments of rocks were piled.

Here they halted and partook of breakfast, after which they kept steadily on, now and then pausing to peer through the fog, out on the water, in the hope of getting sight of the Wakash.

Toward night Ben suddenly stopped and listened.

"I heard a noise like the sails of some vessel," said the hunter. "I'll be dog-gone ef I don't think that Captain Dirk are somewhar off this part of the coast with his schooner."

The boys moved on, now and then pausing to listen to the flapping of canvass, although, owing to the fog, they could not see the craft from which the noise came. Finally the wind freshened to a gale.

"Seems to me," said Ben, "though I don't know much 'bout nautical affairs, that the craft keeps pootty clus to the coast, as we kin still hear the sound of the canvass."

"There is no danger, as the wind is off-shore," said Frank.

"Yes; but don't yer know that thar's rocks off this shore, 'bout four miles ahead?"

"Captain Dirk, if it's his schooner we hear, knows enough to keep clear of them."

"I'm not so shore of that. I war told aboard the craft that this war the fast time that chap had sailed off this part of the coast."

The boys having proceeded a few miles farther, paused for the night in a small valley sheltered by rocks.

The two look turns at watching.

Ben, who had the watch just before midnight, was suddenly startled by a sort of crashing noise in the distance, with which he imagined he heard the shrieks of human beings. "Jest as I thought," he muttered; "that craft has struck on them rocks off the coast; it'll go mortaly hard with the crew in sech a gale. Frank and I must go and see if we kin help the poor mortals, though ther's little chance of our doin' much 'thout a boat."

He awoke Frank, and the twain hurried along the coast.

As they moved on, Ben, suddenly turning, peered through the obscurity behind him.
"That's an Injun which hev spotted us," he said; "it's the critter par movin' away." "You think there is only one?" "Yes; he has been sent to reconnoiter, and bevin' seen us, the pospe' is that we'll soon hev a hull nuckle of the varmints at our heels. Yer better keep straight on, pard, while I go back a little way and take a look." He hurried off, while his friend moved in the opposite direction. Soon Frank found himself among a mass of rocks, which were difficult to climb. It was a long time ere he passed these obstructions. He paused and looked behind him, but as yet he could see no sign of Ben. 

He walked slowly on, until at length, by the roaring of the breakers and the glimpse he now and then caught of the spray whirled high in the air, he judged he must be opposite to the spot where the vessel had struck. He looked carefully about him, and peered through the gloom out upon the water, but he could see no sign of a wreck nor of any human being. Several hours passed, and at length the gray light of dawn began to break through the darkness. 

The fog having now partly cleared, the boy could see fragments of wood here and there among the rocks projecting from the water, some fathoms off. He climbed an elevated point of land to obtain a better view, and as he gazed far up the coast he beheld a canoe containing two persons, moving rapidly along-shore. The craft was a mere speck upon the water, but Frank imagined he could recognize one of the occupants to be a female. "Who can she be?" he asked himself. "I wish Ben would come, so that we could follow that canoe, for I'm pretty sure that the man in it is the Wakash." 

As he spoke, he turned to look if Ben was coming, when to his surprise, he beheld a figure close behind him. "Captain Dirk!" he cried, at once recognizing the young skipper. The latter had tied a kerchief, in lieu of a hat, about his head, and his clothes, soiled and torn, indicated that he had lately had a hard struggle for life. "So you are here to gloat over my misfortune?" said Dirk. "I am here by accident," replied Frank; "and let me tell you that I am not one to exult over the misfortunes of my worst enemy." "All very proper to say," sneered Dirk. "But when I tell you that the schooner was lost last night you will probably feel pleased," said Dirk. "On the contrary, I am sorry for your loss," said Frank. "Oh, I lost nothing," said Dirk. "The craft was not my property; she belonged mostly to some agents in the employ of the Hudson Fur Company, but was partly owned by Lucy Loomis's uncle when he was alive, and I suppose his niece was entitled to her share after his death. The whole thing came of my trusting that accursed Wakash as a pilot." "The Wakash was aboard, then?" "I heard yesterday with Lucy, whom, it seems, he had rescued while she was fleeing from Indians. I wish they had cut his heart out." "You say Lucy was aboard? Where then is she, now?" "Probably where the rest of my people are. I have seen none of them since the wreck, and I imagine all have been drowned but myself!" "Lost, then, after all!" cried Frank, despairingly. "It seems to me that you make a great fuss over the affair," said Dirk. "What was she to you, that you are so troubled by her death?" "She was everything to me—I mean I liked her better than any girl I ever saw before," answered Frank. 

All at once a look of hope crossed his visage as he gazed toward the distant canoe, for it occurred to him that the female there might be Lucy, saved from the fate of the other persons aboard the schooner by the Wakash, after he had caused the craft to run on the rocks.

Dirk noticed the direction of his gaze, and looking the same way, he gave a cry of surprise. "You think the person in that canoe is Lucy?" he said. "I don't know what to think, but I hope it may prove to be Miss Loomis." "Ay, and that cursed Wakash is there, too," continued Dirk. "I'll skin that fellow alive, when I get hold of him—that is after I have first found out the secret of his gold cave. I suppose you are still hunting for that place, and that you mean to follow the canoe!" "I do," said Frank. "And Lucy Loomis—you mean to follow her, too, I suppose?" "That is my own affair." "Not a bit of it. Let me tell you that she was to marry me, by her uncle's wish." "But not by her own." "How do you know that?" cried Dirk, enraged. "I don't know as I'm obliged to answer every question you put to me," said Frank. "You shall answer me. Swear that you will give up the gold cave and Lucy, too, or I'll make you rue it!" As he spoke he picked up Frank's rifle, which the boy had placed on a rock, near him, a few minutes before, and, cocking the piece, aimed it at the lad's head. "Come, swear at once what I want you to, or I'll shoot you dead!" continued the young sailor. 

The impudence and the domineering manner of Dirk were exasperating. " Fool! you ask too much," said Frank. "Give me back my rifle, or I'll knock you down upon your knees!" 

With a fierce oath Dirk pulled the trigger of the weapon, but the powder having been made wet by the boy's submersion, when he swam with Ben from the canoe on the day before, the cap did not explode it. The young sailor was about to club the piece for a blow, when Frank struck him on the head with his clinched fist, and at the same moment, wrenched the weapon from his grasp. Dirk drew a clasp-knife, and sprung the blade. "You shall not leave this place alive!" he cried. 

As he bounded toward Frank, the latter made
a blow at him with the stock of the rifle, which, however, the other dodged.

Then, seizing the boy by the throat, he endeavored to make use of his knife.

At such close quarters, Frank was obliged to drop the rifle, and a struggle now took place. At length, after receiving a few trifling cuts about the shoulders and arms, Frank succeeded in getting uppermost, with his knees upon both wrists of his opponent.

Before he could wrench from his grasp the knife which the sailor still held, two pairs of strong arms pulled him off the prostrate youth, and he found himself a prisoner among a party of half a dozen Flatheads, who had stolen up, unperceived by the combatants, during their struggle.

Spotted Turtle was one of these savages.

"Ugh! the white boy is in our hands at last; but, where is his friend, the White Hunter?"

"Here! let me get at him!" cried Dirk, who had sprung up, "and I'll save you the trouble of scalping him."

"It must not be so. Spotted Turtle likes his own scalps better. Go back, Water Hand —go back!"

Frank thus perceived that Dirk was known to these savages, with whom, in fact, he had often traded, and who gave him the name of "Water Hand."

The sailor sullenly drew back, as the Indians motioned him away; but he followed them as they led their captive off.

"I would make sure that they scalp the young rascal," he muttered. "There are so many settlements springing up lately about these parts, that they may be afraid to kill him; but if I can bring it about by bribery or otherwise, I will do it!"

As the savages conducted the prisoner along the coast, Dirk made every effort to persuade them to scalp him at once, but he was unsuccessful, and he at length turned sullenly away.

"I must not neglect the canoe in which is the Wakash. I must try and track the wretch to the gold cave," he muttered, as he hurried along. "A couple of miles from here there is a settlement where I can get rest, refreshments, and some kind of a boat."

As he spoke, it chanced that he turned his gaze to seaward, to behold a vessel about a league distant, revealed by the partial clearing of the fog in that direction.

"I should know that craft," he muttered.

"It is the brig Maria—one of the company's vessels. Good! she is heading in the same direction taken by the Wakash, and if I can get aboard, I'll be able to keep that Indian rascal in sight."

He at once signaled the vessel by waving his kerchief, and soon a boat was lowered and pulled to the shore.

Dirk knew the officer who headed the boat, and to him he described the loss of the company's schooner.

"Unfortunate all round," said his auditor.

"After this they'll never give you another command."

"I don't think I'll want any," said Dirk, his eyes gleaming as he thought of the gold cave.

Half an hour later he was aboard the brig.

CHAPTER IX.
FRANK'S PERIL.

Frank was led by his savage captors a short distance along the coast, after which the Indians turned off to the right.

When they had proceeded about four miles they paused in a deep, wooded glen, where the rest of the tribe now were encamped.

The boy's hands and feet were bound with thongs, and he was made to lie at the foot of a tree.

A few hours later Spotted Turtle appeared before him.

He made a sign to one of the younger savages—a short, stout, dirty-looking person, with a hideous head dress, and with his blanket hanging in tatters from his shoulders.

With a grunt of satisfaction the young fellow drew his tomahawk, and bounded toward the boy.

The deadly weapon was raised, and in another second it would have cloven the lad's skull but for a deep, hoarse voice, which came from the underwood only a few yards off:

"Hold, there! What yer goin' to do! Leave the lad alone!"

At the same moment a stout, broad-shouldered man, wearing a beaver hat and the usual buckskin garb of a hunter, strode forward, followed by half a dozen persons similarly clad.

"White boy and friend been shoot Indian braves. Indian want revenge!"

"Nonsense!" said the white man. "I'm not going to have any sech goin's on."

And as he spoke he drew his knife, with which he quickly severed the lad's bonds.

Spotted Turtle's eyes gleamed like fire.

"This is not right. The Flatheads trade with the Hudson Company, but they are not to step between the Indian and his foe."

"No—no! That is good!" echoed some of the other Indians.

"The Long Tongue had better go his way and leave the Indian to do what he wants with his prisoner."

"No," answered Long Tongue. "I'm bound to help the poor boy. He must go free, or we trade no more with the Flatheads, and bring them no more fire-water. Their furs shall rot on their hands."

At this the savages exchanged glances.

They knew that Long Tongue, as they termed him, was one of the most influential of the Company's traders, and they did not wish to oppose him.

"For the sake of the Long Tongue, we'll let the white boy go," said the chief, who, however, mentally resolved that he would yet have his life, if opportunity offered.

Long Tongue then took Frank's arm, and as with his hunter companions following, he moved on, the boy described to him his late experiences.

"Ye've had a hard time, and no mistake. It was lucky we came upon yer, jest as them fellows were goin' to skin yer head. We expect a craft to take us to Victoria, and I'm glad it wasn't the schooner which was wrecked. Hilltop that's the craft, now, hove to fur us off the point of land, where it was
He crept along a few feet, but he met with a bulkead, which barred his further progress. Suddenly he beheld a dark form in the hold. There was a young girl just come aboard, and now in the cabin, who wants to see you," was spoken, in a hoarse voice.

"Will you take me to her?" cried Frank, joyfully.

"That is why I've come here," was the answer. "Who are you?" inquired the boy.

"I am the second mate of this craft. The girl wants to see the mutineer, whom she has just heard is in irons, aboard this vessel."

"I am ready to go with you," cried Frank.

"Come, then—follow me."

"Won't you take off my handcuffs first?"

"You ask too much, and I think I see through you. You want to try to escape from me."

"No, no; you misunderstand me; but lead on and I'll follow. The girl you speak of will soon convince you that I am no mutineer."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do."

"Then, by George! I'll set you free with my own hands, if the mate refuses when your innocence is proved."

"It is not likely he'll refuse?"

"We shall see."

The speaker, who was enveloped in a heavy coat, which concealed a part of his face as well as his form, had removed a loose plank in the forward bulkead, thus making an opening leading into a small, close forecastle. The latter was deserted, the men having preferred to sleep on deck amidsthips, where they could have the benefit of the cool breeze.

Frank's conductor mounted the forecastle-steps and passed out on deck. The lad followed him. The night was so dark that the boy could see only the outline of the person who was ahead of him.

The forecastle-deck on which the two stood was almost flush with the top of the rail.

Taking advantage of this, the sailor suddenly turning, pushed the lad backward into the foaming sea.

When he rose to the surface, he became aware that the bight of the bucket-rope, dangling over the side, had caught about his form, and that it held him. The vessel at the same moment plunged into the trough of the sea, and feeling the rope slipping from him, the boy instinctively threw up his manacled arms. As he did so, his irons were caught by something on the edge of the hull just abaft the counter. A ray of light streaming from the cabin window fell upon the protuberance by which the lad was thus held. It was an iron hook, about two feet above the water-line, and the raising of his arms had brought the handcuffs over the projection.

There he hung as the craft dashed on, not daring to shout for assistance, lest the same person who had pushed him over should come and shake him from his support, in which case, his wrists being bound together, he would of course be unable to swim and would inevitably perish.

The position of the youth was on the edge of the counter, and by twisting his head, he could
obtain a good view of the cabin window. As he gazed toward it, he saw a light form come close to the sash.

It was Lucy Loomis, and it seemed to the lad that she was looking straight toward him. For some minutes the young girl stood by the window, and Frank now resolved to endeavor to attract her attention by shouting.

He called again and again, but the roaring of wind and wave must have drowned his voice, for it was evident that Lucy did not hear him. At length she left the window, and the youth now felt as if his last hope was gone.

On dashed the brig, while the waters leaped up, roaring about the form of the boy, as if angry because they could not make him their prey. His arms ached from the strain upon them, and he felt exhausted. Before morning's light should reveal his situation to the crew, he would probably perish, for, more than once, he was nearly suffocated by the cataracts of water that poured over his head.

All at once, as he glanced about him, he noticed the outline of a skiff, which was towing astern, and which had previously escaped his attention. It was evidently the craft in which Lucy had come alongside and which had not as yet been taken aboard.

"If I could only get hold of that warp," he murmured, glancing at the rope which was above his head, "I might draw the boat this way and get into it!"

As his hands were bound there seemed no way of doing this until the brig suddenly gave a lurch and went down so low by the stern that the slackened rope bent close to the boy. Instantly he flung one of his legs over it, and thus gradually working with foot and ankle, he drew the skiff under him.

One of the thwarts afforded support for his feet, and he was then enabled to lift his handcuffs from the hook.

Meanwhile the violent pulls he had given the warp had caused a loose pin on which it was fastened to give way, and the youth now found himself adrift in the skiff.

At length the youth thought of an expedient for quitting his uncomfortable quarters.

Thrusting his rifle diagonally into the opposite sides of the cavity, he was enabled to thus form a stepping-place, which would enable him to reach the ground above, provided the sand was firm enough to hold the rifle.

It proved to be so; by placing one foot upon it, and leaping up lightly, the hunter caught at some grass, and drew himself out of the hole. By bending far down, he was then able to grasp a piece and draw it up to him. Having cleaned the weapon thoroughly, he shouldered it, and moved rapidly along the coast.

It chanced that he passed the very rock on which Frank had had his dispute with Dirk, and from which he had finally been led off a captive by the Indians.

He moved rapidly along, thinking the boy must have gone on without him, and that he would finally overtake him. Far ahead of him he could see, meanwhile, the canoe containing the Wakash and the female.

"If I'm not mistaken, the chap in that craft are the Sen-Mole, but who the woman with him kin be beats me. Thar they now go, out of sight, round that point of land with the trees on it. Thar's a settlement jest beyond thar, and I'm in hopes the Injun will thar make a halt. Shouldn't wonder ef I'll find Frank in that settlement, waitin' fur me."

In about an hour after he reached the settlement, but he there saw neither Frank nor the Wakash, nor could he, on making inquiries, learn anything about them. A mist had again settled on this part of the coast, and it was evident that the canoe had not been seen to pass.

Ben concluded that Frank, in his eagerness to track the canoe, had moved on. He hurried forward, and after walking a couple of miles without seeing any sign of his friend, he finally stopped at the hut of a fisherman, a little way back from the coast.

"Her yer seen a boy pass this way lately?" he inquired.

"No," was the answer.

"Nor a canoe with a woman and an Injun in it?"

"Yer's right about the canoe—that came alongside the beach, and there was a gal and an Injun in it. The gal got out and asked me if I hadn't a skiff in which she could reach the craft in the ciling—the one yonder," he added, pointing far away, where the brig Maria was heading up for the coast, half veiled by the gathering mist. "I told her I could sell her one, and I did, but I'm afeared she'll have a hard time gettin' aboard that craft!"

"What sort of a lookin' gal war she?" inquired Ben.

The fisherman then described her, and Ben at once inferred that she was none other than Lucy Loomis.

"She paid me fur the skiff, but I wouldn't take half she offered me, for the boat was an old damaged one."

"And you 'lowed her to go off in a damaged boat?" cried Ben, angrily.

"There was no danger," the fisherman replied. "Unless a heavy gale should come up, the skiff was safe enough. I didn't want her to
take it, but it was the only one I had to spare, and she insisted."

Ben now moved off rapidly, gazing along the coast, in the hope of seeing Frank. Toward noon the mist cleared, and he again caught sight of the Wakah far ahead, paddling with light and main.

"If I can't find Frank—and the Lord only knows what's become on him, I'll track the canoe at any rate, which war the main thing my pard and I came out hyar for."

Mile after mile did the sturdy young trapper pass in his pursuit of the canoe. As he hurried on, he heard the ring of a rifle, and turning, he beheld an Indian of the Flathead tribe, in a canoe which had just rounded a projecting rock.

"So that's your game, are it?" cried Ben. "Seems to me I know that rifle yer's got. Et it ain't the one which belonged to my pard, then. I'm monty mistaken."

The savage, after firing, had endeavored to shove the canoe back behind the rock round which he had come, but the tide, catching the light craft, carried it some yards away from the rugged projection.

"Yer time's come now, Injun!" cried Ben, as he leveled his rifle and pulled the trigger. The savage threw himself over into the sea, and for several moments after Ben had fired, the water, discolored by blood, was violently agitated.

Finally the Indian drew himself into the canoe.

"Not fire more!" he cried, holding up his hand. "The white man has wounded the Water Eagle."

"Is yer hurt bad, Injun?" inquired Ben, as he ran to the edge of the projecting rock. "Him hurt very bad," was the reply. "Him strike in leg, and the Water Eagle will never swim again."

"Well, come, now, and give me up that canoe, and I won't hurt yer any more. Yer kin limp back to yer tribe, and tell 'em that I tuck yer boat away from yer."

As he spoke, Ben, leaning far over, caught the stern of the canoe, which had by this time drifted near him, and he drew the light vessel to the rock.

"Before yer go," said Ben, picking up the rifle the Indian had used, "I'll take possession of this piece, which I see are really the one my pard had when I last left him. Yer must tell me what yer've done with that white boy fore yer go."

It was soon done. The white boy was made prisoner, before the sun rose, but some of the Hudson Company hunters came and asked the Indian to give him up to them. They went away with the white boy, and the Water Eagle cannot tell where he went after that, because the tribe did not watch to see."

"Well, et what yer say are true, the boy's probably safe, at any rate. Now then yer kin go as fast as yer like."

As he spoke Ben picked up the paddle in the canoe, and directed the light craft along the side of the rock.

"Water Eagle much hurt," said the Indian as he made an effort to rise. "I'll help yer out, then," cried Ben.

He took hold of the savage under the arm, when, suddenly turning, the Flathead, who, unobserved, had drawn a knife from his belt, sprung to his feet, aiming a blow at the heart of the hunter.

The latter, always on the alert when dealing with Indians, gave his body a limber twist, and the blade passed through the side of his hunting-shirt, grazing his ribs.

"Yer war out in yer reckonin', that time," said Ben coolly.

With his left hand the savage now drew his tomahawk, but before he could use it, Ben's knife was descending toward the breast of his foe. The latter, however, avoided the blow by throwing himself backward on the rock; then up he sprung, and took to his heels.

"The varmint war not much hurted arter all by my bullet," muttered Ben as the Indian disappeared round the angle of a rock.

He paddled swiftly alongshore, and, before night he beheld the Sen-Mole, revealed by the clearing of the mist, about two miles ahead.

To overtake the savage was, he knew, impossible, but he hoped he would be able to keep him in sight. Night, however, soon came on with a gale, and Ben was obliged to go ashore to save the canoe from being swamped. Tying the vessel by its warp to a projecting spur of rock, in a small cove partly sheltered from the wind and waves, he seated himself in a hollow, among some of the rugged masses. By this time the fog had cleared, but the gloom was so intense that Ben could make out only the white foam when he looked seaward.

At length, however, far in the distance he beheld a light, which was evidently that of some craft, heading along on a course parallel with the shore.

CHAPTER XI.
CORNERED.

ADrift In the skiff, Frank, with both hands fastened together by his irons, was of course unable to guide the light vessel, although there were a couple of paddles in it. The skiff was hurled along by wind and wave, and but for its flat bottom, it would soon have been swamped.

Frank endeavored to free himself from his irons, which were not very tight, but he was unsuccessful. At times it seemed as if the boat thrown far over on its side, with the water pouring across it, must be capsized, and the boy was prepared to meet the fate which he feared was in store for him.

On went the light vessel toward the coast until dawn, when it was driven against a jagged rock and splintered to fragments. Frank found himself in the water, and a huge sea was about to carry him off, when he contrived to throw his irons over a projection of rock, and thus hold himself to it. But he could do no more. There was no chance for him to draw his body along to any of the other rocks, and as the waves washed repeatedly over his head, it was plain that he would soon be strangled.

All at once, through the flying clouds of foam, he caught sight of a figure, coming toward him.

"Hold on, there! hold on for yer life, and ef I
don't save yer, yer kin call me a weasel!" came
the well-known voice of Ben Beaver.
He was soon near enough to seize him under
both arms, when, by main strength, he hauled
him along to the rock on which he stood.
As soon as Frank could sufficiently regain his
breath for a lengthy recital, he made expla-
nations.
"I never heard sech a dog-gone shameful
piece o' bizness!" cried Ben. "That Dirk are
worse nor an Injun! It war probably that
mean cuss who pushed you overhead while
you war in irons."
"I think it was, although it was too dark for
me to recognize him."
Ben now went to work to take the handcuffs
from Frank's wrists. This he did by means of
the file he carried.
"Now ain't yer most famished to death? The
salt water they say are a great appetizer."
"I am very hungry, and, at the same time,
very sleepy," said Frank.
Ben conducted him to the hollow where he
had passed the night, and commenced to re-
plenish a small fire which was nearly out.
I had just cooked some coffee hyar, and
war eatin' a slice o' venison and some Injun
cake, when, chancing to look toward the water,
I see'd yer skiff, comin' straight down fur them
rocks, extendin' out from the shore.
Frank having soon refreshed himself with a
mug of coffee and some meat, which his friend
prepared for him, stretched himself out on a
blanket, and finally fell off into a deep slum-
ber.
He awoke at about noon, to find a dinner
ready for him.
"I feel like a new being," he said, as soon as
he had finished eating.
"Then we kin paddle on arter that Wakash,
for, as you kin see, the gale hev now gone
down."
"But where is our canoe?" inquired Frank.
"I have one close at hand," replied Ben, who
then proceeded to describe his encounter with
the Second Headad.
As he finished, he took Frank's rifle from be-
hind a rock, where he had placed it and gave it
to the lad who was overjoyed to obtain the
weapon, which he had thought he would
never see again.
And now we're off," continued Ben, as he
and his companion stepped into the canoe after
launching it.
For some time they glided on, without seeing
any sign of the Wakash.
At last they entered a bay, bordered by rocks,
among which were many hollows, opening
upon the water. In the center of the bay lay
part of a schooner wedged in the fissure of a
couple of rocks, as if it were in the stocks.
"Halloa! here is a piece of the wrecked
schooner, drifting away off to this place!" cried
Frank. "The bow has entirely broken off!
It's natural enough it should be hyar, seein'
that we was this way ever since the wreck," answered Ben. "Thunder! thar he are
now?" suddenly added the hunter, pointing to-
ward one of the hollows facing the water.
Looking there, Frank caught a glimpse of the
scaoe of the Wakash, as it was about to emerge
from the opening. The Indian was seated amid-
ships, still plying his paddle, but on seeing the
boy, he gave a yell, and backed into the water-
cave, quickly disappearing from their gaze.
"We'll hev him, of we work sharp!" cried
Ben.
"Perhaps this is the gold cave!" said Frank.
"it may be, but I hev my doubts. I don't
think it is exactly a cave, anyway, but reckin'
that's an opening on 'other end of it through
which we'll hev to pass."
Ben was right. On entering the hollow, the
boys beheld the Wakash passing through the
opening at the other end.
They paddled swiftly, but on going through
the further opening they saw nothing of the
fugitive.
"That's plenty more hollows whar he could
hev hid," said Ben, "but it is my opinion that
he aint no longer in the bay, but that he hev
gone through the passage yander out into the
open water ag'in."
The hunter pointed toward the narrow pas-
sage he spoke of, and the boys were about head-
ing the canoe for it, when suddenly a simulta-
aneous yell was heard, and from behind rocks
on each side of them arose about twenty Flat-
heads.
"Hilloa!" cried Ben; "and that's old 'Spot'
among 'em, pointing his rifle toward me, while t' others, who hev rifles, cover both on
us."
"Hold on, thar!" continued Ben, standing erect.
"Yer've sartinly got us now, 'Spot,'
so that thar's no way fur us to 'scape! But you
may as well save yer fodder, as we'll hev to
give ourselves up."
At this there was a yell of exultation from
the savage party, and as Ben headed the
 canoe toward the rocks, some of them clam-
bered down, that they might be ready to
seize it."
"Ugh! Come in, there!" grunted Spotted
Turtle, pointing toward a flat rock.
"Yer wishes shall be complied with," said
Ben, "seemin' as thar's no help fur it. One thing
though I'll sw'ar, which are that I'm not goin'
to come a stroke nearer till you make them
devils of youn lower thar rifles, which, as
yer kin see fur yerself, they's still plintin' at
our heads."
As he spoke Ben stopped paddling, and the
 canoe was brought to a stop some yards from
the rocks.
"It shall be done," said Spotted Turtle. "We
would take the white hunter alive, for we would
much like to hev his scalp!" he added, with a
grim smile.
"How much will yer give me fur it?" Ben
quietly asked, as if he was speaking merely of a
piece of fur.
"Ugh! hunter like to make fun, but the Spot-
ted Turtle cannot wait! Quick—come to the
rock, or his braves shall fire."
"Are you really going to give up to those
wretches?" inquired Frank, in a whisper.
"For my part, I would sooner run the risk of
letting them fire at us. We have two good rifles,
and—?"
"Hiss! pard—hiss!" whispered Ben. "You'll
soon see what's goin' to happen."
The bow of the canoe was within a few yards of the flat rock, and already the Indians had stretched forth their hands to seize it, when, with a derisive yell, Ben sent the canoe shooting past them into a hollow, a few feet to the right.

"Now, then, their varmints will never git canoes 'fore they kin foller us," the hunter said to Frank.

Ben guided the canoe along the rocky water passage, and at length the craft emerged from an opening at the other extremity.

The boys had thought that they would see no savages on this side of the rocks, but they now found that they had been mistaken.

No sooner did they emerge from the opening than they beheld three canoes filled with the Indians shooting toward them.

"Hillbilly! so we're cut off!" cried the hunter. "There's nothin' to do now but make for the wreck in the bay, and then, I hope, we kin give the raskills enough to keep 'em back."

Quickly whirling the light vessel round the boys directed it behind a projecting rock which would, for some minutes, hide them from their enemies. Then they headed for the wreck, which they soon boarded.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WRECK.

"That cursed boy is out of my way now," muttered Dirk, after he had pushed Frank overboard in the manner previously stated.

"It was a good idea my mufflest myself in this coat, and disguising my voice and then leading the fellow out of the hold. Sooner or later Lucy—now that she is aboard—would have learned of his confinement and would have spoiled my plan by obtaining his liberation. I must caution the captain and mate to say nothing of the boy's having been brought aboard this vessel."

So saying Dirk went down into the cabin, where he vainly endeavored to obtain repose. The face of the lad, whom he supposed to be dead and asleep, kept haunting his mind.

Next morning, while Lucy stood on deck near the weather rail, he gilded to her side.

"Lucy," he said, "I hope you will now answor the question I have so many times asked you. You know that I think everything of you, and that you would make me happy by consenting to the wishes of your lately deceased uncle, and agreeing to be my wife."

"I can plainly answer you now," said Lucy, firmly.

Dirk was startled by the emphasis she put upon the word now. Was it possible that she was cognizant of his crime?

"I do not understand you," he said.

"Well, then, know that I loved my uncle dearly, and that his wishes were everything to me. You were never the sort of person I would choose for a husband; still I did not dislike you until your barbarous treatment of Frank and the hunter showed me your true character. Before that I had thought you more vain than wicked, and I had not made up my mind whether to accept you or not. Now, however, I have to say that I would sooner suffer death than marry you!"

"Yes," gritted Dirk between his teeth, "because you have seen some one you like so much better."

"That is my own affair," Lucy answered, hautfully, and turning on her heel, she swept into the cabin.

"You'll never have him—the one you want, at any rate!" muttered Dirk. "By this time his body is food for sharks!"

Just then the captain came up to him.

"Strange enough! Frank, the mutineer, is missing!"

"Missing?" cried Dirk, with a surprised voice.

"Yes. We found a plank taken off the forecastle bulkhead, though how he could have done it with handcuffs on, is a puzzle to us all."

"Probably the plank was loose, and he got his elbow under it, and so forced it off."

"That is what some of us think; still, it doesn't seem hardly possible he could have done it. Then, again, how could he manage to drop over the side with those irons on, and make off in the skiff?"

"In the skiff?" cried Dirk.

"Yes; he must have gone off, in that way, for the boat is missing."

Dirk reflected. The boat had probably got loose and drifted off in the gale, but it was as well the captain should believe that Frank had carried it off.

"He must, somehow, have taken off his irons," said the youth, at last.

"True they were loose, but I don't see how he could have got them off," answered the captain. "Still it must have been done, for he certainly is gone and the boat with him."

Lucy finally overheard the mate and second officer talking about the affair.

"What is all this about an escaped mutineer?" she inquired.

The mate explained, and thus Lucy obtained further insight into the villainous character of Dirk Derrick.

She procured a spyglass, and swept the sea with it in all directions, but she could detect no sign of the missing youth.

"What if he should have been lost?" she muttered, with a shudder. "In that case Dirk is his murderer, for that would not have happened had he not been made a prisoner, and brought here!"

All at once the young girl brought her glass to bare upon an object in a distant bay.

"A wreck," she murmured.

Then she became thoughtful, for it occurred to her that Frank might have made for that wreck, and that, perhaps, he was now aboard of it.

"You better go there to look for the boy," she said to the captain, pointing out the wreck, "but, understand, that if you find him there, he is not to be again made prisoner, for the story Dirk told you about him was false."

"False!"

"Yes, I know that boy well. He was never one of the crew of the schooner—was never a sailor."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you know, I had my suspicions," he said. "I can tell a sailor when I see one, and
it seemed to me that Dirk spit that boy for something, and was only spinning a yarn."
A boat, headed by the mate, and with Lucy also in it, was pulled to the wreck.
"It is a part of the wreck of the schooner," said Lucy.
A useless search was made for the boy. The mate and his crew returned to the boat.
"We may as well go back, miss," he said.
But Lucy did not come. After the mate left her, one of the cabin steps had given way, precipitating her into the water flooding the apartment. She could swim, but her arms were caught by a coil of rope under water, and she was thus held a prisoner.
Vainly she struggled for a few seconds, but at length she freed herself, and endeavored to regain the surface. She did not come up in the cabin; she rose in the hold just beyond it, whether the tide had carried her.
As she endeavored to walk along the inclined side of the hold, her foot slipped, and she fell upon the rocks which projected from the water, into this part of the broken craft. Her head striking a projecting ledge of the rock, she rolled senseless into a hollow on top of it, and there she lay, while the mate boarding the wreck, vainly searched for her.
The broken step seemed to indicate that she had fallen into the water, and although he could not find the body, the officer doubted not that she was drowned.
He returned abroad the brig with the sad news.
"This is dreadful," gasped Dirk, who was more affected by the tidings than any other person aboard.
"Yes," said the mate, sternly; "and you have yourself to thank for her death."
"If?"
"Yes; it all came from your telling that lie about the boy, Frank."
"I told no lie."
"Yes, you did. We have learned the whole truth from Miss Loomis."
Dirk perceived that he was caught. The villain then resolved to leave the vessel, and asked the mate to put him ashore.
"I shall recommend Captain James to put you in irons. It is his duty, I think, after what we have learned," was the answer.
The youth drew the mate to one side.
"Hark you!" he said; "I won't want this thing to get about. I will tell you and the captain a secret which will fill your pockets with gold."
The mate was greedy and avaricious. He and Captain James listened to Dirk's story of the gold cave, and consented to help him find it.
"You say you have seen that Wakash to-day. Where is he?"
"Look broad across the lee bow, and you will see him going along in his canoe as soon as the rack clears a little. I caught a glimpse of him while you were away."

CHAPTER XIII.
THE CAGE OF FIRE.
"Hyar we are," said Ben to Frank, when the two had climbed to the deck of the wreck.
This rail are a good breastwork, and we kin keep the varmints at bay."
Yelling and whooping, the savages paddled toward the wreck, but the sight of the boys' rifles pointed toward them induced them to seek shelter behind some fragments of rock. They kept loading and firing for some time from behind their place of concealment, but without effect.
At length they stopped firing, and only the sound of their low voices was heard.
"They're havin' a sort o' pow-wow, and will be tryin' some new game 'fore long," said Ben.
He was right. A few minutes after he had spoken a spear, on the end of which was fastened a mass of flaming, dried grass, was hurled about the wreck.
Frank and Ben put out the blaze before it could communicate with the woodwork, but spear after spear, prepared in the same manner, was thrown, and, before they could be extinguished, the fire caught among some of the braces of tarred rigging lying about the deck, and, in a moment, the lurid flames were making rapid headway.
"We will have to leave the wreck," said Frank.
"I hey an idea!" cried Ben, suddenly.
"That's a pile of wet canvas near us, and ef we jest throw that on the fire, it'll make a smoke, which'll hide us from the varmints, so that they kin not tell which way we go."
The two boys were about to pick up the canvas when all at once Ben started and laid a hand on his companion's arm.
"Did yer heer that?" he inquired.
"I heard nothing except the hiss and crackle of the flames," answered Frank.
"There it is again. Hark!"
A voice which seemed to come from under the deck was now distinctly audible.
"It is a woman's voice?" cried Frank. "What can it mean?"
"It is I—Lucy Loomis!" was the answer.
of hot vapor sent up from it half-suffocated the boy and his companion.
   "We are lost!" cried Lucy, "there is no chance for us, now. Oh! I am sorry I called, as I have thus forced you to share my fate!"
   "I have come back to the rock and see what we can do. I hope Ben is safe."
   The moment the two had returned to the rock he called to the hunter, but his hopes sank when he received no reply.
   A few minutes later, by which time the two were fairly suffocating in the dense smoke, a crashing sound was heard in the forward part of the wreck, and the sturdy form of Ben Beaver loomed through the canopy of vapor.
   "Jump into the canoe, ef yer please," he said to the girl, and, seizing her by the arm, he helped her into the light vessel.
   Frank followed, when, grasping a paddle, Ben sent the canoe shooting backward from under the broken woodwork of the deck through an opening, which, with an ax, he had made forward.
   The escape was a narrow one, for the canoe had sunk and the guided clear of the wreck when the wheels of the blazing deck fell in, covering the rock on which Lucy and Frank had stood with a mass of flaming timbers resembling a cage of red-hot bars.
   The girl was about to speak, when Ben laid a hand on her arm.
   "Don't say a word yet," he whispered.
   "Thar's Injun's clus to us, but they don't see us on account of the smoke."
   Cautiously working the paddle, the sound of which was drowned by the rearing and crackling of the fire, the hunter finally guided the canoe around a rock at one side of the bay.
   "Thar, we's safe enough fur the present," he said, "and kin talk as we keep gol'n on."
   Explanations were made.
   "I do not know how long I lay senseless on that rock, under the wreck," said Lucy. "When I came to, I realized that the wreck was on fire, and, hearing voices, I shouted."
   "Yer must feel mortil tired and worn out," said Ben.
   "No; I feel well enough, now, except that I have a slight headache, which will soon pass off, out here in the fresh air."
   "Thar's an English gal fur yer?" said Ben to Frank. "They're harrdy critters and no mistake."
   Lucy blushed at being called a "critter," but she could not help smiling at the same time.
   "The canvas aboard that wreck war a lucky thing fur us," said Ben. "I threw it on the fire, which then made as pootty a black smoke as yer'd want to see. The smoke spread all about the craft, and, takin' 'vantage of it, I jist picks up an ax, which war lyin' on the deck, and with it jumps into the canoe. I had heerd you call, and reckned you war all right, so far doin' best. So I peddled forward, and with the ax opened a passage quicker'n yer could say snakes."
   For several days the three kept on their way, now and then catching a glimpse of the Wakash, far ahead, plying his paddle with marvelous rapidity, day after leaving the wreck the party had passed through the Straits of Fuca, and were now heading along close to the coast of Washington Territory, with the shore of Vancouver Island faintly visible in the distance to leeward. A fog, which had been gradually gathering, became so thick that, they deemed it best to pass the night on land. By the forethought of Ben Beaver, the canoe had been provided with a roll of canvas, dropped into it from the wreck, and this canvas had been found very useful whenever the party halted on the beach, as it was large enough for the boys to make a tent of it for Lucy's accommodation.
   A good spot for landing was selected, and the three were soon on shore, with the tent up and the girl in it. The halting-place was on a green, level piece of ground, at the base of a range of rocky hills. Ben made a fire, and prepared a supper of which the three partook with good appetites. Then Lucy returned to her tent, and was soon in a sound slumber.
   The boys took turns at standing watch. Just before midnight Frank was on the lookout, pacing the ground at the foot of the hill, now and then looking keenly up at the rocks from which direction Ben had said he thought enemies would come, if they came at all.
   Soon after dawn both boys were sitting by a fire, preparing breakfast. It was a bright, clear morning, and the water sparkled in the beams of the rising sun.
   Frank went to call Lucy. Pacing near the tent, he pronounced her name, but, although he called again and again, there was no reply.
   "The gal must be awake," said Ben, coming to his friend's side.
   He called very loud, but still there was no answer.
   "It's mortil strange," remarked Ben. "She's generally up and with us 'fore this time."
   Finally the boys ventured to raise the front of the tent and look in.
   "Lucy was gone!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RANSOM.

While Frank was walking to and fro on guard at the base of the hill, Lucy, who had awakened, became aware that a hideous head was thrust through one side of the tent.
   The startled girl could make out the glowing eyes of a savage, as he gazed at her a moment and then withdrew. She sprung up and hastily quitted the shelter. Several times, as she ran on, she tried to call to her friends, but her heart beat so fast that only a sort of smothered gasp escaped her.
   The course she was taking led her to the beach, alongside of which lay the canoe tied to a stake. Scarcely knowing what she did, she sprang into the light craft, giving it a push as she entered it.
   The stake to which it was secured, having become loosened by the tide, gave way, and the vessel was carried off by the current. At length this drew her into a hollow—a sort of water-cave, which seemed to be of large extent.
   While she was trying to work the canoe out of it, she heard a splash, and saw the outline of
a rock, which had fallen over the opening, blocking it up.

"Here I am—a prisoner in this dreary place," she murmured, with dismay.

"Don't be 'fraid," came a voice from the gloom. "It is the Wakash here to save girl."

The Indian, in his craft, glided alongside of her, and continued:

"Wakash see girl run away. It was he who looked in tent. Wakash not far off. He been see Flatheads, and he keep near, for he no want white girl be taken by enemy."

"So the Flatheads were encamped near the place where my companions and I halted for the night? Go, then, good Wakash, alarm my friends, and bring them here."

"The white hunter and his young friend must take care of themselves. The Wakash can not spare the time to watch over them, though he has sworn to do all he can for the white girl."

"Then tell me how I can reach them. They must be saved!"

"The current runs too strong for the white girl to get back to her friends. They have good guns, and they can take care of themselves. The Flatheads now want to get girl. They will soon go to where they left canoes, and then they will come out on the water to look for the white girl. They will make her prisoner, so that they get big ransom."

"I fear for my friends," said Lucy, "more than I do for myself."

"The Flatheads do not know friends are alive—think dead," said the Wakash. "Think been burn up, aboard wreck. Heard speak of that, when near camp. The Wakash was so close he could here what they say."

"Where do you intend to take me?"

"Will take near Victoria, so girl go there herself, if can. But if too much Flatheads must wait here. Don't think Flathead find her. Go, now, and look if can see anything of Indians! If not see, will come back and take toward Victoria, for the Wakash could find no landing on the darkest night. He knows the waters well. Now the white girl must wait here for him."

So saying the savage paddled off in the obscurity.

There was evidently some secret outlet to the cave besides the one over which he had caused the rock to fall.

"I shall be glad to leave this place," murmured Lucy. "After I reach Victoria I must somehow contrive to send word of my safety to Frank and the hunter."

Hours passed, but the Wakash did not come back.

It was now dawn, and a dim light stole into the cave through the crevices in the rock above her head. She looked about her in vain for the outlet by which the Wakash had left the gloomy retreat.

All at once she was alarmed by the appearance of a hideous apparition. It was the form of a savage, with the head of a sea-wolf, coming toward her in a canoe from an alcove at one side of the cave.

"Is it you, Wakash?" she faltered.

"Ugh!" was the response, in a guttural voice, as the monster approached her.

The voice was not that of the Sea-Mole.

"Who are you?" cried the frightened girl.

"It is Spotted Turtle who comes to the white girl," was the answer, and as he spoke the Indian threw the wolf skin from his head, revealing the hideous features of the savage chief.

"The Wakash is cunning, but the Flathead knows how to deceive him. He lay in the hollow of a rock, and the Wakash passed, thinking he was a sea-wolf, for he showed only his head. It was well done."

"You have killed the Wakash," gasped Lucy.

"The Flathead not kill Wakash, though Wakash help the Flathead's enemies. That is why," and the chief touched his forehead, thus meaning to imply that the brain of the Sea-Mole was not right.

Lucy now understood him, and also the cause of his forbearance, for she knew that all savage tribes respect people whose minds are disorder.

"White girl go with Indian," said the chief, as he made the bow of her canoe fast by a rope to the stern of his own.

"No, no; I beg that you will leave me here," said Lucy. "What can you want of me?"

"Come, quick go!" said the savage: "If not go, quick kill!" and he raised his tomahawk threateningly. "Must get in Indian's canoe," he added, pointing to his craft.

The terrified girl obeyed. The moment she was in the canoe, the Indian paddled toward the alcove. When it was re-ceded, he thrust aside a thick bunch of seaweed, hanging down from the rocky wall, revealing an opening large enough for the passage of a canoe. Through this he paddled, and in a short time he directed the canoe along shore. Concealing both vessels among some rocks, he conducted Lucy to a small valley in which a number of the Flatheads had encamped.

It was now broad daylight, but there was a slight mist which obscured the sea.

Suddenly Lucy fancied she could hear the flapping of canvas.

"That is good," said Spotted Turtle, springing to his feet.

He ran to the shore, and was soon paddling swiftly over the water in his canoe.

The spars and sails of a brig loomed before him through the mist, and he directed his canoe alongside, calling for a rope.

One was thrown to him, and he clambered aboard.

"The Indian would see Water-Hand," said the savage.

"Who is that?" inquired Captain James.

"He means Dirk," said the mate. "That is the name the Indians have given him."

As he spoke, Dirk came up from the cabin and saw the savage.

In a moment he was by his side.

The chief drew him apart from the others.

"The Water-Hand loves the white girl—the one he calls Lucy?"

"What of her?" cried Dirk. "I believe she is dead—was drowned in a wreck."

"It is not so. Spotted Turtle has seen her. She is alive and well."

"Where is she? How was she saved?"

"If the Water-Hand will give the Indian
twenty pounds of tobacco and four good knives, he will tell him where he can find the girl.

"There must be some mistake," said Dirk. He went to the mate, and told him what the Indian had said.

"I thought the girl was drowned," said the mate, "although it is true we could not find her body. She may have saved herself in some strange, mysterious manner."

"If Water-Hand omo ashore, Indian can take him to girl," said the chief. "First give Water-Hand pound tobacco and four good knives."

"It shall be done," said the mate. "The affair is worth looking into. Mind, though, if she does not prove to be the girl you speak of, the tobacco and knives will again be taken away from you."

"Ughl good!" answered the chief.

"I will go with the Indian to see who the girl is," said Dirk. "I may be back soon, or I may not come for several days. You can keep a lookout for me or not, just as you please."

The tobacco and knives were given to the savage, with whom Dirk then went ashore. Meanwhile the brig lay with her main-top-sail an' a' the jib, awaiting his return.

"I'm in a hurry," muttered the youth.

"No fear but what they'll contrive to pick me up, for the sake of the gold cave, even if I should stay ashore a week."

A walk of a quarter of a mile brought the Indian and his companion to the camp of the Flatheads. The young sailor was at once conducted to the guarded tent in which Lucy was a prisoner.

"Is my white brother satisfied, now?" inquired Spotted Turtle.

"Yes, I am. How in Heaven's name did you escape from the wreck, Lucy?" he asked, turning to the girl.

"It matters not," she answered.

"It matters to me, since I have found the one I intend to make my wife."

"What do you mean? Have I not told you I don't want you?" cried Lucy, scornfully.

"You must be ready to be mine, before long," answered Dirk, frowning.

"Have you lost your senses?"

"Far from it. I have all my wits about me."

Then he drew the chief out of the tent, and conversed with him for some time, in a low voice.

CHAPTER XV.
A TIMELY ARRIVAL.

The singular disappearance of Lucy from the tent surprised Frank and his hunter friend, who, for a moment, were wholly at a loss to account for it. All at once, Ben uttered a cry as his gaze fell upon certain prints on the ground.

"May the Lord help the poor gal!" he exclaimed. "Thar's been a savage hyar, in this very tent! Didn't you hear nothin' while you was guardin'?"

"Not a sound to excite suspicion of anything wrong," answered Frank.

Ben commenced to follow up the tracks he saw. They led for some distance, when they terminated at a spot where the ground was covered with blood.

"Her blood!" cried Frank, agast.

"No, no, thar you mistake. That's not a gal's blood. Yer kin see chunks of flesh near, which are pieces of some animal which hav' been cut up. Thar's been Injuns hyar," he added, pointing to the marks of moccosins on the ground.

"Then she has been taken off by the Indians!"

"Don't think she hyev been this way, at all," said Ben. "Thar's no marks of her feet on the ground."

He reflected a moment, and then added:

"Yer kin bet the poor thing made straight fur the canoe, and that we'd see her now floatin' about in it, ef this mist would clear up."

Suddenly each of the lads felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and, turning, the two perceived half a dozen Flatheads, who had stolen up behind them while they were gazing seaward. Instinctively Ben raised his rifle, but, ere he could fire, the weapon was knocked from his hands by the blows of several tomahawks. Frank's rifle, before he could cock it, was snatched from his grasp.

"Ughl got prisoners now," said one of the savages, triumphantly. "Glad take alive. Not want to scalp till Spotted Turtle see."

"We're savcrevened—there's a fact," said Ben. "It war car'less of me not to keep a lookout behind. It are jest the first time in my life I war ever caught in such an onartin manner, and I hope to gracious it may be the last."

Both boys having been deprived of their weapons, were bound hand and foot, and left on the shore, while four of the Indians went to apprise Spotted Turtle of the capture, leaving two on guard, with the rifles of the prisoners in their hands.

The two Indians proudly shouldering the weapons, strutted up and down the beach.

"I reckin' thar's help at hand?" Ben suddenly whispered to Frank.

"Where? How?"

"Thar's a figure skulkin' behind that rock, on the edge of the fog-bank, within four yard on us!"

"A figure?"

"Yes, and if I aren't mont'y mistaken, it are the Wakash! Act as ef yer don't see it!"

The two savages, a moment later had their backs to the prisoners as they paced the beach.

As swift as a flash, a canoe containing the Sea-Mole shot from behind the rock, to the beach, when lightly springing ashore the Wakash drew his knife, and severed the bonds of the two prostrate captives.

The latter, the next instant, were seated in the canoe, which again was paddled behind the rock, and thence into the thick fog near it, where it could not be seen from the shore.

All this had been done in about fifteen seconds—before the two savages on guard had walked more than half their "beat."

When they turned, soon after, and perceived that the captives were gone, they looked at each other in amazement, for there was no sign any where to show that the escape was the result of human agency—the flowing waves having washed away the impressions of the footprints which
the two boys and their companion, the Wakash, had left upon the sand.

"It war well done, Wakash," Ben remarked, in a low voice, to the Sea-Mole, when they were some distance from the shore. "How come yer to be so near us?"

"The Wakash come to see if vessel near enough to send white girl aboard."

"What girl?"

"The one you call Lucy."

"You have seen her then! You can tell us where she is!" cried Frank.

"The Sea-Mole knows where she is."

He then described his meeting with the girl, and his having left her in the water-cave just before dawn.

"And how about the vessel you spoke of?" said Ben. "Is it near enough for her to reach it? If so, we will put her aboard."

"The vessel not very far off, but there is one aboard it whom the white girl would rather not see. His name is Dirk."

"So it is the same craft from which I was pushed overboard," said Frank.

In less than half an hour the three reached the water-cave.

"Lucy, where are you?" called Frank, as they looked about for her in vain.

The Sea-Mole worked his canoe hither and thither, searching for the girl, but all to no purpose.

"Thar, she's disappeared fur the second time!" said Ben. "I never knewed it to fail, if you war lookin' fur a gal, that she didn't contrive to make the s'arch as long as possible!"

The Wakash was at a loss to guess what had become of the young woman.

"Proberbly she got tired o' waitin', and thought she'd go to look for yer," continued Ben, addressing the Indian.

"We go and look if we find her," cried the Sea-Mole, much puzzled.

He directed the canoe out of the cave. As he paddled on, the mist partly cleared, revealing the flag lying in the distance.

"Perhaps she is aboard of that vessel," said Frank. "Better take us there, Wakash."

"No like go there," was the answer. "Wakash afraid English keep—no let go. Boys can go, if want to. See! there another canoe," he added, pointing out the one which Spotted Turtle had left moored to a rock.

"That's one of them Flatheads' canoes," remarked Ben. "I'm beginnin' to think the gal hev been taken prisoner by them cussed varmints."

The Wakash paddled to the canoe, of which Ben and Frank at once took possession.

"Now Wakash go," said the Indian; "he must keep on for his cave."

And as he spoke, the savage paddled rapidly off.

Ben looked carefully about him, but as the shore for some distance was composed of masses of rock, no footprints could be discovered.

The boys about to make for the brig, to see if Lucy was aboard of the craft, when they discerned a figure ahead of them, seated upon a rock, with his back toward them.

"That is Dirk," said Frank.

"Hillow! What kin that raskill be doin' hyar?" whispered Ben. "We must git to him, thout his seen' us."

He paddled cautiously, and was within a few feet of the youth ere the latter, turning, saw the twain.

The moment his gaze fell upon Frank, a cry of horror escaped the sailor, who stood motionless as if transfixed to the rock.

Taking advantage of his condition, Ben sprang out of the canoe and seized him by the collar.

"We hev you at last!" he cried. "Come, tell us of yer know what the gal is, or I'll shake yer life out of yer!"

"Lucy is aboard that brig," answered the young captain. "She came aboard just before I left the craft, half an hour ago."

"None o' yer lies!" said Ben.

"You can go aboard and see for yourself," was the reply.

But even as he spoke, the brig squared away, and was soon speeding swiftly on her course, to be lost to view in a fog-bank that extended over that part of the water.

Frank was now also on the rock. Dirk by this time had recovered his composure.

"How did you escape from the brig?" he coolly inquired of the boy.

"It was not your wish that I should—that is certain," said Frank, "as it was you who pushed me off the vessel."

"I?" cried Dirk, with well-feigned surprise; "you are mistaken."

As he spoke, the sailor suddenly gave a leap, which carried him some yards away from Frank and the hunter, on a rock below. Then he took to his heels and was soon lost to view among the rugged masses.

"Now, then, the question are whether we kin believe that mean cuss or not?" said Ben.

"If Lucy are aboard that brig, she are safe enough, and all we hev to do is to keep on after the Wakash."

As he spoke, the brig, for a few moments, emerged to view from the fog-bank.

Looking toward her, the boys could dimly make out the figure of a female on the poop, waving a kerchief toward them.

"Thar she is. It are Lucy!" cried Ben, "seein' as it kin be no one else."

The vessel, which had tacked, again disappeared in the fog.

"Yes, it must have been Lucy," said Frank. "That sets our minds at rest."

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAVE.

This female, who had been seen by the boys to wave her kerchief, was the stewardess—the wife of the cook. All hands had detected the canoe with the lads in it, and concluded that one of the twain was Dirk.

Surprised by the latter's long absence, and now thinking he saw that youth with a hunter instead of the savage chief—with whom he had left the vessel, he was somewhat puzzled.

"Better make signals for 'em to hurry aboard," said the captain,
On hearing this, the cook's wife had as shown, waved her kerchief. The top-sail was now hauled aback, and a boat was lowered. By this time, however, Ben and Frank, still in pursuit of the Wakash, were far ahead, hidden by the fog. The boat finally returned to the brig, the mate feeling much chagrined by his failure to find the canoes. He believed it was a trick of Dirk's—his keeping away from the brig—to cheat him out of the promised profits of the gold cave. Meanwhile Dirk, keeping on after he had run away from Frank and the hunter, reached the camp of the Flatheads and mentioned his having seen the two white boys. Some of the Flatheads, who had obtained canoes, then started off to search for the twain. "How does the white girl bear her captivity?" Dirk inquired of the chief. "She cry much; she look much pale." "Could you shut her up in the cave and put the bowlder over the entrance, so that she could not escape?" "It was done. How long are we to keep the white girl before Water Hand gives us more powder and knives?" "You must keep her until she consents to be my wife." "My white brother may wait a long time for that. Her heart is not with him; it is against him." "I'll starve her into being mine!" cried Dirk, fiercely. "Is that the way white man treat girl he love? Indian is not so." "I will treat her well enough after she becomes my wife," said Dirk. "It is all fancy—her thinking she does not like me. She liked me well enough before her uncle died." Two days not a morsel of food had been brought to the imprisoned girl. On the morning of the third day she heard a slight noise, and a fragment of granite rolled down at her feet. She looked up to see a crevice at one side of the rocky roof, through which an arm was thrust. The hand belonging to this arm made a motion for her to keep silent. Then it was withdrawn, and a slight pounding noise indicated that efforts were being made to enlarge the crevice. In a short time this was made wide enough to admit a human body. A moment later a rope dangled down into the cave, and by this Frank descended into the retreat. Lucy gave a cry of joy, and tottering toward the youth, looked up inquiringly into his face. "Oh, Frank!" she said, "you have imperiled your life for me!" She permitted him to fasten the rope about her, after which he ascended to the opening he had made in the roof. "Grasp the rope with both hands," he whispered, looking down at her, "and I will haul you up." She followed his directions, and he slowly drew her up to the opening. As she seized a ridge of rock, easily, he grasped her round the waist, and lifted her through the aperture. "Now take my arm, and follow me," he said, as soon as he had coiled the rope and placed it in his wallet. Her tottering walk caught his attention. "You are weak," he said. Then she informed him that she had had nothing to eat for two days. Frank gave a cry of dismay. Half-supporting her with one arm, he conducted her to the foot of the sloping rock, and thence through a thicket which extended back of it for a short distance. At the end of this thicket stood Ben Beaver, keeping a careful watch. "Thar, now, glad enough I am to see that yer've been successful," he said to Frank. "Quick, Ben, she must have something to eat before we go a step further. She has not tasted food for two days." "By the 'tarnation!' ejaculated Ben. "Them varmint's ought to be choked to death fur that." He took some venison and corn-meal cake from his wallet and presented it to Lucy, who in her present condition, imagined, when she partook of it, that she had never tasted anything more delicious. From a sparkling stream near, Frank procured her a cup of clear water, into which Ben poured from his flask a few drops of brandy, which he said she needed to strengthen her. Much refreshed, Lucy now accompanied her two companions to the beach, near which was a small, rocky cave, containing the boys' canoe. They were soon in the canoe, the lads paddling swiftly toward the coast of Vancouver's Island, faintly visible in the distance. As the light vessel glided on, Frank explained how he and his friend came to learn of Lucy's being confined in the cave. "We saw a young woman waving her kerchief from the deck of the brig," he said, "and thought she was you; but, on the next day, we came across the brig only a short distance off, and as she lay to for us, we boarded her. Then we learned to our surprise that you were not in her! Soon after making this discovery, we left the craft, resolving to search for you, now feeling quite sure that you were kept a prisoner by the Indians through the influence of that rascally Dirk. We retraced our way to a rock on which we had seen him the day before, and concealing our canoe, we carefully examined the ground back of the rocks. While we were doing so, an Indian girl of the Flathead tribe appeared before us. From her we learned of your imprisonment in the cave and exactly where the latter was located." "I think I saw the girl you speak of, while I was among the savages," said Lucy. "Yes. Her name was Nonna, as she informed us, and she was the betrothed of the chief's son, who, since his seeing you, had done nothing but praise your beauty to her, and this has made her jealous. Therefore she was anxious to get rid of you, and it was for this reason she had given us our information. "She named this morning for us to come to effect your rescue, and said she would help us by keeping the attention of all the savages directed from the rock in which you were confined. This she would do, by performing
certain dances and singing for their entertainment in a groyne many yards from the rock. Well, she has kept her word, for we have not seen a single Indian since we came ashore to get you out of the cave."

The canoe was soon headed for a sloop, which had been signaled by Frank, and which lay to, in wait for it.

The craft proved to be a vessel, bound to Victoria for a load of coal, and Lucy was glad to see one of her own sex—the captain’s wife—on deck.

Frank engaged a passage for the young girl to Victoria, after which he and Ben bade her farewell.

"May I come to see you now and then?" he inquired of her before he entered his canoe.

"Oh, yes; I shall always be glad to see you," she answered, with a bright flush, "for I can never forget the noble manner in which you and your friend have protected me through my perils."

The boys were soon back in the canoe, padding on toward the north, in which direction they had last seen the Wakash.

And then they would turn their heads to look at the sloop, which was making rapid progress toward her destined port.

Frank breathed a sigh of relief to think that the girl was safe at last.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TIMELY SHOT.

Great was Dirck’s rage when he discovered that Lucy was missing from the cave, and saw the unmistakable signs in the broken roof that she had been rescued.

"You give powder and knives all the same," said Spotted Turtle to the young sailor.

"I suppose I will have to, as I promised, but you will have to wait for them until I can get aboard the brig."

That same day the brig was seen in the distance. Dirck boarded her with Spotted Turtle, and gave to the savage the promised ransom, after which the Indian returned ashore. To the inquiries of the captain about Lucy Loonis, the young sailor falsely answered that he had put her aboard a craft bound for Victoria.

The skipper now spoke about the Wakash—said he had as yet seen nothing of that person, and remarked that he had begun to think Dirck had made some mistake about the existence of a GOLD CAVE.

The youth, however, declared he had not, and persuaded his auditors to continue the search.

Meanwhile Ben Beaver and Frank, keeping on their course, finally came again in sight of the Wakash, now far ahead close to the shore, about two miles off, half-hidden by the fog which was again beginning to thicken.

"We'll make a stop hyar until mornin'," said Ben, pointing to a hollow among some rocks.

The two directed the canoe into this waterfall, which was some fathoms from the shore, and having fastened the warp to a projection, they partook of a frugal repast.

An hour later, while Ben stood watch on a rugged platform outside of their retreat, Frank dropped to sleep on a rocky shelf covered with dry sea-weed, which made him an excellent couch.

Ben kept a sharp watch, but he saw nothing suspicious until an hour had passed, when he fancied he caught sight of the dim outlines of several figures approaching through the mist and the gloom.

The hunter crouching behind a ledge soon saw several savages in a canoe, gliding past the rock he occupied—so close that he could have touched them.

One of them was Spotted Turtle, whose voice he recognized as the chief spoke to his companions. Seeing two rifles protruding from the after part of the canoe, he doubted not they were those which had previously been stolen by the savages from him and Frank.

Quickly and cautiously stretching out his hand, he seized the weapons by their barrels, and noiselessly drew them to him, without being discovered, after which he crept back into the cave with his prizes.

But now he perceived that, while he was outside, on the rock, his canoe-warp evidently not having been very securely fastened, the light craft had drifted off with the current.

He peered through the opening, but he could see nothing of the vessel.

At dawn he informed Frank of his loss. Seeing nothing of the savages, the two lashed their rifles to their backs, and swam to the shore.

They proceeded a short distance inland, where Ben made a fire, lighting it with matches taken from his waterproof case.

Here the boys dried themselves and also their wet rifles.

"Now, then, we’ll hev to tramp it by land," said Ben, "until we git another canoe. Her you lost anything durin’ the swim?" he added noticing that Frank was feeling about the upper part of his shirt.

"My necktie—but no, come to think of it, I must have dropped it into the canoe which was lost."

As soon as their garments were dried, Ben and his companion were again on the move. They kept as near the coast as they could among the jagged masses of rocks which interfered with their progress.

For two days they continued their journey without seeing a sign of an Indian.

On the third day a slight clearing of the fog enabled Ben to form some idea of their present locality.

"We’re clos to the British line," he said.

"That’s not five miles now ’twixt us and the English ground of British Columbia."

Frank meanwhile was gazing along the stretch of water near the coast, as far as the fog would permit him to see.

"What is that?" he inquired, pointing out a mere speck to the northward.

Ben took a long look.

"It is the Wakash, shore as you’re alive! Et we only had a canoe, we could track him byootiful, noow."

The boys hurried along until, wearied by their long tramp, they finally paused to rest on a ledge, not many yards from the shore.

Ben soon rose and moved off toward a high rock, some distance ahead.
"Where are you going?" Frank inquired.
"To take a survey," answered Ben, "seein' as the fog are clearing off.
I get a little way in the other direction," said Frank, "to see what there may be in that quarter."
"I wouldn't go far," suggested Ben. "I reckon the Flatheads they give up lookin' fur us fur the present, but I'm not Shore. You kin never be too careful with them varmints."
Frank moved along for about a hundred yards; then he walked out toward the end of a projecting rock, containing ridges which now concealed him from his friend.
On reaching the water's edge he was surprised to see a canoe lying in a little cove there.
"Here's a lucky discovery," muttered the lad. "The canoe has probably got adrift from somewhere, and been carried to this spot."
On looking more closely, however, he perceived that the warp of the vessel was fastened to a spur of rock.
As he made this discovery, a savage crawled from a hole among the rugged fragments behind him.
The Indian was a young Flathead, and a look of fierce triumph lighted his dark eyes as he gazed upon the boy, who was unconscious of his presence.
For a moment he seemed undecided whether to use his spear or his tomahawk, but finally he concluded to transfix his enemy with the barbed instrument.
Drawing it back as he raised it he hurled it with tremendous force, and it would have gone through Frank's body between the shoulders but for a well-directed bullet which, at the moment the weapon was about to leave the hands of the Indian, crashed through his brain, causing the spear to pass some inches wide of its mark.
On hearing the sharp ring of a rifle Frank turned, to see the savage fall stone-dead before him, and to realize the fate he had just escaped.
"It war lucky I tuck a notion to come this way," said Ben, "after we parted. Facts is I didn't like yer goin' so far off, and thought it best ter foller yer. Just as I got atop of the rock yer see right behind us, I spotted that varmint creepin' out o' his hole like a turtle, and I fired in time ter save yer."
"Well, Ben, you see we have gained a canoe." Well, a minute, ef yer please," said Ben, "We must look to see if there's any more of them critters about."
As he spoke he peered into the hole whence the Flathead had emerged, but he perceived that no one was in the hollow.
The boys entered the canoe and were soon paddling along toward the Wakash, who was still in the distance.
Working with a will they gained upon him, for he seemed to be going at his leisure.
"If we are not again troubled by Flatheads, we will succeed in tracking the fellow to his retreat," said Frank. "Them Flatheads won't trouble us ag'in, I reckon," said Ben. "It is my opinion that they had all given up the trail, 'cept that young jun I shot, who kept on, anxious fur to dis-

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CHAPTER XVIII.
The Meeting.

They were still searching, when they heard the sound of oars.
"A boat coming this way," said Frank. The boat containing six men, soon emerged to view from the mist.
The occupants were Captain James, his crew, and Dirk Derrick.
"Hilloa! that's that vipers?" cried Ben, while Dirk, at the same moment, uttered a cry of blended surprise and disappointment.
"What are you doing here?" inquired the brig's captain, as his boat came close to the canoe.
"Well, what are you doin' hyar?" said Ben. "That's my own business. You Yankees are compoundedy inquisitive."
"By the 'tarnal!' cried Ben. "Yer put me in mind of the dog, that com'd to eat another dog's bone, and when t'other dog bited off his tail, told him he war a mean imperler raskil to disturb a poor 'chapp' when he war eatin'."
"That's neither here nor there," said the captain. "Will you or will you not answer my question?"
"I kin tell yer one thing 'bout it," said Ben. Well?"
"I didn't come hyar fur to answer questions."
"Why do you bandy words with him?" said Dirk to the captain. "Tell him and the other to clear out, or that you will shoot them down with your pistol!"
"My pard and I kin pull a trigger, I reckon," quietly remarked Ben, as he cocked his rifle.

"I don't want to harm you," said the captain to the boys, "but I think I know what you have come here for."

"Of course we know what they are here for!" cried Dirk, impatiently, "and the sooner they clear out the better for them!"

"Own up, and say you are looking for the gold cave."

"And what if we are?" said Frank.

"If there is such a cave, you must see that it is on English ground," said the captain.

"I must allow I don't see that," said Ben.

"We're close to the line—right alongside o' yer British Columbia land; but still yer must own that these rocks is on Washington Territory."

"The rocks—yes; but if there is a cave extending from under them, only ten feet further to the north, that cave is under British territory."

"I don't stir from hyar. I am on American ground," responded Ben, as he laid one hand on a rock, near the cave.

"You must give up all idea of the gold cave, at any rate," cried the captain.

"Ef that is such a cave, yer kin bet I'm not the coon to give it up," was the hunter's reply.

Dirk and the captain now held a conference in a low voice.

Then the boat was directed alongside of the beach, and the captain sprang out, followed by a couple of his men.

"Now, then," he said, turning to Ben, "I warn you to keep away from the gold cave, if we find it. If you do not, I shall have to use force."

"Two kin play at that game," answered Ben.

"Come, Frank, we must look fur that cave."

Both parties, however, searched in vain.

"It is very strange," said the captain. "I am sure I saw the Wakash disappear at this place. He is probably hidden in some of the lofty hollows, among the rocks. Here he is, now?" he added, as he suddenly pulled the canoe, with the Indian lying prostrate in it, from under an overhanging rock, the mouth of which had been hidden by seaweed.

"The cave must be there, too!" cried Dick, eagerly.

"No, there is no cave there; the space there is not five feet long," answered the captain, taking a careful survey of the place.

The Wakash, with his wild eyes, his black, matted hair stained with sand, and green with the slime of the sea, his tattered blanket, and his bunched shoulders, presented a strange, weird appearance, as he rose in the canoe and stared at the persons who were now gazing upon him.

"Come," said the captain, "own up that this story of yours about gold in a sea-cave is all nonsense. Don't be afraid, we won't hurt you."

The Wakash broke into a loud laugh. "The home of the Sea-Mole is in many caves," he answered.

"And there is no gold in any of them!"

"There are gold fishes, and the Mole loves to watch them, for they are lamps in his caves, but there is no other gold."

As the speaker was partly insane, it was difficult to decide whether he told the truth or not.

"You must come with me aboard my vessel," said the captain, "and I will tell you what I will give you, if you lead me to the gold cave."

But the Wakash now sprung into his own canoe, and, paddling swiftly to the northward, was soon lost to view in the fog, beyond.

"Pull for the brig!" cried the disappointed captain. And, in spite of Dirk's remonstrances, he headed the boat in the direction of his vessel.

"We've got rid of those troublesome fellows, at last," remarked Frank to Ben.

"We haven't seen the last of 'em, yer kin bet," answered Ben. "That varmint Dirk will soon persuade them Englishers to come back and attack us, ef I aren't mistaken."

Scarcely was the boat out of sight, when Ben directed the canoe to land.

"We'll take another good look fur that gold cave," he said.

"After all, do you think there is any such place?"

"Yes I do. The Wakash told them English war not, jest to make 'em give up the s'arch. Now, then," he added, as he sprang from the canoe, "you better take a look along shore, to the north, while this coon goes another way. Somehow, varmint, the place we are lookin' fur are somewhar near hyar."

The canoe having been secured to a projecting rock, the boys moved along shore in opposite directions.

Finally Frank found himself near a little bay, bordered by many rocks. This bay he had previously examined with Ben on the side where the rocks faced the water. Now, however, he clambered among the rugged elevations on the land side. As he moved hither and thither, peering about him, his attention was suddenly drawn to a broad rock, beneath him, having an opening in the top. He descended, and looked through the opening to discover a hollow, about ten feet deep, with a rocky floor.

He was turning away disappointed, when he noticed the end of an old rope, protruding from a clump of bushes, near him. He pulled the rope out, and perceived that it was about six feet long, with an iron hook on the end of it.

It at once occurred to him that the rope might have been used as a means for descending into the hollow. But what was there in this hollow to induce any person to take that trouble.

The boy fastened the hook against a protruberance on the edge of the opening, and thus climbed down into the cavity.

It was not more than eight feet in area, bordered by a rugged, rocky wall on each side.

"Might as well have saved myself the trouble of coming down here," muttered the lad.

He had climbed the rope half-way on his return when the hook, which he had neglected to secure very carefully, slipped from the protruberance against which it had been placed, and the boy fell upon the rocky floor below.

He came down upon his seat, and although jarred by the shock, he was not much hurt. Laughing at his mishap, he placed both hands
Hunter-Pard Ben.

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on top of a round bowlder, near which he had fallen, and pulled upon it to draw himself to his feet.

The bowlder, by the pull he gave it, was slightly rolled from its place, and now Frank saw a crevice between its lower edge and the floor large enough for him to thrust his hand through.

His curiosity was aroused. He rolled the bowlder from its position, and discovered that it had concealed an aperture through which a man would be able to pass.

"Hello! Now things begin to look brighter," he commented. "Wonder what there is down there?"

He looked through the hole and saw a few feet beneath him, a shelving floor of rock.

He dropped down upon it and moved along. At first he was obliged to stoop, but the roof became higher as he kept on, and finally he found himself at the foot of the descent.

He was now in a large cave, so dimly lighted by the opening through which he had come that he could no longer see his way.

Taking a match from his waterproof-safe, he lighted it, and by the brief glow he beheld a bottle in which was thrust a candle on a rocky shelf near him. The sight thrilled him with joy, for the presence of this article showed him that the cave had previously contained some human being.

He had found, at last, the abode of the Sea-Mole.

As he looked about him, after lighting the candle, he could not doubt that such was the case.

There were a couple of fishing-spears and a sea-wolf skin dress hanging on the wall at one side; in a corner there was a couch of skins, and near it he saw a water-jug, a sack, and a tinfoil cup.

But where was the gold of which the Wakash had spoken?

Not a trace of this could the boy find, although he carefully examined the walls, which it is true, in some places, glittered brightly. This glitter had at first deceived him, but he found it to consist of a substance something like quicksilver—a mere moisture, which could be scraped off with a knife.

"The poor lunatic must have meant this when he spoke of gold," muttered the boy.

"But, if so, where did he get the gold lumps which he showed me and Ben?"

On reflection, Frank concluded that the Wakash had had these pieces of gold, procured probably from the mountains, for some time in his possession.

"I will go to Ben, and tell him what a wild-goose chase we have been on," said Frank to himself, as he hastily returned toward the opening above.

By throwing up the hook-rope, after passing through the aperture, he caused it to catch on a protruding knob of rock, and he was thus enabled to climb from the hollow.

He soon found Ben, who, on hearing his story, went with him to the cave.

"Yes, this are the Wakash's house—that's shore," said the hunter, gazing around him, "and, as yer say that's no gold hyar, but let's look of thar aren't some other cave, next to this one?"

For a time they searched in vain, but, at length, behind a rocky column! close to one side of the cave, they found another opening, leading into a second cavern, smaller than the first.

"Now, then, jest hold the candle hyar, of yer please," said Ben, advancing and looking closely at the wall.

Frank held the light, so that it fell on certain clumps of rock, adhering to the wall, when a bright, reddish yellow lustre was perceptible, flashing here and there in spots and little ridges!

"Thar you are!" cried Ben, triumphantly.

"Hyar's gold, and no mistake! These clumps of rock is gold quartz, shore as you're born!"

"Then our fortune is made!" cried Frank, exultingly. "You don't think this cave is on British ground.

"It sart'ntly are not on British ground. I reckin it don't extend fur enough under water fur that.

"You think the cave is under water?"

"It is, pard. It goes along under the bay—I'm shore of that. See?"

And he showed Frank, on his hand, several drops of water, which had fallen down through the roof above the heads of the boys.

"I thought I felt water dropping a moment ago," said Frank.

"Yes; it comes through the roof. The rock are not solid enough to keep the water above it from leakin' through. See 'chard" he added, pointing to a space in the roof where there was a crack on four sides, forming an irregular square. "It won't be long 'fore the weight of the sea will force that rock out."

"Let us hurry, then, and get all the gold we can," said Frank, "before that happens."

"We ought to hev a hammer or an ax to knock off these knobs of gold quartz," said Ben, "but we'll hev to use somethin' else. That's the fishin' spears which makes the boys do."

As he turned to go into the adjoining cave to procure one of the spears, he beheld the face of some person, who had evidently been watching him and Frank, suddenly withdrawn from the entrance.

He sprung forward quickly, and caught a glimpse of a form as it disappeared in the gloom of the passage along the sloping, rocky floor leading to the opening above.

"Hello! it's that varmint, Dirk, shore as I'm alive!" cried Ben, in a voice which was distinctively audible to Frank.

The latter joined his friend in pursuit of the intruder, but when the two passed through the opening, they caught only a glimpse of Dirk's heels, as he disappeared over the ledge above the hollow, after climbing the rope.

"Our fun is spoiled!" said Ben. "That rascal has persuaded them Englishmen to come back and will have 'em upon us fore long."

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

The boys quickly returned to the gold cave, each provided with one of the fishing-spears
with which he endeavored to dislodge some of the precious quartz knobs from the wall. It was slow, useless work. As the two still toiled, they suddenly heard voices above, followed by the tramp of footsteps.

"Hyar they come!" cried Ben.

A minute later the English captain appeared at the entrance of the gold cave.

"This cave is on British ground," he said, "you have no right to take anything from it."

"I differ with you," answered Ben. "It is not on British ground. It don’t go far enough under water for that; besides, you kin see that it extends more west than north."

"I repeat that is on the English line. It is about opposite the southwest end of British Columbia. I hope you will go away quietly, and give me no occasion to use force."

"We disukered the cave, and by rights it belongs to us!" cried Ben. "You kin not come in here!" he added, as the captain drew his pistol.

"Forward, men!" shouted the English skipper to his sailors. "Take these fellows prisoners, and if they resist, shoot them down!"

As he spoke, however, he saw the muzzle of the hunter’s rifle on a line with his head, while Frank also held his weapon ready for service.

"Only one of yer kin come through that pashage at a time," said Ben, "and whoever comes through, comesスタム dead."

"Now, men!" cried the captain, putting himself at the head of his crew.

With a cheer, the party were about to make the rush, when a loud crash was heard, and a large bowlder fell down from above the entrance to the gold cave, completely blocking the narrow opening.

A wild burst of unearthly laughter followed, and the next moment the Wakishe, flourishing a club-hammer, sprang from an alcove, above the heads of the two boys, where he had been concealed.

"You bere?" cried Frank, in surprise.

"Ho! ho! the Sea-Mole is everywhere!" was the answer. "He came into the cave after the white boy left it to go and tell his friend. See what he has brought them." And, as he spoke, the Indian held up the club-hammer.

"Whar did yer git it?" inquired Ben. "It jest the thing we wanter.

"The Mole had it in the cave,"

"And how did you manage to send that bowlder down to close up the entrance?" inquired Frank.

"Rock was loose up there. Wakishe had to roll it off the edge of the shelf—that was all."

The Indian commenced to dance about the cave, laughing with elfish glee, while the English sailors endeavored to force the bowlder from the entrance into which it was jammed.

With the club-hammer, Ben now went to work at the gold-quartz knobs, and in a short time had succeeded three, which fairly glittered, so much of the precious metal did they contain.

"Hyar we are—some thousands of dollars richer than we war a few minutes ago!" cried the hunter.

On hearing these words, the English sailors uttered cries of rage, and redoubled their efforts to dislodge the bowlder.

"Go to the brig for crowbars and an ax," the skipper was now heard to say to his mate. "Bring off a few more men with you, and see that they are armed with muskets!"

An hour later the blows of an ax on the bowlder indicated that the mate had returned, hoarse voices filled the inside cave and blended with the noise made by the flying pieces of rock as the ax struck the heavy impediment blocking up the passage.

Meanwhile Ben had by this time chopped off half a dozen knobs from the wall. As much of the gold as could be extracted from them the boys put in their wallets, and there they also put the pieces of quartz which were left.

"English breaking bowlder. See!" cried the Wakishe at this juncture, as nearly half of the rock now fell out, split in twain, leaving an opening almost large enough to admit a slender form.

"Hooray! hooray!" cheered the sailors.

The Sea-Mole clapped both hands on his sides and gave utterance to a lusty hearty yell.

"Go back, English! go back, or the Sea-Mole drown you!" he continued, peering through the opening already made.

A cry of decision was the response.

Instantly the Wakishe, picking up the hammer which Ben had placed on the floor, ran to the further end of the cave, and with the activity of a baboon climbed by the rough protruding knobs to the ceiling of the apartment.

"What are you going to do? Come down, Wakishe!" cried Frank, in alarm.

"Yes, come down, yer crazy coon!" shouted Ben. "Good Lord! yer’s not going to flood the cave!"

"Ho! ho! all drawn together! The Sea-Mole and all! The Mole has no more a cave to live in! We die quick and we go to "Hunting-ground" together—poor Indian and all!"

Ben endeavored to reach the half-crazed savage in time to prevent his accomplishing his purpose; but the blows of the Wakishe on the cracked square of the roof were fast and furious, a hole was soon made, and the water commenced to pour in. The opening was quickly enlarged and now a perfect torrent came roaring down into the cavern.

The English captain and his men ran for their lives, reached the hollow and climbed out of it, but Ben and Frank vainly endeavored to force their way through the opening which had been made between the bowlder and the edge of the narrow entrance. The water was roaring and tumbling at their heels; there was not a minute to be lost.

"Now, Frank, take hold of what’s left of the bowlder, and I think we kin pull it out of the passageway!" shouted Ben. "Come, Wakishe! yer foolish coon, yer better fine us!" he added, addressing the Indian, who, however, only shook his head, as he stood clinging to the wall, with a strange, greenish lustre in his wild eyes.

Pulling with might and main the boys succeeded in getting the broken bowlder out of the entrance.

By this time the water was up to their hips,
and as they sped along, they heard a noise like thunder, behind them.

This was caused by the descent of a perfect cataract into the cavern, the pressure of the water having enlarged the opening which had already been made in the roof.

The foaming, boiling avalanche of waves rushed upon the lads, reaching to their necks and almost taking them off their feet. In fact, Frank was soon hauled over by the mighty rush, and he would have been carried backward had not Ben, who had reached the ascending floor of rock, caught him by the collar and jerked him up to his side. The boys scrambled up the ascent, casting but one glance behind them as they went. That brief look enabled them to catch a glimpse of the Sea-Mole, who, spinning round and round in a whirlpool some yards back, was uttering hideous cries of triumph.

By the time the lads reached the hollow above, the voice of the madman was hushed forever, under the waters, which by this time had filled the cave. As the lads seized the rope to climb to the ridge above, Dirk appeared tending over it with two pistols, which he pointed at their heads.

"You'll never come up here alive!" he cried, exultingly.

In fact, situated as they now were, it seemed as if neither Ben nor Frank could escape the deadly weapons aimed toward them.

But as Dirk was about to pull trigger, he was suddenly hauled over backward by a pair of strong hands, and the bullets from the discharged pistols flew whistling upward.

The next moment the boys were on the ridge, to be greeted by a dozen stout fellows in the uniform of American man-of-war’s-men.

It was one of these—the coxswain—who had pulled Dirk back as he was about to fire.

Their story was soon told. Lucy Loomis, on reaching Victoria, had found a small American surveying craft in the harbor, and to the captain she had spoken of the danger menacing the two boys from the Indians, whom she said she feared were in pursuit of them, and would eventually capture them.

The captain, who had been about to send a surveying party in a boat along the northwest coast of Washington Territory, promised that he would keep a lookout for them.

They had arrived near this place when they heard the screams of the Wakash, and, following the direction of the noise, they gained the ridge over the hollow in time to prevent Dirk from shooting down the lads.

The disinclined youth slunk away and joined his companions—the captain and crew of the English boat—who, on seeing the American sailors approach, had withdrawn from the vicinity of the ridge.

By the time the boys had explained how they had been treated by the English captain and his men, the latter were in their craft, half-way back to the brig.

The lieutenant of the surveyor now made soundings, by which it was proved that the rock under water, and which had contained the gold cave, did not project upon the British line, but was fully two feet from it.

The lads remained in the surveying boat until it returned to Victoria. There Frank visited Lucy at the house of her aunt, and was well received.

The gold he had obtained he sold to a coal merchant for three thousand dollars. Subsequently he and Ben hired divers and machinery to try if they could not obtain more gold from the flooded cave.

Their efforts, however, were unsuccessful, and although attempts were also made by other parties, not gold enough could be obtained to pay expenses. Dirk, secretly trying one day to get at the under water gold by means of a diving-suit, lost his life in the attempt.

About a year after his death Frank and Lucy Loomis were married. They now reside, happy and contented, in a pleasant home near Pacific City, where they are often visited by Ben Beaver, who is still one of their best friends.

THE END.
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