hours he sat there gazing out into the blackness, and then sometimes watching the riding light of his vessel as it flickered upon the oily sea. All was quiet upon the schooner. The tired men were sleeping, for they expected heavy work on the morrow.

A low murmur came from the sea. It seemed to come from some distant point, and rose and fell faintly. Then a flash of lightning lit the inky darkness to the southeast. He waited to hear the following thunder, but none came. Minutes afterward the murmur rose again.

In the sultry air even his breathing oppressed him, and he turned to fix his limbs in a more comfortable posture. He sat easily now and waited. Over the sea from the southeast came a low rushing sound, the sound of a mighty wind, and as he gazed toward it he felt the first puff in his face. The noise of the surf on the outside of the bank grew louder. A spurt of sand whistled up against the steel side beneath him. Then came a fiercer blast, and the storm burst over the reef with a wild, swirling roar of wind and rain.

He stood up and faced it. It relieved his feelings, this fury of the elements, and he seemed to be again upon his ship at sea facing the hurricane of the West Indies. The dry sand of the upper bank struck the sides of the wreck with great force, and flying over it cut his face so that he could not see any longer. He made his way to the lee of the deck house and looked out over the water to see how his vessel stood the strain. The riding light was still showing in the same place, but a faint rattling told plainly that both anchors were now on the bottom, and that the mate, with the instinct of the true sailor, was giving hem chain as fast as he could, with the hope of holding on. How it blew! The wind came in fierce gusts, rushing, tearing over the lost ship.

The sails of the anchored schooner had been lowered just after dark. He had heard the creaking of the halyards. There would be no great sea where she lay, but enough to test the strength of the ground tackle she possessed. He wished vaguely that he had gone aboard. It was the place for him, upon the deck of his ship.

He watched the riding light for some minutes. It was jumping now with the rise and fall of the schooner. It was a desperate undertaking to row a small boat out to her, but the struggle appealed to him strongly. He should have gone aboard. He would go, and let himself down over the side of the wreck, with no concern save for the safety of the schooner and the crew aboard her. If he failed to make her, it was of no particular matter.

The small boat was made fast on the shore, and he reached her easily. The oars were in her, and she was all ready to row out, for the inside of the bank was partly sheltered, and there was no sea there yet. It would be a row across the wind with it a little astern, and he was a strong man. The wildness of the night seemed to stir something within him, and he grasped the oars eagerly for the struggle. He sent the small boat's head out into the night and across that hurricane swept reef with a feeling of something akin to exhilaration. A blast of wind flung a sea over her, and the salt sea flew in his face, taking his breath for the instant; but he spat out the brine and drove the boat ahead.

The riding light appeared to get nearer. He was making good headway, although the water was flying over the boat and tossing her about like a cork. All around and about him the sea was white with a phosphorescent light from the breaking seas; but it failed to outline the hull of his vessel. He headed for the riding light and he must make it, or—

He turned his head now and again to keep the course. The light did not draw closer very fast, and he knew he was rowing furiously. Then he noticed that it drew more and more to leeward. He was rowing with the wind now well aft. He knew what it meant: that his vessel was dragging her anchors and that there was little or no hope that he would board her. She might strike, or she might make the open sea. The mate was an able seaman and would get some canvas on her if he could to try to fight her off. Out on the wild, storm swept ocean there might be safety. To the leeward lay certain death.

He rowed now with increased vigour. He would endeavour to get close enough to hail her at least, even though he could not board her. Over the tops of the breaking seas the small boat fairly flew. She was gaining upon the receding light. The captain turned his head and saw he was almost alongside. He made out the voices of the men calling to each other as they close reefed the mainsail. He could hear the mate's orders, howled into a shriek, sounding faintly, but unintelligible above the roar of the wind and sea. He now made out the hull of the vessel. He was close aboard. Then the riding light went out.

He knew he had seen the ending; for they had put the foresaysail on her and were driving her out to sea. He was so close to her now that he stood up and hailed.

"Keep her east southeast!" he roared out.

A questioning hail came through the night, a wild, terrified cry.

"Keep her east south east! Good-bye!" he answered.

"Aye, aye, sir! Good-bye, sir!" came the voice of the mate.

The Buccaneer fought her way out that night. She lost her foresail and half her other canvas before the finish; but she went to sea safely.

Three days later she came in and anchored near the wreck of the steamer. The mate and two men went ashore and searched the reef for signs of their Captain. The boat was gone, and so was he. This told the story. Two hours later they were tearing up the rusted hulk of the Stella Polare, and they carried tons of her to Key West in the little schooner, with the mate in command.

The Onion.

A famous epicure has said that the two absolutely indispensable things to a good dinner, are onions and truffles, and without them the skill of the cook counts for naught. Several substitutes have been found for truffles, but as an unrivalled essence for dishes that are prized because they yield enjoyment on account of their cunningly-concealed flavour, the onion holds its own.

Of all the flavouring substances used in cookery, the onion is secondary to salt only as the most valuable adjunct in creating in a great variety of dishes a distinct palatableness that makes the food valuable because it is relished. There are still benighted and deluded souls who affirm that they detest the very name "onion," while the word "garlic" is unmentionable in their society. Yet it is a fact that the expert cook, by judicious use of the much despised members of the onion family, can deceive the most wary and pronounced hater, and win from him unstinted praise on account of the tantalising flavour that eludes while it delights. The layman gives the name "onion" to all plants belonging to this bulbous group. In old English the leek was the type, while in more Southern Europe, where the pungent essence is most highly prized, the garlic is the king of the onion tribe. Just how to get a suspicion of onion and a shade of garlic introduced into a dish is the stamp of the expert cook. And many there will be who fail, and thus bring bad repute upon a most useful and essential gift of nature.