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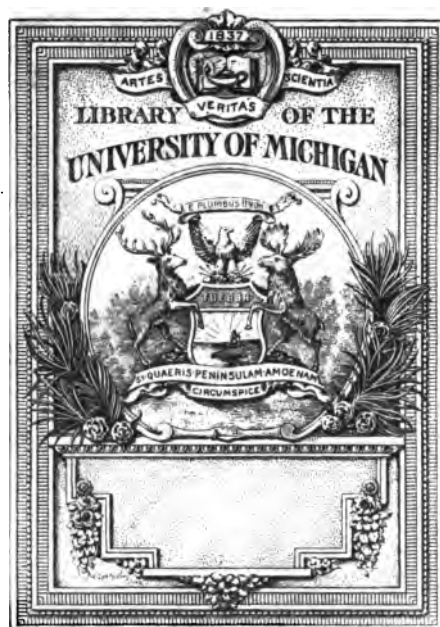
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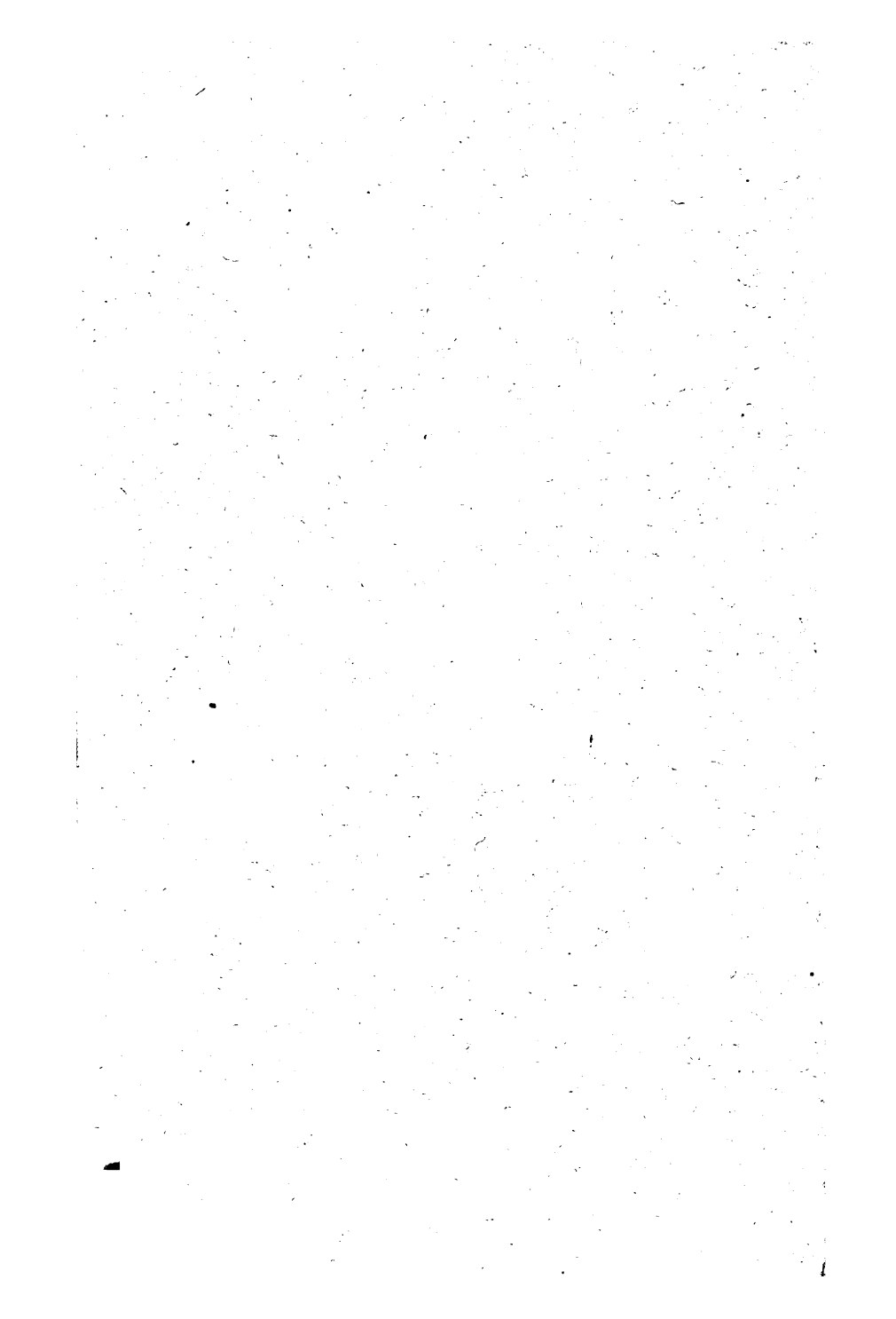
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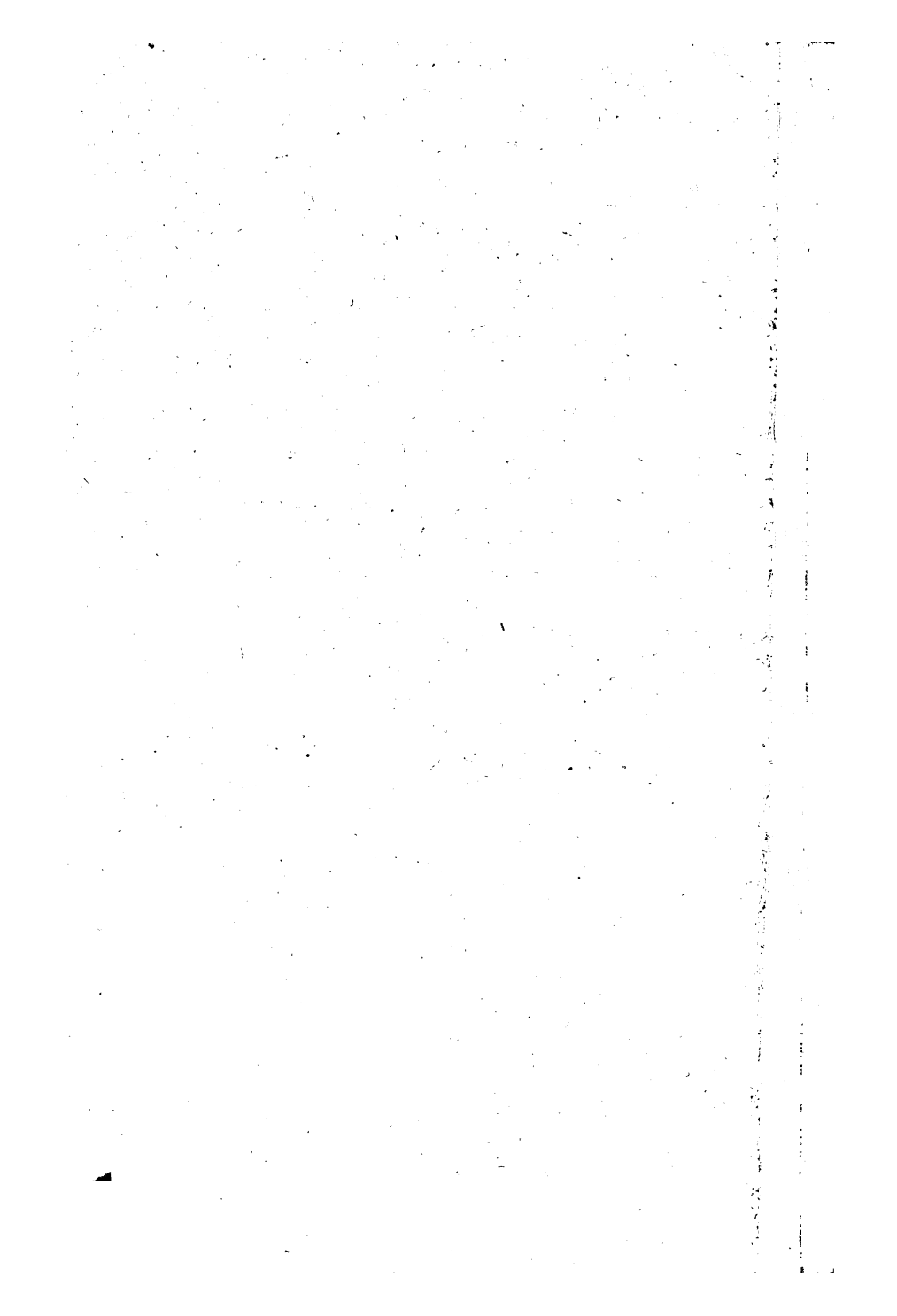
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MERD ISLAND.



A NORSE LOVE STORY.

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# THE PILOT AND HIS WIFE.

BY JONAS LIE.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. OLE BULL. —

*THIRD EDITION*

CHICAGO:  
S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY.  
1891.

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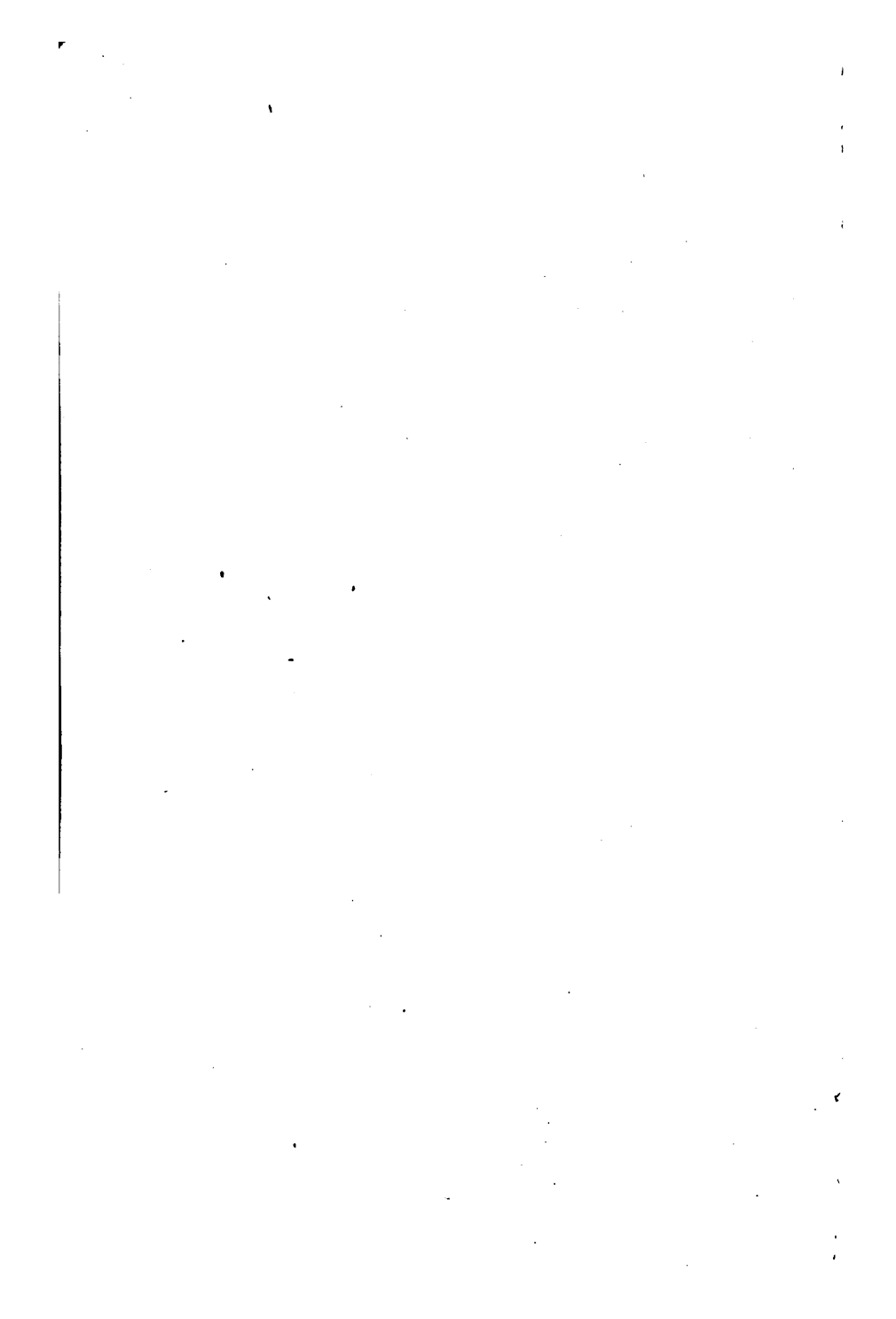
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THIS TRANSLATION

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

TO MY HUSBAND.



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## PREFACE.

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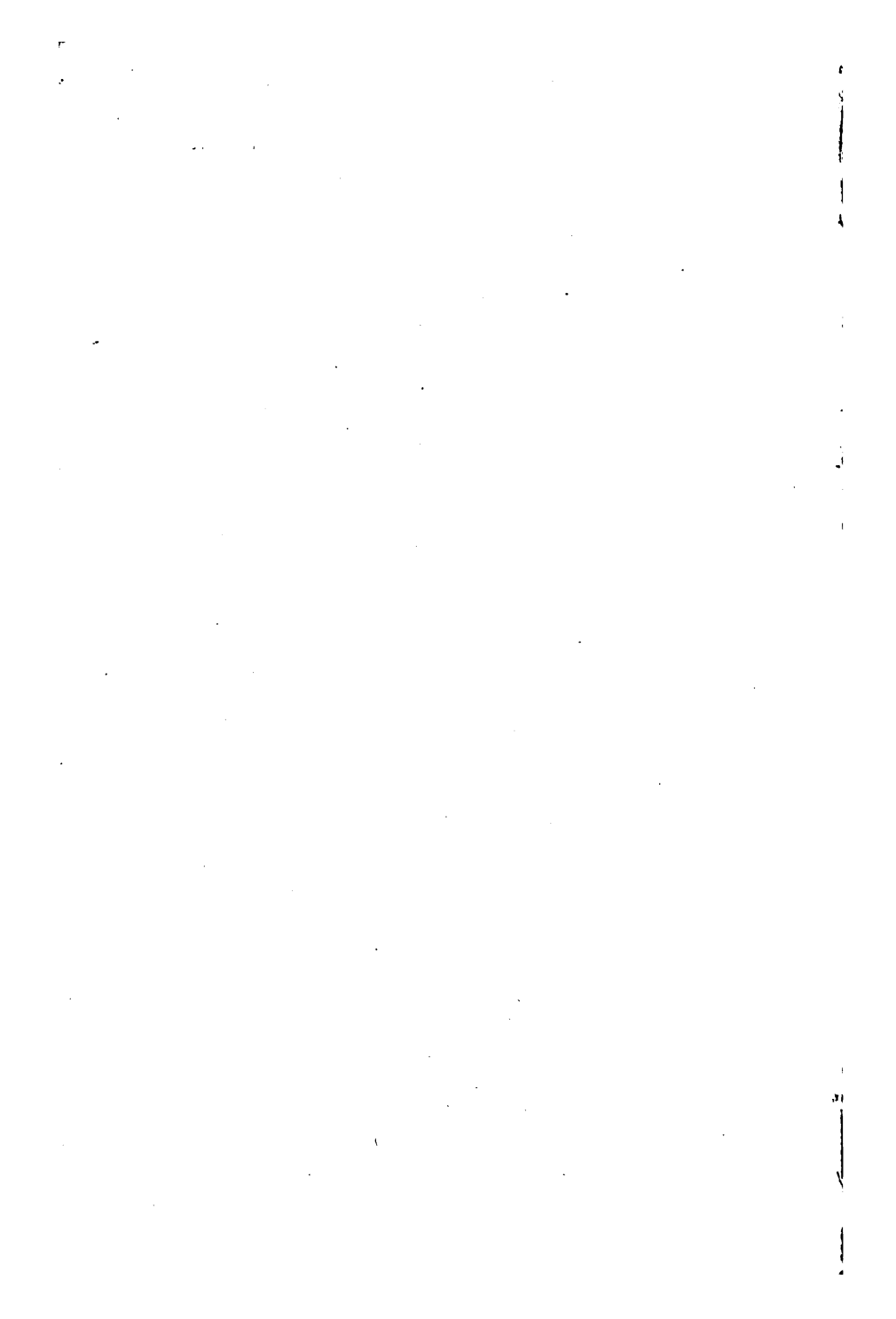
ON presenting this translation to the public, I desire to express my obligation to Professor R. B. Anderson for his kind encouragement and careful supervision of my work. His interest and enthusiasm for Norse literature, both ancient and modern, are inspiring; and his recent work on Norse mythology has done much to call the attention of the English-speaking public to our ancestral deities.

To those who have had the exquisite pleasure of reading Björnstjerne Björnson, the great delineator of Norse peasant life in the interior, and desire a glimpse of the maritime and coast life of this northern people, I commend this narrative of Jonas Lie.

I trust that the interest of the story may atone for any imperfections on my part.

SARA C. BULL.

*Madison, Wisconsin, March 4, 1876.*



## REVIEW OF JONAS LIE'S

### "THE PILOT AND HIS WIFE"

IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, APRIL, 1875, pp. 471-474.

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SOME three years ago there appeared in Copenhagen a rather remarkable novel, *Den Fremsynte* ("The Man of Second-Sight"), the literary débüt of the Norwegian writer, Jonas Lie. Since then this author has conquered for himself a name in the very foremost rank of Scandinavian *literati*, and it would sound like a truism to repeat, at this day, the verdict, then universally rendered, that he is a novelist of very marked genius. And still, we are loath to admit that his second tale, *Tremasteren, Fremtiden* ("The Three-Master, Future"), although in many respects a highly creditable production, equaled "The Man of Second-Sight" in dramatic intensity and interest. It was distinctly an encore performance, and the impression of an encore upon the audience is never so fresh and stirring as that of the first ringing, full-throated *bravura*. It may have been this very consciousness which prevented the author from feeling perfectly at his ease and thereby debarred him from reaching his own high standard of excellence. To be sure, it is only artists of a very sensitive organism who, while varying the atmospheric effects, are capable

of preserving, as it were, the same pervading harmony of tone and color from the beginning of a work to its end. And Jonas Lie achieved something so extraordinary in this line in his "Seer," that we felt justified in demanding a similar degree of excellence from its successor. Nevertheless, "The Three-Master, Future" had one claim to attention which "The Seer" could not boast; it drew an altogether new and hitherto unknown phase of life within the literary horizon, and thereby opened a fertile field of labor for future poets and novelists. As Björnson discovered the true type of the Norse peasant, so it will always remain the undying merit of Jonas Lie that he found the genuine type of the Norwegian, Laplander, and Finn.

It is in many respects a great advantage to an author to have been born in a country where there is such an abundance of fallow land, which the aggressive literature of our century has not yet utilized. The late Mr. Schulze, in his admirable sketches "*Fra Lofoten og Solber*," startled the Scandinavian public by his revelations of all the wealth of picturesqueness and primitive quaintness of manner which still lay hidden in the remote fjord and fishing districts of Norway. Jonas Lie, like Mr. Schulze, spent many years of his youth as the deputy of a judge in these half-arctic regions, and he has thus had abundant opportunity to study this strange life in its pathetic as well as in its humorous aspects. It is the result of these studies which he has presented to the public in his previous tales; and, in "The Pilot and his Wife," although he there moves the scene farther southward, it is still the same grim, barren, and apparently forbidding phases of existence which occupy his attention.



"The Pilot and his Wife" opens with a scene which chronologically belongs, not in the beginning of the tale, but very near its end. We get a glimpse of the domestic life of the pilot, Salve Kristiansen, whom we learn to know as a fearless, harsh, and taciturn man, of high repute among the sailors, but a great tyrant in his family. We hear that he lives on a very hostile footing with his superior, Mr. Beck, the alderman of the pilot guild; that he is a constant visitor of a certain obscure brandy-shop; and that, when he returns from these visits, he is rather dangerous to associate with. Such a hero, the reader will admit, appears very unpromising indeed; and when, in addition to this, we consider that the greater part of the book is occupied in relating how the pilot arrived at this sad stage of decline, it is difficult to conjecture how the author will manage to keep our interest alive. It seems as if he had set out purposely, or almost defiantly, to prove how independent he is of the mere external excitement which the uncertainty of the hero's fate is apt to rouse in the reader. But this Salve Kristiansen, in spite of his less laudable traits, is a very fascinating figure, and the intense realism of his character with each successive chapter takes a more powerful hold upon our sympathy. There is a hidden chamber in his soul, to which we grow ever more anxious to find the key; and as the author, in his own spirited manner, unfolds to us the scenes of his past career, and traces the psychological process of which his present condition is a passing stage, but not the conclusion, we are inclined to judge the pilot less severely, and our faith in him grows steadily stronger.

It would be a pity to give in a feeble *résumé* the delightful story of Salve's courtship of the fair Elizabeth, espe-

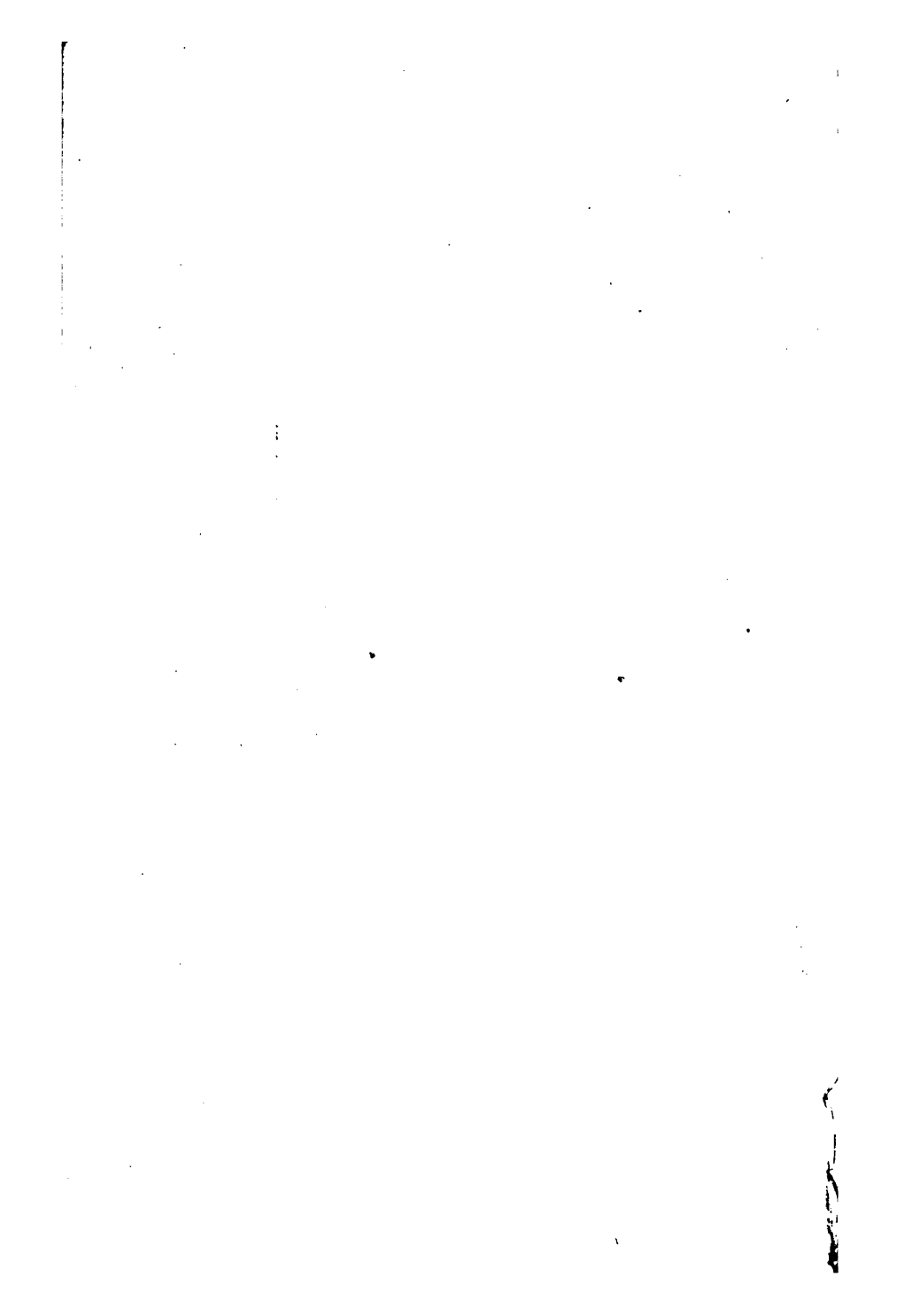
cially as the book has been announced for publication by an English house, and will probably be reprinted on this side of the ocean. Suffice it to say, that its chief interest lies less in the complication of the plot than in the pleasing freshness and earnestness with which it is treated. There are vivid scenes of sailor life, stirring adventures in Brazil, and on board the American brig "Stars and Stripes," and quaint bits of *genre* painting of domestic life in Norway; but all these varied attractions assume importance only so far as they reflect and shape the character and mental history of the pilot.

The wife, Elizabeth, is a very beautiful piece of literary workmanship; and what is more, she is an original and essentially poetic conception. Her early life on the island with her morose old grandfather, her girlish enthusiasm for uniforms and naval heroes, and the embarrassments which this latent idealism leads to, are treated in a manner altogether Norse, and, it must be admitted, a little bit heavy, but, on the whole, truthful and eminently realistic. Humor does not seem to be the *forte* of Norwegian authors; their mirth frequently resembles the movements of a dancing bear. Not that this applies especially to Jonas Lie; he has evidently calculated very accurately the dimensions of his genius; or it may be that it has never occurred to him that his problems are capable of a humorous solution. On the other hand, where he paints a tragic or pathetic situation, the touches of his brush are unerring, and he never fails to produce the effect of ~~stern, almost painful,~~ reality.

The story seems naturally to fall into two divisions; the first and longer part traces very convincingly the effect of the wild, reckless sailor life upon a brave,

strong and uncorrupted youth like Salve, and emphasizes as the redeeming feature of his character, even after it has taken a very unfavorable turn, the one strong passion of his soul,—his love for Elizabeth,—which gives him a certain dignity in his own, as well as in the reader's eyes, amid his corrupt and lawless companions.

\* \* \* "The Pilot and his Wife" is certainly a very valuable addition to Scandinavian literature, and still we are not sure but that the author touched his highest point in "The Seer,"—a tale which will long echo in the memories of those who had the good fortune to read it.



# THE PILOT AND HIS WIFE.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE dark-haired pilot, Salve Kristiansen, of Merd Island, was considered a dare-devil in Arendal, going out, as he did, in all weathers. He had, during his life-time, saved many a ship which otherwise, a wreck, would have fallen a prey to the sea. It was known, also, that he had suffered himself to be placed on board a wreck alone, whilst he sent his comrades ashore for help. But it was said, moreover, that there was a decided misunderstanding between himself and the pilot commissioner, Beck, so that he had no chance of obtaining the Rescuer's Medal. In the corner cupboard at home he was said to have many silver goblets with inscriptions, and also a large spy-glass, mementos from different ships. He was rather short than tall—one could almost say slender—and there was a certain inflexible and undaunted expression in his countenance, with those keen brown eyes, the sharp, straight nose and the worn, meagre look of the cheek above the beard,

which, in connection with his abrupt, rough manner and speech, gave the impression of extraordinary energy. His wholly unapproachable bearing betrayed a certain bitterness, which soon gave people to understand that he could get on without them. It was reported in town and at the commissioner's that he was given to drink; for, after having sold his mackerel down at the wharf, he would sometimes sit the entire day through in Mother Andersen's Sailors' Home with his glass of toddy before him. At such times he talked but little; but, when the liquor began to affect his head, it was anything but easy to get along with him. What made him so content to stay at Mother Andersen's it was difficult to say,—but, after all, they knew there how to take him. The high repute in which he was always held as a sailor, had made him a hero in this circle, and, if not directly expressed, he felt by the occasional questions put to him, accidentally as it were, after one or another of his trips out, or by the manner in which those entering greeted him, that he found sympathizers there, and that his name for them had the ring of the true metal. It was not well for a sailor to seat himself unceremoniously beside him, unless it came about naturally through greeting and conversation. While the pilot, Salve Kristiansen, would sit thus in Mother Andersen's rooms, his ten-year old son, Gjert, would

be out in the harbor with a crowd of town boys, who had but little knowledge of the difference in their station.

This brown-haired, brown-eyed little boy, with his bright face, was the wildest of all, and enjoyed, besides, a certain consideration from them as his father's son,—an honor he evidently tried to maintain by every neck-breaking exploit he could seek out. His duty really was to guard the pilot-skiff, which lay well anchored, but it could be easily seen and watched from one of the yards in the harbor. Gjert kept to the boat until the Arendal boys came from school, but when they then were seen running in their zeal to reach their usual playground, the harbor, and threw their books on the wharf, he generally waited for them in a conspicuous place on a yard or cross-tree, or—what was seen from many a window, both with and without a glass, and reported, to the great horror of the mothers of the town—lying on his stomach on the top of one of the masts over the button. Most of the children were positively warned at home against the son of the “rough Kristiansen;” but the cross-tree and top, which could be too clearly seen from home, became, on this very account, as delightful to look upon as if Gjert Kristiansen sat up in the forbidden tree. It was a joyous life out there, as in all our seaport towns,

where the boys, their time being spent in the harbor, are sailors even before they have made their first trip. Beck's grandson, Frederick, who was to be a cadet, had thought one day to be shielded from their view at home by mounting the rigging on the opposite side of the mast, and join his friend who sat upon the truck; but the slender shaft did not give the desired concealment from Commissioner Beck's sharp eye. He came himself on board, full of grandfatherly indignation, vigorously rebuking the skipper, who had looked on without interfering, and beat Gjert with his crooked, knotty cane, as if he had led away his grandson and was responsible for his disobedience, while he added that Gjert was already clearly showing what he would become, being a "chip of the old block." His own loved, misguided scion, a couple of years the elder, escaped a thrashing, and it was the occasion of talk amongst the boys, who said he should have one when they next met. He would have had it, too, had not Gjert, who was to be avenged, unexpectedly taken his part.

The account of the thrashing Beck gave his son, and the horoscope of his future, was first heard by the pilot on their homeward trip. His tawny face became white as a sheet; but when it came to the point of Gjert's having helped Frederick Beck, nevertheless, he started, saying a little later:

"That you shall tell your mother."



## CHAPTER II.

MERD ISLAND, where the pilot had his home, lies before the entrance to Arendal, as it were, fully exposed to the storm. Outside of this small semi-circular island is another rocky point, and up by the weather-vane, where the pilots keep watch, one can, in stormy weather, see the hidden rocks and skerries mid the breakers of the tumultuous surface, as far as the eye can reach. The coast, here, is exceedingly dangerous, but Arendal's pilots at Merd Island and at the Torungs are numbered among Norway's best seamen. Unlike the English and the Dutch pilots, whose districts are limited by authority, we have this wide-faring folk, who to-day lie by Lindesnæs, to-morrow near Skagen or the Hansholms, and the day after, perhaps, set a pilot on board a vessel from Hamburg, way down at Horn's Reef. On their broad decks, with Arendal's mark, their number, and a red stripe on the large sail, they fish for mackerel over the North Sea's whole expanse clear down to Dogger's Banks, where they hail the foreign fishing smacks and make inquiries about ships from the Channel and from English or Dutch harbors. They carry the gaff instead of the whaling-

boats' sprit, and though not sailing as fast, they ride a high sea fully as well.

If a skipper wants news from the North Sea or Skager Rack, he keeps a look-out for such a skiff, and he finds not only an accurate, but the newest ship-list, and it costs him — provided he does not make recompense by giving intelligence of interest to them — at the most, a roll of tobacco, a bottle of brandy, or a good rope-end.

But the Merd Island pilot is best known by the captain, who, on an inky black winter's night, has come close upon the bare rocks near the Torungs, and knows that he must run ashore if he does not get a pilot. He hears himself hailed, the line is cast, and a dripping wet pilot straightway stands on the deck. He shifts his clothes, drinks a glass to warm himself, and takes command; he did not hesitate to jump into the sea with the line about his waist, for in no other way could the vessel be boarded.

When it concerns their honor in saving a ship, boat, home, and life weigh but little with these men, who at other times would be exact enough about a penny.

The inside of Merd Island forms the well-known Merd Island distress harbor, a little strand-stead belonging to the fishermen and pilots; and it was in one of the seamen's cottages there,—a little red-

painted house, which he himself owned, with a porch before the entrance, and a potato-patch and wall back of it,—that the pilot lived.

In the small, white-painted windows stood a couple of geraniums, and within everything was strikingly neat and tidy. It seemed half ship-like in there, and they usually reckoned their time—as is the custom amongst sea-folk—by bells and hour-glasses. Over the leaved table hung a long telescope, above the corner cupboard stood some rolls of sea-charts, and in the other corner a Dutch clock with a green cuckoo.

His wife had seen the boat pass the island the day before for Arendal, and was now expecting her husband, while her youngest son, Henrik, was outside completely occupied in catching shrimps from one of the small pools of salt water, which the sea after a storm or high tide usually leaves on the lower parts of the island. He was charged to keep watch and advise his mother, but must have wholly forgotten it on account of his present interesting occupation; for, as the beautiful afternoon advanced and the sea was sparkling with blue and gold in the rays of the already declining sun, a line of sails was seen on the horizon, and the pilot boat, with its stripe and number, out at sea under full sail, coming toward the harbor.

The pilot's wife sat by the table at the window. Her dress was a little odd, being nearly in the Dutch style.

She was evidently restless, for varied expressions, as of some grief or other, would pass over her worn face. For an instant she would rest her cheek upon her hand and close her eyes as if weary, and then vigorously resume her sewing again.

Though she loved her husband, she was certainly not free from dreading his return.

There was something timid and repressed in her manner, as she rose somewhat quickly when she unexpectedly heard the pilot outside. She stood irresolute as to whether she should go out and meet him or not.

But when he came in, this expression gave way to a cheerful but, apparently, surprised look.

When he returned from Arendal he was generally dissatisfied and bitter, and not comfortable to get on with. She could tell his mood instantly by a glance at his face, and knew it was of every importance to appear bright and loving, and not to fall into any of the pitfalls his bitter humor always very ingeniously had laid to catch her, in some word or other, at which he might become very much excited, or only in some displeased, unhappy look. If he became desperate he could threaten everything, not against her, but against himself; and she knew that he was likely to carry out his threats. It had many times happened, that on the ground of such an unfortunate word or

look, he had straightway gone to sea again, once on so stormy a night that it seemed certain destruction.

He also knew his own mood ; and perhaps it was mostly to control himself that he often preferred Mother Andersen's rooms in Arendal to his own home. If only the first dangerous day were over, none could live more pleasantly at home than the pilot, Salve Kristiansen, and his wife, for he really idolized both her and the children, and now found it as difficult to tear himself away again as he had before found it to persuade himself to return there.

Gjert's exploit with Beck's grandson had that day taken the sting away from his mind, and lightened his wife's heavy burden in advance. It was with a bright and merry glance that he stepped in and greeted her.

"Now, how are you, mother? and how is the 'busy-boy'?"

He meant his youngest son, the boy who had so carelessly kept watch for his mother, and who, when the father was in good humor, always went by that name; he was the apple of his eye.

An oppressive weight was at once taken from his wife's bosom, though she guarded herself well, that her husband should not remark it. The room had suddenly 'grown light to her, and filled with the afternoon sun, which was shining through the small

window, gilding her light hair, while she sewed, looking so pale and wan.

It was a fair, slender woman, with flushed cheeks, who helped him with busy, trembling hands doff his sea clothes, and who now found it somewhat difficult to answer him connectedly. And the pilot was not blind to this, while he repeatedly, and louder and louder, called for the "busy-boy," who, somewhat embarrassed and frightened, appeared at the door barefooted, with his pants tucked up, and the dipper in his hand in which he had his shrimps.

The oldest son, Gjert, came in with the woolen garments and goods the pilot had bought in Arendal, and immediately pressed the "busy-boy" into helping him bring up the things from the boat.

Gjert had but slightly greeted his mother when he entered, for a glance assured him that everything was well. At other times, by look and action, he was in various ways near to her, helping her, and bearing for her in silence whenever he could. He had through his childhood seen and observed so much of this unfortunate condition that he had become his mother's friend and support, though at the same time he was enthusiastic for his father.

Gjert's being at sea with him was to her an assurance that when this mood was upon his father, he would not run the ship to its own destruction—a

possibility which at other times often enough stood before her frightened imagination. Gjert always looked out that news of his father might reach her at Merd Island from different places by other pilots and fishermen, and now and then, when he was not with him, she sent him to Arendal to look for him.

At sea the pilot was, as a rule, in even temper enough; but this dark mood would sometimes come over him, even there, apparently without any reason. Upon the whole, he never seemed in such good spirits as in the height of a storm; towards the other pilot in the boat he would then grow cheerful and talkative. But it was a matter of course, that when, in the tumultuous sea, it was too difficult to board a ship, he it was who took the rope about his waist and jumped out; the opposite course would have been an evidence of his regard. But he cared for no human being then; it was a satisfaction to know this of himself.

This time the pilot remained a much longer time than usual, and not a discord was heard in the house. On the contrary, considering they were old married people, things were too much the other way.

The father had, during the first few days of the time, even helped little Henrik to catch shrimps, and later he had been busy rigging a little brig for him.

The only thing about which there had been a slight difference was about Gjert's attending school. They were quite well off for their station, and the mother had, one day, at a momentary impression, advanced the idea that it might perhaps be possible to keep Gjert at school in Arendal; he could stay at his aunt's there. To this the father would not listen; Gjert should, as soon as he was old enough, go into Terjesen's sail-loft and learn to make rigging.

The pilot began, meanwhile, more and more frequently to wander up and down in his quick, somewhat restless way by the look-out; or to stand alone with his hands behind him down on the wharf, and look about him. He was not the sort of man to attract comrades, and it was a sure sign that he was longing to go to sea again.



## CHAPTER III.

THE corvette Eagle had just come into Arendal, after an expedition to the Mediterranean. It lay out in the harbor, noticeable for its lofty rigging, the bright cannons in the port-holes, its crowd of sailors, their prompt naval drill to the shrill trumpets, with occasional drum taps.

Gjert had permission to go with one of the pilots to the town to see the war-ship, about which the general curiosity was at that time aroused to an unusual pitch by some rumors which were in circulation, and which grew from mouth to mouth, and were related with significant glances of the eye. It was said there had been a general flogging, and there prevailed among Gjert's comrades, as well as among the common people in the harbor, a certain terror of the vessel. They had a dim notion that every time the trumpet sounded some one was to be flogged, and those who were curious preferred to keep their boats at a respectful distance.

So much truth was there in all this, that there really prevailed among the crew on board some dissatisfaction with one of the officers, who was disliked on account of his quick temper. He had been so unfortunate as to permit the song-maker of the crew to be flogged; therefore they sang about the capstan a mys-

tic song, which was heard around the harbor, both in bass and soprano.

Gjert had the whole time been untiringly occupied with the ship and everything that concerned it, and was, when they sailed homeward the next day, quite filled with everything he had seen and heard. If he could only be like him who was walking on board in such a uniform, resplendent with gold! Frederick Beck, with whom he had formed a close special friendship since that affair in Arendal, when he saved him from the cudgel, had told him so much about it.

It had in the meantime clouded up considerably, and looked like anything but good weather for the night, as the skiff bounded homeward with three reefs in the sail.

The pilot had many times been up at the look-out, on the watch for them, and now sat at home busily occupied in fitting together an old sea chart, as the son came up from the wharf, singing with a shrill voice against the wind the new song:

Now, hurrah for many a glorious watch,

— He-ve — and flog away!

Every back that was sore, on the sultry shore — out in England.

Oh say, you boatswain's mate, have you worn out your lash?

— He-ve — and flog away!

Twenty and four, there remain, or more — out in England.

O'er the cannon of the king let him his rations get!

—He-ve—and flog away!

No watch we see on the foremast tree—out in England.

Yes, a sailor like him has never been seen!

—He-ve—and flog away!

In tra-la-la, in tra-la-la—out in England!

He paused, half out of breath, out in the little porch before finishing the last stanza, and hearing their son outside, man and wife exchanged a glance.

Within, the mother was just on the point of getting supper. When Gjert entered it was easy to see that he was full of the marvels he had seen and heard; also, that he himself was conscious thereof. At the same time that he greeted them hastily, he drew the stool that stood by the door over to the table and seated himself there; though the meal was not yet spread, he was ravenously hungry.

“Now then, Gjert,” said his mother, when he had sat a little looking about him, apparently awaiting an invitation from one of them to begin his story, “were you on board?”

“No, not I; but I talked with those who had been; still I saw everything there—” he assured them with a conscious nod, and stretched his hand out for a bread crust—“from the top of the schooner *Antonia*, which lay close by; it didn't reach higher than exactly up

over the bulwarks; it might easily have served as yawl to the corvette."

"If it had been a great deal smaller," added the pilot, dryly, as he went over and set the roll of charts upon the little corner cupboard.

Gjert now began, turning to his mother, to make a few comparisons in his own favor, as to how low the schooner's hull had lain against the corvette's, how the vane on the mast-top had not reached higher than to the great-yard, etc.; but he was interrupted here by his father:

"What kind of a song was that you were singing outside?"

"Oh! that was about the flogging affair!"

"Ah! then such an affair really did take place?" spoke up the pilot with a somewhat inquiring look at his son; he was ordinarily not one of those who believed in such folk gossip.

This interested attention was wonderfully flattering to Gjert's self-esteem. It was, besides, just this he had the whole time been longing to tell, and he broke out now with the impress of the deepest conviction:

"Yes, you may depend on it, father! some say six, others say nine; but that they were all flogged to death and given to the sharks down there in the Mediterranean is as sure — yes, as" — here, in his eagerness, he looked around about him for something

that would give emphasis to his comparison, and ended at last, when no other striking simile would come up for him, somewhat faintly :

“As that the cuckoo stands there on the clock!”

This information brought his mother to seat herself on the bench beside him with a plate in her lap. She looked terrified from her son to her husband, whose expression tranquilized her somewhat, however.

“Whom have you got this from, Gjert?” she asked, earnestly, at last, with a touch of her recent anxiety in her tone.

“Whom have I got this from? from everybody!”

But feeling that this “everybody,” here in his somewhat distrustful home, would readily enough be considered about equal to “nobody,” he added :

“From Frederick Beck. He himself talked with one of the sailors who was watching in the officer’s gig down by the wharf, while the chief was on shore; and he told not only this, but also many other strange things.” Here Gjert looked about him with the feeling that this time, at least, he must have convinced them.

“*He* seems to have been a trustworthy man!” spoke up the pilot in a light, ironical tone, which, however, escaped the son, whilst the mother looked toward him half afraid lest he should sit there and disgrace himself. “Now, what else did he tell you?”

"Oh, many things."

"Now then!"

"Oh, there had been a hurricane, so that they found a whole town drifting out at sea; the priest was standing and preaching to those wrecked by the flood; and they had tacked up in Gibraltar straits, so near land that they took a palm-tree on the bowsprit, whereon sat a whole family of negroes, and these latter they were obliged to put ashore."

Gjert would have gone on with his marvelous stories, had not his parents' gaiety impressed him as extraordinary. The "busy boy" laughed also, because he saw the others laugh, and got a promising glance from Gjert therefor, who gradually drew into his shell with:

"Perhaps you do not believe it is true?"

"Do you know what it is to spin a yarn, my boy? That fellow down in the gig surely delivered a goodly one!" said the pilot, as he seated himself at the table.

All were in a lively humor, both while they ate and while the mother was clearing off the table. Gjert chatted, his mother passed out and in, and his father sat over by the window, part of the time looking out at the weather, and part of the time listening to him. The son really described in the most fascinating and accurate manner everything he had seen on board, and told of the officers and cadets with so much

spirit that his mother was induced to sit down and listen, and his father was led to say, during a pause, with a smile :

"You undoubtedly would like to become such a cadet, Gjert?"

"Yes," said his mother, for an instant misled by this dazzling thought. "Should he get into the school in Arendal, no one can tell what it might lead to. The chorister says that Gjert learns so readily."

Something in the utterance must have struck the pilot unpleasantly, for his face changed color, and his reply, a little later, was not free from sarcasm :

"I think Gjert is not too good for his father's position, and we shall not be obliged to beg him into titled company."

Gjert's former good humor had in the meantime become still more animated by the thought of such a uniformed future, and he broke out without guarding himself against his father's changed tone :

"Anyway, mother thought the other day, that if I could become such a one, then I would get on in the world, quite otherwise than a common, simple seaman."

It was as if these words kindled fire in a powder magazine. It blazed up wildly in the pilot's hard face, and he sent his wife a look full of an unutterable cold scorn. This speechless expression told too plainly

that he could but too well see through what, in her mind, was at the bottom of such talk.

He turned about with a dark look, and said cuttingly, so that she quailed before him:

"Do you also despise your father's occupation, my boy?"

When Gjert, then in his enthusiasm, unfortunately added:

"Frederick Beck is going to be a cadet." There followed only a—

"Come here, Gjert!"

And that was followed by a box over the ears, so powerfully and earnestly given that Gjert tumbled down. While in the attitude of striking another blow he accidentally raised his eyes and looked at his wife. She had sprung forward a couple of steps, as if she would take Gjert from him, and stood with flushed face, gleaming eyes, and such a bearing that his hand dropped to his side. Thereupon she immediately went out into the kitchen.

The pilot stood a moment irresolute. Then he opened the kitchen door and announced, shortly and sharply, that he and Gjert, that same evening, would go to sea; she must prepare provisions for them immediately.

When his wife came in, a little later, with the beer-keg and other things they were to carry with them,



there was no trace of her former emotion to be observed. Her face was pale and like marble, and her conduct toward him was somewhat humble.

But when Gjert and she were alone for a moment in the room, she drew him hastily to her and whispered, while sobs choked her voice:

“Never let your father see that you are afraid, my boy!”

Man and wife had said farewell at the door; but she followed, unseen in the darkness, down to the wharf, and sat there a long time with the little “busy boy” on her lap, and wept.

There was a dark storm that night, both within the breast of the pilot and without, when he went to sea again.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE dangerous Norwegian coast now stands in the night illuminated by a line of excellent sea and harbor lights; but less than a generation ago it was not so. Then they had, for long stretches, no other light than the white breakers.

The captain who had lost sight of Ox Island light, near Christiansand, might consider himself lucky if he caught a glimpse of the Jomfruland's light up near Kragero, for the intervening ones, on this perilous coast outside of Arendal, were not yet built.

The great and little Torungs lighthouse towers now stand there, with their white walls far out in the sea, each one on its own naked rock with its corresponding name. The smallest of the Islands, the little Torung, seems to the passer-by scarcely to have more than just enough room for the white tower and the house of its keeper beside it. The light gleams wild and solitary out there in the sea, whose spray dashes against its wall, while the eagle and sea-birds fly against the thick panes of glass and fall down dead below.

Communication with land is broken off in the hard winter weather by the treacherous ice, which permits

one neither to walk nor to row, not to mention the occasional times when the glaciers float down.

Between 1820 and 1830, about a score of years before these lighthouses were built, and before the time in which we have placed the reader, there stood out on the Torung a house whose rear and one wall were, almost all the way up to the eaves of the roof, wedged into a heap of rocks. It looked as if it had leaned forward to let the storm strike over it. The low door opened toward the land side, probably to shelter the room, while two small windows gave the inmates a view of the open sea. Below, in a crevice between two boulders, a boat was drawn up on land. When one walked across the deep threshold, or, more correctly speaking, stepped down into the room, he found it unexpectedly large, and furnished as one would not anticipate there. The large cupboard with a buffet must have seen other surroundings, at least, and over in the corner was a spinning-wheel covered with dust, and out of the pipe of its spindle still hung a smoky-gray tuft of wool. One could by several things understand that there had been a woman in the house, and that this tuft of wool was perhaps a remnant of her last spinning.

On a bench by the hearth-stone there now sat a solitary old man, who was usually occupied with some shoe-making. Now and then as he drew his thread he

would, according to an old habit, utter a loud word as if he still imagined his companion was listening. His was a flinty-hard, somewhat melancholy face, with the trace of a singularly fine expression, and from the bald head his hair fell thick and white down over his ears and neck. The glance from the brass spectacles where-with he greeted the stranger that would enter the room, was but a reserved welcome, while an expression about his sunken mouth, and the sharp-pointed chin beneath, quickly enough told that he was on his guard as to what he who entered could want of him, and that one would not get him farther than he himself pleased.

Obstinacy was, on the whole, one of his most salient qualities. For this he was known, and had long been proverbial far and wide. He who bargained with him about fish in the harbor, risked, at the first attempt at beating down his price, to see him very quietly but determinedly row away. He generally had wood in his boat since they lacked fuel out there.

What more was known about him was, that he had formerly been a pilot, and had had a drunken son, who had finally caused the father's removal from his office as pilot. It was thought that he on this occasion had taken upon himself his son's fault. Since then he had become shy of men, and had, with his wife, removed to their cottage on Torung, where they had,

after the drowning of their son, adopted their little orphaned granddaughter.

What he lived on, except the little he made by shoemaking and fishing, the products of which were usually sold to the ships, and also, formerly, a little hunting, it was not easy to say.

One of the occupations, whereby he received regular small contributions from different pilots and acquaintances, was also, in the autumn nights, to keep a fire in the fire-place, that they who lay outside piloting in the darkness, by the glimmering light from the two windows, could take their whereabouts on Torung.

At all events this was the cause which was publicly assigned. That this night-work of Jacob's was, perhaps, also especially done to shield the carrying on of a smuggling system, which at that time was practiced near the coast, ships on dark nights approaching land and unlading, may on the other hand seem credible. Under all circumstances, the old man was too prudent to have anything to do therewith directly, but now and then there were, after all, rolled into his rooms there, wonderful presents, as for instance, stone jugs of Geneva, small sacks of coffee, tobacco, meal, etc., and he was, usually, upon the whole, in remarkably good circumstances out there on the skerry.

The only time he was remembered to have been

seen at church was when he came rowing with his wife's coffin. When the Trom Island priest sprinkled the earth upon it, the tears rolled down his face, and it was noticed that he did not leave the churchyard until it became dark in the evening.

In his last years, "Old Jacob," as he was called — his full name was Jacob Raklev — was sickly, and found it more difficult to row the long distance over to town. It was hard for him, also, at times to get down to the boat on account of an old injury to his foot, and he sat, therefore, for the most part, in his woolen jacket, with leather suspenders over it, by the hearth, at his in-door work.

Now and then, when the grandchild — a girl with thick, heavy hair about her ears, and a shaggy dog always at her heels — came into the room, all out of breath, and told her story, he would, perhaps, be attracted to the window to look out upon the sea, and thereupon grumbling heavily, with some trouble, even follow her out of the door with the glass. Then he placed himself so that he could use her shoulder as a support, for the old man's hand trembled too much otherwise. On account of his objections and grumbling behind her, she tried to place it properly. She was able to see with the naked eye quite as well as he through the glass, and used her advantage with a self-sufficiency which he bore with, notwithstanding

the fact that it was enough to exhaust the patience of three such as he. His perverse mood, after a little, gradually falling into their mutual wondering as to what ship it could be, or upon some peculiarity or other about it, and, having given his opinion, he generally limped in again.

Thus he was brought out like a growling bear from his winter lair, and regularly thawed out each time. The fact was, that in reality he was very proud of her ability. She never mistook the vessels belonging in those parts, and could usually state to a T what sort of a sailer it was.

One day she stood somewhat embarrassed. They saw a half-moon on the flag, which also caused the old man to be startled. But thereupon he explained to her, shortly and peremptorily, that it was a "Barbarous." This satisfied her a moment, but then she asked :

"What is a 'Barbarous,' grandfather?"

"It is a Turk."

"Yes; but a Turk?"

"Oh! — it is — it is — a *Mahumedan* —"

"*Mahu* — *Muha* — ?"

"*Muhamedian* — a robber aboard ship."

"Aboard ship?"

The old man would willingly let pass his advantage in the matter, but she pressed him hard. So he

recalled some old talk about it, and explained dryly :

"They go to the Baltic—to the Russians—to salt human flesh."

"Human flesh!"

"Yes, sometimes they also seize the ships out at sea, and salt the flesh down there."

She fixed a pair of large, terrified eyes upon him, which induced him to say further:

"They especially search for young girls; their flesh is the finest, and goes by the barrel down to the great Turk."

With this last trump he was about to go in again, but was interrupted by her hasty question:

"They, perhaps, use a glass on board there?"

When he assented to this, she slipped suddenly before him through the door. She kept herself cautiously within as long as the vessel could be seen, through the window pane, on the horizon.

The humor of the two had for once changed. The old man, quite politic, sat at his work, while she was very still and embarrassed. Only once she broke out quite provoked:

"But why does not the king destroy them? Were I a naval captain, then ——"

"Yes, were you a naval captain!" repeated the old man.

Such subjects as these show about the range of



the girl's ideas and conceptions. Elizabeth — this was her name — had during her childhood seen but few people, and during the past years since her grandmother's death, her grandfather and herself were the only steady occupants of the island. Now and then, of course, a boat on some errand might lay up there, and she had twice visited her aunt in Arendal. Her grandfather had taught her to read and write, and, besides what was written in the Bible and hymn-book, together with the "Exploits of the Danish and Norwegian Sea-Heroes," which they owned, she had in fact lived upon the stories, which she at happy moments succeeded in drawing out from her taciturn grandfather about his youthful sailor-life.

Besides these things they had in the room a small picture — without a frame of any sort — of the battle at the Lyng Isles, in which he had taken part. It represented the frigate *Najaden*, with the brigs *Samso*, *Kiel* and *Lolland*, in a raging fight with the English ship of the line *Dictator*, which lay across the narrow harbor, together with the brig *Calypso*, both giving their broadsides to the *Najad* until she sunk. The names of the ships were printed underneath.

This little picture was for the most part only masts, tops, cannon-mouths, and indistinct smoke; but on it the young girl had lived years of her life. Many times in her thoughts she had stood there and beaten

the Englishman. War ships and their officers had become foremost in her fancy, and her heart's dearest wish was that one might once pass so near Torung that she might clearly see everything on board.

## CHAPTER V.

SINCE old Jacob had become sickly, the freight-man, Kristiansen, often conveyed provisions and other necessities over to Torung. They always agreed well, for the old man was expeditious in his business, and gradually it became a fixed trip several times each year.

His son Salve had from childhood gone on fishing-boats along this stretch of the coast. He had grown up amongst all these islands, rocks and skerries.

When he first saw Elizabeth he had already been out and sailed as apprentice; he was then eighteen years old, while she was a little over fourteen. Salve was at that time the lion at the dances and balls, both at Sandvigen and Vrængen, and he was himself fully aware of it. He had black hair, dark eyes, and a sharp, clever face. He was, indeed, rather small of stature, but what he lacked in strength he made up in quickness and dexterity, and rid himself thereby from many a dilemma into which he fell by his tongue, which was only too ready to tease.

One fall, when his boat came home early, he was out there with his father, and there he also saw the old man's granddaughter; but in his superiority he did not deign to speak to her. He only brought out the

witticism that she resembled a heron, as she moved about with her thick, red-chequered shawl tied back about her waist in a knot, nor was the resemblance so far fetched either. At least he declared, when on his way home, that for his part he had never met her match in the shape of a woman, and that it would be amusing to see her with her thin arms and legs dance in the hall like a grasshopper.

The next time she took her grandfather's watch with the silver case and showed it to him, and then a number of yarns were spun between them.

His first impression of her was that she was simple. She asked about everything under the sun, and besides seemed to believe that he must absolutely know the answer. She would by all means have him tell her all about the fine people in Arendal, and especially about the ladies there.

He amused himself by making her believe a great deal about these things, for she received it in such a credulous and *naïve* way. But when he left, he still seemed to repent of what he had done, and he found out besides that this young girl, in her way, after all, was anything but simple.

He would also come to rue it more perceptibly, for the old man out there had come to hear again all his wild stories, and it vexed him. When he came again old Jacob was very surly toward him, so that

he found it quite otherwise than comfortable within, and therefore immediately gave himself with readiness to work.

Meanwhile, the young girl told him about the Najad, and how her grandfather had taken part. Salve, whose self-esteem had been ruffled, and who thought the old man had been a "rough dog," now and then during her story uttered an ironical remark, which she, in her eagerness meantime, gave but little heed to or understood. But, when he was through with what he had to do, he gave his humor a vent which she noticed. He laughed incredulously.

"Old Jacob on the Najad? No one has heard of that before to-day, certainly!"

Unfortunately old Jacob came out just at that moment, as they now were about to leave. She turned to him with a burning face full of wrath, and called out:

"Grandfather, he does not believe that you have been on the Najad!"

The old man at first answered as if he did not care to notice it, saying, "Oh, this is a young girl's noisy talk again, I suppose!"

But whether it was his vanity or his being vexed at the young fellow that aroused him, or that he happened to look at his granddaughter, as she stood there evidently enraged and indignant,—enough, he flew

immediately at him, thrust his big fist under the young fellow's nose and shouted :

"If you really want to know it, you young scape-goat, then I can tell you, that I stood, together with better people than you will ever have to do with, out on the Najad's battery," here he stamped as if the deck were under him, "when at the first broadside from the Dictator all three masts and the bowsprit were shot away, and the upper deck fell crashing down upon the lower."

This last sentence was quoted verbatim from the "Exploits of the Danish and Norwegian Sea-Heroes," and these lines the old man considered equivalent to a medal. He added, furthermore, standing in the same posture and following the hallowed language of the book: "When the crash came, he who stands here had just time to save himself by going through a port-hole into the sea." But thereupon he continued perfectly free and easy, relieved of the restraints and fetters of language, gesticulating with his fists and gradually moving forward, at which Salve by degrees retreated down toward the boat: "We do not go with lies and set up rigmaroles hereabout as you do, you licked ship's whelp! and were it not for your father's sake, who certainly has the sense to correct you, I would soften your back till you couldn't whistle!"

At these words — the longest speech which old

Jacob had spoken for thirty years, he turned with a quick nod to Salve's father and entered his cabin again.

The young girl was very unhappy when she saw Salve leaving in that way, without even vouchsafing her a greeting. And the grandfather was also morose, for he was afraid he had acted foolishly and broken with the freightman.

## CHAPTER VI.

SALVE went out there again the next fall, after a trip to Liverpool and Havre. He was for the first time somewhat shy. His father and old Jacob Torung had in the meantime, notwithstanding his last experience there, been well agreed all the while. It was allowed that the white bear, as he was called, had quite forgotten what had passed, as well as his fine promises to him on that occasion. With the girl he became easily reconciled. She had now learned not to tell everything to her grandfather.

While the freightman and old Jacob took a cordial together inside, Salve bore the things from the boat up to the cellar. Elizabeth accompanied him up and down; and while this went on, the gossip, so to say, ran to all points of the compass.

After having asked him about Havre de Grace, where he had been, and about America, where he had not been, whether the captain's wife was as fine as a naval captain's, and whether he, also, would not sometime be married to a distinguished woman; she would at last know of the smiling seaman whether the officers' wives could not sometimes be with them in war.

After this he would always be with his father on these trips.



Her face had recently gotten a wonderful charm. There would at times come such a peculiar earnestness over it, and notwithstanding this she continued to be equally child-like; and then one would have to search to find eyes to match hers.

The last time he was out there, he told her about the dances and balls in Sandvigen, and was not content till he had given her to understand that the girls thought that he was somebody; but he was now tired of dancing with all of them.

She was unusually curious, and pressed from him, finally, that he that winter had been in two bloody fights. She looked at him, frightened, and asked somewhat slowly:

"But had they, then, done something to you?"

"Oh, no; most of the entertainments have one such extra dance at the close. They would only dance with her whom I had first invited."

"Is it, then, so dangerous? Who was it about? Yes, I mean what was her name?"

"Oh, the one was called Marie and the other Anne—Herluf Andersen's daughters. You can believe they were pretty! Anne had a white waist and eardrops, and danced so you never have seen her match of a ship for rocking. That's what the mate Gjors said, too."

The real gist of this talk was that she was as-

sured that the girls in Arendal and other places in the harbor where he had been were all beautifully clad. But the next time when he came from Holland, he was to have a pair of morocco-leather shoes with bright buckles of silver for her with him.

With this promise they separated, after she had let him take an accurate—and for exactness' sake he measured twice—measurement of her foot. She had roses in her cheeks from happiness, and she bade him be sure not to forget them.

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The year after Salve came with the shoes. There were silver buckles on them, and they were wonderfully fine; but they had also cost him over a half month's wages.

She was more neatly clad, and ought almost to be called grown. She hesitated before accepting the shoes, and did not question him about everything as before. Nor was she so willing to stand and talk with him alone down by the boat; she would have him come up near the others.

"Do you not see how high the sea goes? The boat is in danger of being dashed to pieces here against the rock"—he urged. She saw that it was not so, and went, with a slight toss of her head, alone up the hill. Afterwards he came up too.

She must have learned all this in Arendal, where

she had been confirmed in the fall, and where she had lived with her aunt. But wonderfully beautiful had she grown in that time, as Salve saw now, almost taken aback. When they said farewell, it was no longer in the old laughing tone, but rather with a little embarrassment on his part; he did not know rightly how he should take it. And afterward it so filled his mind that he could think of nothing else.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE old Juno, with which Salve sailed, lay outside of Sandvigen, and waited only for the northeast wind to pass out. She was a topsail ship, with a crew of nineteen men in all, who for many years had navigated in American waters, now and then, also, in the North Sea. And she was considered at that time one of Arendal's greatest ships. Her arrival and departure was an event to the city and its vicinity, and to sail in her was reckoned an honor by the sailors; so much the more as her commander and chief owner, Commissioner Beck, was an unusually brave and lucky captain.

When the Juno, at ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, weighed anchor at Sandvigen, and glided out before a light northwesterly breeze, with small sails spread, many spectators were standing on the wharves. Most of the crew belonged there, and it was known they would be out on an unusually long voyage. At that time the captain's son, the naval officer, young Carl Beck, with his sister, together with a small company of friends, were still on board, who, with a sail-boat, which was towed after, were to go ashore on the Torung Isles. They were going to accompany the ship as far as possible, and had for this

reason arranged a little pleasure tour out there, where the gentlemen were to shoot sea-birds, which in the spring collect and swarm in multitudes around the skerries there, on their migration northward along the coast.

When the vessel, toward four o'clock, passed the Little Torung, Salve stood forward on the forecastle and looked thitherward.

The spray of the waves dashed here and there against the rocks, forming breakers, while a dark line of golden-tipped clouds at sunset betokened heavy weather. It was for this reason that the company left them already at Little Torung, instead of—as they had previously determined—accompanying them out to the largest of the islands.

The bare rocks lay bathed in the evening sun, like the pitching hull of a vessel with the foam breaking about it, and Salve saw Jacob's grandchild with the glass, standing by the wall of the house. But whether it was at the unusual disembarking into the sail-boat or at him that she was looking, he was for a time in painful uncertainty.

The young sailor had intentionally sought a conspicuous place. He stood with his back against the stay, so heart-heavy and sorrowful at his departure that he could have cried; for he was powerfully overcome by the consciousness that he loved her.

In order to test whether it were at him she aimed the glass or not, he swung his cap, and his face brightened with surpassing joy when he saw her return his greeting. He again lifted his cap, which was acknowledged by a renewed wave of the glass.

Falling into a reverie, he stood and looked toward the place, while it disappeared behind them in the twilight.

He had gotten new courage for the whole voyage. When he reached Boston he would buy both a dress and a ring; and, when he came home, then — then his first errand should be out there, to go and ask her a question.

He was aroused by the boatswain, who, shouting his name, asked if he stood sleeping, and wanted a reminder. Orders had been given to reef the sails for the night, as it was beginning to freshen up.

Watches were set in the afternoon, and the starboard and larboard apportioned, as is the custom the first day a ship goes to sea.

In the darkness, with double-reefed topsails, they were plowing through the high waves, the moon now and then breaking through the storm-clouds, which were driven like smoke before it, so one could get occasional glimpses of the whole deck, even of the watchman's shadowy figure out on the forecastle.

On the capstan sat a sailor in oilskin clothes, who

had certainly not closed his eyes his last day on land, and who nodded often between his many efforts to keep himself awake. From time to time he arose, and sought, by slapping his arms about him, to keep warm. He sang, repeating again and again — after which he would lose himself and nod — verses of a half Swedish song about a “faithful girl, whom he wished by his side,” since “otherwise the time seemed so very, very long.” Now and then a dash of the spray aroused him more decidedly, which, however, did not last long ; then he would begin the song, which was extremely melancholy, anew.

Restless as Salve now was, he had every other desire than that of sleep, and he walked back and forth by the fore-hatchway in his own dreams, listening to this song as though he found it wonderfully touching. The drowsy sailor little suspected that he was performing before a deeply-moved audience.

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The whole company that had disembarked spent that same night out at old Jacob’s on Torung.

They had first tried to tack out to the largest of the islands, but the sea rose, the darkness fell, and they soon discovered that it was not a pleasure trip for a boat with ladies in. It was then decided — rather than turn back home again and spoil the entire hunting trip, which had been counted on for two or three

days—to stop over night on the little Torung, to see what the early morning would bring.

Great was old Jacob's astonishment when, in the evening, a knock at the door was heard, and he, by the light from the hearth, saw no less than six persons of quality crowded into the room—among them two ladies. He turned about on the bench, shading his eyes with his hand to look at them.

If they had been a crowd of Huldurs\* they could not have awakened a greater alarm, mixed with curiosity, than they did in the mind of Elizabeth, who had been sitting, half asleep, by the fire as it drew near bed-time.

She was straight and fair, and had a marked face; that Carl Beck, who led the party, saw at the first glance, and his eyes continued to rest upon her; while she, red in the face with confusion, instinctively made a move for her bodice, which was lying over on the bench by the chimney.

"Good evening, old Jacob!" greeted he, in the straightforward way that became him so well, while he stepped forward to the old veteran and cordially

\*The Hulder is a kind of personification of the forest. She is described as a maiden of wonderful beauty, and only in this respect different from her mortal sisters, that she has a long cow's tail attached to her beautiful frame. This is the grief of her life. She is always longing for the society of mortals, often ensnares young men by her beauty; but again and again the tail interferes by betraying her real nature. She is the protecting genius of the cattle.—"*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen*," *Gunnar*, note, page 20.



laid his hand on his shoulder. "It is necessary for you to be somewhat inconvenienced by us, many though we be, to-night, and keep us till toward morning, when we hope the weather will lighten up. We dare not pull out to Great Torung in the dark, on account of these women whom we have in the boat"—here he pointed jokingly to his sister and her friend—"Yes, you surely yourself have to contend with women-folk, and know how it is."

The old man could not be insensible to the good-natured manner in which he was addressed; he arose, made a place by the fire, while he bade them take up with such accommodations as he could give them. At the same time he told Elizabeth to go out after more kindling.

While the company arranged themselves about the fire as comfortably as possible, Carl Beck went out with the rowers to bring up the provisions. He came in again just behind Elizabeth, he also carrying an armful of wood. Smiling, and casting it on the floor, he exclaimed:

"Now we shall have a bonfire, as the Swedes say; but first, out with the provisions!"

There was no lack of food, which the company ate amid all sorts of gossip to pass away the time. And afterwards came the "bonfire"—a miscellaneous mixture of strong and fine ingredients, the preparation

of which Beck, who held the secret, had charge of. At last it was kindled, and the glasses were filled while the blue flame blazed.

Carl Beck, in his close-buttoned officer's pea-jacket, with anchor buttons, sat astride the bench and sang, with his glass in his hand, a couple of spirited, convivial songs, which were then in the fashion, while the others joined the chorus. Finally, he came out with a merry sailor's song, which occasioned some stories about the last war.

Old Jacob was under the influence of the good cheer and the good drink, and had become remarkably lively, occasionally letting a word fall. But all attempts in the meantime to induce him to relate anything were stranded. Only when the battle near the Lyng Isles was brought up and discussed awhile, he came to the front with a little yarn, as he called it.

"Yes," said he, while he cautiously set down the glass which had been given him, "it was a hot fight; the country then lost a noble ship and many a brave sailor boy! But over him who piloted the Englishman to the Sand Isles hangs God's curse — although no one in this life knew his name. They say that he straightway after made away with himself, from repentance, like Judas Iscariot. But outside the Sand Isles channel is a hidden rock, not so deep but that a man at low water can stand there in his sea-boots. There

they see him on moonlit nights stand and beckon pitifully for help, until the water at last rises up over his head. But God have mercy on him who would row out and try to save him! When he is visible it always betokens bad weather."

"Have you at any time seen him yourself, old Jacob?" asked Carl Beck.

"Yes, not so dimly but that I dare vouch for the truth. I saw him one evening as I sailed there, and a full measure of storm we got. We were glad to get in to the Sand Isles."

This story occasioned a somewhat long silence, broken by Carl Beck, who started a song to shake off the drowsiness:

Sails are full and the wind is fair,  
Vessels for all the havens!  
In golden letters there float on the air  
The names of a hundred maidens.  
The ship can sail the earth around,  
Still the maidens on board are found;  
Hurrah then, boys, to her all hail,  
From whom you're unable away to sail.

He repeated the last strophe in a spirited manner, while he greeted the ladies, glass in hand, who now sat wearied and somewhat drooping on the bench, and glanced over them to Elizabeth, who stood back, sufficiently awake for both. The light of the fire fell

over his handsome brown face;—the raven-black, curly hair, and the dark eyes, they said he inherited from his dead mother, so early lost, who was from Brest. He was undeniably handsome and manly as he sat there, with his vigorous joviality sustaining the others.

After awhile they began more frequently to look out at the weather, which had already lighted up considerably; and the morning's dawn found them all in the boat, where they could, while sailing, take a quiet sleep.

But in Elizabeth's thoughts stood afterward, for a long time, the fine young naval officer who had been sitting there by the fire. She could for long hours conjure up his form on the bench again, especially how he looked when he raised his glass, while singing to her:

Hurrah then, boys, to her all hail,

From whom you're unable away to sail.

Afterwards the naval officer, Carl Beck, sailed frequently and repeatedly out to Torung, to shoot sea-birds, generally alone in his little sail-boat; but (it was instinct on her part) he never succeeded in getting to talk much with her unless the old man was present.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE Juno reached Boston happily and in good order, where Salve spent a good share of his wages for dress patterns, silk kerchiefs, and two heavy gold rings with their initials inside. From there they went to Grimsby with a Canadian cargo; then made a trip to Liverpool and thence back again to Quebec.

The vessel now found itself, eleven months after leaving Arendal, on a trip from Memel, in the Baltic, to New York, their cargo consisting of beams, planks, and staves, and their intention was to stop in, on their way, at home, whither they were carrying some loose freight, and provision themselves.

Off Memel they had to contend much with ice, and this ill luck seemed to promise to attend them; for in Skager Rack they suddenly found themselves inclosed in drift-ice, with a prospect of remaining stationary there for some weeks. It had been an unusually hard winter on the Baltic, and across the ice-field they could see the flags of all nations sharing the same fate. There was nothing to do but to wait and hope; it might come to short commons with their provisions, toward which they were rapidly tending, if the ice-drift did not cut loose measurably soon.

But it was tedious; so thought Salve especially,

whose longing for home had gotten almost to a fever point. His temperament was but little suited to such tantalizing suffering.

It took him but a very short time to get past the cleaning rag, the grease bucket, and other evils that belong to a young sailor's apprenticeship. In him was united a cat's dexterity with an almost perfect desperado nature; and when he, riding the slippery, greased stay-sail yard, leaped over the booms while he at the same time spread the yard, he awakened universal admiration. In his blue shirt, tied loosely at the neck, with a leather belt about his waist, and his canvas breeches, he looked strong and energetic, and it was easy to see that he was every inch a sailor. His ways were certainly somewhat arrogant, and his speech not always as good-natured as it might be. Nevertheless, he was generally liked, for he was good-hearted when he was taken in the right way; nor did he seem to be so vain of his wonderful qualifications as a sailor, as of the superior keenness of his intellect in disputes with the red-bearded, somewhat important sail-maker, who passed for being very well read.

The dress patterns, silk kerchiefs, the rings, and what he should say to the young girl, whether he should ask to speak with her alone, or abide his opportunity to offer itself—all this went round and round

in his head, and, especially what he should say to her, began now, so many times as he had on the long journey pondered thereon, to present many difficulties. Finally, he must go down to his ship's chest to see whether the things really lay there yet, and if the moth were in them. The last inquest, at which the cloth had to be spread out, was gone about with much secrecy.

He was extremely restless — a hundred times aloft to look after the “prospects.” From the great top-gallant sail, it was said, a strip of Norway's coast could be seen on a clear day with a glass.

At last a prospect came in the shape of clearing hazy weather, with a wind blowing leeward; the ice about them had, during the last twenty hours, begun to show streaks of blue water. In the darkness of the evening they felt that they were free from it; it had probably sunk.

In spite of the salt spray and the rain, which had to be constantly wiped from the face, Salve walked that night, humming softly to himself on his look-out on the forecastle, while the rest of the men in dripping oil-skin clothes and sea-boots, slopped backwards and forwards on the deck cargo, or, as they best could, stood in the shelter of the round-house and forecastle. The rigging and everything else they touched was swollen, wet and frosty. Besides, they had worked the whole

day in opening the ice, and the wind which now constantly and more strongly whistled and shrieked through the blocks and cordage, did not promise well for the night.

Captain Beck's voice was particularly harsh. There lay before him truly a David's choice in that turbulent, dark winter's night. The strong southern current, together with the wind to leeward, pressed hard toward the coast, while he, on the other hand, by a forced cruising, risked striking against the ice-floes. Neither was he sure of their whereabouts, and walked restlessly back and forth on the poop. Now and then he addressed a word down to the helmsman, whose figure was sharply defined by the light from the binnacle.

"How do we lie now, Jens?"

"Sharp southwest, Captain; she does not go higher."

"H'm, a little more leeward!" he muttered.

His brow became moist under his seal-skin cap, which he, in the midst of the driving rain, felt the need of throwing off his face to get air. Life and ship were at stake.

"What says the watch, Mate?" he said, turning toward the latter, who was just coming up the steps after taking a turn forward.

"Dark as pitch!—For that matter one might put a lantern out on the flying jib-boom, that we



might be able to see that far. But the lead shows deep sea."

"Oh, it shows that!" said Beck, in a tone at which the mate was somewhat disconcerted; for it sounded scornful.

The darkness prevented his seeing the captain's face, otherwise he would have read therein an opinion not very flattering to himself.

"The blockhead knows not yet," growled Captain Beck after him, "that the lead may indicate deep water till the ship strikes her nose against the rock!"

The sea, growing more chopping and heavy, made it only too certain that there was danger ahead. Captain Beck had no longer any option; it was necessary to carry sail to keep off the coast. A pilot was not to be thought of on such a night, but he let them fire off some shots from the signal-gun, in hopes that the wind might carry the sound ashore.

Old Juno must now be tried in a struggle which her joints would scarcely have been capable of in her younger days. This was soon observed about the pumps, which had to be worked incessantly; it was like many ships, that had formerly been good sailers, somewhat back-broken by the weight of their burden amidsthips. In the fore-

hatchway the ladder which stood below in the hold, sawed up and down as the ship gradually gave way, whilst the leaky bow-planks sucked water.

The day dawned and passed into an impenetrable atmosphere, on account of the fog. A moment when it cleared, they thought certainly they had seen Homburg Sound's Point, a mountain up in the country above Arendal; and by its low appearance on the horizon, hope was taken that they had, during the last eighteen hours, gained a good stretch out at sea. They passed about mid-day close to an English brig, whose rigging lay across the deck; she evidently was ready to sink, for she lay half on her side, and the sea was breaking over her. The crew had sought the rat-lines and the mizzen-mast, and were signaling desperately for help, without, however, there seeming to be any possibility of aid for them. In the midst of the fog they had heard some of their distress signals, weakened by the wind. This vessel had tried the same experiment the Juno was about to make.

"Ready, about!—Hard to leeward!—Bow and midships!—Brace up fore and aft!—Let go and haul—Steady!"—were the monotonous commands, whenever they took a new tack, and at the same time they generally shipped huge seas, so that the whole vessel shivered and staggered. The deck-

cargo, consisting of ponderous beams, was lifted by the shock and force of the water so that many of them stood cast on end up against the bulwarks, the racks and the capstan. The crew had here and there lashed themselves with rope-ends to the lower parts of the rigging, for on the deck, where every hatchway was battered down, it was not possible to stay.

Salve Kristiansen and two others had their turn at the rudder the second night, when a huge sea, by the setting of the current, suddenly lightened forth from the darkness to leeward by the fore-rigging, and then broke with a terrible crash down upon the deck. With irresistible force it crushed everything in its way, tearing away large portions of the bulwarks, the yawl-boat, the binnacle, and at the same time damaging the wheel. In the midst of the confusion the drenched sailors, half smothered, struggled to retain their positions, and a few of them afterwards found themselves stowed away in the most unlooked-for places.

"Look out for a sea on the leeward bow," was again heard from the stern, and suddenly the ocean had a whitish appearance.

"Ready about!—Hard to leeward!"—was heard, followed by the proper orders.

A lurch of the ship, accompanied by a renewed

shrieking and creaking in every possible key through the rigging, and the spray lashing over the deck, showed that the storm was becoming a hurricane.

Old Captain Beck stood there in his huge pea-coat with horn-buttons, drenched seal-skin hat, and the trumpet under his arm; he was looking through the night-glass, which he had taken from the first mate. They must try everything if they were not to end among the skerries that night, and Beck determined in favor of spreading still more sail.

“Reef out!—Loose top-sail bowline!—Haul in the top-sail brace!—Clear the top-sail halyard!—Hoist the top-sail!”—was sounded by degrees from out the speaking trumpet. In the darkness were heard a few “Haul in, men, oh—oh hoi!” at the heavy, tough pulling, while the salt water dashed in the faces of the working sailors, and the ship rolled, so that they sometimes only hung to the lines, whilst the deck slipped from under their feet. During the whole day no one on board had tasted anything but a biscuit and a little brandy.

The vessel careened violently, on account of the increased sail, and then shot on anew, with terrible speed. But in the next instant the top-sail sprang from the bolt-rope with a crack like the report of a cannon, and they lost their control of the ship.

The main stay-sail flapped and rustled about with its loose block so that no one dare go near it, and the portions of the bulwarks which remained were again broken in by a flood of water, when the deck's cargo shifted itself anew and partly went overboard.

Salve Kristiansen had had too much to do with the disordered wheel to be able to give particular attention to his surroundings. But at the moment when the first dark sea so unexpectedly broke over them from leeward, he had seen two gleams of light in its crest. These suddenly kindled remembrances, and, in the midst of the storm, it seemed to the young man's romantic fancy as if he was to meet Elizabeth Raklev,—a thought which, however little it was suited to his hard work, still fully occupied his mind.

The two lights gleamed again, and it now first came clearly up before him that this was the same slanting fire which he had formerly so often noticed from old Jacob's chimney out on Torung.

When the top-sail sprang and the reality took hold upon him, Salve Kristiansen became the practical man.

"The lights to the leeward," he shouted behind the captain, who now first observed them, "are from old Jacob's chimney on Torung."

"If you are right," muttered the captain, while he approached him, crossing the slanting deck with the help of a line, "then it will not be long before we are shattered into splinters against Torung."

Then a conversation began betwixt them, wherein Salve explained that he knew the open sea about the Torungs from childhood as well as he knew his own pocket,—and the result was, that Beck, pale and doubtful, determined to seek the lee of the land with him as pilot.

"Bethink yourself twice, both in regard to your own and our lives; much to-night is committed to young shoulders."

So they changed their course, making for land, carrying the least amount of sail possible in so heavy a sea, which now broke after them, and the thunder of the breakers was soon heard.

The young sailor was self-possessed as he stood there with the trumpet after he had taken command, and with the captain and the first mate by his side. But suddenly the sweat ran down off his brow, though he said nothing.

There was something wonderfully irregular about the light; it grew dark-reddish and seemed at last extinguished.

What in heaven's name could it be? Had he perhaps been wrong after all, and was he now about

to carry the Juno, with all on board, against the wall of the mountain?

It lasted about a quarter of an hour, and never had Salve Kristiansen, in his whole lifetime, seen so heavy an expression as that wherewith Beck, who had discovered a trace of doubt in his face, looked at him, evidently in deliberation as to whether he himself should again take command or not.

Meanwhile the light kindled up anew, whatever could have been the matter with it; and that night Salve Kristiansen brought the Juno safe in to Merd Island.

The following forenoon the vessel lay in Arendal's harbor, where the cargo was to be discharged, while the pumps were constantly worked, after which it was hauled away to the dry-dock for repairs.

Salve received in payment from Beck one hundred specie dollars, and the promise of becoming second mate on the Juno, when he had learned navigation.

From that time dated his desire of becoming a pilot.

## CHAPTER IX.

THERE had happened remarkable things out on little Torung, of which they in town were busy in telling.

Old Jacob had, a week before, been struck by paralysis, and had died on the same night that the Juno accomplished its hazardous venture. They had, the last few days, while the fog and storm prevailed, heard distress signals, and his grandchild had during that time kept up the fire alone at night; it was only neglected the hour the old man gasped his last breath, when she, forgetting all else, sat watching him.

It was that moment that had placed Salve in such grave doubt out on the Juno.

The following day the young girl had, in her despair, undertaken, at the peril of her life, to go over the dangerous ice to fetch people, and was taken up by a boat and brought in to Arendal.

The poor Elizabeth was altogether too much absorbed in her own sorrow for her grandfather to think in the remotest way of making her story interesting.

The naval officer, Carl Beck, in the meantime, knew how in his enthusiasm to give the occurrence



a touch of romance, whereby the young girl was suddenly elevated, and made the heroine of the day. It originated at the Amtman's\*—who had two beautiful daughters, where lieutenant Beck visited daily—and they talked now of nothing else but how she alone out on Torung with her dying grandfather had saved the Juno, and afterwards ventured out upon the ice. Every one could, on seeing her, perceive that she must be a remarkable character. In regard to her decided beauty there were different opinions amongst the women—pity, that she had been so entirely neglected! The Becks were now, they thought, at least morally bound to care for her.

Among the first things Captain Beck did was also to look out for old Jacob's honorable burial.

To the young girl, who now lived up in one of the narrow streets with her aunt, poured signed and anonymous friendly advices, black dress patterns and ornaments, especially from young men and clerks; and a couple of the town's active women even went personally to her aunt and talked about her future.

But after the naval officer had declared that he considered these presents as insults to him and his family, they finally ceased.

\* A civil officer in Norway, whose jurisdiction is limited by the amt or county.

He himself was up there but once, and he had his eldest sister with him. His manner could not fail to be pleasing; he shared so honestly and winningly, and at the same time so modestly, in Elizabeth's sorrow; and, with an emotion that could not be concealed, he expressed as he took leave, their indebtedness to her, that their father was alive.

When he was gone, his sister came out with the real errand. She proposed to the aunt that Elizabeth should come to them, with the view of gradually learning sufficient to become a capable housekeeper,—she should not be obliged to work as a simple servant. It was, she added, her brother who had laid this plan for her.

The offer was, for their position, a brilliant one, and was received with unmixed gladness by the aunt. A cloud, however, passed over Elizabeth's brow for an instant; she felt herself, without knowing wherefore, oppressed by coming in so near a connection with the naval officer, yet she would not, on the other hand, have foregone it for a great deal.

On the following day Elizabeth entered Captain Beck's house.

## CHAPTE X.

CAPTAIN BECK in the meantime trudged daily over to the dry-dock to see the Juno, which was having its bottom scraped and caulked. He was scarcely home at meal-times. There was pressing haste for the delivery of the cargo at its place of destination; they dare not delay beyond the appointed time.

Salve was, during the first days after his arrival, considered a lucky man. He was on his courting feet, had received a hundred-dollar bill from the captain, accompanied with a brilliant promise, and heard himself admired round about by his comrades. The work of discharging the cargo and careening took the whole week, so he could not get the much-longed-for leave of absence before Saturday evening.

As he the day before sat on watch in the lee of the gunwale, he inadvertently overheard, below on the crane, a conversation which set his blood in an uproar.

One of the carpenters told, when he came to work in the morning, the incidents connected with old Jacob's death, how his grandchild had saved the Juno, and afterwards gone over the ice.

"They say," he continued, "that the captain is to care for the daughter—yes, that the naval officer has provided for her." Amid the increasing noise of the hammering and clinching below on the crane, Salve here lost a part of their talk.

"There certainly is a reason for it, I can tell you,"—was heard again with an ambiguous smile and in a little lower voice. "I suppose it isn't for nothing that he the whole year has been shooting sea-birds out there on Torung."

"Is it possible that she is such a sea-bird? Old Jacob wasn't of that sort——"

"Oh no, it was not to be so; but the first thing she did was, after all, to come straightway in here. And now he has already gotten her home to his house—I have it from the aunt. She suspected nothing out of the way, the old woman, but told in her simple-hearted manner, that Elizabeth was now to become housekeeper at Beck's." A slight noise caused the speaker to look up toward the gunwale. There stood a deathly-pale young sailor gazing down upon him, with a pair of eyes which seemed like those he had once seen in the head of a mad dog. The sailor turned immediately and crossed the deck.

"That was her beau, it was easy to see," he whispered to the other, and began hewing with the

broad-axe on the beam which had been marked with a chalk line. A little after he muttered fretfully:

"If I saw his face aright, somebody will have to look out for himself, when he gets ashore."

Salve had sprung up in wrath when he heard about the naval officer; but a certain desire to still hear it out had prevented an outbreak. What was further told about their relation, and about Elizaqeth's having even gone to the officer's home, all bore a clear impress of truth. He knew both of the men who spoke; they were honest folk, and the one had it, as we know, from the aunt herself.

There was hard work that day on board to get everything ready to careen the ship; but Salve's hands were as if benumbed. It was impossible for him, except for appearance's sake, to join when they hauled; he did everything mechanically.

"Are you sick, boy, or do you long for your sweetheart?" said the mate during the afternoon watch; he noticed that there was something out of the way with him.

This, "after your sweetheart," had a wonderfully rousing effect. He felt himself suddenly freed from that dull feeling of weariness, and worked now from pure desire so hard that the perspiration streamed down his face, while he, now and then, with an im-

patient, hoarse voice, led the song. He feared that he might happen to think. Afterwards he took the anchor-watch for the night for a comrade, who was glad so unexpectedly to enjoy his rest in his hammock, and avoid being the "ship's dog;" for this watch only consists of a single man, who guards the vessel against harbor thieves.

He walked alone back and forth on the deck; it was pitch-dark, with a few lanterns out in the harbor and here and there a light up town. Sometimes he stood for hours together with his hand under his cheek by the gunwale. He could murder the naval officer without a scruple, that he felt.

At about two of the clock, in the darkness, he walked down the inclined plank on the crane, and then stepped on shore.

Elizabeth's aunt dwelt some distance up the hill in one of the small houses. He had determined to wake her and have a talk.

Old mother Kirstine was not unaccustomed to being disturbed at night,—one of her occupations was watching the sick;—but she was then always peevish. When she by the kindled light recognized Salve Kristiansen she believed, from his paleness and general appearance, that he was drunk.

"Is it you, Salve, thus in the midst of the night?" she spoke chidingly from the opening in

the door, without at first being willing to let him in. "Do you spend your wages in this wise?"

"Oh no, mother; I have come straight from the watch, because I would like to talk with you a little about Elizabeth." His voice was so strangely low and sorrowful that the old woman then understood that something unusual was the matter. She opened the door.

"About Elizabeth, say you?"

"Yes; where does she keep herself?"

"Where does she keep herself? Why, at the Beck's, of course; is there anything the matter?"

"That ought you to know; mother Kirstine, before all others," said he earnestly.

She held the light up to his face and looked at him; for she was anxious, but could make out nothing from his words.

"Should I know it,—say it then!"—she continued, almost imploringly.

"The naval officer has, as I hear, been staying out there at Torung and—shooting sea-birds—do you believe he is going to marry her?" he burst out wildly and loudly.

Not before the last sentence did his meaning become fully clear to her. She set the candlestick hard down upon the table, and dropped into a chair by the side of it.

"So they say that!" she finally uttered. Her first anguish was over; but now anger took hold of her; she raised herself, and with her hands on her hips, and flashing eyes—she was a woman one must take care not to make angry.

"So, they have already exposed Elizabeth to that lie! pugh! and you help spread it, Salve! Then will I say to you, that Beck's house is as respectable a one as stands in Arendal, and people like you and your sort are not able to take its honor from it. You can be sure that I shall tell Elizabeth the whole of this pretty story, and the captain, and the naval officer, and Madam Beck, too; then you will be driven from the Juno like a wet dog! Ah, you had the idea that Elizabeth was obliged to beg the naval officer for the honor!"

"Dear mother Kirstine!" said he, interrupting this torrent of words. "I had no ideas, for I have been far away; but I heard to-day, down on the crane, Anders Brække tell it all with such certainty."

"Anders Brække? So he said it, the pitiful sneak—as thanks, for my being with his wife last week! I'll find him. But in such doings the receiver is as bad as the thief," continued she, indignantly. "It was Captain Beck's own daughter who was here and offered Elizabeth a respectable position in a respectable house, and it was with me she spoke. Do you



understand that, sir?"—here she pointed with shaking forefinger proudly at her own breast. "Hence Elizabeth has not begged herself in there. You did not need to desert your watch to bring such news, and Elizabeth shall hear of it! Yes, she shall certainly hear of it!" she kept repeating earnestly, and brought the palms of her hands together with a snap; "she shall come to hear your fine opinion of her!"

"Dear mother Kirstine, I only meant it for good," prayed he—his heart had grown so light; "please don't say it to Elizabeth!"

"You may be sure she shall know it!"

"Mother Kirstine," said he, softly, while he lowered his eyes. "I came with a dress pattern for her, which I bought in Boston; and, hearing all this, I could get no peace." He said nothing about the rings.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old woman after a pause, during which she critically examined him through her half-closed eyelashes, in a somewhat milder tone; "so you come with a dress pattern for her? and run hither in the dark night to say that she has become the mistress of the naval officer!" she screamed again, angrily.

"But, mother Kirstine, I certainly do not believe a bit of the whole story."

"It was not for the purpose of telling me this that you decamped here, young man!"

"I was crazy because such things had been said about her."

"No,—go now! Anders Brække shall come out finely with his lie, even if I shall have to go with him both to the town judge and to the marine court." The old woman could, for that matter, just as well have threatened to go to the moon with him; but Salve knew that she, by the marine court, indicated the bloodiest thing she knew of.

As she opened the door for him to go, she asked with a certain confidential earnestness, "Hear, Salve! has anything been spoken between you and Elizabeth?"

"I do not rightly know, mother Kirstine; once, two years since, I gave her a pair of shoes."

"Ah! now see that you get on board again, so no one sees you; that is my advice," she suggested, without being willing to enter further into this matter, and pushed him somewhat hurriedly out of the door.

Afterward she sat for a time on the chair, with the candle in her lap, to recover herself; she nodded thoughtfully as she gazed at the light. She was somewhat round and stooping, but otherwise a strong-looking old woman, with a good, broad face, and thin, gray hair pushed back from her ears.

"That Salve is a handsome, excellent boy," she

said aloud, as she prepared to go to bed, and as it were in conclusion to one and all of her meditations: "It is best, any way, to tell Elizabeth of it; then she will be able to protect herself there in the house."

Salve Kristiansen, the following day, was not, however, fully at rest. He suspected, from many things, that, in regard to the maiden, he and the naval officer were rivals, and felt his courage to go to her uncere- moniously, with the dress patterns and the ring, quite gone; besides she was, also, as we know, in the midst of sorrow.

About evening, when all got leave of absence from the ship for three weeks, he immediately went out to his father's, thinking possibly through him to get, by inquiry, something more definite about the matter; and Monday they were both at old Jacob's burial at Trom Island churchyard.

## CHAPTER XI.

ALL these events had come over Elizabeth overwhelmingly and suddenly. They were to her almost like a shadowy dream. She was dressed in black clothes, and was living in one of those beautiful houses, whose interior she so often had imagined to herself out on Torung.

Captain Beck was married a second time. His wife had brought with her some fortune, and with close management had reëstablished that order in the affairs of the house which, in Captain Beck's widowhood, had been only too much missed. She was a very conscientious woman, full of decision and dignity. By the grown step-children she was in a high degree respected, though not quite loved; for they were obliged to submit in various ways to an unaccustomed restraint, and, if her husband was sovereign on board the *Juno*, she was scarcely less unconditionally so in her house.

The naval officer's independent position placed him in a specially free condition at home, where he, with his easy tact, got on very well with his authoritative step-mother. He was *fêted* in the town and worshiped by his sisters, who dreamed of a match for him with this or that girl. As paid member of

a coast commission, he had gotten a year's time at home.

Already, during the first days, when Elizabeth, in her total ignorance about all matters, often blundered, she, with her sound sense, saw that it behooved her to evoke all the patience and ability she possessed in order to keep her position, and she made unwearied beginnings by following after Madam Beck like a lamb. Now and then she might indeed despair, and without further ado sit down by the window, resting her chin upon her hand, looking out toward the harbor. She wanted the cold, fresh air, and would then also push up the window, out of which she, with burning cheeks, would lean until Madam Beck would come in and, in a decided tone, call her back, exclaiming in her vexation that it was almost as if they had a savage in the house.

There occurred upon the whole many painful scenes in connection with her instruction, and she bore herself with a mild quietude which Madam Beck took for humble teachableness, whilst she held her ground with a fixed determination to conquer everything.

Lieutenant Beck had a remarkably keen sight for these her sufferings, and gave her now and then an encouraging look; but the young girl always appeared as if she did not understand it. Once, when she was reprimanded in his presence, she suddenly

sprang from it all, and afterwards lay on her bed and sobbed.

One afternoon she was intrusted to carry in the tea-tray, on which she had thoughtlessly set the chafing-dish with the boiling tea-kettle. It fell on the way; but, notwithstanding its heated side and the boiling water burned her arm and hand, she bore it out again without moving a muscle of her face. She would avoid being reprimanded anew when the lieutenant was present.

Madam Beck herself bound up Elizabeth's hand out in the kitchen, where she stood faint with the pain. But Carl Beck, who had sat on the sofa and seen the whole thing, forgot to control himself. He sprang up full of alarm, and showed himself so changed and sympathizing that his sister Mina, later, when they were alone in the room, with a look that was more trying than the joking words revealed, said:

"It isn't possible that you are fond of the girl, Carl?"

"There is no danger, Mina," he answered quickly in the same tone, while he chucked her under the chin; "in Arendal one finds them quite as pretty. But still you can see just as well as I that she is a remarkable child. This scene with the tea-tray not many would repeat; and we should not forget that without her"——

"Oh, yes," said Mina, with a toss of her head, a bit wearied of the eternal repetition of this matter; "she did not really know that it was father sailing out there."

It was a wonderfully well conceived piece of hypocrisy which the handsome lieutenant carried on in this case. Beneath his apparently so straightforward sailor nature he concealed at bottom a diplomatist.

By trumpeting Elizabeth's service in the Juno's rescue out in the town he had, so to say, forced his home to receive her by putting it under the pressure of general opinion. On the other hand, he was particularly careful about his relations to her; for it was necessary to win the maiden in such a manner that his step-mother and sisters should not remark it

That he had made a sort of impression on Elizabeth he had reason to believe; but he had also the feeling that he had to deal with a wild swan which could slip out of the window at any time and fly away. There was something lofty and unyielding in her ways.

In his home she had become another person, scarcely to be recognized—moving about as if unconscious of his presence, while she in all things slavishly accommodated herself to her mistress. And

this new aspect of her character had for a time put him in doubt. It had not continued long before he understood that she had established in this connection what she would, and that the scene with the tea-tray—which by the others was explained as awkwardness—was to him something quite different. He flattered himself that she submitted to this constraint for his sake, and felt that it was an interesting romance, however it might end.

But there was, on the other hand, something in her manner which made him uncertain as to how he should rightly take the matter up, and which maintained a certain distance between them. The same had been the case at their meetings out at old Jacob's, and was, in fact, the principal reason why this falling in love had so absorbed him more and more. He had once out there met an expression in her steel-gray eyes that gave him the impression that her opinion of him could change in a moment, and he least of all dare let her feel that he came out there as her lover. Therefore he had almost always talked with her grandfather, and with her more as a matter of chance.

The fact was, that old Jacob had well understood that the lieutenant did not come out there on his account, and, as he could not well bar the door to him, he had very sensibly warned his grand-



daughter against him. He explained to her that such fine folk were not wont to marry a common man's child, while it happened, only too often, that they pretended to love her. "Such an one as Salve Kristiansen; there is one to be depended upon in such matters," he concluded, as he thought, wonderfully diplomatic.

"I do not think that you said exactly that when you wanted to thrash him, grandfather," she answered, somewhat offensively.

"H'm, yes; a young boy needs a thrashing at times," growled the old man; "but he is, let me tell you, a brave fellow; and, if he should propose for you, he would get you at once; then I would be at rest as to what would become of you, when I am through."

Elizabeth did not answer much at that time, but an expression about her mouth showed that she reserved to herself the right of holding her own opinion in this matter.

She had in Salve Kristiansen seen her dear and only comrade, and felt full, entire confidence in him; but the naval officer had, the whole time since, exclusively occupied her thoughts.

Everything she had enthusiastically admired before, had suddenly in his person been defined. But, whether it was his uniform, or his naval stories, or

himself, was not very clear to her, until she was wounded in thought and brought to reflection by her grandfather's warning. Now, it was decidedly himself, the handsome, brilliant bearer of it all; but at the same time there sprang up in her nature an unbending pride, before which she resigned every connection with him, while she nevertheless preserved her enthusiasm for him. It was this duplicity, which her eyes expressed, that confused the naval officer. When she later, from her aunt in Arendal, came to know to what she had been exposed, in common gossip, it affected her deeply, and she realized, more forcibly than ever, that there was an invisible wall between them.

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About a month later, when the Juno again lay ready for sailing, Carl Beck's sister came smiling one day into the room, and said:

"Elizabeth! a young sailor stands outside in the porch and begs to speak with you; he has a package under his arm, perhaps it is a present for you."

Elizabeth, who was occupied with bringing in a part of the dinner things, flushed, and Carl Beck, who stood by the window, grew pale. She knew well enough that it was Salve, and was for an instant almost frightened at his boldness. She had seen him twice before, and given him to feel that

she shunned him because of what her aunt had told her. Trembling, she went out to meet him.

He looked at her for a time without saying a word.

"Will you take this dress, Elizabeth?"—said he at last, almost harshly.

"No, I will not, Salve,—the way you have talked about me."

"So you will not take it, Elizabeth?"—he said slowly and despondingly. "Well, then, it can be of no use to say anything more?"

"No, it can be of no use to say anything more, Salve."

With seeing how vanquished he stood and looked upon her, while he asked: "Shall I sail with that, Elizabeth?"—the tears burst from her eyes. She shook her head abjuringly, and, with an almost desperate face, turned and hurried in.

Within they saw that she had cried. But Carl Beck was a cold-blooded man; he leaned on the window and looked after his rival—to see whether he still had the package under his arm, as he passed out of the gate.

That same night Elizabeth woke. She had cried out in her sleep, and dreamed that she saw Salve standing down on the wharf poorly clothed and unfortunate, but too proud to ask help of any one,

and he had looked so earnestly and reproachfully at her. She lay, turning restlessly, without being able to dispel the dream from her thoughts. Then the racket of a noisy and shouting rabble was heard outside, and she went over to the window. The police led some one between them down the street.

As they passed, she saw by the light of the street-lamp for an instant, that it was Salve. He fought against them, pale and raging, with his blue shirt torn open at his breast, and there was such a look on his face—she slept no more that night.

There had been a great sailors' fight over at Mother Andersen's, on the other side of the harbor. It was said they had used knives, and that Salve Kristiansen had been the leader. Captain Beck was obliged, the next day, to go to the town-judge himself to free him, before they were to sail, and he settled the fines.

The young girl understood only too well the reason for Salve's conduct, and left the room when the naval officer, the day after, with various interpretations, talked about this—that Salve had begun the clamor without a trace of provocation.

For some days she was pale and exhausted, and the officer had the feeling that she was more than ordinarily retiring in her bearing toward himself.

The afternoon before they were to sail, Salve's

father and brother went on board to bid him good-by, and there was something in his manner which appeared extraordinary to them both. It almost seemed, so thought the brother, as if they were not to see each other again. He offered his father the hundred-dollar bill, and when the latter would not accept it, he was obliged to promise at least to keep it for him. His father took it to be sorrow and despondency, on account of what had happened, during the last days, to him in connection with the police; but, as he turned to go ashore, he said, with a somewhat oppressed heart:

“Remember, Salve, that you have an old father who waits at home.”

That evening, and a part of the night, Salve Kristiansen spent sitting on the Juno's top-sail. He looked over at Captain Beck's house as long as there was a light in the attic chamber there, and when it went out, he thought something was extinguished within himself also.

## CHAPTER XII.

OUTSIDE of Trom Island, near Arendal, the coast has a wholly sterile, stone-gray appearance. A church with a small sentry, box-like bell-tower, which serves for a sea-mark, lies desolate out by the sea, and on Sundays the pilot-vessels may be seen lying to there during God's service.

The shore-side of the island, on the other hand, presents in contrast a view all the more rich and bright. This narrow Trom Island Sound, with its swarm of small smacks, lighters, pilot-boats, and larger vessels, bathes in the sunlight between fruit-bearing wooded ridges and slopes. On both sides sailors' red cottages, skippers' houses and villas are scattered everywhere; while all about in every bay and inlet, wherever there is room for a vessel to stand, are seen the timber-white hulls in process of building, one by the other. This is an idyllic wharf in the midst of primeval nature, a really significantly beautiful entrance to Arendal,—Norway's first shipping-town. He who passes through there on a clear, calm summer's day, on board a steamer, has a surprise not readily effaced from his memory.

At the time of our story, this picture was far from being so full and complete, but still the

beginning of that life which was to come made itself visible.

Captain Beck owned a pleasure-place, one of the most beautiful on the sound; a small one-story gray house with a sloping tiled roof, out of which projected two small attic windows with small-paned casements, and back of it stood a fine grove up the mountain slope. During the years when Captain Beck was out on his long trips, the family lived there through the summers, and he intended in a couple of years to retire from the sea, and, with his fortune, establish a ship-yard.

The Becks were busily active during the week, each day being fully occupied; Madam Beck herself generally sat in the sitting-room at her spinning-wheel. Her stepson, who was occupied in travels and works, as a member of the coast commission, usually came out in his beautiful sail-boat on Saturday evening, and remained over Sunday. On that day also some family or pleasure boat with ladies and gentlemen, usually came out either to visit them or the adjoining place, and they generally all spent the afternoon together.

Carl Beck was a favorite with the ladies. He associated with them mostly in a playful way, now and then with a touch of sentimentality, wherein the brown, manly naval officer, could, as by ac-

cident, show his apparently deeper nature. He was somewhat inclined to be stout, at which he himself joked; he had too good a time, he said. Most of the young girls had known him from childhood, when he had been home during his visits as a cadet, and he thought he had special confidential relations, so to say, with each one of them, or some story or other at least which only the two knew. There were, therefore, in this circle also many, as it seemed to outsiders, meaningless catch-words which came up in their conversation again, now they were grown.

Among those who often came out there was postmaster Fostberg and his family. Besides the parents were a half-grown son and their eighteen-year-old daughter Marie, a blonde maiden with a quiet manner, and an extraordinarily clever face. No one said that she was beautiful, but most of those who knew her had nevertheless the impression that she was. Over her perhaps rather *petite* figure, as well as over everything she essayed to do, rested some unconscious harmony and charm, and she was always considered as being remarkably intelligent. Among her girl-friends it was she in whom they unconditionally chose to trust, when there was something out of the ordinary way. That she never confided anything to them in return



they did not, singularly enough, notice. As to her, they thought she was too "prim and correct" to have heart-affairs. She was a confidential friend of Carl Beck's sisters, especially Mina, who declared that she thought more of her than of anyone else she knew, and secretly meant that she was just the right match for her brother.

The only young girl in this circle with whom Carl Beck had not had a childhood acquaintance was Marie Fostberg.

It was some time before he discovered that this quiet girl was worth talking with. Later it had secretly annoyed him that his conversation with her so readily fell to light chat. She was so clear and true, and possessed such a really beautiful smile for that which she approved. Before her, therefore, he always displayed his broad, manly side, which he knew how to assume with so much tact—concealing underneath a coquetry which did not fail to do its work. His power, or his weakness, was only too much this,—that he was able to give his action a momentary warmth of feeling for the person entirely engrossing him. She got the flattering impression that his light, not to say coquettish, bearing with young ladies had its real ground in that he had not yet found anyone among them who was worth a man's full earnestness. They were to him a pastime for a

spare hour; and she was only too willing to see things in this light. Carl Beck had for two years past been secretly her heart's love. She had, during this time, received from her young girl-friends confidences which they, if they had seen clearly, last of all would have trusted to her.

Although constantly occupied, Elizabeth felt herself freer out there in the country. She had gradually begun to get on well with the house-work, for which she showed she had in fact a ready comprehension, and many things Madam Beck trusted to her. Especially did she understand — what one would least expect of her — how to serve in a handsome way; and when the lithe girl with the expressive face, on Sunday afternoons, in her becoming striped chintz dress and white apron, brought the tea or coffee service out to the guests in the summer-house, many an admiring glance was cast on her; for it was not difficult to see that she was a beauty.

Marie Fostberg had remarked Elizabeth, whose history she knew, and sought often to direct and help her. Notwithstanding their different natures and social position, these two women felt themselves, if not drawn toward each other, still naturally a bit curious. In the beginning the girl had appeared somewhat abrupt and unapproachable to the young lady. She had not desired to notice all the helps and at-

THE END

tentions the other, in her usual quiet, thoughtful way, had shown her; but the next Sunday she thanked her with a beautiful glance.

To come into her confidence Marie Fostberg felt was all but easy. It was seldom she could get from her more than "yes" and "no"; but all the more for that a silent willingness. Only the occasional shifting color in her face indicated that she had her own opinion; and the somewhat strongly precipitate, almost offensive, manner in which she turned from her and carried out things in her own way, when sometimes she did not understand what the other meant, showed she was scarcely so manageable as the Becks thought. She was obliged to acknowledge that Elizabeth had a remarkable natural knack for dressing herself tastefully, with her heavy light hair simply put up, and not so much as a ribbon above what her position would permit. It was almost as if she were coquettish. Still, Marie Fostberg, who was a keen observer, could not detect a glimpse of this in her.

Elizabeth, on her side, understood very well that Marie Fostberg was the person, among all the young ladies, most likely to become Carl Beck's bride, and she also ought to be, not less on account of her own worth than of the housecraft for which she did not lack an eye. Notwithstanding she in her own thoughts could stand a resigned spectator, there was

created, nevertheless, during the week's course, an impression concerning her which on Sundays, when the latter came, required some time to dissipate. But then she would also impetuously feel that this was the only woman she in her heart cared for. Marie Fostberg had the peculiar gift of winning people, and soon understood that she had here won a friend.

To her Elizabeth could now, contrary to her wont, show herself variously communicative. It usually, indeed, only apparently concerned table laying or serving, but she was able every time, with much underlying delicacy, to give the other a full account of the naval officer and what might concern him. Marie Fostberg did not fail sometimes to fasten her clever blue eyes inquiringly upon her, to assure herself that there was no intent in this. But Elizabeth, with bared arms, was so engrossed in her work that her thoughts clearly enough were not far away from it.

Carl Beck had, during the whole time, his own quiet way of showing Elizabeth attention. She felt that his eyes never really turned from her while she was in the room, however occupied he seemed to be by the others, and that the one his glance sought when he came home, was herself. But never a word disclosed his feelings. When any information must

THE  
PILOT  
AND  
HIS  
WIFE

necessarily be remembered, he not only gave it to his sisters, but to her also. "She never forgets," he would say, and Elizabeth understood that he meant, distinctly and unconditionally, that he was able to rely upon her.

His handsome pleasure-boat—a long, fine, sharp-built yawl, with a red stripe along its black sides, and two leaning masts, which he himself had recently had built, and called the Swan—often lay moored the whole week in the inlet outside the country-place. He was very anxious about it, and, while he was away, it was Elizabeth who was charged to care for it. There were always different things which should be guarded, especially once when the newly-painted inventory was to be dried in the sun; and young Beck gave her, in reference to this, many directions. When he came home he generally put her through, in a joking, sharp tone of voice, an examination about this; he called it holding a "court-martial."

"She is a half-seaman," he said, laughingly, "and really ought to have a glazed cap with the Swan's name in gold letters on its ribbon, like a marine sailor."

Now and then the lieutenant would on Saturdays come up the road, waving a letter in his hand bearing many post-marks. It would be from his father to his stepmother; and Madam Beck usually sat down

alone awhile for a first perusal, and afterward there would be a general reading aloud. Elizabeth then listened, very much oppressed, for she was always so unspeakably fearful that something should be wrong with Salve.

Though the youngest in the heretofore-mentioned commission, and only admitted to complete the number, Carl Beck had still been so fortunate as to distinguish himself there, in that his different propositions to the chairman, after much discussion, were at last made the basis of the whole work. The latter, who, like everybody else, was charmed with the young lieutenant, had in confidence told this to his father. The commission was to close its work at the end of the year, and the sisters now believed that there would then be a question about a decoration for him.

During a visit from Marie Fostberg, the conversation between the ladies in the sitting-room had for a while been taken up with this matter (she had been for a long time in the confidence of the family); and Elizabeth, who was a listener, was herself of the opinion that a decoration would become him well.

"Yes, it depends on the chairman now, Captain-Lieutenant Fergen," suggested Mina, with a certain significance, "what he may do for him! He thinks so much of Carl, and says when they are together he

can scarcely keep his eyes off him. He has promised to come out here sometime."

Marie Fostberg evidently disapproved of courting the good graces of the captain, for she answered somewhat curtly, and a little offended:

"It is, after all, ability which gains for your brother the decoration, and not Captain Fergen; hence, I do not understand——"

"Don't you understand that? Yes, my girl, one must do many such things in this world," said Mina, with a slight assumption of worldly wisdom.

"No, I do not comprehend it," continued the former, obstinately, somewhat flushed in the face; "I would rather have no decoration than ——"

"Yes, you!" said Mina, flatteringly, as she went over to her and put her arm about her friend's shoulders; for she understood that Marie was in earnest now. "But we are not all of us so strict and just as you, Marie!" and added she, to change the subject, "Carl, besides, knows nothing of our courting favor with the captain in his behalf."

Elizabeth, at heart, agreed with Marie Fostberg. It provoked her only that Marie could, even for an instant, have cherished the thought that he would lower himself in such a way.

When Carl Beck came in later, the question of the decoration was again taken up in a joking way.

"That will depend on the captain's grace, I hear," remarked Marie, unlike herself, somewhat pointedly, looking down upon her sewing.

"Oh, I do not care one grain about that trimming on my coat!" he answered squarely, as if wearied of hearing about it.

Elizabeth thought it manfully spoken. But the trouble was that young Beck was unusually desirous of the "trimming," and was secretly angry at Marie Fostberg's remark. She was his confidant in serious matters, but his prospects on this point he had concealed, and he chose now to have it appear that his absolute indifference was the cause of this.

Judging by the expression wherewith she sat quietly and sewed, Marie Fostberg was not fully at rest, either.

One Sunday, Elizabeth noticed that he wore a wild-flower, which she had laid aside, in the button-hole of his uniform. It might be purely accidental, but she knew he had seen it in her hand.

They had wild strawberries for dinner, and there were no guests.

"Yes," he broke out abruptly, "field strawberries, ten thousand times rather than garden berries; they have quite another fragrance and flavor."

But she thought that he had looked so strangely at her as he said it, and afterward he gazed in-



tently for a long time down at his plate. She felt that remark concerned herself, and there was upon the whole, that day, something peculiar about him which made her a little uneasy; he stared at her so often.

As Madam Beck had an unusually long list of household goods to be brought from Arendal, Carl proposed that some one, the next morning, should go with him in the sail-boat to receive the packages. When Madam Beck named Elizabeth, the plan won his hearty approval; but Elizabeth, on the instant, left the room abruptly. She had flushed and tossed her head without concealment at the insult, as she considered it, which, however, was noticed only by the younger sister's, Thea's, somewhat disinterested glance.

"She surely does not like to go into Arendal," exclaimed Thea; but she was one of those people who, are constantly chatting, and so but little attention was paid to her remark.

Elizabeth had a good reason in her own mind for not wanting to go with Carl Beck. She knew she had been exposed to common gossip in connection with him; but, besides this even, she would have opposed it most positively.

When, a little later, she saw the lieutenant standing alone outside, she went straight to him and

said, while she haughtily and angrily looked him in the eye:

“I will not go with you to Arendal, Herr Beck!”

“Why not, Elizabeth?” said he, apparently indifferent, while he sought to meet her glance.

“I will not go; that was what I would say to you!” she repeated with increasing anger, while her voice trembled; there was something imposingly decided in her bearing.

He stammered, greatly embarrassed:

“Do you mean that, Elizabeth?” but then she had already turned away from him. There lay, in the way itself in which she walked over the grass, something scornfully rebuffing, which to him appeared despairingly glorious and grand.

The trip was rearranged; but it came, in spite of the lieutenant's delicate management, inadvertently out, that it was Elizabeth who would not go alone in the boat with him; and this Madam Beck found very sensible. She should herself have thought that it was scarcely proper, she said; but, at the same time, expressed her opinion, somewhat freely, that Elizabeth ought first to have spoken to her mistress about it.

## CHAPTER XIII.

SOME reparations in the town house would this time necessitate the family's remaining out at their country-place quite late in the fall.

They had still the beautiful September days remaining of the summer.

The sound reposing in the various autumnal colors was particularly animating, and they still usually spent the evenings out on the steps.

There was special ceremony at the place when the members of the commission, with their chairman, were invited out there.

In the evening, when the gentlemen were sitting in the grove alone, and Elizabeth came out with a fresh supply of hot water for their toddy, the chairman permitted himself to offer a joke, which drove the blood up to her cheeks. She made no reply, but the mug trembled in her hands as she put it down, and at the same time she gave to the one concerned a glance so decidedly bitter and scornful that he for an instant felt himself corrected.

"By heavens, Beck!" he exclaimed, "did you see what eyes she fixed on me? they fairly lightened."

"Yes, she is a noble girl," replied Beck, who

was enraged, but had his reason for being circumspect before his superior.

"Ah, a noble girl!" added the latter, in an irritated tone, which made Carl feel that he meant she ought rather to be called an impudent servant.

"Yes, I mean a handsome girl," added Carl, evasively correcting himself with a forced laugh.

Elizabeth had heard it. She was wounded, and commenced, in her own mind, for the first time, a comparison between the lieutenant and Salve. Salve would not have prevaricated thus if he had been in this one's stead.

When, later in the evening, he chanced upon her alone, as she was putting things in order on the steps, after their departure, he said, half anxiously:

"You did not really take that to heart, Elizabeth, from the old, coarse, blustering brute? He is really a brave and honest fellow, who does not mean anything by his talk."

Elizabeth was silent, and sought to leave him and go inside with what she had in her hands.

"Yes, but I cannot endure that you should be insulted, Elizabeth!" he broke out suddenly in wild passion, and tried to seize her arm; "this hand, with which you work, is dearer to me than all the fine ladies' together."

"Herr Beck!" she burst out wildly, with tears in

her eyes, "I go my way, this very night, if I hear more!"

She disappeared in the hallway, but Beck followed.

"Elizabeth," he whispered, "I am in earnest!" She tore herself violently from him and went into the kitchen, where the sisters were standing talking by the fire.

Young Beck, in the beautiful starlit night, took a lonely walk into the interior of the island, and did not return until past midnight.

He had not meant it so decidedly in earnest; but now, since he had seen her before him, so wonderfully beautiful, with the tears in her eyes—now, yes, now, he did mean it in sober earnest. He was ready to engage himself to her, in spite of all considerations, if need be.

The next morning he went with his pleasure-boat to Arendal. He had, however, first, in passing, whispered to her:

"I am in earnest!"

These words, again repeated, entirely confused Elizabeth. She had lain and thought upon this same remark during the night, and resented it with indignation, for it could only signify that he ventured to declare to her that he was charmed with her, and she had already determined to carry out her threat

to leave the house.\* But now, repeated,—in that tone! Did he really mean to offer her his hand and heart—to become his, the officer's wife?

There lay before her fancy a glittering expanse of early dreams which almost intoxicated her. She was distracted and pale the entire week, and thought with dread of Sunday, when he should come again. What would he then say? And what should she answer?

He did not come, however, since a business trip had unexpectedly become necessary. On the contrary, Marie Fostberg came, and she felt that the girl's disposition, in some way or other, must have changed; for she evidently shunned every assistance from her, and in glances which Marie accidentally caught, there was something hard and unfriendly. It affected her more closely than she herself would admit. Faithful as she was, she sought, following a sudden impulse, to pat her in a friendly way on the shoulder; but this apparently made quite another impression: she might just as well have caressed a piece of wood, and, when she entered the sitting-room she could not help asking:

"What has come over Elizabeth?" But the others had remarked nothing.

Carl Beck, contrary to custom, came not the next Saturday, but earlier, in the middle of the week, and

he walked with rapid strides through the rooms when he did not see Elizabeth in the sitting-room.

He found her at last up-stairs. She stood looking out of the window in the upper hall, from which there was a view of the grove up the mountain slope, and of the sky above. She heard his step,—and that he was coming up the stairs, and she felt an unspeakable anxiety, a panic, almost as if she could spring out of the window. What should she answer?

Then he came, and put his arm about her waist, and, half above a whisper, asked :

“Elizabeth! will you be mine?” For the first time in her life she felt near fainting. She hardly knew what she did, but pushed him, involuntarily, violently from her.

He seized her hand again, and asked :

“Elizabeth, will you become my wife?” She was so pale, as she answered, “Yes.”

But when he would again place his arm about her waist, she suddenly sprang back with an expression of terror.

“Elizabeth!” said he, tenderly, and sought again to draw her to him; “what affects you so? If you knew how I have longed for this hour!”

“Not now—no more now!” she prayed, while she held her hand against him; “later——”

“Why, you say ‘yes,’ Elizabeth,—that you are

my ——." But he felt that she now would have him go. For a long time she sat on a chest up there, silent and gazing before her.

It was, then, accomplished. Her heart beat so hard that she could hear it, and it was as if she felt a dull pain there. Her face gradually assumed a rigid, cold look. She thought he was now telling his stepmother that they were engaged, and she was preparing herself for what she would have to endure.

She waited to be called down; at last she determined to go herself.

In the sitting-room each one sat wholly taken up with his own work. The lieutenant pretended to be reading a book, over which he, however, when she entered, sent her a stolen, tenderly-anxious glance.

Supper was brought in, and everything went on as usual. He joked a little, as was his wont. She thought it was as if a fog had enveloped them all. Mina asked her once if anything ailed her, and she answered mechanically, "No."

It was, therefore, to happen later in the evening. She went in and out as usual with the tea-things; still it was as if she could not feel the floor under her feet, or what she carried in her hands.

The evening passed, and they retired without anything having occurred. In the dim light of the stairway he grasped her hand warmly, and said:



"Good-night, my Elizabeth, my — my Elizabeth!"

But she would not return his grasp, and when he approached her brow with his lips she drew back quickly.

"I came out here alone to tell you this, dear, beloved Elizabeth!" whispered he, with a trembling fervor in his voice, while he sought to embrace her.

"I must return again to-morrow. Shall I go without a sign that you care for me?"

She slowly bent her brow toward him, and he kissed it, when she immediately left him.

"Good-night, my beloved!" whispered he after her.

Elizabeth lay long awake. She felt the need of having a good cry, and her heart was chilled within her. When she at last slept she did not dream about her lover, but about Salve,—the whole time about Salve. She saw him gazing at her with his earnest face; it was so heavy with sorrow, and she stood like a criminal before him. He said something which she could not hear, but she understood that he cursed her, and that he had thrown her dress overboard.

She arose early, and sought to engage her thoughts with other dreams—her future as the officer's wife. But it was as if everything that heretofore had seemed only as gold would now present itself before her as brass. She felt unhappy and restless, and bethought herself a long time before entering the sitting-room.

Carl Beck did not go that morning; he had perceived that there was something or other that put Elizabeth out of sorts.

During the forenoon, when his sisters were out and his stepmother was occupied, he fortunately chanced to have the opportunity of speaking with her alone. She was still in a fever, and expected that he had spoken to Madam Beck.

"Elizabeth," he said, gently smoothing her hair, for she seemed so embarrassed as she stood looking down, "I could not go before I had spoken with you again."

Her eyes were still lowered, but she did not reject his hand.

"Do you really care for me? Will you become my wife?"

She was silent. At last, a little paler, and as if somewhat overcome, she said:

"Yes, Herr Beck!"

"Say *du* to me — say Carl," he fervently prayed, "and — look at me!"

She looked at him; but not as he had expected. It was with a fixed, cold glance, wherewith she said:

"Yes, — when we are betrothed."

"Are we not betrothed?"

"When will your stepmother know it?" she asked, somewhat hesitatingly.

"Dear Elizabeth! — they must not notice anything here at home until — until three months are past, when I am ——;" but he now noticed the expression of her face, and the quick way in which she withdrew her hand, which led him to reserve what he had originally thought, and he corrected himself hastily:

"During next week, from Arendal I shall write to father, and then I will tell my stepmother what I have written. Are you satisfied, Elizabeth, dear Elizabeth! or will you have it done now?" he exclaimed resolutely, and again seized her hand.

"No, no, not now! — next week — do not let it be done until next week!" she broke out, in sudden dread, at the same time she almost beseechingly returned the pressure of his hand—the first he had gotten from her.

"And then will you be mine, Elizabeth?"

"Yes—*then!*" She sought to escape his eye.

"Farewell then, Elizabeth; but I will come again on Saturday; I can be no longer without seeing you."

"Farewell!" said she, somewhat lifelessly.

He sprang down to the sail-boat which lay in waiting; but she did not look after him, and passed in the opposite direction with bowed head into the house.

Small things often weigh heavily in the world of impressions. Elizabeth was overwhelmed by his grand way of thinking, when he had declared that he would elevate her to be his wife. She felt that it was her

worth which, in his eyes, had outweighed all else. That he should shrink from the outward struggle with the family, had, on the other hand, not occurred to her. To be sure, she had felt that it would be painful ; but on this point she sheltered herself behind his manly shield. When he now so unexpectedly began to put off the time of announcement, first even by saying that he intended to be absent when the matter came up at home, there passed through her a feeling, which she, in her inward dread, instinctively grasped as a saving straw which possibly might enable her to reconsider.

The two days passed hard and heavily with her until Carl Beck returned again, and the nights were as a fever.

Saturday evening he came, and she was the first one he greeted. He hardly seemed longer to be desirous of concealing their relation to each other, while she, pale and quiet, was busy going in and out of the room.

He had with him a letter from his father which was read at the table. It was dated from a South American port, and spoke of Salve. In the latitude of Cape Hatteras they had had hard weather, during which it was necessary to cut away the mainmast's rigging. The topmast still remained hanging by a couple of ropes, and reeled forward and back in the violent sea, against the under-rigging, so that the latter

was threatened with destruction. Then Salve Kristiansen had ventured up to cut away the rest, and while he sat there the whole went overboard. He fell with it, but was so fortunate in falling as to catch hold of a topping-lift and save himself. "It was a great venture," added the communication in closing, "but for the rest, everything is not with him as it should be, and as was expected."

"Oh, no! I thought that before;" remarked young Beck, and shrugged his shoulders scornfully; "he was a God-forsaken scamp, and if he did not end that time he will soon have another chance."

He did not see the angry eyes Elizabeth fixed upon him at these words. She felt with despair, at this instant, that it was her fault alone that he behaved so recklessly, and had become what he was. She sat for a long time silent, angry, and quiet, with her hands in her lap; she was meditating a decision.

Before they retired, Carl Beck whispered to her:

"I have sent a letter to father to-day, and to-morrow, Elizabeth, will be our bethrothal day! Mina will show a pair of wondering eyes."

Elizabeth was the last one up, as she put the room to rights, and when she went she took a piece of paper with writing materials out with her. She lay down on her bed; but at midnight she sat with a candle and covered a scrap of paper with letters. It read:

Pardon me that I cannot become your wife, for my heart is another's.

ELIZABETH RAKLEY.

She folded it together and fastened it with a pin in want of a wafer. Then she softly opened the door to the chamber where Madam Beck slept, put her mouth close to her ear and whispered her name. She awoke, and was quite frightened when she saw Elizabeth standing before her fully dressed, and apparently ready to leave.

"Madam Beck!" said she softly, "I will confide something to you, and beg advice and help of you. Your stepson has asked if I would be his wife. It was last Sunday — and I answered yes; but now I will not. And now I want to go to my aunt, or, I would prefer to go further, if you know of any way for me. For otherwise I fear he will follow me.

Madam Beck sat as if the heavens had fallen. She assumed an incredulous, scornful expression; but when she felt that everything really must be as stated, she involuntarily sat up higher in bed.

"But why do you come with this just now, in the night?" she remarked at last, suspiciously examining her; she thought she still lacked full light in the matter.

"Because he has written his father to-day about it, and is going to tell you and the rest to-morrow."

"Ah, he has already written! Hence it was for

this reason that he got you into this house!" she uttered after a pause, somewhat bitterly. Then it struck her that there was something noble in Elizabeth's conduct. She looked at her more amiably and said:

"Yes, you are right; it is best for you to go to—a place where he cannot so easily reach you."

She gave herself again to thought, then a bright idea struck her, and she rose and dressed. There was a man's definiteness about her, and she was wont to direct affairs. The Dutch skipper, Garvloit, who was married to her half-sister, had just during the last days been enquiring for a Norse girl, that could help them about the house; and here, indeed, was a place for Elizabeth. She had only to go on board his trader, which lay ready to sail.

She wrote at once a letter to Garvloit, which she handed to Elizabeth, together with a tolerably large sum of money; "Your wages for your work here," she said.

In the still, moonlit night Elizabeth rowed alone the little boat into Arendal. The bright sound was filled with myriads of reflected stars twixt the deep shadows of the sloping ridges, while more than one light mast betrayed that there were vessels close to the land. Occasionally the falling stars shot athwart the heavens, and she felt a jubilant gladness which she must

often subdued by hard rowing for long stretches. She was, as it were, liberated, freed from some pressing evil. And Marie Fostberg,—how delighted she would be to see her now! She reached town before day-break and went straight up to her aunt's, to whom she explained that Madam Beck desired that she should get a place in Holland with Skipper Garvloit, who was just ready to sail. She showed her the letter, there was such pressing haste. The aunt listened for a time, and then said suddenly:

“Elizabeth, there has been something out of the way with the naval officer!”

“Yes, aunt, there has,” she answered, promptly; “he offered himself to me!”

“Well, then ——”

“And then I as good as promised him; but I will not have him. So I told Madam Beck.”

The aunt's gestures showed that she thought this astounding intelligence.

“So you will not have him?” she said at last; “then it was, perhaps, because you would rather have Salve?”

“Yes, aunt,” she answered, somewhat softly.

“Now, why didn't you take him, then?” said the aunt, a little harshly.

The tears came to Elizabeth's eyes.

“Yes, as one makes his bed so he must lie;” re-



marked the old woman, who was always strong in proverbs, and gave her attention to the morning coffee.

Elizabeth, on the way to get some one to row her out to the trader, went in by the post-office, where she found Marie already up, in her morning dress and busy in the day-room. The latter was very much astonished when Elizabeth told her her new decision. It was so profitable, and an almost independent position, and Madam Beck had herself advised it, Elizabeth explained, and showed much delicacy in avoiding putting her on the track. That Marie Fostberg did not, after all, get things to rhyme, Elizabeth could understand by her eyes. When they took leave, they embraced each other and wept.

There was great amazement out at the country-place that Elizabeth was absent. The lieutenant had found her letter in the crack of his door, but had not imagined that she had left; and he had gone out with it in violent excitement, without coming home again until late in the afternoon.

Madam Beck had meanwhile intrusted the matter to the daughters, and they understood that it was to be kept secret from outsiders.

Although his eyes searched, still he did not inquire expressly for Elizabeth until evening; and, when he heard that she was gone, and probably was now

under way for Holland, he sat for a time as if petrified. Thereupon he looked scornfully upon them, one after another.

“If I knew that I had any one of you to thank for this,” he burst out at last, “then ——.” Here he grasped the chair he sat upon, cast it on the floor so that it broke, and jumped upon it. But her letter was unfortunately plain enough: she loved another, and he also knew who that other was.

## CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN the Juno left Arendal last they had changed only two men of her old crew. In the spring there came to Arendal, at that time as well as at the present, not a few from the western fishing districts, wanting employment. They came in their fishing-clothes, dirty and stooping from their boat-work, bringing with them their round, peasant boxes instead of the customary sloping ship chests. Their ways are very unseaman-like, and, as a rule, it is only when there is a lack of other applicants that they are shipped for long voyages.

Such a sailor, from the fjords north of Stavanger, the Juno had on board, and it seemed that he was to be everybody's scapegoat. He was a square-built man, with a reddish-brown beard about his large, coarse-featured face. His name was Nils Buvaagen; but, on account of his apparently sleepy ways, they called him Nils Uvaagen (Nils, the unwakeful). He went about unseaman-like, like a lazy turtle along the deck, with his arms hanging down, and it would be a sin to say that there was any "briskness" in him. Meanwhile, it soon appeared that he, like most men of that sort, was unusually enduring in suffering and performing hardships. When he, during a storm,

pushed his head with the fur cap out of the poop, and looked about grinning at the weather, he reminded one of an olden time Viking face; and at his post on the look-out he stood even though the sea were about to strike him down. He was incredibly *naïve*, especially when the talk turned upon his wife and children, of which he had his nest full. The cook, who was a great mocker, would then even get him to blubbering—a trick which he carried out to the great amusement of the others.

In the midst of all the mocking ridicule with which this rustic figure was surrounded, there was also maintained a sort of respect for him. The only person who would take him under protection was Salve, who now and then used his caustic tongue in his behalf,—indeed more because he saw that the man had all the others against him than from any personal sympathy for him. An accident was the means of more closely uniting them.

One dark night, on the passage out, they had cleared Foreland light and were cruising about before the entrance of the Straits of Dover, in a rain and fog so dense that during the afternoon they had not been able to see even the vane on the main-rigging. There was, as is often the case in these waters, an extraordinarily heavy, chopping sea. Through the night the bells were continually ringing, and horn-signals

sounded from the many ships which under such circumstances run about each other blindly, so to speak, in danger of fatal collisions. There was heard suddenly out of the darkness from the forecastle, over which a breaker had just passed:

“Watchman overboard! Nils Uvaagen!”

“Man overboard!” was repeated hard and shrill aftward from one post to the other; but under the circumstances everyone understood that a rescue was not to be thought of.

Salve stood out on the chain-wale, and saw a figure glide by outside with upstretched arms. He sprang hurriedly astern. While on the way he gathered a piece of line he had in his hand, and now saw the man carried high up on the wave on the point of being dashed against the stern, which was just dipping down. There was not a yard between them. He cast the line and Nils Buvaagen was saved.

Since that time Nils Buvaagen had been Salve's devoted friend; nor was the latter inaccessible to friendship, though it showed itself more in deeds and in casual help than in words. Hence the cook dare no longer continue to scoff at him.

It was some months later that the Juno lay, ready to sail, in the harbor of Montevideo, where they had taken on hides. The rest of the cargo for Europe, namely, coffee, was to be taken on up at Rio, and in

the meantime they carried coal thither in the empty hold. The ship lay in tropic costume, with tents fore and aft as protections from the scorching sun; and the crew moved about lightly clad, in open shirts and tucked-up canvas pants, brown and shining with sweat, and gasping for every breath of air. It was the hottest time of the year; the pitch melted in the deck's joints, and the tar ran down the ship's sides.

They had lain thus over two days; for they were yet hoping to get the mail, which they had expected to find on their arrival. The anxiety with which this is looked forward to, as well as the disappointment which is depicted in all faces when it does not come, no one can know but those who have sailed on long voyages. There was scarcely a man on board who, after this long time, would not be rejoiced to hear something from home—from wife and children, sweetheart or relatives; and even he having no such ties felt no less suspense, for the longing for home is, on board ship, a steadily growing power. In foreign harbors there may often be wild pleasures, but the thought of again setting foot on the fatherland's wharf finally gets to be the only uncontrollable one, and is surely the one power, above all, which restrains the Norse sailor from serving under a foreign flag for any long period of time.

The yawl-boat was just lying alongside. The

smartly dressed mate, notwithstanding the melting heat, ran up the rope-ladder like a cat and disappeared behind the tent, where the captain sat beside a small table on which stood a decanter and glass.

Captain Beck's full, ruddy face—he had a crown of white hair falling down about his bald head, which he in the heat constantly kept wiping—indicated by its high color that he felt scarcely as easy as he feigned, when he let the package lie untouched upon the table. He nodded to the mate, who understood his meaning to be that he should first retire and wait on the other side of the tent.

Captain Beck cut the package, and his face lighted when he saw therein a letter addressed by his son. He gave himself now in a lively way to sorting the letters by the superscriptions, with one and another remark according to his knowledge of each person.

“Mate!” he shouted, with a cheerful emphasis, while he gathered them together to hand to him, “here are plenty of letters, both from wives and sweethearts!”

It had been seen that the mate carried a package in his hand when he came up the rope-ladder, and the fact that it was the mail flew like wild-fire along the deck down to the orlop and into the mess-room and kitchen. When the mate began to call off the names on the letters, the whole crew gathered round the

main hatchway, by which he stood, except one or two stragglers who found themselves in the rigging, and were now seen hurrying down the ratlines.

The only one of them all who neither expected nor appeared to care about news, was Salve Kristiansen. He stood back of the wheel during the distribution of the letters, with somewhat compressed lips, apparently only occupied with the two helmsmen, who hauled up and hooked fast the yawl-boat. Now and then he, too, lent a hand, but the way in which he did it did not indicate the most happy mood.

There had come something wild and unfriendly in his ways; and when the captain had occasionally written home that he was not quite content with him, he had good reason for so doing. If unpleasant things befell him, or if there was any dissension on board, one could always be certain that he stood back of it. Captain Beck had also gotten the irritating feeling that Salve must cherish bitterness against him personally.

With the exception of the captain, who sat back in the tent, Salve was now the only man to be seen on deck. The first mate had taken himself to his berth below, with a letter from his betrothed; the second mate lay studying a similar one up in the yawl; and the whole crew had seemingly disappeared. If one had sought, he could have found the letter readers lying two-and-two, spelling through and enjoying the



contents of their epistles, scattered about in the most remote spots, clear from the main and the foremasts to the hammocks down under the orlop, or in the mess room. They were reading in the cook's room and in the forecabin; even out on the bowsprit one had arranged himself under the shelter of the hanging jib, for the sake of seclusion.

Captain Beck sat back in his tent and read his son's long letter. His whole head was as red as a lobster, and he looked enraged.

His son begged his consent to his engagement with Elizabeth, and the father understood that this, notwithstanding all the fine words in the letter, was a settled case which could not be changed. His involuntary motions and half audible exclamations indicated sufficiently that the news had put him in a violent agitation. He sat quiet for a time thrumming his hand on his knee, and occasionally giving Salve, who stood over by the wheel, anything but mild glances. It was as if he could feel pleasure in venting his anger at him. He knew at home that Salve had wanted to give Elizabeth presents, and had probably offered himself to her; and now should this same girl become the wife of his own son, the naval officer?

At last with the hand holding the letter he struck the table heavily, so that the decanter and glass fell down. He pushed the pieces from him with his foot,

and with quick strides crossed the deck. When he came opposite Salve he could scarcely contain himself; but turned squarely round on his heel from him, walking back and forth several times.

Salve understood by the captain's glance that he had been on the point of saying something disagreeable to him, and his defiant posture and expression showed that he stood prepared to receive it.

"Where is the second mate? Where are the whole watch?" he shouted bitterly when he came again, and looked about him apparently astonished; for he knew well what the circumstances were, and that they were not to raise anchor until later with the evening breeze.

"Hoi!" was heard from the mate in the yawl, suddenly interrupted in his delightful occupation, and who now raised himself and came forward a little confused, with his letter in his hand.

"Ready to raise anchor! Get all the men out!" commanded Captain Beck, and shouted unnecessarily again his orders through the trumpet.

The men gathered from out their different retreats with surly looks; they were prepared for anything else rather than such a surprise in the midst of the scorching sun; and it hailed orders about setting sail and getting under way, as if the captain had suddenly gone beside himself.

By the occasional howls, rather than songs, which

were heard around the capstan, and which accompanied the different kinds of work, it was not difficult to understand that the crew had become excited, for they had expected to have quiet until after mess-time, when around the poop they should exchange news and communications. The usual English song for hauling the bowline —

Haul the bowline,  
The captain he is growling —  
Haul the bowline,  
The bowline haul!

was sung with offensive application by the sailors sweating and half naked in the sun, who hauled the bowline and spread the topsail. During the heavy haul wherewith they at last got the huge anchor up on the bow, the mate had shouted and encouraged them :

“Take — my men — hold — haul!” but the closing words of the song —

Oh, haul in — oh-e-oh!  
Cheer, my men!

were uttered with a derisive howl.

Nils Uvaagen stood dripping with perspiration in his old fur cap, out of which he had taken the lining, and, one might say, in his bathing trowsers, so that one could see his giant-strong figure clearly. It was

the brown polar bear down in the tigers' climate. He was not accustomed to sing, and his patient soul scarcely shared the displeasure which his comrades howled out. He set the last half catch of the heavy anchor.

"Now you shall soon get cool by hoisting the jibs and the flying jibs — and then all the cross sails are to be spread," remarked Salve, ironically. He had just come with a part of the men from the hard work in setting the cross-jack yard sails.

The prospect of spreading the cross-sails darkened still more the faces of all; for it is an extremely troublesome job, and the men thought they were really roasting.

Captain Beck's orders hailed, meanwhile, from the trumpet, accompanied by constant hurried reprimands; he first wearied of this late in the evening. They were executed so much the more unwillingly, since no one doubted that it was done only to tire them out and to take vengeance on them for the spiteful signs of dissatisfaction with their rations recently, before running into Montevideo. There the men had also only a short leave of absence, under pretense of the political agitations which at that time prevailed in the La Plata States, and during which contending parties were daily fighting in the streets of Montevideo.

Among most ship crews, even among the very best, there is generally manifested at least some un-

rest and dissatisfaction when they have been too long together. The crew have learned to know each other too well; they can read each other's peculiarities and natures in and out, and the point is reached when the time grows wearisome, and even quarrelling and dissension are a pastime in their monotonous life aboard-ship.

During the ship's long voyage in this hot climate a part of the sailors' rations had become tainted, mites and mould having gotten into them. The cook had been thrashed on the pretext that he had not washed the grits; and the captain, one moonlight evening, while walking upon the forecastle, found a rancid herring set up on four feet with a tail added. For this trick he had unjustly suspected Salve, who, on the contrary, had foiled a proposition on the poop to send a deputation astern with reference to their fare.

Captain Beck's humor did not improve during the following days. He was flushed in the face, and seemed to suffer from rush of blood. Salve noticed that the captain looked at him with passionate eyes whenever they met. It was as if he would break out with something.

At last Beck could contain himself no longer. He must vent his anger at his son's engagement, even if it should be at his own cost, and he knew that he could hit Salve perceptibly. As the latter was coiling

up a pile of rope aft, Beck, who had been standing silently looking on, suddenly burst out, without provocation, in a scornful tone:

"You knew, didn't you, that Elizabeth Raklev that I got into my house? The post has brought me the pleasant intelligence that she is engaged to my own son!"

"I congratulate you, captain," answered Salve, quite white in the face. His voice gave out so he could scarcely be heard, but a defiant, wild gleam shot from his eye.

"He should, by good rights, have the girl," growled Captain Beck, as Salve crossed the deck. "Yes, now he can have that to fret about, instead of the ship's rations," he concluded, with an expression of satisfaction, and gave his attention to preparations for taking the latitude and longitude, when the mate came up the gangway polishing the sextant.

Later in the evening Salve and Nils Buvaagen were together up in the mainyard, where an order in reference to the mainsail had been carried out. The rest of the men had gone down again; but Salve, who wanted solitude, stood yet on the hawser with his elbows on the heavy yard. The sky above them glowed like a dome studded with bright gold nails. Diagonally with the horizon rose the southern cross, and the evening star glimmered in the warm night,

before the moon had appeared, with a silver gleam that gave a clear light and shadow down on the deck. The ship furrowed the bright water, and the track behind it formed a long, bluish, gleaming phosphorescent trail.

Nils' sympathetic eyes had, by Salve's conduct and whole appearance that day, perceived that there was something altogether wrong with him; and when he saw that Salve remained aloft he stayed also, while he remarked that it was good to cool off a bit, instead of turning in down on the sultry orlop.

Salve had stood thus for some time, lost in his own thoughts. That Elizabeth had become engaged to Captain Beck's son, passed like a hollow murmur through his brain, and the manner wherewith the captain had disclosed it seethed in him. In the midst of his sorrow he felt a thirst for revenge on the captain, and a few maddened outbursts made his comrade partially suspect this portion of his thoughts.

Down from the poop rose a seaman's song, whose first two verses express the whole. It floated sadly out on the evening air:

So the anchor we heaved, and spread out our sail,  
With main-royal hoisted we stood from Arendale.  
There dwells so fair a maiden, she gave me first her heart,  
But then proved faithless to me e'en ere I did depart.

"I am but a poor sailor, who goes from place to place,"  
Said I to her. She laughed and wept by turns in my embrace.  
But ne'er will I the name of that fair maid disclose,  
She was so false at heart, with a mouth so like a rose.

After the long song was ended, Salve turned suddenly to Nils, who, to judge from a few sobs, was moved.

"Now, you blubber on account of another's sweetheart, Nils! But what would you do if it were your own?"

"My woman!" he answered, in a startled way. He did not master the idea at the instant clearly, and turned his full, heavy face toward him.

"Yes; would you not in your heart have wished to see her sunk to the ocean's bottom?"

"My Karen on the ocean's bottom! No, I would spring there myself first."

"Yes, but if she had been untrue to you?" added Salve again, while with a certain demoniacal pleasure he pressed the poor fellow closely.

"Yes, but she is not that." Nils was worth nothing for abstract reasoning, and was not to be driven further in this matter. But still he had been shocked, and descended a while after without saying a word.

The result of Salve's bitter contemplations up on the yard was the firm decision to desert as soon as



the Juno came to Rio. He would no longer tread the same ship's planks with Elizabeth's father-in-law. "Rather in the sea than back to Arendal again," he muttered, as he began to go down.

Later on in the night, when the moon had risen, came Nils, who had not found peace in his hammock, out again to Salve. He drew him toward himself back of the poop, as if for a secret talk.

"What would I have done, you asked! I'll tell you," said he, after a little pause, during which his truthful face seemed oppressed with the whole weight of the idea; "I would have died on the threshold."

Salve stood awhile and looked at him. A peculiar pallor passed over his face in the moonlight.

"Do you see," said he, ironically, and laid his hand on his shoulder, "I have no wife, but am nevertheless dead on the threshold, hence now I am only jesting!" He passed from him with a forced, sharp laugh.

Nils stood undecided, and pondered. It was not unlikely that Salve had made a fool of him; but another feeling outweighed that. It whispered to him that he had caught a glimpse into a despairing soul, and he felt deep pity for him.

They stood slowly to the northeast along the coast of Brazil, under every sail that could be spread. Every morning before the end of the middle

watch, when the sun had risen magnificently from the sea, a refreshing land breeze came breathing the fragrance of every spicy herb. Then there was a lively chase of the albatross, and all kinds of sea-birds, around the ship, and they saw schools of pursued flying-fish. Gradually the breeze became warmer and milder, until the sails toward evening flapped in the calm. They made scarcely five knots a watch, and the heat was, for the greater part of the day, almost intolerable.

Captain Beck showed himself, meanwhile, unchanged — the same angry God, as it were. He had set himself to “trouble” his crew, as he insisted they had contracted habits of laziness.

At last some banks of clouds gathering on the horizon gave a hot afternoon watch an extra occasion for work, in that the captain had all the sails taken in, so that, from going under skysail and every stitch of studdingsail, they lay at once dismantled and awaiting the hurricane.

The storm was not so violent as he had expected; on the other hand, a tremendous, pouring rain fell, with flash on flash, and crashings of thunder, the way thunder-storms come only in these waters. The night seemed illuminated and pursued by a zig-zag fire which utterly blinded the eyes. Suddenly about two o'clock a calm set in, and up on the highest mast-top was seen through the electric atmosphere a great

burning light. A little after there flamed forth, also, a clear gas-light on all the yard-arms; it was as if some one had gone and lighted them; and between the great masts a large, brilliant moon showed itself. The spectacle lasted over an hour, and many, terrified, believed that it betokened that they should go under.

On the whole, wonderful things had happened on board during the last days. Besides this illumination groans had also been heard down in the coal cargo. The sail-maker insisted that he, for several nights in succession, had seen a man go from midships astern along the bulwarks. He stood still for a time and pointed at the compass with his finger, whereupon he disappeared in the wake. Another insisted that he had seen a ship's *nisse*\* go about in the same way and jump overboard. He was with his pointed hat not taller than half a sea-boot, and when the *nisse* leaves the ship, to the superstitious sailor, it always portends its destruction.

All this must mean something, and the violent manner in which the captain conducted himself every day made it evident that it could not be otherwise than that bad luck was threatening both the captain and the ship. The remarkable noise in the hold continued. Once it had sounded almost like a wailing,

\*Anderson's "Norse Mythology," p. 203.

when the hatchway was battened down. Afterward this was opened again, that coal gas should not collect in the hold. The cook, who brought water from below, came rushing up one day frightened, and insisted that he had seen a man with a red jacket sitting there.

"It is the ship's *nisse* who wails for the ship;" some said, thoughtfully. But when the cook objected to this by saying that the fellow was at least as large as the boatswain, Anders, and began to endow him with a black skin and claws, there was created a fright in earnest; it might, perhaps, be a question as to sailing much longer with this vessel.

Captain Beck had already answered these, as he thought, new efforts to provoke him by fresh "driving work." Though Salve had too good an understanding to participate in the superstition, still he did not object to the prevailing dissatisfaction, and insinuated that he should not consider it so preposterous, if all who could should desert the ship in Rio.

When the cook's last observation was related to the captain, he broke out scornfully, while he pointed with the broken mouthpiece of his old meerschaum pipe over to the speaker:

"I think there is a sufficiently stupid devil in the cargo for each and every one of you. Is there no

one among all of you who has courage to go down in the coal hold ; or shall I go myself ? ”

The first mate offered to go with him ; but now Salve proposed himself, and declared that he, for his part, would quite as willingly go below as aloft ; “ one does not sweat half so much from this work ! ” he added, with a somewhat sarcastic allusion.

When Salve searched with the light down in the dark hold, he found a poor famished fellow in a red woollen jacket, who had crept up on the coiled-rope cable back of the water-cask. He was as black as a negro from the coal, and explained tremblingly, when he came up on deck, that he had deserted from his regiment in Montevideo, for which deed there was a life-forfeit ; and he had thought that he could keep himself concealed until the ship came into Rio. He had come on board in the dark the last evening they lay in the harbor, and had concealed himself under the coal. When they battened the hatchway he was nearly suffocated from coal gas, and had lain and groaned. Later, he had found his opportunity to creep up slyly during the night’s darkness and go abaft to the yawl, in which he had lain and breathed the fresh air until toward sunrise. A few times he had been in the cook’s room, where he had found himself food ; and he had stopped by the compass occasionally, because he had thought the voyage would

never end, and he would assure himself that the ship really steered north toward Rio, for he had so heard from somebody in the harbor. He was a young, slender-built man, with small, quick eyes, not taller than Salve, and looking like a Spaniard or a Portuguese. He could make himself intelligible in English.

The truth of his explanation Captain Beck thought doubtful, for he seemed of better condition than a common soldier; and by his anxiety about reporting his presence after they were out at open sea, he thought he was one of those politically proscribed, who, for the time being, also had ground for concealing himself in Rio. He gave him food, and promised not to prevent his landing in the way he himself found best. But he must expect no help; for the captain did not intend to involve himself with the authorities on his account.

Salve, like most seamen, could speak a little English, and gradually joined the Spaniard, whom he found an interesting and very sharp fellow.

## CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE a light afternoon breeze they glided from the sea into the narrow harbor of Rio Janeiro,—one of the most beautiful in the world,—between two gigantic granite mountains, of which one lay glowing red in the sunlight, while the other showed a violet tint as it loomed up out of the shadow against the clear blue of the sky. On the one side, at the foot of “sugar loaf,” they had the fortress Praja; on the other, Castle Santa Cruz; and directly opposite them, on the highest peak in the harbor, a tall watch-tower was signaling. It announces every ship that shows itself at the mouth of the harbor; and Rio, South America’s chief storehouse, is sought yearly by many thousand ships of all nations.

All this beauty of nature made a strong impression upon Salve; there came over him at this time a feeling of regret at his decision to desert.

When the authorities came on board, the Brazilian worked quietly among the other sailors, and during the review they did not succeed in discovering, in the list furnished by the captain, that there was one over the specified number. Salve had lent him his clothes.

The harbor pilot, a pompous mulatto, wearing a

Panama hat with a red feather in it, and provided with badge and staff, soon became aware that dissatisfaction prevailed among the crew; for when they began to warp and haul in order to anchor within at the mooring-place, "Ilha das Cobras," the capstan song, was sung again with no little excitement. And it was, it is true, at a suggestion from him, that already, that same evening, runners put in an appearance down on the quay among them.

Captain Beck was displeased both with himself and with the crew. He was always passionate down in that warm climate, and his efforts to control himself were not unworthy of respect; but this only led to the stronger outbreak in his unguarded moments. That letter from his son had made him bitter; and now, believing his authority violated, he had become inflexible.

Those of the crew who meditated deserting the ship found it in their interest to wait until they could get a part of their pay, as is the custom when in harbor. But already, the second night, Salve as well as the Brazilian had disappeared.

There had been a sharp search, with the aid of the harbor police, especially at the house of that runner who had been seen talking with the crew. But he showed so free a conscience during the search



of his house that the police thought that it could not, after all, be he this time.

Captain Beck, from now on, increased the night watches with the most trustworthy men of the crew, putting off at evening from the quay, and positively refusing all leave of absence. He had only his merited reward, he remarked, bitterly, for helping that red-jacketed knave, who, in compensation, had deprived him of his best man. That Salve had deserted vexed him more than he would confess. He had, according to his promise, provided that he on his out-trip should study navigation with the first mate, and besides, planned that, when he himself should retire, he should become commander of the *Juno*. For a more honest and reliable nature he felt he had never encountered, and he was, besides, a man of unusual ability.

His idea that the Brazilian was the right man to help him out when he came ashore, Salve was soon confirmed in, and he had known how to secure his obligation in many ways. Before he disembarked, he had placed his silver watch, on which with the point of his knife he had scratched "A memento from Salve Kristiansen," in Nils' vest-pocket, who was snoring loudly in the adjoining berth. Unnoticed by the deck's watch, the two men crept down in the quiet of the night along the cable over to the quay.

Salve's companion appeared to know the localities

well, and likewise to be very anxious, for they shunned all the lighted streets, and often stood still to spy after the night police.

After they had wandered for an hour through the narrow streets, the houses began to be surrounded by garden walls, over which hung orange trees that emitted a strong fragrance in the still night. They had come out to the suburb Catumby, and were now to cross a square in order to enter another suburb, Mata-Porcas. On a height was to be seen on one side a fortress-like building, surrounded by stone walls. Salve's comrade here appeared extraordinarily anxious, and finally he remarked that this was the house of correction, around which guards were always patrolling. After another half-hour's walk they stopped before a garden wall, in which there was a small hatch. He looked carefully about him and said feverishly:

"We are to get over here, and then we shall be safe."

He stepped up on Salve's back, and afterward drew the latter up to himself on the wall. With a leap he sprang down into the little garden, and began to roll himself on the grass as if crazy, while he repeatedly shouted:

"Salvado! Salvado!" Thereupon he eagerly ran up to the little house that lay half hidden among

the trees, rapped in a peculiar way at the door and called:

"Paolina! Paolina!"

A young woman in a night-dress, with a youthful but somewhat deep voice, opened the blinds from within, and thrust her head out.

"Federigo," said she, tremblingly; and now a few rapid questions and replies in the Spanish tongue were exchanged, which Salve did not understand. He only comprehended that she was startled at seeing that he had a stranger with him, and that he quieted her with the word "Amigo," together with a short explanation.

She quickly opened the door and threw her arms about Federigo's neck, while she kissed him on both cheeks and sobbed. After the custom of the place, she then offered her cheek to Salve, and was a little startled when he did not seem to understand her meaning, but only nodded his greeting and said, half in English, half in Spanish, "Good evening, Señorita." Now she remembered that in her haste she had forgotton her mantilla, and ran quickly away from them.

Paolina was Federigo Nunez's sister. She and her old mother, together with a yet older mulatto woman, who had been her nurse, comprised the only inmates of the house. She soon appeared again with

light, wine, bread and fruits on a salver, and sat resting her arm on her brother's shoulder sympathetically while he, with animated gestures, told his story. She must have imagined they were famished, for she constantly offered them the bread.

While Federigo related his experiences her face was a vivid mirror of his statements. Suddenly her countenance would pale from passion, and her dark eyes flash. She motioned wildly in the air with her hands as if she were stabbing with a dagger, and laughed with her head thrown back scornfully triumphant, so that her white teeth gleamed. Salve understood that her brother must have killed some person or other in Montevideo, probably to save himself, and that he feared the police at home should be advised of it.

He sat and gazed at her. She was a slender, elastic woman, at once gracious and sensuous; a dark beauty of the sort which can be found in the South, with a marvelous life in her face and eyes. There was also what seemed to him an unwomanly play of expression, reminding him of her brother; and he had already felt repulsed at the manner in which she let her eyes rest upon him. He knew not why, but Elizabeth's deep, pure Northern face was so present to him that he might have sketched it.

The lack of flattery which his countenance invol-

untarily showed because of this comparison was noticed accidentally by Paolina, who was on the point of thanking him in her impetuous way for what she had heard he had done for her brother. She stood a moment startled and hesitating; a pale and violent gleam flashed across her face, and her eyes assumed a peculiar expression toward him. Thereupon she stepped forward and took him by the hand, in the same way she had seen him greet her on his arrival, and uttered a few words that should signify her thanks. Neither did she look at him when she bade him good night, after having waked the old mulatto woman, who betook herself to preparing a pair of rush beds in a side chamber. Federigo, in the meantime, had gone in to his mother, and he could hear that they were talking busily.

Before Salve's mind was unexpectedly conjured up what he preferred to forget, and he lay a long time awake with heavy thoughts about Elizabeth. Later, he dreamed he had gotten into a snake's nest and passed through a hard fight with a great serpent, which hissed at him from ceiling and walls, and in whose glistening eyes he at last recognized Paolina's.

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The Señorita was, they said the next morning, out with the old mulatto woman to make purchases, and to take observations as to how far the search

was carried. Instinctively, according with his surroundings, Salve appeared in his fine blue clothes, which he had brought with him in his parcel, together with other things, and the money he still had left from the wages he had been paid at Montevideo. That he looked well in his handsome sailor's dress, was shown by the surprised manner with which Federigo's mother gazed at him when he was presented to her. She had, apparently, in this her son's friend, expected some one in appearance resembling the raw Brazilian sailor, which class of men generally belong to the dregs of society down there.

She herself was an emaciated, parchment-skinned old woman, with heavy gray hair, which was fastened behind in a single knot. She wore massive rings on her fingers, and heavy ear-rings. Her small, piercing eyes suggested blighted passions, and her face bore, in an intensified degree, that spying, rat-like expression which sometimes lay in her son's.

For the rest, Salve observed that she was given to drink. She spent most of the day on the shady side of the house, or on the little verandah, with *acachacas* and water by her side, while she incessantly smoked and rolled cigarettes. Still her son and daughter seemed respectful to her, and it was clear that she, in fact, spun the threads of their

undertakings. At the Ave Maria in the evening she was often on her knees drunk, mumbling her prayers with her rosary in her hands, after which she always went to bed immediately.

When the Señorita came home she still avoided addressing herself to Salve. He saw that she handed her brother some money; and now his face, which had the whole morning been somewhat menacing, grew bright again.

"What have you done to my sister?" asked Federigo, one day, laughingly. "She is not good to you,—she is dangerous," said he, earnestly; and added thereupon, as if reflectively: "So long as you are in this house you are, at least, safe; but now you are warned."

Federigo began in the meantime, like Salve, to weary of his long confinement to the house. In the evening he went out, in spite of his sister's persuasions, and came home very late. He was then in a very excited, morose temper, and by his broken exclamations Salve could understand that he had lost all his money in gambling.

Salve had already, the second morning he was in the house, discovered that there was want of money.

One day both the brother and sister were in bad humor. He had even heard them disputing earnestly. At the right moment, he now carried out the reso-

lution he had taken, and handed over to Federigo the money he had, excepting a single silver piaster, since he thought he ought to pay for himself. It was received, though, with hesitation; and in the evening Federigo was again out, while his sister remained at home sitting on the verandah.

She and Salve could not converse much, on account of the language, and Salve was almost glad of this dividing wall, as it permitted him perfect freedom. She had, however, recently been looking at him more frequently, with a certain interest, and many times asked questions through her brother. Her circle of ideas seemed anything but rich, for what she asked about was always the same, namely, how the women looked in his country! So he soon knew by heart the necessary Spanish words for a conversation on this subject.

While he sat that evening leaning back in his chair, and she passed behind him, she ran her fingers through his hair as it were accidentally; had it been electric it would have snapped like a cat's from his anger at her approach.

When Federigo came home, he flung his hat down wrathfully on the chair, and in great haste emptied the glass of rum which was standing on the table. He wore no longer the fine cloak which he had on when he went out.



"I have played away all your money," he burst out, perfectly indifferent, to Salve in English, and then said something with a disagreeable laugh to his sister, whose face had shown that she immediately comprehended the situation.

"Here is my last piaster," said Salve, quickly, and handed the silver piece to Federigo. "Can nothing be tried with that?"

"He is fortunate in love," remarked Paolina, peevishly, with a naïve superstition; "he is engaged!"

As the brother, who was balancing the piaster on his forefinger, laughingly translated, Salve interrupted him abruptly, with an impatient glance at the Señorita:

"I am not engaged, and never shall be!"

"Unfortunate in love!" she burst out, joyfully; "and the last piaster! To-morrow we win a hundred, two hundred, Federigo!"

It seemed like her heart's full conviction. She seized her mandolin and began to dance a few steps to and fro, while her eyes rested with a peculiar expression upon Salve.

"Hurry, Federigo! Do it to-night!" she interrupted herself, suddenly laughing, and throwing the mandolin down on the sofa; "to-morrow he may be unfortunate."

She grasped her brother's hat, pressed it over his forehead and pushed him eagerly out of the door, while she herself accompanied him and opened the garden hatch.

While she and Salve sat alone in the lamp-lit room, whose doors and windows opened out to the fragrant moon-lit night, which shimmered through the dusky trees, she busied herself with mixing rum and water for him, and rolling his cigarettes—a knack in which, by her laughter and expression, he understood that she thought him awkward. She was feverish, and ran repeatedly down to the garden hatch. Salve sat quiet and sipped his glass and smoked, while she rocked in a cane-bottom chair with her head thrown back against the top edge, and looked at him. He heard a sigh, and she said ingratiatingly low:

“I am afraid that Federigo is unlucky.”

Salve was not too stupid to understand her meaning. He saw, also, that she was very beautiful, as she sat there with her hands clasping her knee and pushing her well formed, graceful foot forward; but he felt nothing but offense that such a Brazilian hussy should venture to compare herself with Elizabeth. He threw down his cigar suddenly and went down into the garden, without concealing his displeasure. He hated women, since the one he had loved

had disappointed him, and walked back and forth with his usual rapid strides, in agitation.

He was still walking when Federigo came back, with his cloak over his shoulder and a bag under his arm, triumphant and excited.

"Almost three hundred piasters!" he shouted out, and cleared the garden in three or four strides. His sister lay within on the sofa and slept.

She sprang up in ecstasy at the news, and he saw that the brother and sister in childish glee spread the money out on the table and divided it in three parts. When Salve, meanwhile, would not be induced to take more than his one piaster back, there came in the Señorita's eyes an almost humiliating admiration. She did not understand this sacrifice, but still felt that it concealed some superiority. After a little reflection she reached out her hand and said:

"Señor, give me the piaster that you have in your hand, then you shall have one from me."

Salve gave it to her, and now she kissed it ecstatically several times.

"With this I play to-morrow night!" she exclaimed, delighted, and put it in her bosom. She really won some piasters, too, and came back radiant.

Salve could discover nothing else than that the family lived entirely by gambling. The son had,

also, connection with some or other of the political parties, and seemed to have a prospect of becoming an officer in a volunteer corps if there should be any disturbance.

Before the Señorita began with her attentions Salve had found himself comfortably enough off in his solitude on shore. But now, when she evidently was at home all day for his sake, and decorated herself and coquetted in every way, it began to be unbearable; and, when the Juno at last sailed, he declared one day, suddenly, that he would go down to the harbor and try to ship.

The Señorita paled, but soon composed herself and pretended to become quite playful. Later, her brother advised him to put off his decision yet three days, until he had had a meeting with some of his friends, which should be held on an evening down in one of the suburbs.

In the evening, when the brother was out playing as usual, she sat in the doorway with her heavy hair hanging down about her shoulders. She seemed languishing, and thrummed now and then on the guitar; whilst humming softly she fixed her black eyes upon him.

Salve sitting within found himself, in a way, besieged; he really wanted to go past her out of the door, and slip down into the garden; but she took

up the place, and he felt that it would be considered unfriendly. The only sign that he did not like his position was, that he smoked somewhat violently.

"You are going to leave?" she said at last, sorrowfully, almost beseechingly.

"Yes, Señorita," he replied, with a glance which came really from the bottom of his heart, for he was both angry and weary.

At the same instant she grasped in her bosom and sprang up. A stiletto, which she threw out with her hand, whizzed past his ear and stood quivering in the wall close by his head. Her elastic body was yet in motion, her face was pallid and her eyes flashed; then she suddenly tossed back her head and laughed.

"Were you frightened?" she cried. But Salve did not appear so; he was bitterly cold, and out of sorts to think himself in conflict with a woman. He let the stiletto remain in the wall, notwithstanding he had first thought to clutch it.

"See here!" said she, while she suddenly sprang forward and wrenched it out. And she now began to laugh, and cast it again in different places round about in the walls, which she hit every time precisely at the given point.

"You were afraid! Confess it only!" said she,

teasingly; and, heated with her exercise in the warm evening, seated herself down beside him. She looked him in the face, resting her cheek on her hand, while she leaned her elbow on the table. "You were afraid, and now you are angry. Aren't the women in your country like this?"

Salve looked freezingly repellant. "No, Señora," he answered shortly, and went down into the garden.

Therewith she caught up her guitar again and began to hum to herself in an excited manner. It was no longer any dance, but something threatening which lay in her eyes too, while she, in a manner, whistled the melody between her teeth.

Later in the evening she came smiling coquettishly toward him, and handed him, according to the custom, a cigarette, which she herself had begun to smoke. When he somewhat ungallantly refused it, she quickly burst out violently, stamping with her foot:

"Señor!"

But she instantly bethought herself again, and said, apparently good-naturedly, and laughingly, something that indicated that she understood that this, then, was not the custom of his country.

Salve felt much relieved when the brother again

came home, and said the proposed meeting would take place the next evening.

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It was into a poorly lighted saloon, with two or three rooms opening into each other, that his friend led him. Men of the most varying social positions, many with a military air and in half thread-bare uniforms, filled up the two inmost rooms. In the outer room he saw, just at the entrance, some sailors, who nodded to him on account of his sailor's dress. They appeared to be Yankees.

All drank *acachacas*, and, over the whole, tobacco smoke reeked like a mist, out of which was heard a deafening noise and talk. Among them moved, without distinction of rank, more or less well dressed young women, of which a part stood earnestly around the gambling table in the innermost room.

Salve was brought by his friend to a long table, and seated among some brown-bearded men with large hats, leather breeches, and spurs. He did not like his company very much; they looked like cattle drovers on horseback such as he had seen in Montevideo, but more yet, he thought, like banditti.

"They belong to Mendez's volunteers," whispered Federigo, and presented him to the leader, who sat at the end of the table,—a powerful fellow with a red-brown face, a heavy black moustache, and a pair

of small, active eyes, which latter many times secretly observed him. Now and then they clinked their glasses together with a "Down with Fejo!" but the rest of the time they were quiet; they waited for the *capitano*.

Gradually, under the influence of the liquor, they became more noisy, and several of them were occupied in playing together.

At various tables sat people of the same caliber. At others, which were filled with partially well clothed persons from the town itself, there was carried on a whispered conversation, and they seemed to be anxious. They were apparently impatient because the *capitano* did not show himself.

The violent shouting, laughter and hubbub increased. Intoxicated faces could already be seen, and disputes and poundings of the table were heard. Federigo, who knew many, had mixed in the crowd, and Salve's next neighbors played carelessly with the dice, while they drew up small silver pieces from heavy leather pockets, which seemed intended for quite other sums than their present slim contents. Such low, covetous faces as he now saw around him Salve thought he surely had never before seen together in one place, and a resolution not to have anything to do with them was consequently soon taken. The main thing was to get away from



them with a whole skin, and he felt in his breast-pocket, where he had his tollekniv.\*

One of the North Americans who had greeted him when he entered came and invited him to sit between them; but when he felt that he was watched he refused, for the time being.

Now he saw, to his astonishment, the Senorita standing by the table, and wearing an elegant head-dress. She played very passionately, and lost one stake after the other. The proprietor, who managed the table himself, was a tall, spare Portuguese, with a long yellow face, and with scarcely any hair on his head. He always regarded her with such humble regret. When she stopped, fretfully, she, in spite of the press of business, with a certain authority beckoned him to one side.

They spoke earnestly together, and Salve caught meantime a quick glance from her to himself, which made him reflect. She was unnaturally pale. He saw that she at last gave him her hand, which he, with a blissful face, kissed, whereupon she at once left.

The proprietor's face glowed the whole evening, and he bowed slyly to Federigo as he passed the gambling table. When the latter for a moment came opposite Salve, he whispered to him, somewhat scornfully:

\*A tollekniv is a knife worn in a sheath at the side by the Norsemen.

"I believe my sister has sold her soul to-night and engaged herself to that rich Antonio Varez ; congratulate us, my friend !"

Salve noticed that the proprietor several times got into conversation with the man at the end of the table, whom he treated, and also that the latter, when he thought himself unnoticed, looked at him in such a way that he felt anything but comfortable. The North American, a tall, powerful man with a light beard about a hard, Yankee face, and with a piece of gold lace about his sleeve, stood, meanwhile, losing one doubloon after the other at the table.

"That is false play, my boy!" he exclaimed to Salve, in English, with whom he apparently sought to ingratiate himself.

"I think so, too," answered Salve, "this is a bad nest!"

"What nationality are you?"

"Norseman."

"Ah, Norwayman! Good sea-folk! Deserted in Rio?" he thereupon asked, smiling, as if the question suggested itself:

"Shall I play for you?"

"I have no money."

"Here, you have a guinea toward your wages on board the Stars and Stripes for Valparaiso and

China!" he laughingly shouted, so loud that he could be heard through the uproar, and tossed a gold piece down on the table, which was straightway lost. He turned, and as he put his hand before his mouth he said:

"Another on your wages!" This gold piece had the same fate.

"Still another on your wages!" he added again, with the same result.

Salve suddenly felt a distaste for this unrequested, free-and-easy playing on his account. The man's physiognomy seemed to him, notwithstanding its hilarity, anything but pleasing, and he shouted over to him, sharply protesting:

"Play for yourself, Yankee!"

The latter appeared meanwhile unwilling to listen, but repeated in cool blood, nodding to him:

"Another on your wages!"

Now Salve's patience was gone. He had the whole time been sitting pinched and embarrassed in the small space between the bench and the wall, with people on both sides, so that he was hindered from coming out. With one strong grasp at his neighbor's shoulder he threw himself over the table and down against the impudent Yankee. He had an indomitable desire to free himself from all this wherein he was entangled and set himself at liberty.

At the same instant was heard from the inner-

most room a cry of "police!" and the lights out there were extinguished. A little afterward the lights went out in the room also in which he stood, just on the point of a violent outbreak against the North American, who was astonished at seeing him opposite him.

This hostile relation was then immediately exchanged for a friendly one. For Salve, who had seen the proprietor coming hurriedly toward him, felt himself seized in the bustle and darkness by a couple of men, and pressed in against a door the opposite way from the one he noticed the others were rushing out, and where there was an exit.

"Help, Yankee! there is foul play here;— the little door on the right hand!" he shouted, with self-possession, just as it was slammed to after him.

He was at once gagged with a handkerchief, was thrown down violently and bound hand and foot, whereupon he was pushed into a dark side-room, as it seemed to him, back of a cupboard, which was unlocked, and formed the entrance.

"H'm!" said the Yankee coolly to himself; "I hope the wages will not take wings!" and went quietly out to get help from the police, with whom he had nothing outstanding.

Salve was sure that he had heard the Señorita's whispering voice.

A little later he heard the lock in the cupboard open, and saw her standing and holding the light over him. She seemed to delight in his misfortune, and meanwhile scornfully spilt some oil on his face. As she kept looking at him her expression grew disgusting, like a sick, revengeful tigress that must defer yielding herself to her rage, and she quickly hurried out again, snapping the lock.

Salve lay completely bound with his hands to his back, but with the remarkable dexterity with which he was possessed he was so fortunate as at last to get his tollekniv to fall out of his breast-pocket, and with it to cut his bonds.

He now stood with the knife in his hand and listened. It was not long before he heard the voices of the American and the police, who seemed to be searching. He began to shout, and the next moment he was released.

"It is a man belonging to our ship, the Stars and Stripes," said the Yankee, while he arrested Salve, who now would gladly hear all else rather than anything concerning this town, and therefore yielded himself quietly.

"They have scraped you pretty well, my lad," he remarked, a little scornfully, when he saw Salve's face by the light.

"I could certainly take pleasure in seeing the

proprietor a bit, first," Salve broke out, coolly. He felt a consuming desire for revenge.

"Yes, but we have no such desire," said the American, who was now declaring himself to be the boatswain on board, dryly adding: "We will not trump up anything for the police. Besides I have now saved the wages."

The Yankees surrounded Salve in a close ring, and there was nothing for him to do but to follow. But a glance at the boatswain showed that the conversation about the wages would soon enough be resumed again between them when they got on board.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE Stars and Stripes, which lay in the road, with the flag of the Union on its gaff, was a long, black ship, running elegantly, and loaded to the water-line, carrying a crew of thirty-two men. She looked decidedly well, and when they lay alongside, Salve congratulated himself in secret on the vessel he was going to sail with. They were so polite as to give him a berth by himself below the deck. To his unspeakable anger, however, the door was fastened from without, and when he made a disturbance they signified to him that he would have to bear the confinement the short time they would still remain in Rio. They would, he understood, secure themselves against his deserting. It was intolerably hot down there, and there was constantly heard the calling and wailing as of sick men in the room adjoining. He thought it base treatment.

They toiled and worked incessantly the whole night with lading, as if they were in great haste to leave the harbor; and along in the forenoon they cleared, just as the last bale of goods was taken aboard.

When Salve, some hours after, was set at liberty, they lay out in the open sea outside the mouth of the harbor.

The captain, the three mates and several subordinate officers walked about on deck with gold trimmings on their caps, and with uniforms similar to those worn on board men-of-war, and those on guard bore weapons. In contrast, almost all the crew were thoroughly shabby. They seemed to consist of all nationalities — English, Irish, Germans and Americans, besides a half-dozen negroes and mulattoes.

As no one seemed to notice him, he went his own way at first. Still he felt uncomfortable when he saw that they unceremoniously sunk three corpses carelessly sewn up in canvass over the starboard side of the ship. They had known how to conceal from the authorities the fact that they had the yellow fever on board. It became still more uncomfortable when a small, pale cabin-boy whom he talked with told him that there lay several sick persons below, and that one of those just sunk had the previous day died in the berth which he had occupied during the night. He was shocked.

Later in the evening he was called abaft to the captain, who stood with the boatswain by his side. He was a lean, energetic looking man about forty years old, with black side whiskers about the marked, somewhat hollow-cheeked face, and with carefully dressed, shining hair. He stood smoking an elegant pipe with a long, inlaid mother-of-pearl stem, sip-



ping now and then from a cup of black coffee which stood on the sky-light.

"What is your name?" he nodded, in response to his greeting.

"Salve."

"Salve!" repeated the captain, with an English inflection on the name—"and Norseman?"

"He looks too respectable for the crowd he is coming among," he muttered to the boatswain.

"Experienced sailor?"

"Aye."

"You have got three guineas on your wages," continued he, puffing a couple of times to renew his pipe, and looking in his account book—"one month's wages."

"No, Captain!" and now he explained what had happened. "I haven't been regularly hired until now; still, I suppose I have to submit; but I have hitherto been treated like a dog—and worse than that."

The captain examined his last account and decided shortly and sternly:

"He is entitled to three guineas, boatswain Jenkins! He is to be put before the foremast; there is, no doubt, need of a decent fellow among all the dregs there."

"Next time you had better play on your own

account than on that of the sailors," he remarked sharply in a low tone of voice, turning to the boatswain; but still Salve understood it.

Therewith the conference was ended. The boatswain's face augured that Salve before long should surely find an opportunity to pay for his triumph. He kept working his prominent brutal chin, and twisting his blonde side whiskers about his fingers. A poor mulatto, who scrubbed for the cook, was the first to pay. After a couple of hard words the boatswain knocked him down, without further comment, with a handspike, so that he lay there a long time without being able to move. Salve was excited by this, but it surprised him still more that the fellow immediately afterward unweariedly took up his work again, first quietly washing his own blood from the saucepan. There ought to be a limit to the suffering of ill-treatment like a dog, he thought, and in his offended state of mind he almost wished for the fellow the blow he had gotten.

From the sail-maker he received new bedding, and, as part of his wages, he got from the purser a sailor's suit, instead of the fine clothes which he wore, and which were absolutely ragged. When afterward he was standing on the lower deck, hanging up his hammock under one of the orlop-beams, he saw a man in canvass clothes opposite

him, occupied in the same way. He could not be mistaken — it was Federigo.

The latter had, so he heard later, been seized by the police during the disturbance in the gambling-house. He had seen how Salve was liberated by the boatswain of the Stars and Stripes, and having been fortunate enough to escape, he, also, had resorted to the ship.

His anger at the baseness of Federigo's sister still worked strongly in Salve's mind, notwithstanding the fact that he believed that Federigo had stood outside the matter. Still the latter seemed to have a troubled conscience, for neither of them spoke to the other, and they acted as if they were strangers. The Brazilian's expression showed that he felt himself humbled, but there was also something about him which warned Salve to watch him.

Salve soon made up his mind that he could not have chanced upon a more unfortunate ship. The crew consisted of the dregs of the New Orleans and Charleston docks; men with vice and its consequences in a degraded life written in their faces, and amongst them was constantly heard the most reckless oaths and blasphemies. Fights with handspikes, and horrible treatment, belonged to the order of the day, and he who suffered could only count on being tormented by his comrades. Justice was

not to be had; it depended only on how far the party concerned was protected by the officers, or secured to himself comrades.

The Americans and Irish, being the most numerous of the nationalities, held together and practiced daily the most shameless tyranny against every one weaker. Seven or eight shabbily-clad Spaniards and Portuguese, who were always ready with their knives, were able, however, as they formed a close league, to cope with them in a way, and among them was Federigo. Among those who especially had to suffer was a poor, worn out, sick Spaniard, whom they had driven to work until he no longer could stand the shabby treatment.

Salve soon understood that in this state of affairs he had only himself to depend upon. The Americans and Irish, who in the beginning seemed desirous of counting him as one of them, gradually became hostile to him. They had become offended because he had not mixed with them to any great extent, while they suspected him of considering himself too good, and when he thereupon showed himself to be a remarkable seaman, they also became envious. But, most of all, the boatswain worked in his wily way to spread the belief amongst the sailors that he was favored by the officers.

In this connection, Federigo, meanwhile, showed

an unexpected friendly side, and Salve perceived that he could thank him that he did not also have all the Portuguese against him. This resulted in gradually bringing the two nearer together again.

The one among the crews who was especially dreaded was a heavy-built, copper-red, and scarred Irishman. Sometimes he was seized with a genuine fury, when his bad blood seemed ready to burst, and he had, before they entered Rio, lain in irons, because he one day on deck had sworn to kill the captain. Besides him there were two or three other ringleaders of the same sort on board, who mutually held each other in check. The officers, from special considerations, very rarely interfered in the quarrels in the men's quarters.

One day, when the large bell in the bow rung for the noon mess, boatswain Jenkins gave an order, from the carrying out of which Salve could not come down from his work until some time after the others had placed themselves at the long table in the poop. When he came, everything was eaten, so that he lost his dinner. The following day it was accidentally repeated just in the same way, so he must content himself with his breakfast and supper rations, and the third day it seemed that the same thing would happen, as the boatswain again at an inopportune time gave an order which would

necessarily delay him. He had clearly comprehended the situation. His ability and dexterity, which were so incomparably greater than everybody's else among the foremast-men, had prevented the boatswain's giving him any punishment whatever; he would now attain his end in another way.

Salve had, on his solitary watch the previous evening, decided what he would do. If he, as might be foreseen, became faint and languid from hunger, he would inexorably become the subject of ill-treatment from the boatswain. But, whatever might be the result, it was, after all, better to bring things to a focus immediately than to let them linger along. After carrying out the order he hurried to dinner in the poop, where they were already sitting in the midst of it, two at each bowl of meat and soup. He directly seated himself by the Irishman, who had a bowl to himself.

"Give here the bowl!" he said, coolly.

The Irishman looked quite scornfully at him, apparently astonished at his boldness, but continuing his eating undisturbed.

Salve felt that a victory must be won here.

"Life for life, Irishman!" he shouted, springing up; and while the other was rising he gave him a violent blow in the face, so that he tumbled over the bench back against the wall.

Now began a bloody fray in the poop. The Irishman rushed up like a bleeding ox, snatched a belaying-pin which hung from the beam, and gave Salve a deep wound in his cheek, of which he afterward bore the scar his whole life. Then they drew knives. Salve's motions were like those of a steel spring, twice as quick and coolly calculated as those of his raging but clumsy antagonist. He smiled faintly while he always knew where to strike, and the fray ended by the other, bleeding hard, and almost unconscious, tumbling out of the narrow door to save himself.

There were many enough who were delighted when they saw the dreaded Irishman worsted; and to this feeling Salve owed that he had been permitted to fight it out with him. He stuck the point of his knife down into the table by his bowl, and asked as he looked about him: "Is there any one else who thinks of hindering me from eating?"

No one answered.

"I am just now in excellent mood for settling this matter," he continued, without noticing that the blood was running down over his face and hands; "I now have two days rations coming to me, and as a recompense will keep my dish alone the next two meals, and I will see what the Irishman or anybody else thinks about it."

The Irishman kept his hammock the whole week with a fever from his wounds, and the event had, for the time being, made Salve respected. He felt, however, that he had begun a desperate game, and that if he should rescue himself among all these God-forsaken beings, whom he had now set at defiance, he would be obliged to continue forcing his actions, so that he at last became as much feared as the Irishman. Instead of waiting for the others to challenge, he, therefore, now began to be aggressive, and meted out justice as he thought best.

The man who, next to the Irishman, was the most feared was a broad-shouldered mulatto, who simply carried on a system of plundering those who were not especially protected by their comrades. Salve himself had, one evening previously, been obliged to suffer that the mulatto uncereemoniously unloosed the cords of his hammock, and hung his own up instead. He had seen him in many fights and studied his peculiar way of wrestling, and had discovered that the man scarcely possessed the strength he would like to make others believe.

Now he picked a quarrel with him on account of that former encroachment, and with a similar perfectly decisive result. His name was Januarius, after one of the saints, and Salve assured him that he had yet something coming to him for



the remaining eleven months of the year. The fellow was far from courageous, and never afterward seemed willing to take up the quarrel again like the Irishman, with whom Salve, as soon as the former came on deck again, understood he must have a new trial.

The occasion for it was not far off, and Salve seized it immediately, in order to be the one eagerly challenging. The poor sick Spaniard's boots had one day tempted the Irishman, and he now went about wearing them.

"You Irishman," said Salve, when the former, off duty one afternoon, passed before him, "that is a pair of awkward boots that you have on. I advise you to give them back, or I will not rest till I have pulled them off for you; do you understand?"

The Irishman looked wildly at him, but turned pale when he heard the last words, which seemed to threaten his very life, and Salve seemed so heartily satisfied — as if he were only waiting for the recreation. The man made a mistake in putting himself in a defensive attitude instead of attacking him, and was already confused with a couple of unexpected blows from Salve, who flew upon him like a tiger. The crew gathered about them. The Irishman used a heavy pump-spike of iron, the other a hand-spike, and Salve kept his word; he drew the boots off

his senseless antagonist and carried them down to the Spaniard.

Salve was anything but equal in strength to many of these men, who were now only seeking a chance to come out against him. Everything must, therefore, be staked on one card if he should expect to succeed, and it was necessary for him to appear to be the most reckless, the most regardless of life, and the most eager for fighting, of them all. Therefore he flew at them without the slightest hesitation at the least provocation, and, when he threatened, he always took care to keep his word.

His steadily overtaxed energies at last made his blood feverish, and his looks wore the impression of maliciousness. On board he began to be considered one of those unmanageable, unruly men, that are readily enough found among the scum of humanity, and that thrive in the ship-berths in these parts of the world; and usually their lives end on a yard-arm, or by a pistol-shot from the captain. It is the scorned humanity in them which blindly rages and seeks revenge; otherwise one could not explain all this reckless wickedness and the wild scenes which take place on board many of these ocean ships.

The officers saw with secret gladness that the mulatto and the Irishman were broken. They found it to their advantage that dissensions and disputes

prevailed forward; for unanimity among all these scoundrels would for them have been danger of mutiny. Before they entered Rio the captain had, at the same time as he put the Irishman in irons, unhesitatingly shot down from the yard one whom he considered the leader among the rioters. Salve was also now regarded with more suspicious eyes, and the captain wondered that he could have made such a mistake in the man; "but," he thought, "among a mob one becomes a rascal!" and Salve was in all respects the most capable, and in the service the most trustworthy, sailor they had on board. The boatswain, Jenkins, kept quietly out of his way; for he had heard that Salve had sworn that he would "see his entrails" if he dared to insult him.

That the boatswain was meditating something against him, Salve nevertheless seemed to comprehend; and this was apparent when one day he was called aft to the captain, who organized a formal trial in reference to that expression, which Salve acknowledged that he had used, because the boatswain had threatened his life. "I will go from the ship as soon as it reaches Valparaiso, I am not hired any longer; upon the whole I don't care about my life," he ended darkly.

The captain must also have had his suspicions about the boatswain, for Salve escaped the expected

severe punishment and received only fourteen days' imprisonment on bread and water. "That will teach you, my lad!" he said.

While Salve was confined to this meagre fare, the mulatto, whom he had whipped, amused himself, with the boatswain's approval, by eating his warm meat rations before the hatch of his door, so that the smell of the food might reach him and provoke him.

In the beginning Salve was glad of the quiet he had thus obtained. But one noon he thrust his head out of the opening — he was famished and irritable.

"You mulatto!" he began.

The former looked up and grinned, showing all his white teeth, much delighted at perceiving signs that his conduct had at last produced a result.

"That is certainly very good food you have there!"

"Yes, very good," he answered maliciously, and wonderfully pleased.

"It makes me think of the future," continued Salve, good-naturedly, "how you will look when I am again released. It will be like that stew there, my friend! Have you not thought of that?"

The mulatto kept on eating, but grew more and more thoughtful. He was not, as above mentioned, very courageous, and was visibly overcome with a certain distaste for the food.

"It is as if you sat eating yourself, you think," said Salve, after a longer pause, during which he had carefully noted his discouraged look; "yes, it will be so, my friend, unless ——"

"Unless," repeated the mulatto, pricking up his ears.

"Unless you shall provide for getting your food in to me every day; there are only five days left, and I have starved nine, while you have eaten. It is not more than just, you see. If the boatswain discovers that you give your food to me you will be punished, you know; so you must be careful and hold the plate up before the hatch yourself, to make him think that you eat right before my face."

These were provoking terms. The negro did not reply, he only sat holding his woolly head in a despondent and reflecting attitude. But the next day he stationed his broad person with the plate up before the hatch, and Salve took, without pity, every bit there was on it.

For him it was an important matter not to be enfeebled, for he knew that his life depended on his hands; but that he was anything else than chastened, and fully as much given to fighting as before, he showed when he again appeared in a bloody struggle, which he voluntarily took up for Federigo against one of the Yankees, and in which the Brazilian

otherwise undoubtedly would have been severely dealt with.

Salve did not respect him; he considered him false, treacherous and unscrupulous — traits which were apparent in his whole conduct and light talk; but he helped him on account of comradeship, which among these depraved men has its inviolable law, and he had besides been accustomed to favor him. Federigo was an interesting fellow, who could talk a little about everything, and he especially entertained peculiar theories, to which Salve, while on watch, listened eagerly. There was, he said in a superior tone, no religion, no God — such things were only for fools and stupid persons, who, therefore, in every land had their special belief to be regulated by the wise and the priests. In reference to this he told stories about the priests' impositions in Brazil, and once very entertainingly scoffed at what the poor small *Peschiræi* believed over there in *Terra del Fuego*, which they were just now sailing past. He advocated, in short, the right of the stronger; and his measure of life was money, women, and liberty. What God but Salve, he exclaimed ironically, had hindered the Irishman from taking the life of the poor Spaniard down in the hold; and what God other than fear had hindered the boatswain from killing him on deck with the handspike? Although Salve despised the speaker, his

argument made no light impression; for what God would sustain him, if he had not sustained himself steadily in the midst of this hard crowd? and had such a one had control, he thought bitterly, many a thing would also have gone otherwise for him in his life. He always felt evil-disposed in his blood after such talks.

They doubled Cape Horn, and came to Valparaiso. But on the forenoon, when they were to enter the harbor, he was, to his indignation, put in irons. The captain, who saw that it would in reality be a safeguard to keep him as a boss among the crew forward, would assure himself against his leaving the ship, according to his declaration.

After having stopped at the Chincas Islands, where they took a cargo of guano for China, they sailed in a quiet sea, the monotony of which was only broken by a large sea-bird now and then, or a South Sea whale that spouted in the neighborhood. During the lonely nights they had the twinkling southern cross aslant over their heads; but on board it was far from peaceful. This little nut-shell, which like an atom carried itself out over the infinite surface of the sea, was filled with strife, murderous desire and blasphemy, the day and night through. A part of the crew, led on by the Irishman, plotted the killing of the officers and making the ship a whaler.

One evening, when Salve and Federigo talked together on the watch, the former asked suddenly:

"What do you think your sister would have done with me, Federigo, if I had not escaped?"

They had hitherto avoided touching upon this tender point, and Federigo answered evasively:

"I cannot really say, but she could be wild enough!"

"Yes, but what do you think? I know you stood outside the affair."

"H'm!—it is not easy to say," he said, his heart evidently lightened, with a peculiar smile, as if he, with a certain enjoyment, was seeking out the possibilities; "once she slowly scalded, with boiling water, a monkey which had bitten her! On the whole, she was very changeable, however."

This made Salve shudder, and a color rose in his cheek, which attracted the attention of the other; wherefore he hurried to add, as a sort of half-jesting, half-consoling reflection:

"Yes, now the poor Antonio Varez will get his reward for compelling her to marry him—be sure of that!—yes, she is rich and happy!" he concluded, with a sigh as if he envied her.

We do not intend to pursue any longer this dark picture of Salve's life, in which he daily waded in this rubbish of mankind, and in which his char-



acter received a shock, from which he in so great a degree lost the power to believe in the good of humanity and in a Divine Providence. We forego relating how he at last, in his deep-buried bitterness on account of all this tyranny, for a time even nourished the thought of joining that mutiny. He passed many a desperate night in the temptation of thrusting one or more of his tyrannical officers in the back with a knife while he went past him in the darkness on the deck. The life of the latter hung, as Salve felt, only by a hair; but this hair was stronger than Salve himself suspected. Elizabeth's face, and the force of the pious impressions received in childhood, always made him shrink from the thought of burdening his conscience with a murder.

After the life of a year and a half passed amid many turbulent scenes within the Stars and Stripes, he at last parted with it in New Orleans with a large sum of money paid for wages. The ships he afterwards sailed with gave different but not specially improved conditions; he was now accustomed to this life, and partly obtuse to it. Federigo meanwhile always accompanied him as his trusty companion. Salve had saved a considerable amount of money, for he did not seek occasions to squander it on land, as did Federigo, who constantly lost his in

gambling. He hated women, and in the sailors' lodgings he was usually looked upon as an ungovernable fellow, whom it was best to keep one's distance from. His clear head told him with a certain bitterness that money was, after all, in the end the greatest power and might, and he always wore his gold pieces in a belt about his waist.

Salve, thinking he knew his friend through and through, and especially his weakness for mammon, began more and more to attribute Federigo's constant adherence to the money he carried about him; he got a suspicion that the latter considered him his reserve fund. Consequently when Federigo once, in a harbor, proposed that they should desert and go gold digging in some mines, concerning which great rumors were circulating, and divide the profits, he quite coolly, and without any great indignation, made a decision in his own mind as to the probability that his friend, when they were ready and found themselves alone in some deserted place, some fine night would stick a knife into him and take the whole. This was, after all, the character of the friendship; Federigo cared more for his money than for him. Salve therefore said no to this proposition, which otherwise, as a change, would have pleased him, and the relation between them continued as friendly as ever.

In all, four years had been passed in this life, when Salve began to long strongly for Europe; he would not acknowledge to himself that it was really Norway he meant.

After long seeking a suitable ship for going home, he had at last, with his Brazilian friend, shipped aboard a heavy bark which belonged in the Dutch colony Curaçaa, and which was to carry tobacco and rum to Rotterdam and Nieuwediep. The crew were, with the exception of a few Dutchmen, for the most part creoles.

He now knew all the hooks and crooks in making an American sailing contract, and had legally left the ship immediately on its arrival at Nieuwediep. Federigo suspected nothing before Salve came up with his bundle of clothes and, just at the point of leaving, told him.

The latter grew pale and the tears came to his eyes; if from wounded friendship or from a sort of disappointment, or from both, Salve could not rightly determine. His face with his small quick eyes looked like those of a confused rat. At last in his impetuous way he fell upon Salve's neck and exclaimed:

"But we will drink together this last evening to your departure. Oh, I cannot understand how I can get on without you, so long have we been together!"

Contrary to his good sense, Salve also felt a little softened at this thought, and the remembrance of all the dependence this rascal had shown toward him really awakened something which seemed like emotion.

"Yes, it is of no use, my friend,— what is done is done, but we will spend the evening together. I will be at the "Aurora" and wait for you.

There lay just at this time of the year an unusual number of ships in the harbor, and the public-house "Aurora" was that evening full of sailors, who sang, met again or established new acquaintances over their brandy or gin. In the little room above the bar-room was danced untiringly the whole evening through, to loud music, both the Hamburg schottische and the Irish jig, so that the floor fairly sprung beneath them.

To understand a genuine sailors' reel, one must see it danced by men who have been splashing for years at sea, in all parts of the world, and during that time not had a woman before their eyes. They come ashore with all a man's longing and with the accumulated gladness of years, and the dance itself—that taking of Anniken or Vibecke in Nienwediep, or of Mary Ann in Portsmouth, about the waist—has for them an indescribable intoxication; and this both Anniken and Mary know,—she feels not a little at

this moment her importance; and, not taking into account the exceptions of thoroughly depraved circumstances and individuals, in no place in the world is there really maintained so romantic a feeling toward woman as on board ship with the sailor. Love there, more than in the peasant's monotonous life, is naturally a rich and varied theme, and the love relation itself thereby becomes, on account of the separation, much more intense and proof against losing its ideal coloring than in the daily routine of life. A married sailor is therefore always the object of a tacit respect on the part of his comrades, who, as a rule, have not the means to take this step in life. The sailor lies on the forecastle and tells so naïvely about his wife or sweetheart—how they came to love each other, what he thinks of buying for her when he comes into harbor; and if a man in our day cares to seek for romantic fanatics, enough of them may be found on board our ships during the lone watches. It is not an exaggeration when we say that woman, in a true sense, is alone on board in our ship life. However crude it may often seem outwardly, she stands, with the admiring seaman, warm, pure and majestic, such as the distance encircling her with fancy's poetic halo is able to make her, and when one is tempted to judge him in any other light, then one only superficially re-

gards the rude shell and overlooks his childish, naïve nature.

Salve and Federigo sat with their gin and water in the side room adjoining the hall, that was filled with chatting and drinking men or couples who for a moment withdrew from the dance. In the hall, close and dark from steam and tobacco smoke, men of the most varied physiognomies were seen through the open door, dancing; most of them brown and tanned, often bearded, with hats jauntily placed on the back of their heads. Some with broken clay-pipes in their mouths, all in wild gladness, dripping with perspiration and quite untiring. They swung comely dressed Dutch girls, who wore white caps or capes, and, according to the custom, had their light skirts looped up so that the neat shoe and white stocking could be seen. French and Swedish sailors in their red woolen shirts, Norsemen and Danes in their blue ones and white canvas breeches, Yankees and Englishmen all in blue, vied with each other in the reel, and meanwhile formed friendships and enmities, which later in the evening were continued by a flask of brandy or a fight.

Salve took no part in the dance; he was gloomy and out of tune with the merriment, and, except for Federigo's sake, would have made his mood apparent.

The latter looked very comfortless, and sat the first part of the evening over-thoughtful and sipped his glass.

By the window-ledge behind him, Salve heard two young people speaking Norse, and his heart leaped within him, for he had not heard his mother-tongue for several years.

As it grew later Federigo, with self-forgetful emotion, kept constantly filling Salve's glass, and, becoming, as it seemed, more and more intoxicated, happened to spill the contents of his own. He became very talkative, and called to mind one circumstance after the other. "I never forget, you see," he said cordially,—“never!” added he after a pause, touchingly, while his eye gleamed with something suppressed and violent.

The two sailors from the lumber trader entered again, and one of them, who seemed a little heated and excited, spoke with much enthusiasm about one of the girls in the dancing room.

“No,” the other objected, “you should have seen the beautiful Elizabeth in the ‘Star’ in Amsterdam; but one can't get her to dance with in this way, my boy!”

These words suddenly awakened Salve's interest. He sat intensely attentive.

“What would hinder?” asked the other, somewhat loftily.

Oh, in the first place, they have no dancing there, and, in the next place, he who would pay his attentions in that quarter would have to be at least master of a vessel, you understand. But a year ago last spring, when lying in there with the *Galathæa*, I saw her and she spoke with the captain, for she is Norse. Yes, she is a proud girl, with her hair like a gold crown, and so straight in her rigging that one becomes dizzy when by her side.

Salve remained sitting and thoughtful, and was the whole evening *distract* in relation to his friend.

A presentiment that it might be Elizabeth had passed through him and he could not throw it off, though all reflection made it certain that she must long since have been married to the naval officer. He was dreadfully agitated, and he longed almost wildly to go home to Arendal, that he might know positively how the matter stood.

When they were to break up Federigo was drunk, and it was necessary that he should lead his disconsolate friend in the darkness over the long, narrow dam down by the dock, where the sea ran on both sides. Federigo held his arm all the way, leaning heavily upon it. When they had come to the middle of the dam, Salve saw that he made a sudden movement, and he received a thrust below the heart so violent that he tumbled back two or three paces,



and he heard the voice of the other quivering from rage:

"Take that for Paolina, you dog!"

The object of this attempt, the money-belt, had saved Salve his life, who now with a heavy blow felled Federigo to the ground, and he rolled over the dam down into the sea.

"Help! help!" he screamed up to him.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to," answered Salve mockingly, "for the sake of our fine friendship; but first throw up your knife."

Salve twisted his pocket handkerchief and reached it down to him.

"You and your viper of a sister have after all taught me several things," he mumbled to himself bitterly. "I really deserved to be both stabbed and plundered for having for a moment placed confidence in you or anybody else."

"There, are you coming up?"

When he saw Federigo crawling up over the edge, he said disdainfully:

"Yes, now we at last part! Farewell, my excellent old friend!"

He left, hearing through the darkness the trampling and swearing of the Brazilian in his rage on the dam.

## CHAPTER XVII.

WITH the heretofore mentioned lumber trader from Tonsberg Salve soon found a welcome opportunity to get home, while he hoped to be put off on board one of the small skiffs along the Arendal coast.

It was with a peculiar deep emotion that he again trod the deck of a native ship and listened to the folk-gossip, while he felt that he was the object of their curiosity. His southern, brown face and his foreign cut, as well as his whole attire, showed that he had come from a richer and more magnificent maritime connection than they knew anything about. He passed for an Englishman or American, for he had intentionally been unwilling to be known as their countryman. The contract with the skipper he had made in English.

These sailors on board ships carrying timber, whose winter-like clothes looked more like those of a laboring man who is engaged in heavy work than like those of a sailor, were pretty much all strong, venturesome men. But what immediately struck him, and greatly moved him, was the honest expression which all the faces without exception wore. Such a sight he had not had for many years, and

he was ashamed to go about with a concealed knife as had, hitherto been his custom, wherefore the first day he locked it down in his chest. He found enjoyment in laying his watch and money about so that they could be easily taken, and was greatly surprised that they were still not stolen.

Taking everything into consideration, he thought he had never seen anything so wretchedly destitute as this vessel, which originally had been copper sheathed, but was now so leaky that it sucked in water at all its joints, and the food seemed meagre to the point of wretchedness. It was the famous olden-time Baltic fare, "porridge and beef's neck," and he could hear the cook forward beating the dried codfish tender with the back of an axe.

Salve had suddenly plunged far into the midst of home scenes.

This ship with which he now sailed was a galeas which had once, near the Færder, been damaged by sea-water, and which had been bought at auction for a small sum of money. It bore a striking resemblance to an old wooden shoe, in which skipper Brekan rashly trudged over to Holland during the severe spring and winter storms, calculating that one, if necessary, would have to float on the cargo of lumber, and lash himself secure from the waves, and then sail as long as the rigging would hold.

He had no top-gallant, so as not to force the vessel; the sails were in tatters, as if cannon-balls had gone through them; the rigging, in places where the ropes were worn, was tied in heavy, clumsy knots, instead of being spliced in a ship-shape manner. Any idea of navigation had never entered their heads. The skipper had his own method of reckoning; he either spit overboard or cast a splinter out and judged their speed by the quickness with which it drifted out of sight.

They were not fortunate in their weather; and, with head-winds alternating with squalls and dead calms, they had spent over fourteen days without getting farther than up near the Hansholm light, near Jutland.

With a suppressed fear in the background as to what the connection between her and the naval officer could have been, Salve walked about the deck lost in reveries, and imagining Elizabeth to be in Amsterdam. He began to inquire of the skipper whether the trade on Holland was remunerative, and asked about other facts concerning it. The conversation was in a sort of English jargon; but from the whole conversation he found both that it was profitable and that that life in every way would suit him. That it was full of risk and venture gave it an especial attraction. An occupation at home in which he could

be free from being under orders from anyone harmonized with his nature, and it all stood before him as a good idea. He possessed a few hundred specie dollars wherewith to purchase some ship or other, besides the hundred-dollar bill his father kept for him at home. It was decided;—he would become a lumber carrier, and sail to Holland.

Salve began to be exceedingly impatient to get on. He longed to see the first strip of his fatherland as something he scarcely dared acknowledge to himself that he should really live to see, and it seemed to him they were drifting back more than they advanced. They again had sunshine and calm, and he walked up and down, cursing between his teeth the old wooden shoe, which lay there with its slack sails rocking, and not knowing which end to put forward.

When the strip of Lindesnæs loomed up, he thought to himself that no palm-covered tongue of land in the South Sea could be compared with this sight. But after this he began to be anxious as to what he should learn about Elizabeth in Arendal, and there were those on board who, on account of his restless, impatient ways, thought that the Englishman must have a screw loose.

At last the hour of his delivery struck, in the form of a pilot-boat from Arendal. He arrived there

in the evening after dark, and went to Madam Gjers' humble lodging-house, but was obliged to await till the next morning before he could again see his native town.

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The following day was Sunday. An inexpressible feeling of solemnity came over him when the church-bells were ringing, and he saw the town-folk of all classes, large and small, going quietly up the streets to church, dressed in their Sunday clothes. It was all the piety and purity he had believed in, while he was yet so trustful and happy and credulous, that now passed like a cloud before his vision, until his eyes filled so he could scarcely see. He recognized most of these forms again, even to Elizabeth's old aunt, whom he saw walking alone, with her psalm-book and her folded handkerchief in her hands before her. He could not withstand his impulse to mix with the passers-by, but would scarcely have risked it, had he not relied upon not being recognized. Almost by his side was a fine family—he knew well who they were—with two handsome, lightly-clad daughters, who were now grown, and a younger brother whom he did not remember. They seemed to regard with curiosity the foreign, dark-bearded seaman, with his fine clothes and the patent gold chain on his vest; and he on his part thought how

they would flee from him, as if a wolf were in their midst, if they suspected the life which he had daily lived, even one half day, in one of the desperate forecastles where he had had his home for years. They would not understand it if it were told, and the story itself would be too low for their ears.

He followed the steady stream with an impression that all the sunny houses about him on the hills of his beautiful birthplace stood as witnesses and asked if the sailor from the Stars and Stripes was permitted to go to church; and when he went to enter the church door he was obliged to call up all his self-command. He had a feeling that he was violating the sanctuary by going in.

He seated himself in the pew nearest the door, and he saw, almost as if in a dream, how the people passed by up the aisles,—all seeming to him like purer beings. The organ swelled, the congregation joined in the psalm, and he sat with his face in his hands leaning against the pew, overwhelmed, and sobbing in secret. He sat thus during most of God's service, in no condition to think. Then his own life began to come up before him, picture after picture, scene after scene. As a child and youth he had gone to church like the rest; but in what condition did he come now?—as one who had lived in the midst of murder and blasphemy, more than

the whole congregation together could possibly conceive, and in his inmost being stripped of the faith which had once been his. There finally flashed a bitter, wild gleam in his eye, for he thought of those who had brought him to this,—of Elizabeth and the naval officer; and as he left the church it resulted in a deep hatred in his heart toward the latter.

The man who quickly, and with an excited and defiant air, went down the street, was quite another from the one who, two hours before, had so quietly gone over the same way. His eye accidentally recognized a couple who also came from church, Captain Beck and his wife. It was as if the sight kindled the excitement more strongly in him, and he hastened his steps.

He would now, before going out to his father at Sandvigen, learn definitely how it was with Elizabeth, and he intended to ask his landlady at his lodgings about her. He remembered very well the small, sharp, bright-eyed Madam Gjers of old, and knew that she gossiped and repeated the town's news like a magpie.

At that time on a Sunday there were no visitors in the room, and he sat alone over by the table, whilst she busied herself with getting dinner; and as she smoothed the cloth out before him he asked whether Captain Beck's son, the naval officer, were married.



"Yes, that he is indeed," she answered, astonished that he spoke Norse. "It is, let me see, some three years since." She looked earnestly at him. "But who are you? It isn't possible that it is Salve Kristiansen, who——" She seemed to have suddenly begun to identify him.

In her tone he perceived that something suspicious attached to the name, and Salve concluded from this, quite correctly, that he had been the subject of gossip in Arendal on account of his desertion in Rio, and completed her interrupted question quite dryly:

"Who deserted from Beck in Rio?—certainly."

"Yes? I shall say nothing, then," whispered she, mysteriously, and highly interested.

Although Salve did not think that Beck would persecute him any longer now, still that matter of his was the chief ground of his desiring to be unknown here at home. He answered, with an irony which escaped her:

"I confide in you, Madam Gjers, because I know that you are a woman who never tattles about anything." He thought, perhaps wrongfully, that she already stood longing to get out and tell the secret to somebody.

"So the naval officer is married?" he then repeated, somewhat carelessly.

"Yes, certainly, a long time since. The wedding

was at the bride's parents; they live in Frederiksvaern now."

"Elizabeth surely had no parents," said Salve, somewhat impatiently.

"Elizabeth! she who was in Beck's house? Oh, that is another story," said she, with a certain significance. "No, she whom the officer married was Marie, daughter of postmaster Fostberg. The other was only a sort of flame of his; and the end was that she was obliged to go over to Holland, poor thing! It was said that she had gotten a situation over there."

"Do you know anything positive about this?" asked Salve, sternly, and with such earnestness that the little Madam was out of countenance, and felt it necessary to defend herself.

"There was surely something very mysterious about it, for her departure was taken in great haste. The affair, I am sorry to say, was well known; yes, one might say, long since both known and forgotten."

"What is known?" demanded Salve, angrily; "did you see her, Madam Gjers?"

"No, neither I nor anybody else. The Becks at that time lived alone out at their country-place through the entire fall, and that was just another reason why ——"

"So neither you nor the others who gossip her

honor away know anything at all about the matter, except what you make out of whole-cloth," said Salve, bitterly and disdainfully. He still had the desire to defend Elizabeth before others, although he, alas, had slain her in his own heart, and felt that he was sick, almost ready to faint.

"I have, as it happens, a knowledge of all the circumstances," he said, while he coolly and sharply looked her in the face; "and,"—here he sprang up and struck the table violently,—“I will not take one bit of food in the house of such a backbiter! Do you understand, Madam!” With a “Be so good as to pay yourself,” he threw some silver pieces on the table and ran up-stairs, whereupon he began to drag his ship-chest down the stairs himself.

Madam Gjers poured out a multitude of mollifying phrases, the quintessence of which was that she said and thought what she herself had heard from everybody in town. But Salve was unapproachable, and went with his chest in a rope on his back down the street. He set it down on the wharf.

It was his intention to take a boat and go out to his father's; but prior to this he sat on the chest and gazed out upon the harbor, lost in his own thoughts. The result of his contemplations was that he gave up his Dutch trade.

He took a boat to Sandvigen; but, as they were rowing across, he suddenly directed the rower to change his course, and lay-to by the crane on the other side of the harbor. He would talk with Elizabeth's aunt and be fully assured: there was always within him something that rebelled against believing the worst. When he came in to the old woman she knew him at once.

"Good-day, Salve," she said, "you have been away a long time,—almost five years now."

He remained standing, with a dark look in his face, without accepting her invitation to sit down.

"Is it true that Elizabeth left the Becks thus for Holland?"

"How thus?" she asked curtly, the color rising to her face.

"As people say," said Salve, with a bitter emphasis.

"When people say that, it must surely be a scamp like you that would believe it," she remarked, scornfully. "I do not understand why you come here and question her old aunt, when you have so many in whom you can trust. But she can tell you something, my boy—and that she would not if she did not believe it—that the girl still loves you, in spite of all these years during which you have wandered, God only knows where, in the world. I know

her nature, I can tell you. She fled hurriedly one night from Captain Beck's, and came here in the morning; but it was for your sake, because she would escape from the naval officer. It was Madam Beck herself who procured her a place in Holland, because they did not want her for a daughter-in-law."

Then Salve's face beamed with a wild joy; but it soon darkened again. "Was she not, then, engaged to the naval officer?" he asked.

"Yes, and no," replied the old woman, thoughtfully, so that she should not vary a hair's-breadth from the truth. "She permitted herself to be misled into saying 'yes,' to him, but fled from the house because she would not marry him. She told me with tears in her eyes that she repented having said you 'nay.'"

"So it was in this wise," he remarked sarcastically; "thus both 'yes and no!' The Becks would not have her for a step-daughter, so they got her shuffled out of the house over to Holland, and—then you want me to believe that it was for my sake she went away," he added, in a melancholy tone, while he shook his head:

"God will witness that I would believe it—would believe it as I hold my life dear; but I cannot, mother Kirstine. You are her aunt, and would gladly ——"

"I am afraid that it is your misfortune, Salve!" she exclaimed strongly, "not to be able to really believe in any one on this earth; therefore you will always cling to the gossip and doubt of others. With these thoughts you cannot any longer have anything to do within my door; but one thing I pray of you," she said, with a mild, penetrating earnestness in her clever, strong face,—“do not seek to approach Elizabeth, or to win her, so long as you have a vestige of doubt against her in your heart; it would only lead to misfortune for both of you."

"Farewell, mother Kirstine," said he, disheartened, and sought her hand in parting; she would not take it, but only repeated:

"Remember, it is an old woman, who has seen much in her life-time, who says this to you."

He sat thoughtfully in the boat while he was rowed over to Sandvigen to his father's. On the way he decided that he would keep to his plan of going to Holland.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WE find Salve again as a skipper on the brig Apollo, one bright October day out at sea, under way for Purmurende with a cargo of lumber.

After first putting aside his vanity as a seaman, he was well enough satisfied with his old, leaky vessel, principally for the reason that it was his own. His crew, numbering, in all, seven men, down from Tjom Island and Notter Island, where he had taken up his abode himself, thought they had come under a sharp fellow, but remarked, also, that he treated them honorably. Although they were accustomed to a little of everything, they already, on their first trip, learned that they sailed with a real adventurer, whose only consideration was to get on and make as many voyages as possible before the ice about Christmas time should stop navigation. He started out from Færder in a hard storm, and to the doubts expressed, he answered only in a cheerful way that the wind was to help them on.

The Apollo was going under half-reefed sails, and Nils Buvaagen had his turn at the wheel. Salve had come across him again in Arendal and persuaded him to sail with him in the lumber trade.

What especially interested him in this man was

the steadfast happiness and love with which he encompassed his wife and children; he scarcely allowed himself his rations on board. Salve often stood and listened to his naïve accounts of the hardships he had gone through, and they were many.

The hardy captain, who thought himself just as far from sentimental feelings as from the moon, in secret envied his helmsman; he thirsted for the glory this man possessed, and moved about thinking that he also might have had it, could he only have been a fool simple enough to believe everything, laughing to himself bitterly. But he unfortunately was not born blind. Elizabeth had—there was more than proof of it—set her first and best thoughts on the naval officer, and then—yes, then he, perhaps, was good enough.

He had, more than usual, a cutting feeling of how low and pitiful his own distrustful thoughts were as compared with this man's, in whose mind, surely, everything would have come up which could have spoken in Elizabeth's favor, and he admired this simple Nils who left home feeling so secure, and could return again so happy, without a single doubt getting hold of his heart. He fancied him sitting in his poor home with a certain happy dignity, a child on each knee, and the others scrambling and hanging about him.



These were the sort of contemplations that occupied him, while he took an unusually slow and often halting gait, as he paced back and forth across the deck cargo; and it was these last thoughts which shed a light across his face when he decided to tack from Purmurende in to Amsterdam to see Elizabeth.

## CHAPTER XIX.

SKIPPER Garvloit, to whom Elizabeth had gone, lived in the busiest street which leads to the dock in Amsterdam. The row of houses along it were three and four storied stone buildings in the usual Dutch style, with green blinds, narrow street doors, and polished brass knockers. On the other side of the street runs the canal, with its various bridges in through the city, filled with all sorts of smacks, vessels, and smaller merchantmen, going through the process of unloading.

Madam Garvloit, who was a sickly woman with four half-grown children, was becoming more and more sensible of the support she had in this sound and strong nature, who, so fortunately for her, had come to her relief in her adversity, and she soon learned how to bear with the many peculiarities of Elizabeth's nature. A peculiar earnestness gave her a special attraction to older people, while on the other hand, in playing with the children she was often quite given over to wild mirth. Sometimes, Elizabeth taking the lead, there would be a perfect uproar above and below, so that Madam Garvloit occasionally was tempted to check her. At other times she would through the entire day be so

thoughtful and silent that they believed she was suffering from homesickness.

The family's young friends, one an elegant clerk at one of the largest offices up town, and who affected the fine gentleman somewhat, together with a light-haired, fresh-complexioned young man, son of a skipper from Vlieland, were both relatives of Garvloit. Notwithstanding she, in her unconscious bluntness toward them, often did not seem to know the customary forms, these two soon came to the decision that there still was something which forbade their approaching the young girl beyond the line she herself indicated. In her manner there was a glimpse of seriousness, almost imperiousness, which they felt themselves overpowered by, but which, also, at the same time made her all the more charming when she jested, and her expressive face beamed with exuberant mirth. The two came regularly every Sunday, were exceedingly jealous of each other, vied with each other when the opportunity offered, and both had the decided feeling that they sighed in vain.

The second fall, when skipper Garvloit came home, he told them that Lieutenant Beck was engaged to postmaster Fostberg's daughter, in Arendal, and he was charged with many greetings from her to Elizabeth. They were to be married in the spring.

This news was a source of great happiness; for the doubt had many times weighed heavily upon her, that perhaps young Beck was now unfortunate on her account. She inferred this by her own feeling for Salve. It was like a quiet holiday evening to her, when she at bed-time sat alone by the window, up in her own room, looking down upon the canal and ships in the peaceful moonlight. She thought of her friend, and understood by her greeting that she knew nothing of her connection with the officer. She was relieved—so relieved with knowing that this had not, after all, taken deeper hold of him. A smile which played about her lips still showed that *he*, also, at the same time was being weighed, and her thoughts afterward, while the moon pictured a golden window on the wall over her bed, glided spontaneously out across the world to Salve.

She sat thus with her heavy hair falling about her strong, shapely shoulders, wrapt in her own thoughts, and absent-minded. Her expression grew more and more sorrowful, and her face would twitch spasmodically. It sometimes came over her so heavily and bitterly that it was her fault that Salve had gone out in the world and become a desperate man. It was this secret remorse she so constantly sought to free herself from, and which, on the other hand, at times she so loved to dwell upon. In her thoughts

she saw him unhappy and proud, with the pale face and sharp, clever eyes fastened upon her who had caused this. One idea was constantly present with her, to dress as a sailor and go out in the world to search for him. But if she found him she knew, also, that shame would prevent her from presenting herself before him, for she had the same as belonged to another, and she would not for all the world be obliged to read a severe rejection in his eye.

She sobbed convulsively with her head on her arm, until she at last slept leaning against the window frame.

Elizabeth had been three years at the Garvloits when a misfortune befel them: his merchant-ship stranded out by Amland. He lost thereby almost all he possessed, but what was worse also, the prospect of a future business as skipper, for he lacked the means to buy a new vessel. Depression of spirits at that time prevailed in the house, and Elizabeth, who perceived that it was now necessary for her to leave it, was very sorrowful; she had learned to love these people.

The thick, heavy Garvloit had become noticeably thin. He went about in his shirt-sleeves, and fanned himself with a bast pocket-handkerchief with his short, awkward arms — whether it was on account of his affliction or the summer heat could not be

determined. He reminded one of some short-footed sea-animal or other — a seal or a walrus — which had gotten up on land.

One day a thought came, which clearly took a deepening hold of him, for, being exceedingly restless, he walked to and fro in the room fanning himself the whole afternoon; it was, whether it wouldn't be possible to establish a lodging-house for sailors. The building lay very convenient for this, being close to the dock. Below they could have the sailors, and above there was a large room where they could entertain the skippers and mates. They had chambers enough.

Garvloit said nothing about this until the matter was fully determined upon and arranged in his own mind. Then he strode in one day to his wife with a roll of printed notices and a large sign.

"In God's name, Garvloit, what is it?" she exclaimed.

He turned the sign with a certain solemnity without saying a word. There it stood, with its large, gilt letters, reading: "The Star." He said, significantly:

"It is our new business, wife! Next month, this will hang over our door; these placards are to nail up and to be distributed among the ships down in the harbor. Garvloit will not be down in the world then,

you understand!" he concluded, a little self-conscious on account of his idea. And now he explained how he himself intended to be proprietor, and that Elizabeth should help in the management of the whole.

Madam Garvloit made only one weak objection. "You know you cannot stand drinking ale, my friend!"

Another objection, namely, what they would say at home in Norway when they heard that her husband had come down to being a common lodging-house proprietor, she prudently kept to herself. The principal thing was, that they would gain a living, and thus they would have the great consolation of being able to keep Elizabeth. He gave expression to the last remnant of his vanity in observing to Elizabeth that at home they had no millionaires in wooden shoes as in Holland; and he found her much more eager than he had expected. He was accustomed to depend upon her larger understanding, and would have felt himself ill-favored if she had been opposed to the plan.

So it came to pass that there, in one of the busiest streets by the canal, one Monday morning, glittered in gilt letters on a blue ground, "The Star," over one of the entrances.

"The Star" was established at a fortunate time, and in a fortunate place. They immediately gathered

guests from the ships in the harbor, both above and below, so that there was a prospect of increasing patronage. Garvloit himself usually with willingness presided in the tidy room back of the counter, on the outer edge of which stood a lot of stone jugs with tin covers; while next to the wall, in a case with papers of tobacco, were piled up both long and short Dutch clay pipes, from which a new one, filled, was always handed to the guest together with what was called for. Hidden under the counter, there where the stone jugs stood, lay the beer-barrel also, with its bright fawcet over a bucket which received its drip-pings. Likewise, after the neat Dutch custom, there stood spittoons in abundance, filled with sand, round about the room. The shelves above held in layers a whole apothecary's shop of bottles and flasks of liquors, among which were some sealed dark green Dutch Geneva flasks.

Elizabeth as manager of the house had enough to do, and did not engage directly in serving unless something special was to be arranged for the guests above. Now and then, however, she also went down to the room below, on some errand or other, to assure herself that there was nothing wanting; and the fame of the beautiful Elizabeth at "The Star" conduced no small amount to the patronage.

Norsemen who came to Amsterdam with timber



—the most of them unloaded up at Purmurende or Alkmar—invariably stopped there. Elizabeth often spoke with them on account of their common country; and when she heard that some of them had been on long voyages she would lightly, as if by chance, ask if they had heard anything about a sailor of her acquaintance by name Salve Kristiansen, who was from Arendal. She had in her nature a good share of will; and in the house where she really directed everything this side of her character became developed in no slight degree. This young girl's force and decidedly formed opinions about everything often made her one-sided and unmanageable, and it sometimes seemed to Madam Garvloit that she had too much to say. On some of her silent, moody days, when she was feverishly active, she would happen in her hurry to overlook the regard she owed her mistress, and would without any words set her orders aside.

Madam Garvloit in her reserve would not say anything about this directly; she only reproached her with being impolite and negligent to the clerk. Elizabeth would reply that he wearied her; but Madam Garvloit indicated strongly that a young girl ought to have breeding enough not to show it. The truth really was, that Elizabeth lacked considerably in this; she did not like to impose restraints upon herself, and thought, upon the whole, that it

was preposterous to appear as if something were delightful when it was annoying.

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One forenoon, when Elizabeth had much to order about the house, she passed hurriedly through the refreshment room. By one of the small tables sat a bearded man in a blue Duffield pea-jacket. He had a glass of ale before him still untouched. She had in her haste gotten the impression that he must be a mate or a captain; but there must have been something about him which made her remark him, for in the door she turned a moment again and looked at him before she passed out. He was so pale, and had glanced at her.

When she stood outside the door she knew it was Salve, notwithstanding she had always thought of him as a simple sailor. She trembled, and stood fumbling with the door-latch in the deepest agitation, apparently in deliberation as to whether she should venture to go in again. She pressed the latch with a consciousness that it would go up ere she had really determined. The door opened itself again, and Elizabeth, red as dripping blood, went with lowered eyes through the room, and inclined her head a little, as in greeting, when she passed him. She had already reached the opposite door when she heard a low,

bitter laugh behind her. Now she turned suddenly in a proud way and looked at him.

"Good-day, Salve Kristiansen!" she said, firmly and quietly.

"Good-day, Elizabeth!" he answered, somewhat quickly, while he rose confusedly.

"Are you lying with a ship here in Amsterdam?"

He seated himself again, for there was something about her which now forbade any approach.

"No, in Purmurende; I only came in here to——"

"You are carrying timber now, then?"

"Yes, Elizabeth," he ventured to add in another tone, wherein much lay. But she now nodded again in the same proud way, and went out.

Salve sat for a time with compressed lips, and looked down before him. When she at first had turned at the door he felt in himself that she would enter again; but he had expected another scene. His nature had become not a little tyrannical. What he least of all tolerated was submission; and when she now had entered so quietly and so humble, with the acknowledgment of his great wrong written in her face, he felt suddenly a certain devouring bitter pleasure in sitting in judgment. He would first see her crushed before him, then he would have forgiven her with all his soul's passion.

But while she stood there by the door, carrying

her head so nobly, pale from suppressed indignation, and speaking so quietly, he had felt that he at once was placed at a greater distance from her than when he was still sailing on the other side of the world.

Salve sat with a despairing, painful resentment toward himself. How straight and proud she was! And himself — what a mean, wretched fellow he was! During this last bitter conclusion, the mug, which he had held in his hand while he was thinking, he set down violently on the table, and went out.

He walked that afternoon for a long time along the stone quays down by the harbor, and gloomily weighed a decision. For a time he stood and looked out upon all the ships, and his expression took a melancholy turn. His practiced eye knew by their different appearance to what trade each of them belonged. Yonder heavy vessel, worn by sun and sea, which lay so high in the water, with copper casing rusty and soiled by the muscles, and with her hawser-holes rusty from the cables, was a coffee ship from Java; the next lying near it, with the sides of its hatchways worn deep from discharging, was going with heavy iron and a general cargo on a long trip; the third, whose hull was gray-white from the congealed sea-salt, sailed on the West Indies with sugar and rum; the fourth, which lay there so broad and firmly built, with the heavy yards braced

and a barrel in the mast, was a whaler returned from Spitsbergen. He stood and thought of the long furrows which each of these plowed through the sea, of the rootless, roaming life on board them, and felt, with increasing dread, that he himself was again on the verge of being cast back into this life. That depended now on Elizabeth; but he had so little hope.

Salve's nature was one of those doubly tortured by delay, and, when he again moved on, he was more than half determined to let his fate be decided at once. As he walked in these reveries up toward the bridge he still saw one reason for waiting,—and he had a remarkably cool way of thinking in the midst of his excitement,—namely, that this first unfavorable impression perhaps ought to have time to quiet down.

It had been a gray, foggy, fall day; but it now cleared up, showing some few blue patches, and when he passed over the bridge the afternoon sun suddenly cast its glimmering rays on the window-panes along the street by the canal. Above in Garvloit's house stood Elizabeth in the open window; she also had need that day to be alone with her own thoughts.

Salve saw her, and was arrested for a moment in contemplation of this form which leaned out on the casement.

"That blessed head is mine!" he unconsciously exclaimed aloud, passionately. He sprang like lightning the short distance up the street and into Garv-loit's street-door.

Elizabeth heard the door open behind her. When Salve unexpectedly stood before her she sank for an instant down upon a chair, but rose quickly with a frightened look, almost as if she had an enemy before her.

"Elizabeth!" he said, softly, "will you send me out into the world again? God knows how I shall return then."

She did not answer, but stood immovably pale and looked at him; it was as if she forgot to draw her breath, and only waited for him to say something more.

"Be my wife, Elizabeth," he prayed; "then I will become a good man again. What a wretched fellow I have become without you, you got a glimpse of this forenoon."

"God knows, Salve," she answered, while the tears burst from her eyes from inner emotion, which she sought to control, "that you alone have had my heart, even at the time when I did not know myself; but I must first hear the whole truth, as to what you think of me."

"The same that I think of God's angels, Eliza-

beth!" said he, passionately, and would take her hand.

"Do you know that I was once about to be engaged to young Beck?" she asked, coloring up, but with an almost imperative look. "At that time I did not understand myself, but thought only of glitter and show, until I was obliged to flee from it all."

"Do not talk about this, dearest, blessed Elizabeth. Your aunt has told me all about it."

"And you have no doubt against me in your thought? For what has passed to-day, Salve, I will not bear. I cannot! Do you understand?" said she in an agitated voice, while she with deep conviction looked composedly straight to his inmost soul.

"Doubt? Against you!" Here he laid her hand upon his heart. At that hour he felt assured that she had never really set her heart upon the naval officer.

Over her face passed an unutterable, beaming, happy glow of content; they looked a moment at each other, and Salve threw his arms about her.

They stood thus, as if they would not let each other go again,—cheek to cheek, not speaking, not thinking. This love was not free from a spasmodic grasp: there was still deep mistrust in the happy reality, an instinctive fear of again losing it.

They stood in Garvloit's sitting-room above, in the middle of the floor, and in the doorway stood the thick Garvloit himself, utterly bewildered at the sight he had before him. He looked helpless, and made a couple of awkward, jerking gesticulations with his short arms, as if he would thrust the scene out of sight. Neither of them had noticed that the door had opened. At last Elizabeth got sight of him, and, not with confusion, but with a strong desire of communicating her happiness, she exclaimed:

"It is my lover!"

"Ah! it is your lover, is it?" said he, puzzled, and retreated a pace in his confusion.

"My name is Salve Kristiansen, skipper of the Apollo," added Salve, without releasing her; everything about him seemed trivial.

Garvloit had in the meantime found a way out. He turned and called repeatedly, and with increasing voice, down the stairs, "Andrea! Andrea!" for his wife. And when she did not appear he staggered unusually quick for his corpulency, down the steps. At the last landing he remained, meanwhile, standing and staring before him.

When Madam Garvloit, who had had a piece of work to lay aside, at last came, she was surprised at seeing him so thoughtful, with evident anxiety in his face, and she asked, astonished, what the matter was.



"I am going to be ruined!" he answered, sadly.

She looked at him without comprehending his meaning, but understood that something really dreadful had happened.

"Elizabeth sits upstairs engaged to a skipper—God knows who!" said he, slowly; "you can see for yourself." And thereupon he expressed, after a pause, deeply sighing, the real knot of his anxiety: "Who now will direct the house? I shall never in the world find any one like Elizabeth."

Madam Garvloit was more rapid in her thoughts than her husband. She passed by him up the stairs, and with her own amazed eyes came to understand the matter.

"I have known him since I was a little girl," said Elizabeth, ending her interrupted explanation.

Madam Garvloit showed the most active, unfeigned sympathy. She did not need to dissimulate, for she was a woman whose heart was in the right place, and she understood that this was a love which had its hidden romance. She was very curious, but reserved her questions for a better opportunity. Meanwhile she invited Salve to come and go in the house as he would. Later, Garvloit made his appearance, and showed himself very friendly; but he thought that Salve was prodigiously slow about leaving, for it was late and past his bed-time.

Elizabeth followed him down to the hall; it was as if he were going to New Holland, instead of coming again the next day. In the little cap and becoming Dutch dress she stood full of expectation, with a festive look, on that calm fall morning, when the fog seemed ready to disperse and everything awaited the breaking through of the sun.

Salve had reconnoitered about the house before any door in the street was open, and when they greeted, a gleam of surprise and happiness crossed her face. Madam Garvloit, on some pretext, went out of the room and left them alone.

"See, Elizabeth," said he, with something solemn in his voice, "five years since I was in Boston, and bought these rings." He took them from some paper and laid them in her hand. "I have had much grief and sorrow in that time, but I have preserved them nevertheless, you see."

She fell upon his neck suddenly, hiding her face upon his breast, and as he looked upon her he saw that she was strongly moved, and was weeping.

Afterward they had enough to do in chatting about the rings. Both were massive and smooth, and Elizabeth discovered that they were the most beautiful she had ever seen. As she tried them on one above the other, and held her hand up before him to show them, she said:

"This is the first ring I have ever possessed in my life."

She saw a shadow pass over Salve's face, and flushed a little, for now she first perceived, what was natural to think—that the naval officer might possibly have succeeded in putting such a one on her finger. This impression, however, was only a passing one. Love's self-protective instinct involuntarily removed this from both of them, and buried it beneath their present happiness.

She had not yet ventured to ask when he was to leave, though it had been many times upon her lips. She knew, to be sure, that the ship lay up in Purmurende, and was afraid that it might be already the next day. But she, as yet, said nothing, and thought of procrastinating the question until the afternoon, when he should come again. When he was ready to go she conquered herself, however, and asked in a somewhat unsteady voice:

"When shall you go away?"

"Tuesday evening, Elizabeth! Wednesday morning I must be in Purmurende, there is no help for it."

Then there was joy—she had won five whole days! These passed in an intoxicated rapture only too quickly.

Sunday noon, after service, there was a sort of popular festival in Amsterdam. In the celebrated

town-hall—which had been the seat of government in Holland's greatest days, when the Ruyter's and Tromp's cannons thundered in the harbor without, and the fine, aristocratic, wealthy senators sat within at the council board of the Republic and directed—was that day exhibited a rare picture of the young hero Van Spyck, who blew up his ship during the war of 1830 against the Belgians. It was to be solemnly unveiled, and have a place on the walls of the town-hall among Holland's national treasures.

The finely dressed crowd marched up in procession, journeying through all the streets, stopping and surging like the ocean out in the public square, and stirring music played their national melody, "Wien Neerland's bloed door de aders vloeit." In all faces it could be discerned that a strong patriotic sentiment filled the atmosphere.

Elizabeth walked leaning on Salve's arm, with a holiday joy in her bearing. He also was in festive mood, though he could not feel so much at home in these surroundings as she, and his sentiment was after all divided, for he could never weary of looking at Elizabeth. At last they came before the great picture. It represented the seventeen-year-old cadet on the gun-boat at the decisive moment. She stood for a time with her hands clasped utterly oblivious, while Salve behind kept her free from the press of the crowd.

"See," she said, turning half toward him, but without taking her eyes from the picture, "there he stands, whilst the Belgian captain orders him to surrender the gun-boat! There is no escape for him, for there are too many for him," continued she, absorbed in her sympathy. "But do you not see what he thinks? Yes, one can read it clearly in his look: he asks leave to go and fetch the ship's papers to them. Do you see what a beautiful uniform he has,—the buttons and dagger? He looks so fine," said she in a low voice, breaking out in her old tone of childish wonder for this sort of parade.

With these last words Salve felt a sudden sting, that she should still be enthusiastic for such things, and he stood pale behind her while she continued to look at the picture, and to think aloud to him.

"Poor, handsome boy! but he is not able to surrender—I understand it so well. And so he goes below," she continued, in a suppressed voice, as she involuntarily clasped her hands as if she in thought followed him, "and the Belgians and all are blown into the air. You understand!" said she, while with an indescribable glow of inspiration athwart her face and with moist eyes she turned to him. He did not answer, and she concluded that he also was filled with the scene before him.

She again turned to the picture; but as she, after

having given her feelings vent, stood smilingly absorbed, and thought that she knew one who could equal Van Spyck's exploit, namely, he who then stood back of her, the painting, to his eye, had become something dark, inimical. He could have shot Van Spyck through the heart on account of his uniform. He concealed his thoughts from her, but was, on his way home, very silent and serious, which she, so taken up with the holiday and talking about her own thoughts, did not notice.

Immediately after dinner this impression vanished from him; it was as if he had had a heavy dream. Before his eyes he really had Elizabeth, faithful and warm, bringing gladness to his whole being.

Salve informed Garvloit that they had decided to be married on his return again in the spring, in the beginning of April. It was now December.

"It will be four long months," said Salve, heavily, the last evening.

Elizabeth thought the same. She was pale, but sought to appear courageous, because she saw that he was distressed.

The last word was finally spoken. He kissed her, and said:

"Until spring, Elizabeth!"

And she stood, with tears in her eyes, looking after him until he disappeared over the bridge.

## CHAPTER XX.

IT passed gloomily as Salve had instinctively anticipated. It was a long and sad winter for him. He lived in Tonsberg, but sought little intercourse with the other skippers there.

For a time, to be sure, he lived upon the remembrance of that marvelous week in Amsterdam; but then his unfortunate mind gradually began again to try to weigh the quality of that gold he had won, and doubts stole in upon him one by one. Were they the leavings of her heart she had offered him to live upon, or was it her own full, fresh, pristine self she had given him?

The thoughts that had come to him when she held up the rings flamed up now. She had nearly become the naval officer's bride! And it confronted him how she had stood, with glowing admiration in her face, before the portrait of the cadet, Van Spyck.

He thought within himself that it was a splendor, after all, which she in her heart prized, and which she had renounced. How was it possible for the comparison to stand in her mind between all this, between what it was to become a wife in fine society, for which her proud nature fitted her, and to

become, for a lifetime, a common seaman's companion?

And then, her great delicacy of having the matter touched upon. She had even made it a condition at the very engagement.

The more he thought, the more insecure he found the ground on which he had built. The whole exterior of the beautiful apple seemed to his eyes worm-eaten at the core; it began to appear to him that he ought to cast it from him; and still there was in his inmost heart a feeling which contradicted it all. When these thoughts came up, how worthless and wretched he saw himself to be! "If she only were here!" it cried within him, as if for help; for he felt that there was danger that his better nature should be drowned in all this.

He often thought of writing to her; but then, there was so much which he ought not to say—which he dare not say—that he gave it up again; it would be God only knew how long. At last he one day determined to do it. It read as follows:

*To the worthy maiden Elizabeth Raklev:*

So far as the Apollo is concerned, it lies in a line with the other ships up at Selvig's, and the ice is nearly a foot thick, and the prospect is that it will break up late this spring, as all here predict; it is well cared for, and rigging is stored in Petersen's sail loft. But so far as it concerns the captain, to whom you said



in Amsterdam that you had given your whole and only heart so steadfastly that it could not be moved—no, not by any might or power in this world,—he has thought much over it and would gladly hold out and see you again before the whole land-cable is worn through; for it seems to me that the last threads are being chafed. But if I could see you it would become so strong that it would hold, however hard the stream pressed; but you will pardon him who has become so weak in the five years you know enough of. I will not say that it is for your sake, but, rather, to make myself better than I am, that I have faith in you, Elizabeth, but not such confidence in myself, which is a failing one cannot help. When you read this letter, Elizabeth, you must remember the seaman who is frozen in, and not forget it thereafter till we meet again, for which I would give half of my blood, if it would help, or more, for I consume, up here, so much do I long to see you again. And now I wish you happiness with all my heart. I will trust you wholly 'neath the heaviest burden to the last hour, and put all my hope in you.

Farewell, beloved girl, with many greetings from

SALVE KRISTIANSEN.

This letter cost Elizabeth many tears. She sat over it during the evenings before she went to bed, and felt so heavily and bitterly that it was she who had made him such a one, that he now found it difficult to trust in her; for she only too well understood what lay between the lines. "Could I only be near him," she thought, and felt a steadily increasing desire to send him her answer, but she had never learned properly to write or direct a letter. After much pains and study, she got to-

gether a few lines from her recollection of the catechism:

*To My Dearest Salve Kristiansen:*

You must trust in God, and, after Him, in me, of all human beings, who certainly love you in all ways, and believe me.

This is the truth from your ever not to be forgotten

ELIZABETH RAKLEV,

and next spring, ELIZABETH KRISTIANSEN.

This letter she folded together and got one of Garvloit's sons to direct it, but so as to be sure, she went herself with it to the postoffice.

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Salve was one day surprised by this letter. He guessed from whom it came, and hesitated for fear there might be an end to their engagement on account of his last. He remembered how she had received him in Amsterdam. He read it with an overwhelming joy, like one who had got black and white\* for it. He always laid it securely back again in his pocket-book, and was for a time quite another man. But, as the days passed, the paper began gradually to lose its worth in his eyes; it became more and more for him only a dead scrap, a written assurance that she now loved him, but not that he was her only, first and deepest love—and herein lay the doubt. It was high time that the

\* To have it in "black and white" means to have it in writing.

ice should break up and work occupy him; he was not able to go unemployed with his own thoughts. Then his mind was filled almost to oblivion of everything he had suffered that winter—with the exception of seeing Elizabeth again, and of attaining the hour when she should become his wife.

## CHAPTER XXI.

SALVE had come to Amsterdam for the wedding. He had only four days for this, during which the brig lay discharging her cargo at Purmurende; and out of regard for the Garvloits, whom they would spare the expense of a wedding, they had both decided that they would be married the same day they were to start for Purmurende. The forenoon of the marriage, Garvloit's house displayed all its splendor. The clothes for the occasion were brought out from old chests, and were the relics of the prosperous times of the former Garvloits. Madam Garvloit stood in a heavy, stiff, green silk gown, with embroidered flowers, massive ornaments on her bosom, together with a grand, gilt hair-comb, which glittered like a sort of crown over her brow. Garvloit himself had only found a single piece of his grandfather's dress that would fit his corpulent person, namely, a golden-threaded vest, which was long and terribly strained at the buttons.

Some of the oldest friends of the family, with their children, were with them in the church, and likewise the son of the skipper from Vlieland, whose round, bland face shed courageous tears when the bride, with a myrtle wreath and a white veil, was

led to the altar by Garvloit. Elizabeth wore a pair of remarkably beautiful shoes that day with silver buckles, and Salve recognized with glad surprise, that they were those he had presented her with many years ago. The assurance that they now inseparably belonged to each other filled them with an unspeakable gladness. How Elizabeth's heart beat when Skipper Garvloit the first time said "Madam Kristiansen," and how her inmost being bowed overburdened by her happiness every time she heard it repeated by others!

A meal was taken, during which there prevailed a peculiar repression in the atmosphere, for the Garvloits did not find it easy to part with Elizabeth, who had become dear to them.

Two hours after they were on their way to Purmurende; and at the house the Garvloits felt that they were desolate.

When the Apollo, along in the beautiful afternoon, was towed up the great canal by one of the customary tugs that are used for lumber ships, and which are drawn by horses, the bells rang out from Alkmar that well-known olden-time beautiful chime. They stood silent together by the bulwarks, while all the changing tones from the tower clanged out their exultation in the air above them, and they thought it was their bridal song.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THEY had lived a year up in Tonsberg, the happiest of both their lives, and Elizabeth now sat with a little boy in her lap. They had named him Gjert.

She would have her little room neat and orderly. There was almost a Dutch cleanliness and brightness in it, with the blossoms in the window, and, taking it altogether, there was something, both in the room and her own neat dress, which immediately showed that she had moved in other surroundings.

During Salve's frequent absence the fine young skipper's wife had won the notice of many of the good families of the place, with whom she had, without really having intercourse with them, still come on an intimate footing. Salve said nothing to this; but she perceived that he, when he came home, did not like to hear much about it, without her being able to understand wherefore.

This was the only cloud which could for an instant cast a shadow over their happy life. It was, then, always soon forgotten again; for he felt in fact that his jealousy of these people of distinction was a ridiculous weakness in him. But — he could not help

it — Elizabeth had once as good as belonged to them, and now sat instead in his own plain room.

It was otherwise when he, alone, walked up and down the deck out at sea. Then this matter always presented itself in a darker light before him, and he suffered from a painful feeling that these people daily tacitly brought the talk to his home which he least of all could endure — namely, as to what she had renounced in becoming his wife. But his irritable pride, on the other hand, would not for the world have permitted him to say anything about this to Elizabeth, still less ask her to retire from these acquaintances.

When their son Gjert was born, and there came some inquiries, together with some small presents, from the merchant, Jörgensen, after having been sitting the whole time beside himself with joy, near her bed, without being able to persuade himself to leave her and the cradle, he suddenly became low spirited, and commenced to walk back and forth outside, with his hands behind him. Every time he passed the window she saw that his expression was stern.

When he came in again he was, however, doubly loving and devotedly fond of her.

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After the last spring trip Salve returned and passed the time cozily at home, and he enjoyed the

prospect of possibly being permitted to stay there a couple of months during the pleasant part of the year.

The days passed only too quickly, he thought. Elizabeth was blooming like a rose, and they talked together about her being with him on his next trip, and visiting the Garvloits in Holland.

Sunday usually found the handsome, finely-dressed couple mingling with the church-goers, and Elizabeth, who had gotten her eyes opened to his sensitiveness when she talked with any of the "fine people," still was somewhat surprised that he absolutely would have her dress so well. But she soon, with a certain satisfaction, made up her mind that the underlying cause was his pride in her, and that he liked to show her off.

Elizabeth's tactics in connection with these acquaintances was, seen from her standpoint, both delicate and noble. Notwithstanding she suspected that Salve's weakness had its foundation in a sort of distrust in her, she appeared not to attach any importance to it, in the hope that by her own even manner she could at length convince him that he was wrong.

She did not fully comprehend how deeply this matter affected him.

One day, when he had been out on Notter Island and hired sailors, Elizabeth told him, on coming



home, that she had just spoken with the merchant Jørgensen and his wife, who had passed the door.

"They are going to Frederiksvaern; and think of it," said she, still wholly absorbed in gladness, "she knows Marie Fostberg! and I had an opportunity to send her my greetings."

"Marie Fostberg? Who is she?" asked Salve, somewhat startled.

"It was she who was so good to me;" but then, as she began more and more to reflect, her color came and went, and she stammered, as if she continued reluctantly, "it is she who was married to—Beck, the naval officer."

"You should have sent Beck a greeting from me, too," he said, cuttingly. He was pale, and avoided looking at her, while she, perplexed, passed into the house.

At last she went over and sat on his knee and threw her arms about his neck:

"You are not angry with me for this?"

"No; you may, of course, greet whomsoever you will, so far as I am concerned."

"She was my best friend when I was—in Arendal," she added promptly, but stammered at the conclusion again, in order not to say, "in Beck's house."

"I do not doubt that you stood well enough with those people!"

"Salve!" she exclaimed, offended, and rose up; but he drew her down to him again.

"Forgive me, Elizabeth," said he, becoming penitent; "it is hard for me to hear those people mentioned by you. Of course I know it means nothing, as surely as I sit here," he added, when he saw that she had tears in her eyes.

And now he anxiously sought for a long time to quiet her again, which, after a violent outburst on her part, was at last happily accomplished; so that they finally sat together that evening more than blissful, as is usually the case after a storm between lovers.

But Salve became from that day more silent and quiet than ever, though he, in his manner, was as tender as ever toward her. Nor would he, on any of the following Sundays, accompany her to church, and they remained at home.

A restless spirit seemed to have come over him, and he longed only to get out on his voyages again.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

ACCORDING to their plan, Elizabeth had accompanied him down to Amsterdam, where she had visited the Garvloits for some days, and they were now on their way home. They had had a delightful trip, although Salve had been somewhat serious and quiet. He was, in addition to this, however, at all times so attentive and thoughtfully loving in all respects to her, that she almost began to accustom herself to those ways of his, as one may almost unawares become accustomed to a shade less of light, when it is some time since one has been in the sunshine.

They were sailing in beautiful bright weather, before a light breeze, out of the shallow Zuyder Zee, filled with all sorts of vessels, so that in many places they could not see the land. Elizabeth sat up on deck, with the little Gjert, and asked the pilot, interestedly, whom they, according to law, had on duty, about all the flat, sandy-gray islands and towns which gradually appeared; she knew the names of most of them from the years she had been in Amsterdam. Sometimes Salve also entered into the conversation, when some information or other could perhaps interest him, but for the most part he went about si-

lently, listening or standing and looking out, with little Gjert on his arm. A church-tower, in the neighborhood of Urk Island, which she was told was built of Norse granite, appeared to fill her with much patriotic satisfaction.

From Terschelling the passage from the Zuyder Zee out to the North Sea is marked like a narrow street with floating black and red buoys. Even in this quiet, bright weather there were, along the whole stretch, enormous snow-white breakers close by on both sides, and Elizabeth broke out, in a frightened question to the pilot, as to how it must look here in a storm, when the sea was rushing in.

"It is best not to see it then," said the pilot, with a certain seriousness.

"But you are out then too, are you not, pilot?"

"Oh, it is my business," he replied, tersely.

Salve, at this turn of the conversation, came to a standstill.

"Yes, we have pilots in Norway also," she remarked, "who are not afraid of getting their jackets wet—it is a grand life!"

The Dutchman did not seem to share her admiration. He observed coldly:

"For two years in succession, three years since now, they have lost out here in Ameland fifty pilots in all. Those sitting at home don't think much

of the honor! Many of them now scarcely have dry bread for their mouths."

"Yes, but it is grand, pilot!—I should think it grand," she said.

Salve commenced walking again.

The Apollo, a couple of evenings after, lay in the moonlight with a reef in her mainsail off Doggers bank, pitching up and down. Elizabeth still sat up on deck with the child warmly muffled on her lap, while Salve paced the deck back and forth, now and then looking at her.

A little farther off, over near the main hatchway, sat Nils Buvaagen and some of the crew who were off duty, spinning yarns, and the others lounged about in the vicinity to listen.

They had that day encountered a strong dead-water, and the carpenter on this occasion related some mystic stories, to which he insisted he had been eye-witness. Such a dead-water, when met out at sea, had usually signified something for the future.

Elizabeth also sat and listened.

Nils Buvaagen, as a peasant from the fjords, had a strong taste for the superstitious, and had on his many North-sea voyages noticed some such things. He had hitherto been sitting quite silent.

"H'm!" he remarked thoughtfully, as he puffed a whiff from his pipe, "there may be many things

out on the Doggers. Here, I can tell you, it is like an old grave-yard."

With this explanation he ceased speaking, and began to draw strongly at his pipe again, as if he had said more than he really intended. But, when they with renewed appeals compelled him to go on, and all seemed in suspense, he again took up the thread, first looking about him, and asked in a low tone: "Do you know how all the old fish die?"

This unexpected question it seemed none of them were able to answer.

"Oh no," he continued, "that no one knows, and still there die every day such an innumerable number, that if all was right they would cover the whole sea with their white upturned bellies—we would sail only among dead fish. You see, it is a secret just as it is, what becomes of all the old ships in the world."

This word "secret" had a peculiar intensified signification, bordering on the mysterious and ghost-like.

"Yes, the Doggers can be ugly, and may also become so, ere we have sailed across them," he concluded thoughtfully, and leaned back with his neck against the beam, which gave him a support, while he occupied himself with observing the signs of the weather. The clouds chased each other before the full moon.

"Now then, Nils," suggested the carpenter, "it was about the dead fish and the old vessels."

"Yes, they resort hither to the Doggers banks, and perhaps to some other places in the world; therefore it is always like a quick-sand of bodies here in this sea, and so many sounds and signs which cannot be rightly understood."

All at once they were silenced, for it was as if the vessel with a hard shock suddenly came to a stand-still in the midst of its headway, and the spray of a heavy head sea rained over the deck.

"She heard it," said the carpenter, involuntarily, "for she is an old ship, and does not like to pass over the churchyard!"

Elizabeth thought this last proposition sounded so dismal that she rose and prepared for retiring.

They got some heavy seas during the night, with dull shocks, as if they might be in shallow water, which the lead showed they were not. But the next morning, when they were walled in by a close sea-fog, the anchor cable, by the force of the sandy seas, lay undulating along the deck with a certain regularity.

That this had not come about in a natural way, but was a warning which stood in connection with the Doggers mysteries, and that there were dead hands on the banks, many of the crew did not find unreasonable, and Nils shook his head.

Along in the forenoon they began to see the sun like a faint light up in the mist, and at noon it suddenly cleared off into a brilliant sunshine across the greenish expanse of the sea, sparkling with white caps on account of the fresh breeze.

Elizabeth had gone up on deck to enjoy the sun's warmth, for it had been damp and cold; and she now saw, with surprise, that white sails were lying on all sides about them.

This was truly a glorious sight, which she, from her childhood's days on the Skerries, well knew how to admire. In her desire to share her thoughts, she called to Salve.

The most beautiful of them all, without comparison, was the corvette North Star, which stood under full sail aslant down toward the canal; it was on a trip to the Mediterranean. The report of this war-ship had gone along the coast, and Elizabeth had on many occasions enthusiastically desired to see it. She broke out now as if there passed in her mind a recognition that could not be mistaken:

"That is the North Star! Do you see what a glorious, proud ship she is, Salve? Now they take in the topsails! You see how she rides the sea, with her white stripe along the hull, plowing under full sail, with her pennon flying! How fine and prim, with all the active crew up along the rigging



among the heavy, beautiful sails! They take in the topsail as if it might be a flock of birds on the yard. I think—I imagine to myself,” she corrected herself, “Tordenskjold on board in full flight, as they speed over the open sea! Isn’t that a proud ship!” she exclaimed enthusiastically, to Salve. But he stood looking before him, and did not answer.

Salve knew — what Elizabeth had no knowledge of — that Lieutenant Beck was with her on this year’s expedition, as third officer, and his heart was tortured by all these her outbreaks about this ship with which he sailed.

“It was the North Star which, alone of all, tacked against the stream up the straits of Gibraltar!” she continued. At one time she had observed this marvelous exploit in her story of the ships which had followed the Najad, and now expressed it with a certain feeling of pride. “What would you say, Salve,” said she, raising her voice to arouse him to answer, “if you were captain on board such a ship?”

“Yes, it would be quite another thing than to be standing with such a wooden shoe under one’s foot as this used-up Apollo, you can understand!” he replied bitterly. He felt that he was not able to control his words longer, and turned suddenly from her, while he seemed to be occupied in giving his commands.

Elizabeth, puzzled, still remained standing. She must have wounded him deeply, but could not understand clearly wherein. She could not mistake the thundering voice in which he gave his orders, and his expression as he stood over on the other side, by the wheel, with his hand in his breast. She was certain that it was clenched underneath his pea-jacket.

For a time she appeared to be pondering, but then her face wore the stamp of a determined decision. She would speak right out, and it was just as well, first as last, to have a scene with him about this matter; for it was certainly preposterous—he could not be jealous of a ship!—and she would at least, she said to herself, with a shake of her head, no longer bear this. There had really come to be an intolerable insecurity at the least word, and constant pin-prickings. There must sometime be a clearing up and settling; and now it should come about, so that he might at length get his eyes opened and see what nonsense he was really exhibiting.

She felt herself relieved with the prospect of at length casting off this secret invisible burden which had so long weighed upon their married life. There was no opportunity for this that entire afternoon.

There was a prospect of hard weather again, and some of the sails were reefed. Later he walked back and forth for some hours, forward by the poop.

She understood that he purposely avoided her. It seemed that the crew, also, had a feeling that it was not well to approach him, for they quietly shunned that side of the narrow deck forward where he walked. In oilskin clothes, and coverings which they had drawn on on account of the weather prospect, they stood in a crowd by the capstan and talked together, with doubtful glances at the rigging and at the banks of clouds that rolled darkly on the horizon to windward, and the old cordage began to creak everywhere from the driving breeze. They waited impatiently the orders to reef more sail, for it was not doubtful that they would have to go before the trysails for the night.

It seemed to be the last thing that Salve had determined, for, when he suddenly shouted out to them that they should take two reefs in the mainsail and shorten the topsails, the storm was upon them. He sprang aft at the instant, grasped the trumpet, and, as he hurriedly passed Elizabeth, who sat in the lee of the poop, he said, shortly and harshly, almost without looking toward her:

"This is no weather to be sitting out in, Elizabeth; you must go to your berth with the child."

This Elizabeth also perceived herself, and she went; but there was something painfully surprised in the expression with which she first stood some-

what lingeringly, and looked after him. He had never before spoken to her in this way. She thought it sounded as if he hated both her and the child.

The crew had expected that he would give way a little to the weather, and not force the old brig with tacking about in such a night as was before them, and it was, therefore, with speechless dissatisfaction that they carried out the order of stretching the tacks and braces of the little sheets under which they were sailing. It shrieked and wailed through the old blocks, while they, in the twilight, hauled taut in the midst of the hail-storm, and the heavy, lurching ship was pressed in the wind, pitching and staggering amidst the billows.

Nils Buvaagen was a rare helmsman, and had a wonderful hand for knowing in the darkness whether the vessel luffed or yawed. He and another man stood silent by the wheel, while Salve went up and down in the windward near at hand. By the gleam of light from the binnacle, which sometimes flashed on him, Nils thought that he looked ashen gray.

Nils had it on his heart to say something, but he could not see that it was advisable.

"Falling off three or four points, Captain!" he shouted warningly, "Southeast by east!"

"The topsail snaps!" was heard from the bow, "It will fall aft!"

"The vessel is old, Captain; the masts will not bear much handling," Nils at length ventured quietly to suggest; he thought that there now was a chance for a word.

"I shall show you that I can make the wooden shoe go," muttered Salve, infuriated, while he pretended not to have overheard what had been said.

"Fall off, Nils! she must have more speed, and then over on a new tack!" was his answer in commanding tones.

"Ready, about!"

Nils sighed; he thought this was unwarrantable sailing; and there were surely none of the men who did not have the same feeling. Through the darkness and splashings of the sea were heard the orders at intervals following each other:

"Haul in on the boom-tackle!—hard to larboard!—raise the tacks!—brace up aft!—brace up forward!"

There seemed to be something wrong with one of the lines on the fore-top, for it was difficult for the yard to brace about, and they heard a hollow sound from it—heard how the sail shivered so that the whole mast shook. These rough folk were accustomed to a touch of everything. One of them mounted the insecure old rigging, and felt in the darkness out along the shaking yard after the line,

which he cleared, while the sea whitened not far beneath his feet, and soon everything was again ready for hauling. This took place amid short shouts from the staggering crowd below.

"Reef up aft!—reef forward!" was heard again. "Haul the jib-sheets!" But when the jib was well taut and made fast it broke, and kept hanging and snapping about the stay until it gradually raveled itself out in shreds.

They had come over on a new tack, but the situation was the same, with perpetual lurchings from the heavy seas, so that the deck from mid-ships forward could with difficulty be passed.

That night Salve was really not himself. There had come some intractable demon in him, and, as he walked there in the storm and darkness, there was defiance deep in his soul.

The North Star cruising up Gibraltar straits was the refrain which constantly sounded in his brain and kindled his blood, until it grew into a fever fancy, in which he saw it sail and Elizabeth standing and expressing her admiration. But he should show that he, also, was a man for cruising, for which he did not need any North Star under foot!—he should show it in an old broken pram.

Elizabeth seemed to have desired to place man against man; well, so let it be. She was mistaken

if she thought that he, on board his poor brig, would bow before any so-called naval officer.

Twice, when the cook, who on the voyage waited upon Elizabeth, was coming up the hatchway, Salve had inquired how it was with her, and learned that she sat fully dressed below. The last time the good-natured cook added, in a peculiar, circumspect tone:

"She undoubtedly longs to see you, Captain,—she is not accustomed to this."

Had the cook's eye been able to cleave the darkness, he would have seen a scornful play of his features. Without answering, he gave himself again to walking up and down his steady way to windward between the poop and the wheel, while he now and then was obliged to hold himself by the belaying-pins under the gunwale.

While his jealousy and irritated self-esteem saw everything with insane exaggeration, Elizabeth had been sitting below as a prey to many thoughts.

When she went down with the child she had a dull feeling that there had overtaken or was about to overtake her a great sorrow. He had never shown himself thus toward her. She could not think, and gave herself mechanically to arranging for the child, and laying it down as she was wont. The rolling berth was but a cradle for the little one, in which he went to sleep at once securely and quietly.

In the narrow cabin the lamp swung to and fro under the beam. A dim ray of light fell down on the green-leaved table, which stood between the port-holes, and over on the pegsful of sea-clothes which moved back and forth along the wall.

She stood with her elbow resting on the edge of the berth and supported the child, while her eyes rested on its face. Salve's conduct had been so remarkable, his eye so cloudy, that she had gotten the impression that it would be venturing everything if she should now keep to her decision of bringing him to speak straight out. But there worked on the other side an almost unconquerable desire of casting off, with a bold move, this yoke of uncertainty between them, and for once coming to an understanding. Her expression still bore a trace of a contest without result, when it lost itself in an anxious, strained listening. Through the deafening creakings of the ship's timbers, in its constant lurchings, she heard Salve's harsh commands, and the hauling of the ropes across the deck during the eager shoutings of the men. Now and then the whole ship shivered from a sudden shock, and her feet would lose the floor, so that she would be obliged to cling to the berth while supporting the little one. She understood that they had heavy weather, and expected that Salve would come down.



After a time she heard some one on the stairs, but he who presented himself was the cook. With a red, weather-beaten and dripping-wet face he stood holding to the door, which would shut again. He inquired as to how it was within.

"It is surely heavy weather?" she asked, after a pause, in which she subdued her disappointment.

"Violent, Madam; but it will surely become lighter when the captain eases off—for we are tacking hard, Madam."

"What was the great noise up on deck?"

"Oh, we only laid over on a new tack, and so the fore-topsail ran foul and then the jib snapped off. But he will surely ease up, Madam," he said, in a good-natured, consoling way. By the tone in which he had said this it appeared that his real meaning was that this ought to have been done long ago.

"So we tack closely, Jens?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes, one may well say so—it creaks in all its joints; but when we ease up, Madam, you will see that it will immediately become better. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No, thanks." She stood a little irresolute as to whether she should ask if her husband would soon come down, and the cook understood it, but she let it pass by, only adding, "Thanks, nothing is needed."

Jens carefully closed the door, which was apt to open again, and staggered with his heavy boots up the stairs.

She remained standing in the same listening attitude; but in her look was reflected more and more an anguish of soul, and she wrung her clasped hands at last in the dark berth. She understood that Salve would not come down, and an instinctive fear assured her that he was now cruising with a dark defiance of her and the child,—that this was his means of answering her.

“But what have I done?” she burst out violently, and thereupon buried her face in the bed-clothes.

“What have I done?” she kept repeating in her mind, until the thought that she always had held at a distance began to draw before her with full, heavy assurance. “He does not trust me!” she whispered despairingly to herself. “He must entertain some suspicion against me!” And she laid her head and her beautiful throat back on her arm, as her child would have done when crying disconsolately—but she could not weep.

“What can he believe?—what can he then think?” rose apprehensively up in her soul, and it was almost as if petrified—that she now stood and searched the region of possibilities for all his doubt. She saw no limit, but only a black depth

of distrust, and feared that Salve's love toward her was on the point of being lost.

She cared no more for the noise and creaking, thought no longer of the vessel's increased lurchings and the crashing shocks of the seas. While she often was obliged to exert herself to keep in her berth, all the energy of her soul had arisen and was absorbed in that single, horrible fear. All her defiance had vanished; she felt only courage for one thing, and that was to do what was possible to retain his love.

There passed a succession of thoughts through her mind, which ended with an expression of pale, crushed contrition. Now she humbly laid all the blame upon herself, and upbraided herself despairingly in her inmost soul for her crime against him; it was, she knew, herself who had made him thus, that he was no longer able to have full faith in her. And now it was only the penalty which came. She had seen how he had striven,—doing all that he could!

As she stood thus she felt herself ready for every sacrifice, ready without sighing, humbly to bear his burden through her whole life; for now in her bitter repentance it was coming clearly up before her that he had become sick. soul-sick, through her inconsiderateness.

Her instinct gave her a perception at once of the most powerful healing remedy. He should see that she on her part showed unshaken confidence in him, a confidence not less than the child's who slept there. It was with a faint smile about her lips that she quietly undressed herself and lay down in the berth by the side of little Gjert.

Upon the deck Salve had occasion to use the night-glass, which lay down in the cabin. The watch had thought once that he had gotten a glimpse of a light, in which case, according to Salve's reckoning, they must be near Jutland. His pride, meantime, forbade his sending any one else to get it, and he could not persuade himself to go down to Elizabeth.

While the men among themselves were becoming more and more thoughtful over the rashness with which he pressed the old vessel through the inky blackness and raging sea, so that the deck was constantly under water, so to say, Salve walked back and forth, afraid to go down in his own cabin. It was at last necessary, and he started with quick strides down the steps.

As he opened the cabin door he paused a moment startled, and looked about him. He had expected to find her sitting up in alarm with the child on her lap. In place of this there was deep peace,

and the lamp was nearly going out. With a trace of his former hurried gait he went across and took the glass from the wall. After twice searching with matches, which, on account of the humidity he found difficult to fire, he held the light up to the barometer, but remained standing with it in his hand and listened whether she slept. He involuntarily approached the berth, meanwhile, and tried to look in.

"Elizabeth!" he whispered low, as if he feared to waken her.

"Is it you, Salve?" spoke up her quiet voice.

"I thought you were sitting up in this storm with the little one on your lap. It rolls so, and I had not looked below to see to you," he said with suppressed emotion.

"I?—no! I knew that I had you up on deck, and so I was quiet. We must trust in God. It was hard for you, poor soul, and you were too busy to come down."

"Elizabeth!" he cried suddenly, with passionate repentance, and in his wet clothes reached impetuously into the berth to embrace her.

Then was heard a crash, accompanied by a violent concussion. It was as if something in the ship had broken, and loud shoutings were heard.

With the same motion with which he would have embraced her he lifted her out quickly and

shouted: "Dress yourself and the child! Spare no time and come up on the poop!"

The vessel lurched roughly at the same time, without righting herself again.

"The fore-topmast is gone, Captain — rigging lies outside!" roared Nils Buvaagen down the gang-way.

Salve turned a moment to her with an expression of writhing, dumb self-reproach, and sprang up on deck.

"Fall off,—if she obeys!" he shouted to the man by the helm. "Take your axes, men!"

The brig lay with its frail rigging in a dangerous position to the wind and sea, quite over on its side, with the waves breaking over it like a skerry.

Salve was himself up in the foremast and cut away the broken mast, which slid out over the leeward side down into the sea.

In the faint, gray light of the morning, in which the men were scarcely discernible, the axes in their strong grasp gave feverish, powerful blows to the back-stays, rigging and ladders. But while they thus worked they lost during the fearful reeling, in rapid succession, the great top-gallantsail and top-sails, with their yards and belongings. The forestay broke, the mainsail was rent asunder, the lower yards and the forestay-mast were chafing. When they at last, after desperate, steady, perilous exer-

tions, were fortunate enough to free the vessel from the incumbrance of the rigging, it lay like a half wreck, which with difficulty could be steered excepting with the wind.

They had nothing to carry them but a boom mainsail and a forestay, and under these Salve kept the storm at bay,—the only thing there was to do,—pending that the coming day-break should show whether they had open sea before them or that frightful Jutland. The latter before this westerly wind would, in their helpless plight, be something almost identical with stranding on the shoals, and would be sure destruction.

At day-break they distinguished Horn's Point, with its blue-tinted bay, down in a southeasterly direction. They lay nearly outside of Ringkjøbing's fjord, and there was now nothing to do but to try and clear the coast. Their hope rested on the wind's lulling or springing up more from the south, and on the current, which here usually carries northward, if it does not set them too hard toward land. With considerable labor they hoisted such a jib as they could, with which they gained ability to support the vessel a little better against the wind.

Salve walked his damaged deck, where some of the bulwarks, together with the poop forward, were broken in; while the crew, two-and-two, spelled each

other at the pumps, for it had been reported long since that there was two-and-a-half feet depth of water at the bottom, and in spite of their pumping there stood over four feet. The brig must have a serious leak, which was so much the more critical, as they on the return carried ballast only, and had no lumber to float upon.

There was dealt out that morning extra rations of all sorts; for, notwithstanding they worked with forced spirits, there was certainly no one on board who had not had the thought that this day might perhaps be his last. They were passing the head of Agger Channel, and hoped for a freer sea when the coast outside of Thyland should begin to slope more eastward. To Elizabeth Salve had remarked:

“I am afraid that it may be necessary to land on some suitable point. We lose the brig,” he added, with a slightly quivering voice.

He laid an emphasis on the latter, because he would not tell her the worst, namely, that that suitable point he spoke of was not to be found on the whole coast, and that there was evident danger of life. She looked, meanwhile, so trustfully at him that it cut him to the heart, and he turned away. He did not conceal from himself that his was the fault of this shipwreck, and had in his own mind determined to acknowledge this to Elizabeth. But



there was neither time nor place for this. That he should lose the ship also hurt him sorely; for he thought he had worked hard during many years for the skillings, and that it was the same as becoming a common laborer again.

Elizabeth was really glad at heart, and did not think much about the brig which they were to lose, but all the more that she was fortunate in being able to show her implicit confidence, and thereby win a great victory over Salve; for, after what she had that night passed through with him, this latter thought had become everything to her.

While she crooned and rocked the boy on her lap below in the cabin, to get him to sleep, there stood out an energetic, grand determination in her countenance, and it was with moist eyes that she whispered over him: "If he is not able to trust us, we two will teach him it; is it not so, Gjert?"

His diseased mind, she understood, would always see her inmost heart in her bearing, and be constantly assured of her unreserved love, before he could believe;—and he should have it so! He should not so much as suspect a reproach on account of the brig; never in anything that might hereafter come between them should he see a displeased look from her. This became a fixed, determined matter in her soul, for she now sat with this night's experience to

prove that she had found the remedy. She felt that when it was necessary to preserve herself for him she had strength for everything.

At dinner-time Salve and Nils Buvaagen stood together a moment by the gunwale. Although the storm was considerably slackened, the weather was still murky and hazy, and the sea heavy. Two or three sea-gulls circled drearily between them and the coast, along which they now saw the sea, for a long stretch, boiling in yellowish waves over the shoals like a mighty wall, which rose and fell while the spray dashed mast-high from a few skerries outside. Notwithstanding that the wind bore them toward the land, they heard the hollow thunderings from within, and as it were a whistling in the air. It was not to be concealed that during the next three or four hours they would see the end of this. They both stood silent, each with his own reflections.

"I would say to you what seems to me the heaviest in this," said Salve, earnestly. "It is, that you or some of the others may lose their lives, as the fault of my sailing last night; the brig is my own matter."

"It will come out right, you will see, Captain," said Nils, consolingly. "We can hang to the ship when she lurches over the shoals, and there will be some way or other in there, it seems to me."

"Yes, God grant it!" said Salve, and left. But

Nils still remained standing for a moment. His coarse, bearded features made a wry face. He entertained but little hope, and thought of his wife and children at home.

"Change about at the pumps!" was heard. It was Nils' turn again, and he gave himself indefatigably to the work.

Salve was suffering from the pangs of conscience. He looked so strained and restless, and by his look and manner it was more and more evident that a struggle was at hand, for the unavoidable was now clear to the eyes of all. Through the glass could be seen a crowd of people upon the beach, the jagged formations of which loomed up over yonder a smoky, violet-blue. He now stood by the poop with his wife and child. There he had for an instant looked at her, and given vent to one agonizing sigh.

"I would gladly give the brig, and stand again with my two poor hands, if I could undo this night's work, Elizabeth."

She pressed his hand with an expression of fearless trust, which answered him better than words. But straightway after he became the practical busy man, and showed her a way in which she could bind the child to her breast with a handkerchief. He tied a rope around her waist with a sailor's knot.

"When you pull so, you are free from it. I can-

not stay with you; I must do my duty for all the lives which are on board, you well know!"

"Do so, Salve!" she whispered; "that will satisfy both of us best."

"And so," he concluded, while he stroked them both on the brow, "you must have fresh courage; it will be all right, you will see, and when there is real need I will be with you."

"With God's gracious help!" she answered; "remember that, Salve!"

Then he crossed the deck hurriedly, and shouted to the men aft for a council. The vessel now lay under a mass of water which it had sucked in while one side was submerged.

"Hear, lads!" he said; "this is, as every one of you see, a serious matter; but if we have courage in our breasts it may still chance that we at least escape with our lives. We have about three hours now ere we are by the shoals; but when twilight comes on it may perhaps be difficult for the people on land to rescue us. We must steer in while it is light, and ourselves choose the best place we can find. If you agree with me, lads, then we will land at once, rather than permit the hulk to fling herself, in the darkness, on the sands, like a dead fish."

The men were silent, and looked thoughtfully toward the land. But when Nils Buvaagen declared

himself to be of the captain's opinion, by treading across the deck to him, the others all followed.

Salve himself went to the wheel. "Slant in aft! Cast off the braces and sheets!" he commanded, while he himself turned the wheel, and gradually let the brig approach land.

"Cast off!" was the response; and this was the last order given on board the Apollo.

They now approached land with more speed. By the wheel stood Salve, occasionally bracing his knee against one of the cogs; his dark, sharp face was strained, and his eye searched like a falcon's for the place best to be chosen. Twice he looked over on the beach where a cluster of men were moving about.

The chalk-white rising and falling wall steadily grew higher before their eyes, the dim and hollow roar of the breakers grew constantly more deafening, and as Elizabeth gazed upon it with a sense of the peril, it made her dizzy. It continued so painfully long. Salve over by the wheel began to stand in a mist before her, and she tried in her anguish to look down upon the child—only upon the child.

The seething, dizzying whistling in the air increased about her with all sorts of hissing sounds and wonderful wails. Her eye saw the yellow, sandy sea-foam rising with a mighty crest, and whirling flakes of beaten scum in the air about her. She heard

appalling shouts, and she suddenly thought that the brig was stranded, while the mainmast reeled to and fro, and then she felt a crushing weight of water come over her, which would force her down the cabin steps, to which she clung; it was repeated again and again, without cessation, and she was tortured. But her only thought was to hold fast.

When she again came to consciousness she had Salve by her side. He held himself by the same line as she, and all the men had sought the stern, where they had lashed themselves. The brig lay over on its side, with its stern elevated, while heavy masses of water dashed over the prow and midships.

"The rigging to leeward must be cut if we are to be saved, lads!" shouted Salve through the hollow of his hand, and sprang forward with an ax. He was aided by Nils Buvaagen; and Elizabeth watched with mortal agony how the two men cut line after line, while they were obliged to cling to the rigging and let the sea wash over them. After the last stroke, which freed them from the mast, Salve saved himself by quickly rushing aft. The next instant they were hurled by the yellow, sandy breaker over the bar, and then, stretch by stretch, shock by shock, over into the shallow water nearer shore, amid constant blinding inundations, while the prow of the ship was broken.

Salve calculated coolly that this was a chance in his favor, for it eased the brig from the weight of the water it had in the hold, and it would now be lifted more readily in upon the strand.

At last, after a couple of long, frightful hours, toward the close of which the hazy-gray atmosphere began to darken a little, and the beach became more and more indistinct, it seemed that the vessel was aground. The waves now only occasionally broke over it, but they always cast heavy sand in upon the deck. They had the prospect of being broken in two, plank by plank, if they should remain thus through the night, or perhaps be buried in the sand.

At one side of the shoal, there where they saw people upon the strand, ran a channel with a tearing stream, and they perceived that it was, for the time being, their good fortune not to have been cast quite over into it, for then the brig would have been sunk. On the other side it was navigable, though in parts full of breakers. They understood that their sign to those on land was apprehended, but saw, to their despair, that they all disappeared. Salve then took some planks, which he bound together, and the crew followed his example with whatever floating material each could find. His intention was to try and save Elizabeth and the child, and bring them up on the beach by binding them fast to it and

depending on his power of swimming and quickness,—if he, by the help of a rope, could draw them up through the heavy under-tow, which moved toward land, each time leaving behind a long, dry stretch. Elizabeth, meanwhile, sat on the steps out of position rightly to apprehend what was transpiring.

As he stood absorbed in his work he heard a glad shouting about him. Back on a point on the shore came a crowd of men who drew a large boat between them. When they stopped on the beach, some seated themselves in it, and just as a surge washed over they pushed out again. The force of a receding wave soon put the boat out at sea, while the rowers with all their strength pulled on the oars.

It was clear that this venturesome folk understood these waters, for they steered in a large circle behind a stretch of shoals, which like a mole broke the worst of the heavy weight of the waves, and then stood aslant down to the wreck, to the leeward of which there was comparative quiet. They hooked fast and shouted:

“Make haste lads!”

Any exhortation was not needed. Salve bore his almost unconscious wife down to the gunwale, where they took her and laid her aft in the bottom of the boat; but she raised herself with outstretched arms until she had again gotten her child, which



was handed her from man to man, and gazed anxiously until she also saw Salve come. He sprang last of all down into the boat, and then she fainted.

They pushed off and stood across the waves right in toward land, where a score of men in sea-boots and woolen jackets, stood forming a chain hand in hand out into the sea, and stranded the boat.

They heard a glad shout about them as they came up, and he who sat by the rudder exclaimed to Salve, who speechless had grasped his hand:

"That was bravely done, Norseman, to steer straight on; otherwise you would have lain on the reef to-night!"

With true-hearted interest and hospitality, these benumbed seamen were bidden to stay over night with their rescuers.

Bearing his child on his arm, and now and then supporting his wife, Salve and the wearied crew followed the brave Ib Mathisen and his comrades in between the jagged points, where they no longer felt the wind.

It was yet over seven miles in to the nearest fishing huts. The twilight came on, and they walked in silence, sad and exhausted, while their guides occasionally talked a little among themselves. When they some time after came out on the flat downs,

the sand driven by the whistling winds scorched, as it were, their faces and hands.

The principal person among them was Ib Mathisen, and into his door Salvé with his wife was led, while the crew was divided among the others.

Ib's wife, a robust woman of about fifty years, with an energetic face browned from her life on the heath, stood over by the fire with her sleeves tucked up tending to her baking when they came in. She examined critically those entering for a moment, without changing her stooping posture; but at the sight of Elizabeth and the child she broke out with a sympathy in her voice that was better than all other welcomes:

"Has the poor woman with the child come straight from the sea, Ib?"

"Yes, Maren,—Mathis and Peter were not to be seen outside, thank God!" he answered.

This last seemed to be an alleviating piece of intelligence, and she busied herself about for them without saying anything further, while she and her grown daughter drew a bench to the fire, and set a kettle on to make some warm drink. She seemed to have an active practicality for everything that pertained to this; for it was not long before they had all changed their clothes, and Elizabeth and the child were lying in the bed.

While she was employed in this way she occasionally, in a low voice, questioned Ib as to how it had happened.

Salve, who sat by the fire, gazing into it with his chin resting upon his hand, heard her ask:

"I wonder if he himself owned the vessel?"

"Yes, it was all our fortune," answered Salve, quietly; "still, we must be glad that your husband rescued us, and we are sorry that we have but little to thank him with, for he in this storm ventured not only a drenching, but his life, out on the reefs."

"So you went out again, Ib?" remarked the woman, turning to her husband with an expression of grieved reproach; it did not indicate, however, that she would have it undone.

"We take no pay for such labor," said he, a little short, to Salve, and then, in a milder tone, "We ourselves have two sons who sail on Norway, you see; a heavy sea runs there, also."

Salve was pale and worn, and after having eaten a little he lay down; but toward morning he lay awake.

He heard a hollow rumbling and thundering from the sea. Elizabeth tossed about in a restless feverish dream and talked, filled with the scenes of the stranding. From certain words it appeared that her thoughts were occupied with him. He lay and

listened without making out any real meaning; but she kept talking more restlessly than ever:

"Never, never!" said she aloud, "he shall never hear a word about the brig!" and after a time she whispered quietly, "Is it not so, Gjert? He shall find us in the berth, or he will believe we are terrified."

Salve was concerned about her, and felt, during this, how inexpressibly he loved her; but this reflection still came to him from her words, that she, after all, had her thoughts back of her conduct toward him; it had not, then, been straightforward and natural on her part; and it was with a distressed sigh that he gently kissed her brow.

A couple of hours after he was up and on his way down to the sea to look after the brig.

The surroundings answered to his mood. The wind piped along the pale yellow melancholy drifts and the occasional sand-clouds among the downs, which formed a jagged and desolate waste.

On the white coast whirled a few screaming sea-birds about some black stumps of wrecks which rose up from the sand. Without lay the boundless western sea without a ship on its leaden-gray surface, for these waters are shunned by all seamen. It broke, thundering mightily, over reefs fourteen to sixteen feet high, and then over another series

within there, while the froth in many places sent its long spurts up along the beach itself.

Between the inner reefs and the land still stood the remains of the brig's stern, while pieces of plank, rigging and masts lay plashing upon the beach.

While Salve thus walked in silence across it he felt a peculiar sympathy drawing him to this coast. He thought that his own life answered so well to it. He had succeeded in getting a brig, and it now stood out there on the sand. And he had gotten Elizabeth, but her, also, in such a manner that she was in fact wrecked to him. In the midst of his sorrow over the brig was mingled what he had heard her say that night, like a faint, painful ground swell.

He was soon overtaken by Ib Mathisen and the sailors. Then began an eager seeking out of the possible remains of their possessions, and three ship chests, together with a compass, was the result of an hour's search.

They also remained over that day at the fishing hut, and it was with emotion that they took leave of Ib and his wife, and all these men who had so disinterestedly sacrificed themselves, without being willing in any way to receive a recompense.

After having given a declaration to the magistrates as to what had happened, and after Salve,

with the greater part of the money which he had laid by, had paid the crew what he owed them, they went with a grain sloop which lay in the harbor up to Kristiansand.

On the way Salve spoke but little. He pondered on his future prospects, but at the same time another dark current passed through him; for his mind had again become unsettled in relation to Elizabeth, and as usual it waxed into a steadily darker mood, which more and more influenced his thoughts.

He knew very well that there prevailed only one opinion among his crew,—that he himself had injudiciously lost the ship, and that this would come out; so that there was little prospect of his becoming a skipper for any one. Neither did he like to try to beg himself into such a position in Tonsberg, and perhaps get it, on Elizabeth's account, who was unusually well liked there: he could not endure the thought of having her with him among all those fine people there.

There was but one thing left for him,—he would become a pilot on the Arendal coast, and begin as a private pilot. For this he was as capable as any one, having been born and brought up there; for this he really had an attraction, and there somewhere,—for instance on Merd Island, he thought to himself, bitterly,—he could have Elizabeth in peace.

When he had positively decided upon this he went over to Elizabeth, who sat with her boy on the edge of the hatch. She had during the last days often, but unperceived, looked anxiously at him.

"Elizabeth," said he, "I have thought over what I shall do. By selling everything we have in Tonsberg I can buy a good pilot skiff, and then have a little besides to begin with; for I think of beginning as private pilot out on Merd Island. You will have to content yourself with being a common man's wife."

"If he is only called Salve Kristiansen, I am happy, you know," she replied, contentedly; "and out there I have always enjoyed myself, Salve."

"We will have to rent a house for you and the child until I have arranged matters in Tonsberg," he remarked.

It cost her but little effort to hear this, for she was delighted at the thought of again seeing her old room; and thereupon they talked together as to how everything ought to be arranged.

When Salve later walked on deck he muttered: "She is clever enough to answer for herself!"

Whatever she might have replied, he would still have been suspicious now.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

WE can only with a few strokes follow their united lives during the coming ten years, in which they lived on Merd Island, until the time when we in the beginning of this story cast our eye into their home—Salve was now forty, and Elizabeth about thirty-six—and we will not dwell any longer in describing a covered sore, which was steadily increasing like a plague spot, while the foliage and happiness of their life every year grew more sparse.

He had even become more difficult to get on with, and Elizabeth's quiet, self-denying battle became harder with every month. She must weigh her words at gold weight, evade his sensitiveness in the most ingenious way, and might still err most unexpectedly, when suddenly a scene would break out, so much the more bitter since he never directly explained himself. Patiently hiding her own emotion, she had only waited for it to pass over, while often it ended that he, in a silent and dark mood, went to sea.

She would then sit a long time and weep. Now and then the pent-up indignation and anger would blaze wildly up in her and demand expression. But, when this passed, there rose again with her love the thought that it was she who should help



him to overcome the deep mistrust which he had found out in the world. She saw with an agonized soul how much he himself suffered.

On the other hand, how proud was she not of him when she heard the other pilots interested in what he had ventured and accomplished? and she noticed how they all looked up to him. What a heart he carried at bottom, she alone knew; the others judged him only from his hard, rough exterior.

In the beginning, when the obtaining of a pilot's commission still stood as the goal of his ambition, this had partly exercised a happy, controlling influence; but it had not, however, hindered him sometimes now, as well as later, from sitting in Arendal instead of going home after his trips.

There were two circumstances which formed a decided turning point in his life. The one, when Captain Beck, who had come to be a wealthy man, was appointed master of the pilot commission, and as such became Salve's superior officer, and the other when his son, the naval officer, after retiring from the navy, moved to Arendal and took charge of his father's dock-yard.

Subsequent to the coming of the Becks, Elizabeth could always be sure of finding him in dark humor when she sometimes would go to Arendal to make purchases, and to see her aunt. He was

then apt to relieve himself by uttering some biting sarcasm as to old Beck's capability as chief pilot. She always let it pass, though in the beginning not without great effort, for she felt sore need of occasionally getting out among people, and seeing other conditions than the daily routine on Merd Island.

In the dull solitude into which she thus gradually relapsed, these slow, torturing mental sufferings at last became to her an habitual yoke, and, almost more than by her original determination, she was sustained each time by the prospect of an instantaneous reward, if she was successful, two or three happy, undisturbed, sunny days at home, during which she thought she had him by her side as at first. She failed, alas! only too often.

But just this, that Elizabeth more and more yielded and subjected herself, kept nourishing his ever wakeful, peering suspicion, while he was sensible that this was not her nature, and he constantly thought that he perceived an underlying prudence. This sickly distrust, in connection with his later secret doubts in relation to his wife, had gradually made him a tyrant, who in his dark moods would not brook a glimpse of opposition, either from her or from any one in his house. But, again, he himself was, as we have seen, not less pained at his temper than she; therefore he resorted to Arendal.

## CHAPTER XXV.

YOUNG Beck, as he was called, in contradistinction to his father, lived in a tolerably ambitious style, and they had the means for it, for the dock-yard brought, at the year's end, a large sum of money.

The stately naval lieutenant was an attractive man socially. His curly black hair slightly tinged with gray, fell beautifully over his brow, and when he gave a toast, all were unanimous that he was as handsome a man as could be found. There was a noble repose in his bearing, and his unusual ability always secured recognition.

With such a nature he could not help becoming, as well in social as in administrative relations, of the greatest influence.

If Lieutenant Beck was always thus favored, this was less the case with his wife. The general opinion that she was in all respects so "correct," was not so much a compliment to her, as it implied homage to her social position. In secret she was her husband's regulating momentum. Without her tact he would not have been so sure to preserve his position in the midst of all this good-natured cordiality in which he moved.

In his relation to his wife Lieutenant Beck always seemed to be entirely chivalrous; he did not omit the slightest attention, and he was always complimented as a model of a husband.

Some of their nearest friends might, however, have found something strange in their relation, something cold and reserved about both of them, and they intimated that his wife scarcely understood how to appreciate him rightly. It seemed that the two talked better when there were outsiders present.

And then Mrs. Beck was so remarkably pale; her tranquillity at times would strike one as somewhat unfeeling, and she showed, in contrast to his warm ways, a measured coldness.

When the newly married couple came to Frederiksvaern, her color was fresh, and her expression bore the brightness of their first love's happiness. His warm, attractive personality completely captivated her, and she felt herself secure in the possession of his love.

A couple of faults which stood in contrast to what she had herself thought his manly ways, were gradually disclosed to her. He suffered from an extraordinary vanity, and was almost ridiculously dependent on the world's opinion. But so long as he was in the main right, and she felt that he loved her, these disappointments were to her only trifles. She re-

lied on the power she was more and more gaining over his mind, and still thought that she could love him if possible more devotedly with these his weaknesses, which she quietly made it her aim to remove.

This amiable Lieutenant Beck was sought in all houses, and as a ladies' favorite he soon stood in the position, so to say, of a sentimental gallant to the entire fair circle of the place. There was by no means anything to criticise in this. When he came home he often wore a flower in his button-hole, and received presents now from one and then from another. They laid claim to him, in a way, as a common object of admiration.

The only person who in secret felt herself placed outside was his own wife. She saw this whole enthusiastic army gradually forming like a rising obstruction between herself and her husband, and trampling down those very flowers which should grow only for them in their own home.

She gradually became less animated, but listened, as he thought, interestedly to the many observations he made after they got home from such a company. At the same time her toilette became more exquisite, and her natural endowments for a social bearing and conversation of which she was possessed, were now cultivated systematically.

She would accomplish nothing less than conquer her rivals, who surpassed her in appearance but were beneath her in soul. She conquered, but suffered from the gossip which naturally followed.

The only one against whom she did not win her battle was her husband. His self-esteem was too much taken up with the manifold little adulations, and the homage of which he was the recipient, to apprehend the great flattery for his person which was contained in his wife's conduct. He was married to her, so of course he had her safely enough.

From that time was dated her influence in the social circles in which she moved, and this she, supported by her husband's wealth and high position, also knew how to retain after they had removed to Arendal.

During the first year of their married life it had come to a serious, and, so far as she was concerned, to a decisive declaration. This was occasioned by his conduct toward a prominent officer's wife, which her pride would not tolerate, although she very well perceived that this with her husband was only something midway between a vanity and a matter of calculation. In a party she had shown herself remarkably frigid toward this lady, and her husband upbraided her when they got home.

He had hitherto lived securely in his connection

with his wife, and with blind egotism seen nothing of all this which had been agitating her. She then responded but slightly to his reproaches; she only stood looking at him for a time in such a way that he was ill at ease, and then went quietly out. He could hear that she ascended the stairs slowly.

After an hour's time she came down into the sitting-room again with a light in hand. Her expression was cold, and she did not look at him while she as usual fastened up and righted the room for the night. He sought to quiet her while he prayed her not to take it so much to heart. He would have thrown his arm about her waist, but saw suddenly an angry, excited, deadly pale woman before him.

Now she took the leaf from her mouth, and what Lieutenant Beck then heard he surely never repeated to his best friend; for at heart it struck him as the truth, although he was a man soon to forget it again. She called him a pitiful, worthless fellow, who for flattery sold her, and everything which they had held dear together, to anybody. There was, she said, while she made a gesture as if thrusting away something which she most thoroughly despised, not so much left of his nature, parcelled out among a hundred flirts, that it could be taken up by a woman with any honor and truth in her.

When Beck, throwing himself on the sofa, burst out sentimentally that he was an unhappy man, she repeated twice in an indescribably scornful tone :

"A man!—a man!—had you been a man you would still have possessed my love—at least a spark of it, but now it is like this light"—she blew it out—"everything between us is extinguished!" With these words she left the room.

Lieutenant Beck sat overwhelmed and almost stunned by this dreadful blow to his domestic happiness, and felt a fearful dread that it might really be serious.

She sat the whole night with her child, and he understood that he must not disturb her.

In spite of this vanquishing which hurt his pride, he was the following day almost humble before her, and acknowledged both warmly and heartily his wrong. He sought even to show her his serious intention, by taking a different relation toward the ladies for a time, and really succeeded in making her apparently the same to him as before, that is to say, quiet and friendly, as she had been during the past year.

On her part it never really came to any real reconciliation. She had too clearly become aware that his ways really were like a shadeless sky, which could glimmer both in spirit and amiability, accord-



ing as the moment and the honor bestowed upon him by others played upon it; but he was too deeply egotistical for a true, earnest love to be able to strike root, to say nothing of a united life-growth.

Sensitive, polite and good-natured as he was, he would have treated any woman even remarkably well, if the latter had not made herself so necessary to him as his wife. But she felt that she in her social power had in fact a sort of self-defense, for it made him look up to her—a something which his vain nature needed in order to see her in the most favorable light. She acknowledged with a despairing heart that she in her love for him had made a deep mistake, that there was nothing faithful or true to cling to, nothing of that she had once been so willing to see in him. She knew secretly that this man, so brilliant to the world, was no man at all.

Her husband now lived and moved before her vision as a broken ideal, to which she was bound as long as life wore on. Bitterness increased in her disappointed mind, and it became so much the deeper as she was obliged to lock it up in her own soul, and had no one in whom to confide. There was nothing before her but to be prudent, to be content with a comfortable—to outward appearance a united life, and make everything as endurable as possible.

Life had become to her so like a deserted waste; and when her husband, during the applause, would shine at the table in a stirring toast, she thought it sounded as if emptiness blustered. She always eagerly assured her parents that she was happy, when they did not understand why she looked so pale; and they knew, surely, that she was in all respects well off.

Her only deep interest was her son, Frederik, whom she brought up rather strictly, because she thought she saw his father's nature in him. She had always cherished the warmest interest for Elizabeth, and was very glad on those occasions when in the course of time she had received greetings from her. Before her memory stood this erect girl as one of the human beings to whom she had felt herself most attracted. Since this great disappointment which she had passed through, she could often see so clearly before her this expressive face, which was so full of power and heart.

She had sometimes seen Elizabeth in Arendal, and believed she knew the reason why she always seemed to wish to avoid meeting her; for in her husband's drawers she had once accidentally, among some old papers, found the note which Elizabeth had written to him. It was not any blow to her; as to that, she knew too well her husband's inconstant nature, and

had unfortunately long since relinquished all deeper sentiments toward him.

Whenever she had caught a glimpse of the pilot's wife on the street she had peered searchingly into her face to see if she looked happy; but she rather thought that she detected something oppressed. And when she heard about her husband, that he was so hard and unmanageable, she believed that she had gotten assurance that she, too, was unfortunate in her marriage. She now felt the desire of talking with Elizabeth as with no other human being,—to hear if she herself were not the most unhappy of the two.

Elizabeth had also longed to see her former friend again. But young Beck's house was certainly for her, on many grounds, an impossible place. Elizabeth had noticed, however, that she had become remarkably pale. She thought so especially at that time when she and her son Gjert stood on the wharf by the boat, on the point of going home. Mrs. Beck went past them leaning on her husband's arm, and for a long time looked back. Her expression rested so sorrowfully and lingeringly upon her, as if she had something to say or to confide to her, and they involuntarily greeted each other.

Then a couple of years passed without their seeing each other, for Elizabeth was during that time almost never in Arendal.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

WE take the reader back again to that night, in the beginning of this story, when the pilot, driven by his wild, dark humor, went to sea with his son. Elizabeth spent it in a frame of mind which was more than usually agitated, even after such a scene. When he had laid violent hands on his son, there had flamed up something in her which she had found it hard to subdue, and she felt with a certain dread that she had been on the point of an outbreak, — that only her long habit of submission had made it possible also this time to be silent.

The so frequently repeated grounds of apology for him would not come up. She sat quiet in the night, and looked out over the past years, and thought despairingly that she had waded and worked in a somewhat endless impracticability, until her patience was about exhausted. Had she, then, no right? Or should peace be kept in this way until one of them should be borne yonder to Trom Island church-yard?

These thoughts were awakened, and would not be driven back again; they haunted her the following day too, and it was not possible for her to sit quietly over any work. She was afraid that Salve might unexpectedly come home again, and how should she

then receive him? She felt out of condition to control herself. Her own room had at once become narrow and close, like a prison of many years, in which she had sat. She took the little Henrik on her lap to quiet herself.

In the evening she fell into a violent fit of weeping. She thought all her reflections were so sinful; felt how, above all, she loved Salve, and sobbed in her hands; but also, that it was as if something had happened,—as if it would no longer be easy for her to bear this life.

One of the following days a neighbor came into her room with a message from her aunt. The latter lay very sick, and wanted Elizabeth to come to her; and she immediately, with her son Henrik, went to Arendal, while she left word for Salve, whom she expected home. She was almost glad that this time she could be away when he returned.

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That old mother Kirstine was ill was in a way an event in the place, for as an attendant on the sick for a series of years she had her quiet relation to many families—the Beck's also. The fathers of families remembered to have seen her face over them when they, as children, lay in the measles or in the fever, and she was always, as a matter of course, present when there prevailed any serious

illness. There was a comfort in the very sight of this strong, quiet woman with her still, experienced tact about the sick; her unwearied power of wakefulness, and her well-known peculiarities, in which she would not bear contradiction. The physician had soon discovered that the position she held was such that it was he who, to gain favor in the city, would have to win her confidence, not *vice versa*.

The young Mrs. Beck had, like the others, constantly sent inquiries as to how she was getting on, and it was now said that the worst was probably over.

Mrs. Beck could not resist this good opportunity to see Elizabeth, and one forenoon went over there.

Mother Kirstine had fallen into a quiet sleep, and Elizabeth was sitting by her aunt's bed when she saw Mrs. Beck through the window-pane. She understood that she was coming in, and sat with beating heart waiting to hear her at the door out in the small entrance.

Mrs. Beck must have stood out on the porch a long time, for it was some moments before she heard the latch move. Then she went softly out and opened it.

They stood face to face. Elizabeth's eyes were filled with tears; but Madam Beck's tears did not, it seemed, fall so easily. Her look had, rather, some-

thing of well-bred embarrassment, and she pressed Elizabeth's hand as if to answer in this indirect way, and there was something in her pale face which told the other that she certainly did not feel less at the meeting.

Elizabeth led her into mother Kirstine's snug kitchen, where there stood a saucepan with warm gruel for the sick one gently simmering on the hearth. She begged her to sit down. In the stillness they could hear the watch tick in the room where her aunt slept. There was a pause before either of them spoke. At last Mrs. Beck asked in a low tone:

"How is your aunt, Elizabeth?" This would in any circumstance have been a natural question; but she here felt that it was only a general introduction—she had, besides, that same morning heard by a message.

"Thanks,—she seems to be improving," replied Elizabeth, "and now she is sleeping; it will do her good."

"It is a long time since we saw each other—eighteen years!" said Mrs. Beck, and her eyes rested on Elizabeth, as if she searched for proof as to how these had dealt with her; "but you have been strong, I see—stronger than I."

"It was the morning I left for Holland," re-

marked Elizabeth, with a certain glad emotion at recalling it again.

"I have often thought of that time," whispered Mrs. Beck, almost more to herself than to Elizabeth, whom she spoke with, and her lips quivered faintly. Elizabeth read an expression of mute sorrow in her face. Mrs. Beck had intended to explain to Elizabeth that she knew the reason for her leaving. She struggled with herself as to whether she should say anything, but still let it be.

"Yes, could we but know the future, Elizabeth," she broke out, with a sigh, and looked sorrowfully at her, as if she intended to give expression to a sad feeling which must be common to them both.

"It would not be well, surely, Mrs. Beck; there happen many things in this life which would be less easy to bear if the courage should first be broken down."

"Yes, but one could then guard one's self," whispered Mrs. Beck, with something hard and bitter in her voice.

Elizabeth did not feel in accord with this, and a pause ensued, during which Mrs. Beck had the feeling that the thread of the conversation was broken. She searched in her mind as to how she should again begin to bring forward that which she desired to speak of, and with sudden warmth took her hand.



"If there is anything your aunt needs, I hope you know she has only to turn to me." She would rather have named her instead of her aunt, but felt that there was much in the relation in which they stood which forbade it, and her meaning lay sufficiently intelligible.

As to yourself, Elizabeth," she continued, while she looked searchingly in her eye with an expression of deep sympathy, "it is not well with you; you have, alas, surely been unfortunately married."

At these last words Elizabeth's face flushed, and she involuntarily withdrew her hand.

She looked upon Mrs. Beck with a wounded pride, which she did not like to show.

"No, Mrs. Beck," she replied, "it is not so; I am"—she would say happily, but chose to say—"not unhappily married." She felt that the expression sounded weak, and added:

"I have never loved, will never love, any other than him who now is my husband."

"I am inexpressibly rejoiced, Elizabeth; I had heard otherwise," she remarked, a little embarrassed, and another pause followed. She understood that she had been so unfortunate as to offend her, and that this last remark had caused it; for Elizabeth's attitude showed a dignified self-esteem.

There was a movement within, and Elizabeth

seized the occasion to break off the somewhat painful silence by looking in there for a moment. Mrs. Beck looked after her with a somewhat astonished yet critical expression. She must have been mistaken; but, happy in her marriage she could scarcely be. After all, thought she, bitterly, what a gulf was between them! She at least loved her husband.

When she came in again, Mrs. Beck, while thinking of effacing this impression, and also of giving expression to her own deep need of a confidential outbreak, said:

"You did not take to heart what I happened to say, Elizabeth? I thought others also might have sorrow."

"We all have all we can bear, and it may at times be hard enough," said Elizabeth. She did not misunderstand what lay in Mrs. Beck's words, and looked sympathetically at her. She would not directly answer what she believed the other had but involuntarily expressed, and said:

"You have a son, good circumstances, and much to live for, Mrs. Beck."

"To live for!" she now exclaimed—"to live for! I will tell you something which no one knows except yourself now. I die day by day. I know best myself what there is left of me. It is little, and is growing less." She spoke in a cold, pale ecstasy.

"You are the only human being I have said this to, the only one I in fact care for. Hide it, and forget it. And now adieu!" she said. "If we ever meet again in this world we will not speak of this." In agitation she sought for the door and opened it.

"Every cross comes from our God, and the greatest sin of all is to despair. You can be assured that is the truth."

Elizabeth consoled her: she said the best she knew. Mrs. Beck turned at the door and looked at her with that pallid, immovable, cheerless face.

"Elizabeth," she remarked, "I found this in one of my husband's drawers. I say this to you, that you shall not believe that it is this which has caused me any sorrow." She took from her pocket an old, yellow, folded paper, and handed it to her.

Now she understood why Mrs. Beck was so pale. She had not a wrinkle in her face. She looked so stately; but how cold! and it was needful, poor thing, poor thing! It was so hard for her! One would not readily recognize Marie Fostberg in her.

"So this it is to be unhappily married," she said to herself; she thought she had gazed in upon something horrible. As she sat by her aunt's bed it haunted her, and she saw with deep compassion her friend's form before her.

. After her sympathy had at last worked itself to a

sort of peace, another point of their conversation, which had up to this time been repressed in her mind, began strongly to engross her,—it was the word by which she had suddenly felt herself so wounded.

“Ah! that is what the world says about us,” thought she, “that we are unfortunately married!”

She had sufficient time and solitude to ponder over it while she nursed the sick one and watched over her. She gazed with a half frightened, half criticising eye upon her own marriage, and the heavy, constant, fruitless contest through which she had formerly gone, and in which not one step forward had been won—always receding more and more. Could she say that there was happiness in such a life? And was Salve, then, happy?

She saw him before her as he was in his first youth, and such as he had now become,—dark, wild and suspicious in his home; how she received him with secret fright, instead of a wife’s gladness; how they had last parted; yes, what had last happened, and what she had felt. Her thoughts dwelt long and with bitterness upon this; so wrong had it then come to be between them. She began with dread to think, “this is, perhaps, what it is to be unhappily married!” It had never before occurred to her that this could be said of her; she had cer-

tainly gotten him whom she had wanted before all others in this world.

Toward morning she sat with her hands clasped about her knee and gazed out into the room. The night lamp, over by the glass at the back of the bed, gave a pale light. Mrs. Beck's words, as she stood so pale and told her of her unhappiness, recurred again and again; they repeated themselves distinctly, verbatim, and would not leave her: "I die day by day. I know best myself what there is left of me; it is little, and is growing less!"

And so it came up clearly like a light before her. "It is in just that way both Salve and I are living; we have both been growing less; we are dying daily by the side of each other; that is what one does in an unhappy marriage."

She sat for a long time bowed, full of pain, gazing in at her own thoughts. In all her sacrifice, because she believed he would never bear hearing the truth, she saw now one single, consuming lie of years. There was a want of mutual, confiding sincerity; that they both had shunned the basis of truth, and this had produced a sickly relation between them. Then she suddenly lifted her head, and there gleamed a wild energy in her face. She looked so beautiful, so invincibly strong.

"But it must not go on thus longer. Salve and

I shall not destroy life for each other!" she broke out, and rose in agitation.

"What did you say, Elizabeth?" asked her aunt, who awakened.

"Nothing, dear aunt," she answered, and bent over her with a bowl of gruel, which had stood over the night lamp.

"You look so — so happy, Elizabeth."

"That is because you have slept well, aunt, and if you drink a little you will sleep again, you will see."

There was a quiet smile about her lips, and suddenly an entirely changed, conscious bearing came over her. She was, in the truest sense of the word, eased and internally released from a many years' burden. At last she had gotten a way and an understanding, and could see through that which had hitherto been like a clammy, heavy, bewildering fog over her whole life, and made every thought, every joy, uncertain. She knew now where her accountability lay, what she would and ought to do. She expected that Salve and Gjert would come up that day, and thought much about how she should receive him. It should and must come to an understanding between them; but she felt, also, that she would have to move cautiously.

And in the midst of all this, with what other intrepidity and longing did she not await him!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

SALVE had brought an English bark out of a storm into Hesnæs, and received for this a large salvage. He had, as usual, dreaded coming home; but when he did not find his wife, and heard what the circumstances were, he straightway took himself into Arendal to inquire about her. She received him out in the entrance.

"Good day, Salve!" she said, and took his hand. "I have been very anxious about you, and have been waiting, as you must know. You must go in quietly—in there;" she showed him into a side chamber. "And where is Gjert?"

He looked at her a little surprised; this was not the way she was accustomed to receive him. There was something confident, as if she, as a matter of course, demanded an account of him for his absence. Formerly it was always he who was accustomed to take the initiatory steps, and at pleasure show a glimpse of his gracious mood.

"Gjert," he answered, a little short, "is at home taking care of the house! So you have been anxious for me, waiting?" he added, in a peculiar tone, as if he found something to notice in this remark, but deferred it.

"You don't suppose that it is all the same to me whether you perish outside or not, husband?"

"How is it with your aunt?" he interrupted her; "is she very sick?"

"She can see you; follow me in to her, but go softly."

Salve felt that he was, in a manner, compelled, and he followed her.

He had always, as far as possible, avoided seeing mother Kirstine, and let his wife alone keep up the connection. He was afraid of the critical eye with which the old lady looked at him, and was always reminded of the warning she had given him about approaching Elizabeth so long as he entertained a doubt in his heart toward her.

When he entered, he went deferentially over to her bed.

"So it is you, Salve?" said she, in a weak voice. "One does not see you often. Elizabeth has been a blessing to me, and Henrik is so still and good. Where is Gjert—haven't you got him with you?" She looked after him, inquiringly.

"He is at home taking care of the house, aunt," Salve replied. "How are you, now?"

"Oh, thanks, as you see. I think so often about what will become of the boy; he is so wild by himself, but so good at heart, poor dear."



"Oh, you shall see—we shall get him on," said Elizabeth, who stood back of Salve, and now approached her; "but you must not talk so much."

Salve was painfully excited. The conversation had just happened to come upon that which had been the occasion of the last storm at home, and so Elizabeth took it thus. His face grew hard.

"You looked so happy last night, Elizabeth—who was it that was in and talked with you yesterday?"

"It was Mrs. Beck."

"The young one?" continued her aunt.

"Yes, it was she. But you are talking too much, aunt."

"I am afraid of that also," thought Salve darkly to himself. But when he saw that Elizabeth now, as if nothing had happened, winked to him to go out, he was conquered for the moment, and said, a little constrained:

"You will be brisk, aunt, when I perhaps come again in a few days. Farewell until then!"

He went out somewhat brusely, and his look was like a thunder-cloud. His pride forbade him to express what he thought, but he had it on his lips to say to her, shortly and bitterly, that she, of course, for all him might remain in Arendal as long as she wished, and that he would betake himself home at once.

Elizabeth read what passed through him, and when he came out into the kitchen she forestalled it:

"Listen, Salve," she said, "I must, of course, stay in here as long as aunt is sick!"

"Of course," he answered dryly, "in here you have acquaintances also."

"You mean Mrs. Beck?—she has been so good to me, and I love her. She is unhappily married poor thing!"

Salve was startled. Elizabeth seemed at once to have forgotten much—that there were certain stumbling-blocks. Was it perhaps because she now was here at her aunt's? He looked so coldly at her, as if he did not rightly comprehend what had come over her.

"You will stay, of course, as long as you wish," he said, and prepared to go, but could not forbear adding, with bitterness: "It is certainly lonesome and wearisome at home."

"In that you are not far wrong, Salve! I have been really quite lonesome out there now for many years. You are so often from home, and then I always sit alone there. It is now two years since I have been in to my aunt's."

"Elizabeth!" he burst out, while he sought to constrain himself, "are you out of your senses?"

"It is just that I would escape, Salve," said she, with a chilling quiet.

He stared at her—she stood and said this to him right in the eye.

"Ah, then that is where I have you," he remarked, scornfully. "I have always suspected it. You can now come home to me when you please, Elizabeth," in a cold, indifferent tone.

"You ought always to have known where you had me, Salve! that I loved you—perhaps even too much."

"I shall send you money—there shall be no trouble about that. As to me, you can associate with Mrs. Beck and the others as long as you please."

"And why should I not have permission to speak with Mrs. Beck? Do you mean by that," she broke out, with lifted head and a fiery, angry look, "that there is anything about me why I should not step with free eyes into her house? But one thing I say to you, Salve, and I say it for the sake of our love—this shall have an end! For should it continue so betwixt us," she concluded slowly, while her voice shook, "you might perhaps live to see the day when there was no more of it,—one cannot control such things, Salve!"

He still stood a moment mute and looked at her.

The sharp, dark eyes showed that something dreadful haunted him, which he himself was afraid would come out.

"I will believe you have said this in excitement," he said with a serious earnestness; "I shall not be angry with you, but forget it, that I promise you — think that you have not really been yourself to-day — sick."

"Do not deceive yourself, Salve! I mean every word, so surely as I love you."

"Good-bye, Elizabeth, I come back again on Wednesday," he said, as if he only held to his purpose, and would avoid hearing more of this.

When he had gone, Elizabeth sank, rather than sat, down upon the bench. She was appalled at what she had said. Her heart was filled with deep, unspeakable anguish. She knew him, and understood that she risked everything from his extreme nature even to thrust him quite away from her into a desperate life outside of home. And still it must be ventured, and with God's help she would conquer, and hold him fast in her love.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHILE the pilot stood steering his skiff over home, he had still only a dead realization of what had happened; but rage burned in his eye, and the brown, sharp face had an inflexible expression.

He was frightfully provoked—wounded to the core of his proud heart. She had suddenly overwhelmed him with all this on a neutral ground,—her aunt's house; told him right out that she had been unhappy; felt herself tyrannized over during all this time they had lived together. He smiled bitterly: he had been right in the feeling that she had been secretive in her ways toward him!

Yes, surely they had lived unhappily; but whose was the fault? Why had she from the beginning let him go on so uncertain and in the dark? Had she not deceived him then, when he was young and was without a distrust in his soul? And thereafter? He had truly understood that she had had many struggles to adapt herself to his poor condition.

He felt that his control of many years over her was now lost, and that a contest was to come. It seemed to him as if she had set a barrel of powder in his room and threatened to blow the whole house

in the air. But he was not accustomed to permit himself to be forced.

When he came home to Merd Island he fastened the boat in silence, scarcely looking at Gjert, who helped him; and went into the house without speaking, where he stood for a time by the window writing on the pane. It was soon quite dark outside. Gjert had lighted a candle and put it over on the table; he understood that something wrong was brewing again in reference to his mother, but did not venture to put the question concerning her which burdened his heart.

His father sat the whole evening quite still over in the corner of the folded bed-bench, in which the son was accustomed to lie. When supper-time came Gjert set out some food. He felt that the situation in some way or other was dangerous, and went about as quietly as he could on tip-toe, but just for this reason all the more clumsily, and happened to make some noise with the plates. This and the fear his son showed of him irritated Salve; he suddenly rose, and said in a thundering voice:

“Don’t you inquire after your mother, boy?”

Gjert would otherwise have been frightened; but now an intense fear for his mother, whose part he in his heart had fervently taken, seized him, and then he answered, with a lion’s courage:

"Yes, father; I have all the time thought of asking for mother, how she was. Is she not coming? Poor mother!" he exclaimed, and then burst into tears, laid his head on his arm, and sobbed.

"Your mother will come again when her aunt in Arendal is well," said the pilot, soothingly and mildly. But then he rose up again.

"You have nothing to blubber about, Gjert. You can go and see her whenever you want to, early to-morrow morning. Now you can go in and lie in our bed."

Gjert obeyed. The pilot walked back and forth across the floor in great agitation.

"Then it is this she has effected," he burst out; "she knew what she did, and wherewith she threatened!"

He seated himself again over on the bed-bench, with clenched hand, and stared down at the floor. Passion waxed high in him.

"But she shall not force me!"

The candle was near going out in the candlestick, and he lit a new one and put into it. It was past midnight. He stood for a time quietly with the light in his hand, and then went in and looked at Gjert. He lay in his mother's place, with evident traces of having cried himself to sleep. The pilot stood there a long time; his lips trembled, and his

color grew almost gray. The pain kept overwhelming him. Then he went out again and seated himself as before.

When Gjert toward morning got up, he found his father lying fully dressed on the bench; he slept. It was apparent that he had been awake the whole night. It cut the boy to the heart: he had such a deep sympathy for his father. The latter awoke a little after, and looked at him, at first almost bewildered. Then he said, gently:

"I promised you yesterday, my boy, that you should go in to Arendal to your mother. She probably longs to see you."

"If mother is not sick I would rather stay with you, father, until you yourself go in to see her. Henrik is there, you know."

"Ah, is that what you wish?" His voice was a little lifeless, and he looked at him as if he meant something.

"But still I want you to go in, Gjert," he said, suddenly, in a sharp tone which would not permit any objection. "Mother had not expected to stay so long. You must take her Sunday dress, and the other things in the chest there which you know she needs, with you. It may be a long time before your aunt is well," he said, and at the same time left the room.



While Gjert prepared these things his father staid down on the beach, and pushed the little boat out and laid the oars in himself for him.

When the boy left he patted him on the cheek, but said, a little bitterly:

"Greet your mother, and say that father will come in as he promised, on Wednesday. Go carefully, now. I did not want you to have the sail in the boat, boy."

He stood for a long time and watched his son, who rowed out; then went up to the vane, where he walked about back and forth in his usual way, with his hands behind him; but an unrest drove him home again to his house, where he kept himself to himself, so to say, the entire day.

His first rage had now worn off—at least, so far that he could think more clearly. That which now chiefly began to occupy him was his astonishment as to what could have come over her so suddenly. It could not be the last scene when he went to sea; the like had certainly happened before. No, it must be something else—that had happened in Arendal. She had, with a certain allusion to themselves, spoken of Mrs. Beck's unfortunate marriage. Yes, it was evident—she had talked with Mrs. Beck; she must have gotten this from her old friend.

"H'm!" he burst out angrily, "I really owe the

Becks gratitude; it seems that all misfortune is to come from that nest of vipers!

"She has gone about in silence and thought of all this at home, but hidden it from me, succumbed and kept silent. Now she has seized the occasion, and there in Arendal she might be sure of standing with the right in her hands against her husband, this so much disliked pilot—of getting them all on her side, clear from her aunt to those Becks!

"She stipulated that I should believe her; she would not bear anything else. And this has, in fact, always pained me.

"But I do not desire any longer to live as their fool," he broke out, and flew up in rage, striding back and forth in the room. "It is she who shall give an explanation; it is she who has trod me under foot!"

He sat over by the table and pursued his thoughts. "Elizabeth, Elizabeth, what have you done?" he whispered in agitation, and hid his brow in his hands. "Yes, what has she done? I think of nothing. I, Salve! it is only you who are mad. Yes, it cannot be rightly thought that there is anything wrong.

"It is so easy when I have only been a short time with her," he sighed again; and then, with a touch of self-contempt, "I ought in fact to be laid down here in this room like an anchovy—I cannot bear to be taken out of the keg."

"She resembled so the former Elizabeth as she stood there and said all this. Her equal is not to be found in this world. I have not seen her so for many years. She has told me so many times that she loved me,—always had loved me, even from that time out on the skerry at her grandfather's, and she does not lie; that I would willingly stake my life upon.

"Truly, I believe you, Elizabeth, when you stand thus and say this," and he struck the table as if the scene was present.

"But why should she love me? Has she not had thoughts beyond that which I, a poor pilot, and my cabin, could give her? Has she not always felt the need of something grand?"

His appearance during those days was striking—half-slouching. When he went out of his house it was almost as if he had no peace away from it, and he hurried in again. His agitation had worked upon him, and he now sat, the day before he was to leave, alone in the room; it was so sad and empty!

Over by the window, near the table where she used to sit and sew, stood the polished buffalo hoof which he had once for curiosity's sake taken from Montevideo, and later had made into a sewing-bird for her; and near the wall, under a picture, that fine, carved ivory elephant, which he also had had since the time he went on long trips. He stood a time and

pondered, looking upon these things, and then went into their sleeping-room. There stood their own and the "busy-boy's" bed. He saw the simple bureau by the wall with its drawers. On this she always used to set the Japan mirror, with roses on it, which hung in the room when she arranged her beautiful light hair. He remembered how many talks they had had together, as she stood there turned from him, with her erect head and shapely figure, and often would answer him only by a distorted expression of her face.

His thoughts were for a long time occupied with these and many other small, familiar things, and might be said to act childlike for a strong man of forty years, with his rough, dark-bearded appearance; but he was now anything but harsh. He was, all at once, so still. He could not get on without her, and looked about so lingeringly and with a swelling anguish. It seemed to him as if she really were away, as if he in another way had lost her, and as if everything now stood in the room after her, still and dusty, and would remain standing so irrevocably.

"I have deserved it," he muttered, and the perspiration was on his brow. "Has her experience been such that I can expect that she should love me? Is it not just my own foolishness which is at fault? She was right, more than right! I have treated her badly,—suspiciously and tyrannically,—always, for—

ever! I may now sit here long enough and regret it. She would not be the one she is if she would endure such things." He dwelt on this last until there suddenly arose an acknowledgment, and he broke out with bitter scorn against himself:

"I have not endured to think that she could have had it better,—that I myself was of but little good to her, and could not be equal to her; and it is this which has always really struck me, and so I have sustained myself with the thought that I could not believe. Do I believe it?" he asked himself again, slowly, and his face became several shades darker.

"What a good-natured booby and fool you are, Salve!" he laughed at once, derisively. "It is she who has been untruthful and false—she who shall acknowledge that she has been so, and whose duty it is to give me an understanding once for all. Yes, it is she who has to bend; and not until then has Elizabeth any right to hear from me what I also may have to reproach myself with in regard to her. So it is, and so it shall be!"

During these thoughts there gathered in the pilot's face something unyielding; but his look became still again for a moment, almost one of emotion.

"I will speak gently to her—be so mild, forget everything; but bend she shall!" he added, with a trace of dark, inflexible will.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN Gjert came in with her clothes, Elizabeth grew pale. It was as if she had taken upon herself what she was not able to carry out. The evening before she was to see Salve again she sat in a desperate struggle in regard to her determination. She felt oppressed, that the decisive moment now was near.

They had all gone to bed; it was so still about her, and she had an apprehension as when she sat on the Apollo and waited while they were approaching the reefs. To-morrow early they would be there unavoidably, and then the question would be whether they were to lose more than the brig—all that they possessed together in this world! She saw a long life-strand's waste before her.

This time it was she who steered straight on, to save his love. There came a somewhat quiet solemnity over her face. The prayer in the psalm-book for seamen came involuntarily to her mind, which she had so often prayed when the storm raged around the house out on Merd Island, and she sat alone at home, waiting, that God might protect him from a sudden death. A sudden death! Suppose he had really perished one of those many times, when with anger and

bitterness in his heart he had left her! Would her love then have been a blessing to him?

"No, Salve, you shall not be indebted to me for such a life in your last hour!" In the night she awoke with a shriek; she dreamed that Salve left her, and she called after him in agony, "Salve! Salve!"

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That morning, when the pilot laid-to at the wharf, his two sons stood waiting for him. The little Henrik, full of joy, shouted repeatedly when he was still at a distance; but Gjert was quiet.

"Good day, boys!" said the pilot, blandly; "how is it with—aunt?"

"She is better," replied Gjert. "She sleeps in the day-time, too!" boasted the "busy-boy," who had apprehended that it was this which was to make her well again. Thereupon he cast, in a knowing sailor's way, his hat down on the wharf, so that he stood bare-headed with his white, curly hair. During enthusiastic "haul in, oh—oh—ohoi," he gave himself to hauling in the line which the pilot had cast, while Gjert, quite disregarding his brother's efforts, made it fast to the staple.

"Yes, yes, boys—that was good. You must now both stay here by the skiff and watch it until I come back. Guard the 'busy-boy' that he doesn't

go over the wharf." With these words the pilot went quickly up the street.

While the little Henrik played sailor, and was fully taken up with all his manœuvres in the skiff, Gjert sat quite still with his feet hanging down over the hatch abaft. Comrades came over there, but he only turned his back to them, and was apparently so little in humor that they left again. The boy was oppressed; he had understood enough of the matter to feel that there must be something of importance on hand between his parents.

There was a somewhat Sunday calm over Elizabeth as she stood there by the hearth and awaited her husband's coming. She heard him out in the porch. When he came in, a quick flush overspread her firm, expressive countenance; but it banished at once, and she gazed at him with half-parted lips, forgetting to greet him. It did not escape him that there was a certain self-conscious security about her. As such was she just the Elizabeth he loved.

"Elizabeth," he said, with deep solemnity, and looked her in the face, "I have a great reproach to make to you. You have not been true,—you have been secretive toward me for many years—I am afraid during all the time we have lived together."

He looked at her mildly forbearing, as if he expected her straightforward acknowledgment to him,



that he might be permitted to forgive her. But she stood pale, gazing down before her, while her heart beat violently.

"And how I have loved you!" he burst out, with a touch of reproach, "always — above my own life!"

She stood for a time silent, and was now obliged to summon all her courage to speak out. At last she said, a little constrained, without raising her eyes:

"I hear you say it, Salve; but I have thought over various things, now."

"What have you thought over, Elizabeth?" His glance at once became the dark, rough one she well knew. It meant that she had given offense by her reply; that he had now gone to meet her as far as he would, and that now they stood there by the wall he would yield no further.

"Am I right or not right?" he asked sharply.

"That I have blindly believed that you loved me?" she answered, so pale, and looked him straight in the face. "Yes, it is true, and it is my honor. But have you let me see it, or was it only I who should give you everything? Was my happiness in life, then, nothing, and have I no right? No, Salve!" said she with angry, trembling voice, and a glance that burned from all that she had suffered. "Speak the truth! You have loved yourself, and when you married me, you only took one to help you on

with it; so there were two about it, and still that was not enough. No, no!" she concluded, and threw her hands out before her in her bitter feeling; "had you loved me as I have loved you, we would not have come to this, where we stand to-day.

"Elizabeth," said he, in a low tone, for it was difficult for him to control himself—his voice sounded ironical, while his gaze fastened itself upon her,—“I thank you, because you have at last told me your meaning, although it comes rather late. You see, I was right when I said that you had never been true toward me.”

“I have deceived you, you say; yes, it is true!” she added with emphasis, while her eye quietly met his; “but it was not because I was wanting in love to you, but from the fact that you could not believe me. I have contented myself with going about in my own house mistrusted—and by you, Salve; and I have borne it, and kept silence through it all; because I believed that you would not bear hearing the truth, and because I always hoped that you in that way would become persuaded. I thought that that was the right way, and I pursued it for your sake, notwithstanding all it cost me, and that was much—much, Salve! See what I have daily borne through all these years because I loved you! But you who only imposed a heavier and still

heavier burden upon me,—do you love me? I begin almost to doubt it, Salve!”

He stood overwhelmed by this sudden attack. This interpretation of the situation was to him unexpected, and it struck him that she might have reason on her side in thinking so; but he replied notwithstanding, in a bitter tone:

“You are only too right in this, Elizabeth. I know, also, that a miserable, poor pilot was but little fitted for you—have always known it, even from the time we were engaged. You remember when you stood before Van Spyck’s picture, down in Amsterdam?—then I understood that it was such a man you should have; or, that time on board the *Apollo*, when you broke out so grandly about the *North Star*?—then I felt the same, and sailed the brig that night to its destruction!”

“Salve!” she exclaimed, passionately, “you know well that you would not be grander in my eyes if you were an admiral than now you are a pilot, and than you have always been to me. Did I not stand and think of you when I looked on Van Spyck,—that you were he who could have done the same? Or, when I saw the *North Star*, did I not think were but you the chief, Salve, then they should see how it would be with the right man on board? Did I care about the *North Star* except to

get it for you? Did I not think that you, a poor skipper, outweighed the whole show?"

Salve stood so unspeakably happy during this outburst, in which he saw everything before him cleared away; that he himself had been the hero of all her dreams. He believed every word, as he had always done when she said anything, and thought he had been one of the most stupid creatures the Lord had ever permitted to live on this earth. He involuntarily stretched out his arms to her, like Alcibiades, to end the quarrel by taking her about the waist and bear her from this court of justice home to his house; but he stopped at the deep, warding off earnestness with which she continued:

"No, Salve, it is not this which stands between us, however cleverly you may have discovered it; it is not this—it is something else. At heart you do not trust me, that is the truth,—and thus all this has come up in your mind afterwards. And do you see," she continued, with a face expressive of pain, "it never will turn out well with us so long as you cherish one particle of doubt in your thoughts? Don't you understand, yet, that it is the peace of our hearthstone that is at stake; that it is this I have fought for all these years, when I have borne it all as—as you well know I have not the nature to endure, Salve?" said she, giving him an impressive

look. "If you do not understand it yet, then God help you and us!" she concluded, despairingly, and turned half about again to the fire, in which she lost herself gazing.

He stood before her averted form as if he had been paralyzed, and scarcely ventured to look at her; in that degree all that she had said now lay clear and striking before him as the truth. She had held a mirror of their united lives up before his eyes, and he saw himself therein so egotistical and small by the side of all this love. He stood with a deep pain, humbled in heart, and he was both too noble and too true not to be willing to acknowledge it. Abstracted, he went over to the window and stood there awhile.

"Elizabeth," he said despondingly, "you know certainly at heart that you have been everything to me in this world; I know, also, wherein my deepest wrong against you consists, and I shall now truly and freely acknowledge that to you, though it will make me stand an insignificant man before you. Yes, Elizabeth, I have never been able to feel myself really secure, that I alone wholly and fully possessed your mind since that time—" it cost him an effort, apparently, to speak out, for he contended with this humiliation in the acknowledgment—"since that affair of yours with the naval officer. It has

been my sore spot, you perceive," said he softly confidential, "which I could not control in spite of everything I still knew to the contrary. And perhaps I cannot bear it yet. This is my stumbling-block, I acknowledge honestly and plainly; but still I cannot lose you, Elizabeth. I have always seen that you were fitted for something grand; that you really should have a man who was somebody in the world—such a one as he, and not a common man like me. You see I have never been able to endure thinking of this, and so I have become rancorous toward all the world, and suspicious and oppressive toward you. Notwithstanding you are my wife, Elizabeth, I have never been able to believe that I possessed you, and therefore never really had you, although what you have said to me to-day, God be praised, has given me another assurance. I have not been strong enough—not as you—though I dare say I have striven with it, Elizabeth!" he burst out, looking so pale, while he laid both hands on her shoulders and looked her in the face.

She felt that his arms trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. It wounded her to the heart to see him thus. She suddenly released herself and went into the side chamber, whence she presently came out with an old note and handed it to him:

"It is the letter which I wrote to the naval

officer that night I fled from the Becks." (He looked at her a little amazed.) "I got it from Mrs. Beck," she said. "Read it, Salve!"

"Pardon me that I cannot become your wife, for my heart is another's.

ELIZABETH RAKLEV."

He spelled out the large, crooked letters, but seated himself thereupon down on the bench and read it over again. She stood bending over him, and looked now at the note, then at his face.

"What stands there, Salve?" she asked at last. "Why could I not become young Beck's wife?"

"For my heart—is another's!" he answered slowly, and looked at her with moist eyes.

"No, not you—it was I who loved another, it stands; and who was that other?"

"God bless you—it was I!" and he drew her down on his lap.

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The boys had wearied of waiting out there by the skiff, and the "busy-boy" especially was impatient, when, from many infallible signs, it became evident that it was past dinner time. The small boys had all gone past from school and the hour had rung from the crane. He now thrust his white head and perspiring face in through the kitchen door. Mother and father sat apparently very happy on the bench, but his next quick glance over at the chim-

ney assured him of the sad fact that no kettle was over the fire; no fire even was to be seen. As he fully entered the door, he burst out ready to cry:

"Have you already eaten dinner? Gjert and I, are we not to have anything?"

His mother looked up frightened. "But aunt!" she exclaimed, "the clock is past half after one, and the food is not yet over the fire!" She hurried in to her aunt, and the "busy-boy" seemed, in a measure, pacified when he saw that the worst danger was over.

Mother Kirstine had understood that there must be something especial on hand between husband and wife, therefore she had not called Elizabeth.

"He is joking with little Henrik," she said to herself. "That is remarkable—I have never before heard him laugh."

When Elizabeth now came in, she looked inquiringly at her. "Has anything happened?" she asked.

Elizabeth went over to her bed and embraced her. "Yes, aunt," she replied, with emotion, "the happiest event of my life!" and then hurried out to what she had to do in the kitchen.

The old woman looked after her. She nodded a couple of times slowly, thoughtfully: "Now then!"

They ate out in the kitchen, but the pilot was not hungry. He rose from the table at once and went in to the sick one. He had much to say to her, and was in there for a long time.



## CHAPTER XXX.

IT was an afternoon the following winter in the pilot's house. Elizabeth was expecting her husband from a trip. She walked about uneasily, and looked out of the window repeatedly. There had prevailed the previous days at sea a hard storm, and he ought to have come in the forenoon but it now began to grow dusk. She stopped sewing, but could not decide to light a candle and make it evening, and sat in the twilight, while the fire played out over the floor from the mouth of the oven. In there, on the coals, stood a small kettle boiling, that there might be something warm prepared at once when he came. Gjert was attending school in Arendal—he lived at her aunt's—and Henrik sat in the glow of the fire before the hearth, and whittled long shavings from a stick of wood.

"It begins to blow again, Henrik," she said, and put a handkerchief about her head to look out.

"It is of no use, mother," thought he, without permitting himself to be interrupted, while he split a long stick with his tollekniv against his breast, "don't you see it is pitch-dark?" and she gave it up again before she reached the door. She remained

standing meanwhile, and listened; it seemed to her that she heard a step outside.

"He comes!" she exclaimed suddenly, and hastened out.

When the pilot came into the porch in his oil-skin clothes and sou'wester wet and dripping from the sleety storm, she threw her arms about him.

"How long you have been, Salve!" she exclaimed, while she took from him what he had in his hands and went before him into the house, where she lit a candle. "Has there been something unusual in the way? I heard you had piloted a galeas into Arendal yesterday, and believed that you would surely come this morning. It was a dreadfully stormy day yesterday, Salve, so I was a little anxious," she continued, while she actively helped him doff his wet clothes.

"I have served well, Elizabeth," he said, pleased.

"On the galeas?"

"Yes, and I have had something to do in Arendal, you see, so I could not come out until after dinner."

"Did you speak with Gjert?"

"Yes, I did." He looked a little impatiently toward the door.

"And everything is well with him?"

"Now you can hear it from himself," he answered, when the door opened that same instant, and Gjert

stepped in greeting with a loud-voiced "Good evening, mother!"

She turned toward him surprised, and embraced him. "And there is not a dry thread on the whole boy!" she lamented, with a motherly commiseration.

"But, dear Salve, what does this mean? How can the boy come from school?"

"When we have had something dry on, and have warmed ourselves a little, mother, I will explain it to you," answered the pilot, somewhat slyly — "he will stay at home with you the whole week."

She looked satisfied and happy as she went about her work, now and then looking at Gjert, who seemed to her ready to burst from some intelligence or other, and from him to her husband, whose look, meanwhile, betrayed nothing. The door was open to the kitchen, where the fire crackled high on the hearth.

When the pilot, who had seated himself there, had filled his pipe and drawn a few puffs, he said:

"Now then, you can explain, Gjert—I see you cannot hold out longer."

"Yes, mother!" he exclaimed, "father says that I shall become a naval officer,—so he has taken me from school, and is going with me to Frederiksvaern next week."

Henrik's mouth slowly opened wide. Elizabeth,

who was standing stirring the evening grits, looked almost frightened at her husband.

"What do you mean, Salve?"

"Would it not be fine sometime to see the boy coming into the room to you with a bright uniform, Elizabeth?" You have surely always been favorable to this sort of thing," he added, a little jocosely; "and since you yourself cannot do this, because they will not have women on war ships, and as I neither have risen to this, I have thought that we could try it with Gjert."

"Is it really your intention, Salve?" she asked, and still looked in suspense at him.

The pilot nodded in the affirmative. "Yes, if father says so,—then—God bless you in it, my boy!" she said, moved, and went over and stroked Gjert on the brow.

"Now you can draw your bed-bench into the room again, Henrik. There you can talk with Gjert, if he will now deign to answer a common man like you; tell him you yourself will become a ship's captain, and earn as much as two such fellows in uniform. So leave your mother and me to ourselves here in the kitchen."

When they were alone Elizabeth asked: "But how has it come about, Salve?"

"Oh, you see, I had now gotten a thought in my

head about Gjert, that he should become a little more than his father, and so I went up to the pilot commissioner, Beck's, and asked what I should do to get the boys on in this. Yes, I spoke, also, with young Mrs. Beck."

"Dearest, did you go to Beck?"

"Yes, I did; the boy must get on, you see! Asked him into the bargain to pardon my old snappish mouth toward him, and we became reconciled. He is, at heart, a fine old fellow, whom I have wronged much. He said that he had never forgotten that I had saved the old Juno for him, and that he had once thought of making me commander of it. As we stood talking, young Mrs. Beck came in and heard what the conversation was about. She became very zealous, for you were her old friend, she said, and she meant that there should be gotten a free place for Gjert at the Institute, when he had passed an examination in the summer. She knew those in there who could bring it about, and when the pilot commissioner should write," he continued, a little embarrassed, "that I was neither more nor less than a remarkable pilot who ought to be rewarded by the state, it would go doubly easy; and so the commissioner wrote the petition for me."

"Now then!" exclaimed Elizabeth in suspense.

"Yes, he himself set his signature under. I did

not know before that I was of so much account," he laughed.

"You see," she burst out, and looked proudly at him, "at last it comes; now he acknowledges it!"

"Well, if it does not go in that way, then Salve Kristiansen can take it from his own pocket; for go it shall, you see! It will be costly; but we have a little in the savings bank, and the rest will come, no doubt."

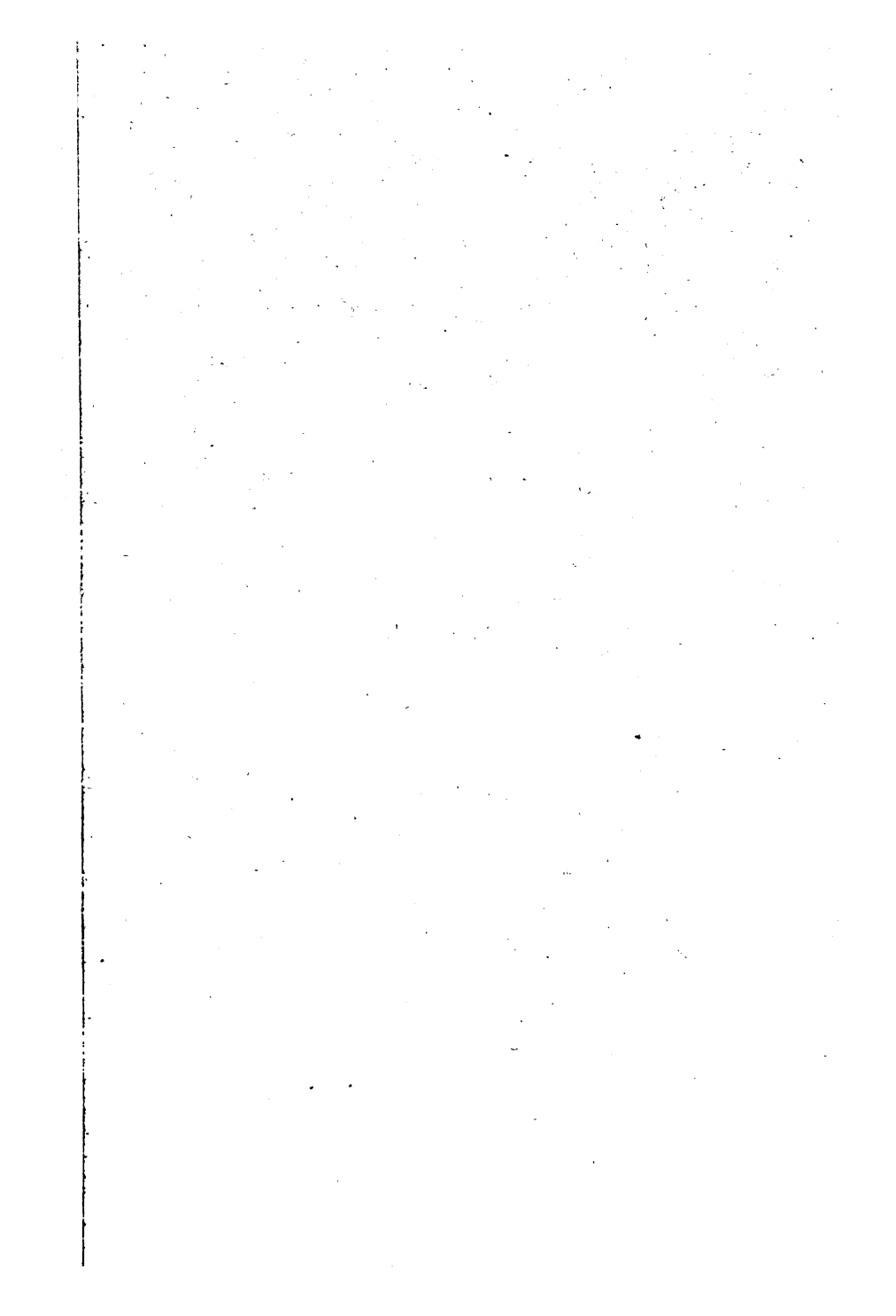
"It may, perhaps, be as well that I should have something to drive me from the house, otherwise both it and you might become too dear to me, Elizabeth," said he, and drew her to him. "I must have a little drizzle and storm, yet, intermixed; that is my nature, you know. And the commissioner ought not, either, to have written such a downright lie about me."

His wife looked at him; a world of feeling shed its beautiful light across her face.

"How fortunate we are, Salve!" she exclaimed. "If it could only have been so from the beginning!"

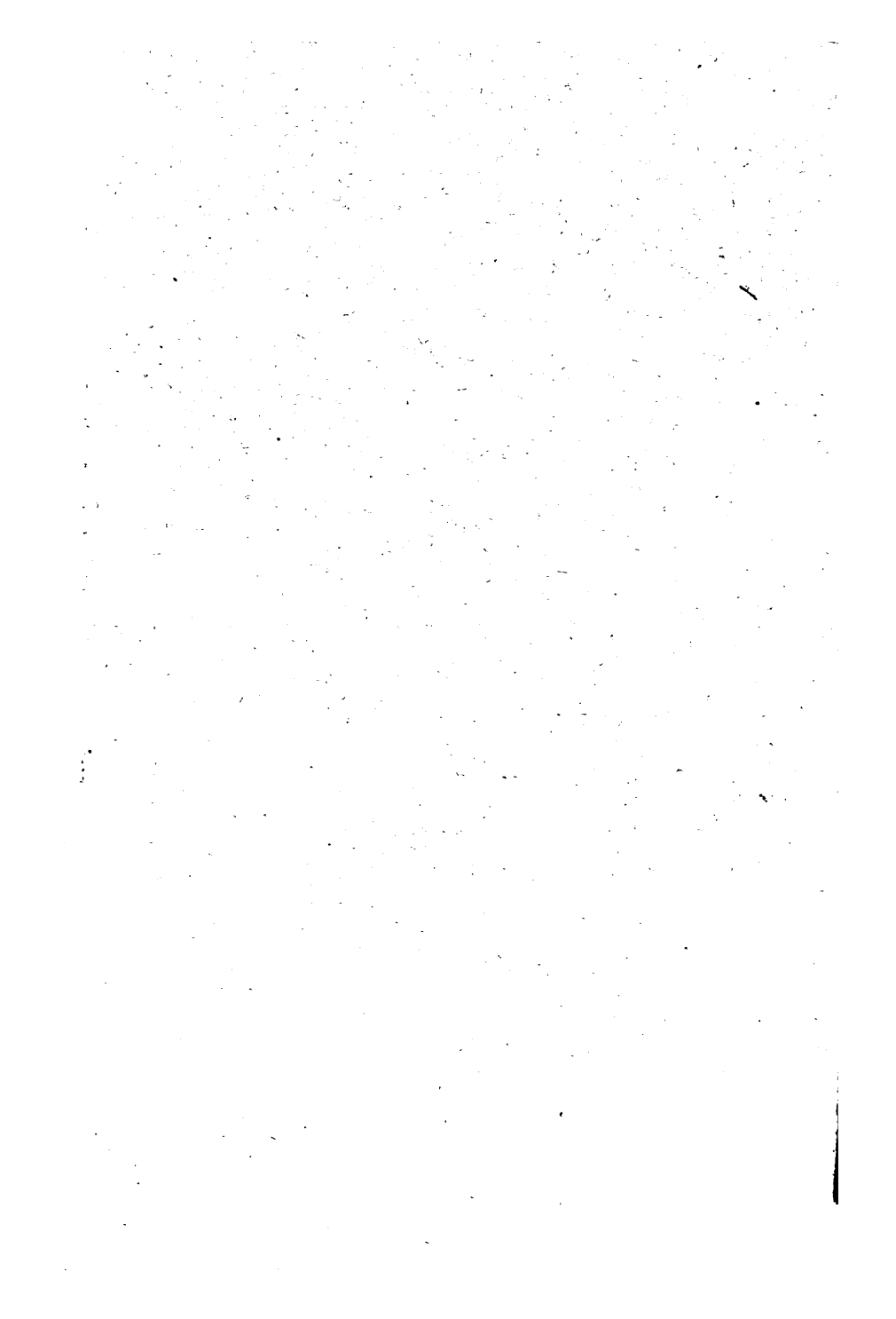
"I have thought about it, Elizabeth," he said, seriously; "some one has directed who was more clever than I, for there was much evil in me that had to be sweated out after I came from my long trips; you had to wrestle with it, poor thing."

"I was also the one who brought you into it, Salve!"











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