

**IN A SILVER SEA. IN
THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. III**

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In a Silver Sea. In Three Volumes. Vol. III by B. L. Farjeon

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B. L. FARJEON

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THREE
VOLUMES. VOL. III**

IN A SILVER SEA.

BY

B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "GREAT PORTER SQUARE: A MYSTERY," "THE SACRED
NUGGET," "CHRISTMAS ANGEL," "GRIF," ETC.

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IN A SILVER SEA.

CHAPTER I.

HAROLD SEES FACES IN THE SMOKE OF HIS
CIGAR.

“YOUR pardon, gentlemen.”

It was the captain of the vessel who broke in upon their conversation.

“What have you to say, captain?”

“I await your orders; I can get safe anchorage here. Is our voyage at an end?”

“For the present. Yonder lies the Silver Isle—a fair land.”

“It seems so; but I have seen as fair, at a distance, that turned out foul upon a nearer acquaintance.”

“This will not. Let go your anchor; to-morrow morning I shall want a boat to convey one of my servants ashore with a

letter to the islanders. There is nothing to fear from them; the people are not cannibals."

"Maybe not; but you tell me they have no king."

"The greater fortune," said Harold, "for the king they have not. Having no king, they cannot hunt one to death."

"Our king lives, and is safe."

"In banishment," said Mauvain, gloomily, "as we are. Better to have died, sword in hand. Captain, it is likely you will have to put up with us a day or two longer."

"The later we part company, the better I shall be pleased."

Mauvain, with a nod, dismissed the captain, and turned to Harold.

"I am at a loss what to say to the islanders, and to whom to address my missive."

"The letter you gave me on my visit to the isle was addressed to one Sebastian. A stately man, whose white hair flowed over his shoulders. By this time, doubtless,

gathered to his forefathers. I can suggest a younger man."

"Name him."

"Ranf the hunchback.

Mauvain frowned. "There lies an obstacle."

Harold laughed blithely. "My very thought, Mauvain. If my memory does not deceive me, you begged the islanders to accept the hunchback as a trust in kindly remembrance of yourself. Doubtless they appreciated your generosity in having sent them such a Caliban."

"And something worse," said Mauvain, "added to his hunchship."

"There could be nothing worse in human form."

"There is no saying. He had a daughter, remember, of whom you gave me a frightful description, and to whom I gave the name of Evangeline. The islanders may not have forgiven me for the malicious trick. If the girl has fulfilled the promise of her youth, we may find not only a Caliban, but a younger Sycorax on the Silver Isle. Would you