

Standish Burt L.

**Frank Merriwell's Athletes: or,  
The Boys Who Won**



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Frank Merriwell's Athletes; Or, The Boys Who Won:*

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# **Burt L. Standish**

## **Frank Merriwell's Athletes; Or, The Boys Who Won**

### **CHAPTER I – FRANK AND HIS FRIENDS**

“Say, boys, just listen to that racket!”

It was Jack Diamond who spoke, and he addressed Frank Merriwell and several others of his friends.

“It is certainly awful,” came from Harry Rattleton, one of the boys.

“I can’t stand much of this,” put in Bruce Browning. “It is enough to drive one crazy.”

The boys had just entered the outer portals of a Chinese theatre, located in Chinatown, the Celestial portion of San Francisco. There was a great crowd, and it was only with difficulty that they made their way along the narrow and gloomy passages leading to the theatre proper.

Frank Merriwell and his chums from Yale College had filled in their summer vacation by a trip on bicycles from New York to San Francisco. They had had numerous adventures, but had

come out “right side up with care,” as Frank put it.

The party was composed of Frank Merriwell, Harry Rattleton, a former roommate at Yale; Jack Diamond, from Virginia; Bruce Browning, fat, lazy and good-natured; and Toots, a colored boy from the Merriwell homestead.

On reaching California, Frank had fallen in with Bart Hodge, a schoolmate of years gone by, when Frank had attended Fardale Military Academy. Bart had been in serious trouble, and it was Frank who helped him out of it. For some time Hodge had found it best to “keep shady,” and his troubles were not yet a thing of the past.

As the boys walked farther into the entrance of the Chinese theatre, a clanging medley of the most horrible sounds came up from the passage that lay at the foot of a steep flight of stairs.

Frank Merriwell laughed.

“That is music, old fellow!” he said.

Then came another burst of sounds, more horrible than the first, if possible. There was a banging of brass, a clanging of gongs, a roaring of drums, and a wild shrieking and wailing as of ten thousand fiddles cut of tune.

Jack jabbed his fingers into his ears and actually turned pale.

“Music!” he gasped – “that music? That is enough to drive any man crazy! It is the most frightful thing I ever heard. Music! You are joking, Merriwell!”

“Not a bit of it,” declared Frank. “Aren’t we on our way to witness a play in a Chinese theatre?”

“Well, I supposed so, but it strikes me now that this is one of your jokes. You have put up a job on me. You are trying to horse me.”

“Nothing of the sort, my dear boy.”

Jack still continued suspicious.

“Who ever heard of such a way of getting into a theatre?” he exclaimed. “We entered a narrow door in an old building, came through a long, dark passage, climbed stairs, descended stairs, turned, twisted, climbed more stairs, turned again, and now here we are with another flight of stairs before us. A fine way of getting into a theatre!”

“That is the way the Chinese do the trick. Eh, John?”

The Chinaman who had been acting as their guide, and who stood on the first stair, waiting for them to follow him downward, nodded his head, saying:

“Allee samee leger way.”

“It may be the regular way,” admitted Jack; “but I doubt if I could find my way out of here alone. This would be a fine place to run an enemy into if one wished to murder him secretly. There would be little danger that the police would ever find out anything about it.”

Frank made a signal to the guide, and then the trio slowly descended the stairs, which were dimly lighted by paper-shaded lamps.

At the foot of the stairs the boys passed a door that stood open, enabling them to look into a room that was filled with

bunks, upon many of which lay Chinamen who were sleeping or smoking opium. The powerful odor of “dope” that came from that room was sickening.

Then they came to an ordinary step-ladder that led downward again.

Jack halted in dismay.

“Why,” he said, “we must be underground now! Where are we going?”

“To the theatre, dear boy. Hear the music.”

“Why will you persist in calling it that? It seems that those sounds come from the infernal regions, and this passage must lead down to the old fellow’s reception-room.”

“Glit to theatal plitty soon,” assured the guide.

Down the ladder they went, and then, at an open door, paid an admission fee, after which they entered a room that was packed with human beings and was not at all well ventilated.

The room had a low ceiling, from which Chinese lanterns were suspended, shedding a soft light over the scene, which was so strange that it actually seemed weird to the American visitors.

At either side of the theatre was a space railed off and raised somewhat above the level of the general floor. This was reserved for women, and was well filled. In the pit sat a closely packed throng of men, all with hats upon their heads.

There were a great number of Caucasian visitors, drawn to the place by curiosity.

The stage was on a level with the raised portion reserved for

women, and it was filled with actors, many of whom were richly dressed in oriental robes.

Instead of sitting in front of the stage, like an American orchestra, the musicians were on the stage.

As for scenery, there was none to speak of, save a few movable screens. It was not thought necessary to attempt to please the eye further than in the matter of costumes.

As no female actors are ever permitted on the stage of a Chinese theatre, the female *rôles* were played by youths, who were carefully made up for their parts.

The Chinese guide found seats for Frank and Jack, but retired himself to the back of the room, where he stood and waited till they should see enough of the show and wish to go.

The audience never applauded, although there was a quick rippling response to what seemed to be an occasional witty passage or clever situation.

But the musicians – the musicians wearied and tortured Jack Diamond's soul. They were there to accentuate the emotional parts of the play, and they seemed bent upon doing their duty and doing it fully. At times they poured forth a maddening volume of sounds, and then they seemed to get weary and rest, with the exception of two or three stringed instruments, which sawed, and squeaked, and squawled, and growled, and muttered till the Virginian's blood was cold and his hair standing like porcupine quills.

“Frightful! frightful!” he gasped.

Frank chuckled with satisfaction. It was a new experience for Diamond, and Merriwell was enjoying it as one always enjoys introducing his friends to something new and novel.

“My dear fellow,” whispered Frank, “I fear your ear is not educated to appreciate the beauties of Chinese music.”

“Music! music! Why, a boiler factory in full blast makes better music than this!”

“You are prejudiced. It is a fact that their music is based on an established scale and a scientific theory.”

“Oh, come! that’s too much! Why, see, those players have no leader, and every man is going it alone for himself. It is exactly the same as if every person in one of our orchestras should play a different tune than anybody else and all play at the same time – only I don’t believe these heathens are playing tunes at all. They are just hammering, and tooting, and sawing away, and letting it go at that.”

“It does seem so,” confessed Frank, “although at certain points they all come together with a grand burst, like sprinters making a dash.”

Jack’s hand dropped on Frank’s wrist.

“Look!” he excitedly whispered, pointing to a Chinaman who had risen amid the spectators at a short distance. “What is that fellow going to do? I saw him conceal a knife in his sleeve.”

“And he acts as if he meant to use it on some one,” said Frank, made suspicious by the fellow’s manner. “That’s exactly what he is up to!”

But the Chinaman did not succeed in his purpose, for a stout youth suddenly arose from a seat and gave the heathen a terrific crack on the jaw, knocking him down in a twinkling.

“Take thot, ye thafe av th’ worru!d!” cried the one who had delivered the blow. “It’s Barney Mulloy thot wur watchin’ yez all th’ toime, ye haythen spalpane!”

“Barney Mulloy!”

Frank uttered the name in a joyous cry of recognition; but his voice was drowned by the sudden uproar in the theatre. Men sprang to their feet, and women screamed.

Frank caught Jack by the arm, shouting in his ear: “Come, we must stand by that fellow! He is an old friend of mine!”

“I am with you,” assured Diamond, who had good fighting blood, which was easily aroused.

They forced their way through the throng which surrounded the boy who had struck the Chinaman.

“Barney!” cried Frank.

“Mother av Mowses!” shouted the Irish lad in amazement. “Is thit mesilf thot’s gone crazy, or am Oi dramin’?”

“Not a dream,” assured Merry, as he grasped Barney’s hand.

“Is it yesilf, Frankie?”

“It is!”

“Dunder und blitzens!” cried another voice at Frank’s side. “Uf id don’t peen Vrankie Merriwell, you vos a liar!”

Then Frank’s amazement and wonder was complete, for he was grasped and hugged by the arms of a fat boy who was

laughing all over his fat, jolly face, and that boy was Hans Dunnerwust, who, with Mulloy, had known him at Fardale Academy when all were students there.

“Hans! Why, where – how – ”

But Frank was given no time for questions, as an angry crowd was pressing about them, and they were in danger.

Merriwell lifted his voice, crying:

“Every American in the place should stand by us! My friend struck the Chinaman because he saw him draw a knife, and the blow was delivered in self-defense.”

Several voices answered, and bursting through the crowd came three men in yachting suits, who assured the boys that they would stand by them.

The yachtmen seemed to be on a lark, and they took great delight in knocking Chinamen right and left, which they did in a highly entertaining manner.

“For the door!” cried Frank, commandingly. “We must get out of here!”

For the door they rushed, sweeping everything before them. Crack! crack! crack! sounded the blows of the yachtsmen’s fists, and they gave a hoarse cheer that seemed to have in it the boom of the surf on a rocky coast.

“Hurro!” shouted Barney Mulloy, in a wild fever of excitement. “It’s mesilf that’s not been in a bit av a scrap loike this fer a wake! It’s fun, it is! Git out av th’ way, ye pig-tailed rat-’aters! Ye nivver wur made ter live in a whoite man’s country

at all, at all!”

“Say, you nefer saw such a fight as this, did I?” cried the Dutch boy, flourishing his arms in a furious manner and striking friends almost as often as foes. “Uf this don’d peat der pand, you don’d toldt me so!”

With a few exceptions, the Chinamen did not seem at all anxious to get in the way of the Americans. It was not the first occasion when an affair of a similar nature had occurred in a Chinese theatre.

Sometimes some of the bloods of the town would come down into Chinatown full of wine and “good intentions,” and it was their custom to end the racket whenever possible by “cleaning out” a Chinese theatre.

Many of the spectators on this occasion believed it was a pre-arranged plan to clean out the theatre, and so they made haste to get out themselves as soon as possible.

The boys and their sailor friends were among those who early rushed out through the door, and they clambered up the step-ladder with no small haste.

It was not difficult to find their way out, for it was only necessary to follow the crowd. Now and then a few of the Chinamen disappeared by means of side doors, but the most of them kept straight on to the open air.

The main streets of the quarter were lighted by paper lanterns, which gave out a dim, mellow light, beneath which the oriental throng looked strange and fantastic.

To Frank it seemed as if they were in Pekin instead of the American city of San Francisco.

Barney Mulloy laughed heartily.

“Did yez ivver see th’ bate av thot?” he cried. “It’s th’ divvil’s own ruction it wur, but nivver a Chink came back fer a sicond dose afther gettin’ a chrack av me fist.”

“Dot’s vot’s der madder mit Hannah!” put in Hans. “Ven I hit somepody my fist mit they nefer lif to dell uf him. Yah!”

“They nivver knew ye shtruck thim, ye Dutch chase,” said Barney, contemptuously.

“Dot vos righd,” agreed Dunnerwust. “Ven I hit nopody it always means suttin death.”

“G’won!” snorted the Irish boy. Then Barney caught hold of Frank once more, and gave him a genuine bear hug.

“Begorra! Oi thought Oi’d nivver see yez again, Frankie!” he cried. “Oi hearrud ye wur in Yale Collige, an’ it’s yersilf Oi thought moight get such a great gintlemon ye’d care nivver a bit to see yer ould fri’nds any more at all, at all.”

“You should know me better than that, Barney,” said Frank, protestingly. “No matter what happens to me, you may be sure I’ll always be true to my old friends.”

“Dot vos righdt!” grinned Hans. “Vrankie Merriwell nefer goes pack on his friendts, ur don’d you pelief me. He vas all righdt vrom der top uf his headt ubvard.”

Other visitors kept pouring from the small door that had admitted them to the passage leading to the theatre, and one of

the sailors, a handsome-looking man with a full beard, said:

“I think, we’ll get away from here, as the police seem to have a grudge against any one in a sailor’s suit, and this racket may bring some of them down here.”

Immediately Frank said:

“We owe you thanks, sir, for the aid you gave us in getting out of a bad scrape. You responded to my appeal for help immediately, and – ”

The man interrupted with a laugh.

“We were only too glad of a chance to do it, as we were looking for a good opportunity to smash a few Chinks in the mug. Eh, boys?”

“That’s right,” nodded his companions.

Merriwell looked at the men curiously, and he saw they were anything but ordinary sailors. All were fine-appearing men, and they spoke like persons of education.

“We will go along with you, if you don’t mind,” he said. “I think we have seen quite enough of Chinatown to suffice for to-night. What do you say, fellows?”

“I am sure I have,” said Diamond.

“And Oi,” nodded Barney.

“You vos anodder,” grinned Hans, who meant to say he was quite willing to leave Chinatown for the night.

So the little party moved away, and as they went along the leader of the yachtsmen said:

“My name is Chandler and I am stopping at the Baldwin. Have

been cruising in my yacht with several friends, but just now I am trying to sell her, as some business has arisen which defeats my plans for a summer's outing."

Frank introduced himself, and in a short time the boys were chatting freely with the yachtsmen, who proved to be rather jolly gentlemen.

Passing out of Chinatown they were soon on Market Street, and a walk of a few blocks brought them to the hotel where Merriwell and the friends who had accompanied him on the bicycle tour across the continent were stopping.

Chandler wished to go in and "blow off," but Frank insisted that none of the party drink.

"If that is the case, you are a queer set of college lads," said Chandler, with a laugh. "I never saw a college boy who would not swim in beer every chance he found."

"There are exceptions, you see."

"I see, and I consider it most remarkable. Will you smoke?"

But Frank declined to drink or smoke, shook hands with his accidentally found friends, and they parted.

"Now," he said, addressing Barney and Hans, "you must come in and see our rooms."

They entered the hotel and ascended in the elevator to the floor on which the boys had their rooms.

A few minutes later Barney and Hans were thoroughly at home.

## CHAPTER II – BARNEY’S STORY

“Well, Oi nivver saw th’ loikes av this!” exclaimed Barney, in amazement. “It’s loike bein’ back at Fardale ag’in.”

“You pet my poots!” grinned the Dutch boy. “Id makes me think der time uf dot Hodge vos hazed der oldt poathouse in. You tidn’t like dot so much as you might, eh, Partly?”

“I can’t say that I ever took to hazing much,” confessed Hodge, who looked moody and worried.

“Yaw, dot vos der trute. Dot vos der nighd ven I sing dot peautiful hymn caldt ‘Bull For der Shore.’ I remember me dot song. Id vent someding dis a vay:

“Bull vor der shore, sailor, bull vor der shore,  
Ged indo dot lifepoat, undt ged der roof off,  
Shbit on your handts, sailor, undt let her rip,  
Uf you dond’d prace up, you ged left alretty yet.”

Dunnerwust roared forth the song as loudly as he could, and Frank hastened to stop him, laughing as he said:

“Good gracious, Hans! this is no menagerie! It is a first-class hotel, and we’ll be fired out if we make such unearthly noises in the rooms.”

“I don’d toldt you so?” exclaimed the Dutch boy in surprise. “Don’d der beople der hodel in abbreciate goot musicks?”

“Possibly they do when they hear it.”

“Vell, oben der toor und gif um der chance uf their lifes. I vos goin’ to sing again alretty soon.”

“If you try it, I’ll throw you out of the window!”

Diamond gave a sigh of relief.

“Talk about a Chinese orchestra!” he muttered. “There are other things quite as bad.”

Hans looked sad.

“I vos afraidt mein voice vos not abbreciated,” he said. “Id vos hardt ven a veller feels so goot he wants to varble like der pirds und der friendts uf him von’t gif him a shance. Oxcuse me vile I shed a tear. Vill somepody lent me an onions?”

“Oi’m glad ye’ve got somebody to hold ye down, ye Dutch chaze,” grinned Barney. “It’s mesilf has been unable intoirely to kape th’ Dutchmon shtill, Frankie. It’s in danger av bein’ arristed he has put us twinty toimes a day.”

“What I want to know,” said Frank, “is how it happens that I find you two together here in San Francisco.”

“Vale,” said Hans, “I comes me oudt here to visit mein cousin, Fritz, undt I runs me acrost Parney.”

“But, Barney, the last I knew of you you were in London with your Sister Bridget. I didn’t suppose you were in America.”

“It’s an accidint Oi’m here at all, at all,” averred the Irish lad. “An’ it’s yesilf thot’ll be moighty interisted whin Oi tells yez how thot accidint happened.”

“Yah,” nodded Hans; “he vos sure to trop deat ven you toldt

him der odder berson of dot vas San Vrancisco in.”

“I am getting intensely interested already,” said Frank. “Go ahead, Barney, and tell the story. We’ll all sit down and listen.”

“Excuse me if I lie down,” murmured Browning, as he stretched his massive frame on a couch. “I am troubled of late with that tired feeling.”

“Vot you took vor him?” asked Hans, anxiously. “I’d vos tangerous ven you let him go und don’t took nottings.”

“The best thing I have found to take for it is a rest.”

“Do you know why the Chinese make such good actors?” asked Rattleton.

“You toldt me dot.”

“All right. They make good actors because they never forget their cues.”

“Yah! yah! yah!” cackled Toots, the colored boy, who had been keeping still and remaining in the background. “Land ob watermillions! dat boy Rattletum cayan’t help sayin’ dem fings. It jes’ comes nacheral wif dat boy.”

“Meester Raddleton must haf peen eatin’ eggs,” observed Hans, soberly. “He vos full uf yokes.”

Toots stared at Hans, and then, suddenly seeing the point, he had a fit. He laughed till Frank threw one of Browning’s bicycle shoes at him. The shoe struck the colored lad and knocked him off his chair to the floor. He picked himself up and sat down without a word, looking sad and subdued.

“Now, Barney,” said Frank, gravely, “be good enough to go

on with your story. I think we have quieted the menagerie.”

“Begorra! Oi nivver saw such a crowd as this in all me loife,” declared the Irish lad. “It’s a jolly ould party it is.”

Then he began his story:

“It’s nivver a bit av money could Oi make in London, an’ so, whin Oi got a chance to go to Australia wid a foine gintlemon thot gave me a job on his ranch, Oi shnapped it up quicker thin ye could wink th’ two oies av yes.

“But afther Oi got there Oi didn’t loike the place a great dale. It wur too fur away from anything at all, at all, an’ it’s lonesome Oi got; so Oi wint to th’ gintlemon an’ told him. It’s a foine splindid mon he wur, fer he said to me, sez he, ‘Barney, me b’y, it’s sorry Oi am to have yez go, but Oi don’t want to kape ye av ye’re lonesome an’ homesick.’ Wid thot he wur afther givin’ me a roll av money thot he said Oi could pay back av Oi ivver got th’ chance, an’ Oi packed me hooker an’ shtarted fer Sydney.

“It’s a roight shmart town thot same Sydney is, as ye know yersilf, Frankie, fer it’s goin’ there ye wur th’ last toime Oi saw yez. Oi wur moighty intheristed in that place, an’ wan day who should Oi mate roight on th’ strata but – Oi’ll bet ye can’t guess in a thousan’ years, Frankie.”

“Yah,” nodded Hans; “he don’d peen aple to guess in zwei t’ousan’ year.”

“Then I will not try,” said Frank. “Who was it that you met, Barney?”

“It wur th’ girrul ye used ter be so shtuck on at Fardale, me

b'y."

"What, not – not – "

"Inza Burrage!"

"Yah, Inza Porridge," grinned Hans.

Inza Burrage was a young lady of whom Frank had been very fond in former days, and she still held a warm corner in his heart.

"Goodness!" cried Frank. "Inza – in Australia?"

"Sure she wur, me b'y. Ye know th' last toime ye saw her she wur wid her fayther, an' th' ould gintleman wur thavelin' fer his hilt on th' continent."

"Yes, yes."

"They wint to Italy."

"Yes."

"It wur there that Mистер Burrage met Lord Stanford."

"Who is Lord Stanford?"

"An English gintleman wid more money than brains."

"Und he vos nod der only bebble on der peach," put in Hans.

"What about him? How does he come into the Story?" asked Frank.

"He made love to Inza, me b'y."

"Made love to her? Why, she is nothing but a little girl."

"It's forgittin' ye are that she has been gettin' oulder, as well as yersilf. She is almost a young lady now, me b'y."

"But not old enough to think seriously of love."

"Is it that oidea ye have, Frankie? An' do yez fergit how Rolf

Raymond, her cousin in New Orleans, troied to make her marry him?”

“That was an outrage, for she was a mere child.”

“Ye’ll see a change in her whin ye mate her. An’ it’s her fayther thot’s lookin’ out for a foine match fer her.”

“Impossible! I am sure Mr. Burrage would not – ”

“Sure is it ye are! Ha! ha! Whoy, it’s thot th’ old gintlemon wur thavelin’ fer more than fer th’ hilt av him.”

“Barney, I can’t believe this.”

“Belave it ur not, it’s the truth, an’ he wur afther makin’ her marry Lord Stanford.”

“What an outrage – what an outrage!” shouted Frank, springing to his feet and excitedly pacing the floor. “Don’t tell me he succeeded in forcing her into such a marriage!”

“He would have sucsaded av Oi hadn’t sane her.”

“And you, Barney – what did you do?”

There was a twinkle in the eyes of the Irish youth.

“Oh, Oi did nivver a thing!” he chuckled. “She told me iverything about it.”

“And then – then what?”

“She wanted me to hilp her run away.”

“Did you?”

“Did Oi? Well, say! Did ivver a swate girrul appale to Barney Mulloy thot he wurn’t ready to break his neck fer th’ loikes av her?”

Frank’s excitement grew.

“Barney, you are a trump!” he shouted. “I could hug you! What did you do? How did you do it?”

“She told me she had some money av her own with which she could pay her way back to th’ Unoited Shtates.”

“Yes, yes!”

“All she wanted wur to get away widout her fayther ur th’ lord knowin’ a thing about it.”

“And you aided her?”

“Me b’y, she didn’t know how to do th’ thrick, an’ so I was afther securin’ passage fer her on a steamer bound fer San Francisco.”

“And did you – were you able to get her away? Did she get on board without being stopped?”

Barney nodded.

“She has an aunt in Sacramento, an’ she said she would be all roight av she could rache thot lady.”

“In Sacramento? And she is there now? You aided her in getting to her aunt? Barney, you should have a gold medal!”

“Waid a bit, me laddibuck; you’re gettin’ ahid av me shtory. Oi got her onto th’ stamer, an’ Oi took passage on th’ same craft. As Oi didn’t have money to burrun, Oi come in th’ sicond cabin, whoile she came firrust class. All th’ same Oi found a chance now and thin to chat wid her. She told me all about her aunt. She said her aunt could make th’ fayther av her give up th’ skame to marry her off to the English lord.”

“Blessings on that aunt!”

“Wait a bit! wait a bit!”

Frank showed alarm.

“Don’t tell me she could not find her aunt, or that the woman refused to aid her!”

“Nayther thing happened. It war loike this: Another stamer sailed fer San Francisco the day afther us.”

“What of that?”

“It wur a faster stamer than th’ one we wur on, Frankie.”

Merriwell’s fears were fully aroused.

“Go on! go on!” he cried.

“Av course her fayther an’ th’ English lord diskivered she had run away, an’ they found out she had taken a stamer.”

“They followed on the other?”

“They followed a pace.”

“Followed a piece? Why, how were they to turn back?”

“Nivver a bit did they do thot, but th’ last parrut av th’ trip we wur folleyin’ thim, an’ nivver a thing did we know about thot.”

“They passed you without your knowing it, you mean.”

“Thot is phwat Oi mane.”

“And then – then – ”

“Whin we lift the stamer at this port, they wur there to receive us.”

A cry of dismay broke from Frank, and then he suddenly became quite cool in his manner, the change being so pronounced that it was startling.

“I presume they took charge of her?” he said, grimly.

“Thot’s phwat, an’ they nearly took charge av me whin they found me wid her. An officer wur called to arrist me, but it’s a roight loively pair av legs Oi have, an’ th’ polaceman nivver got his fingers on me collar, though it wur some high dodgin’ Oi did.”

“What became of Inza?”

“Thot is phwat Oi’d loike ter foind out, Frankie, an’ it’s two days Oi’ve been thryin’ to do so.”

## CHAPTER III – IN A QUANDARY

Frank took a turn twice the length of the room, and then stopped before Barney and the others, who were watching him in silence.

“Fellows,” he said, his voice firm and steady, “Inza Burrage is a girl whom I admire very much. When I attended school at Fardale we were sweethearts. I fancy the most of you know what it is to have a sweetheart at school. Circumstances may separate such sweethearts in after years, but nothing ever makes them forget each other. They are sure to think of each other with tenderness and respect. A thousand times have I thought and dreamed of Inza. I have felt that I was ready to make any sacrifice for her – ready to do anything in my power for her. I have said that, if the time ever came when she needed a true friend, she could depend on me. That time has come. She is in need of a friend, and I must find her and aid her. It may be possible that I shall need the assistance of my friends. Who may I count on?”

In a moment every boy in that room was on his feet and declaring his eagerness to stand by Frank through anything and everything.

Frank did not smile; he was very grave and stern, although something like a look of satisfaction passed across his face.

“I thought so,” he nodded. “In fact, I knew it. The first thing is to find out where Miss Burrage is.”

“She may not be in San Francisco at all now,” said Browning, who showed unusual interest for him.

“That is quite true.”

“Oi think she is,” said Barney.

“What makes you think so?”

“Lord Stanford had a haythen Chinee for a servant.”

“What of that?”

“It wur thot same haythen me an Hans folleyed to th’ thayater in Chinatown this avenin’. Thot is how we happened to be there.”

“Yah,” nodded the Dutch boy; “dot vos der trute.”

“That is interesting,” admitted Frank. “I hope it may prove that you are right. Were you watching the Chinaman when you were attacked?”

“Hans was. Oi had sane th’ rat-’ater spake to another wan, an’ Oi felt sure he said somethin’ about us. Oi watched the other, an’ it wur a good thing fer me that Oi did.”

“The other was the one who tried to get a knife into your back?”

“Yis. Th’ dirruty rascal didn’t know Oi had me oie on him all th’ toime.”

“In the excitement that followed, you lost sight of the one you followed there.”

“Vale,” said Hans, “I don’d peen aple to keep vatch uf him afder efrybody shumps ub all aroundt.”

“That was most unfortunate. If you could have followed him without his knowing it, he might have led you straight to his

master.”

“Thot’s phwat Oi thought, me b’y.”

Frank thought the matter over for a few moments, and then said:

“It seems to me that there is a probability of this Lord Stanford being in San Francisco, although Inza’s father may have taken her away. If his servant had left him, it is not likely an attempt would have been made on Barney’s life. The Chinaman’s master must have told him to look out that he was not followed by Barney, and the heathen was going to stop it somehow.”

“It seems rather remarkable to me,” said Jack, “that they should care whether Barney followed them or not, for it is likely they now have the girl under such close watch that there is absolutely no chance for her to run away again.”

“She may have been forced into a marriage already,” Browning said.

“You do not know her,” declared Frank. “She is a girl of such spirit that her father will find it extremely difficult to compel her to marry against her will.”

“Yah,” nodded the Dutch boy, “you pet me my poots on dot!”

“Begorra! she has th’ clane grit in her,” agreed Barney.

“That is certain,” admitted Bruce, “else she would not have dared run away as she did. Not one girl in a thousand would have the nerve to do a thing like that.”

“I am greatly interested to see this remarkable young lady,” said Diamond. “I like girls of spirit.”

Frank paid no heed to what the others were saying. He was walking the floor, the expression of his face showing that he was in a brown study.

“Shust look ad him,” whispered Hans. “Uf he gedds dot Lort Sdanfort holdt uf – vale, dot feller don’t know vere he vas at purty queek alretty.”

After a time, Frank paused to say:

“This is a case on which no time is to be lost, as Inza may be forced into a marriage if she is not soon given aid in some manner. Unfortunately, it seems to me that there is no clew to begin work on immediately. We are at sea.”

“Av you don’t foind a way out av it roight off it will be th’ firrust toime ye ivver wur balked,” said Barney, admiringly.

“There is always a first time, but we will hope this is not one. I am going to give the matter some thought. Talk it over, fellows, and see if you can’t devise some plan.”

As Frank was passing into an adjoining room, Hodge approached him, saying in a low tone:

“You must not forget that I am in constant danger every day I remain in California, Merriwell. I must get out as soon as possible.”

At first a shadow of annoyance seemed to rest on Frank’s face, but it quickly passed, and he said:

“You are right, Bart. A steamer leaves for Honolulu day after to-morrow. To-morrow I will secure passage on her for you.”

Then he passed on into the room.

Two hours later Rattleton found Frank alone.

“Well, Merry,” said Harry, “what is to be done? Have you decided yet?”

Frank shook his head.

“It is a most perplexing and puzzling situation,” he confessed. “If I knew where to find Inza it would not be long before I would have a plan. But to find her – that’s the rub.”

“What would you do then?” asked Harry. “You could not take her away from her father.”

“That is true. But her father is an invalid, and I believe this Lord Stanford has used undue influence in persuading him to force Inza into this marriage. In London I was able to save Mr. Burrage and Inza from being blown to pieces by an anarchist’s bomb. It is not likely that he has forgotten this. It may be that I would have some influence with him myself.”

“It is possible,” admitted Harry; “but even your influence might fail.”

“In that case,” declared Frank, “I should try to resort to more desperate means.”

“It is dangerous, Merry – very dangerous. Since reaching California we have escaped from one danger by the tin of our skeeth – I mean by the skin of our teeth. Even now there is a possibility that Hodge may be arrested.”

Frank scowled a little, but nodded slowly.

“I know it,” he acknowledged, “but in two days Hodge will be on the sea bound for Honolulu. He is to take passage on a steamer

that leaves day after to-morrow. It is this girl I am thinking about, now, Rattle.”

“Girls have caused you any amount of trouble, Merry.”

“I know that, and I am willing that this girl should cause me any amount more.”

“Then it must be that you are still in love with her. This is the girl you care about more than any other.”

“I don’t know,” said Frank, slowly. “It may be. I have not seen her in a long time, and I have seen many other girls, for some of whom I have had more than a passing fancy.”

“It is certain that some of them have had more than a passing fancy for you, Frank,” laughed Harry.

Merriwell did not smile.

“Harry,” he said, gravely, “my thoughts are now of Inza alone. All other girls are forgotten. She always had the utmost confidence in me. She trusted me, and she believed I could do anything. If she knew I were in San Francisco she would find a way to appeal to me for aid. I can fancy her alone with her invalid father, whose one ambition is to make a good match for his child before he dies. I can fancy her appealing to him, begging him not to force her into this odious marriage. She is not the girl to cringe or cry. She is impulsive, hot-blooded, passionate, and, as a last resort, to escape this English lord, she might do something desperate. Nay, she might commit suicide.”

Harry was inclined to laugh at this, but he saw that Merriwell was very grave and earnest, and he refrained. He shook his head,

however, saying:

“You cannot be in earnest, old fellow. Girls do not commit suicide nowadays.”

“I assure you there is no telling what a girl like Inza Burrage might do. That is what worries me. I feel that it is my duty to aid her, but how – how can I reach her?”

“Pive it gup – I mean give it up, old man. Let us sleep over it to-night.”

“Sleep – sleep after hearing this? Impossible!”

“But you can do nothing until daylight comes.”

“That is true, and I am wondering what I shall be able to do then. That is why I cannot sleep.”

In vain Rattleton urged Frank to lie down and rest. At last he gave it up and went into the other room to tell the boys how hard hit Frank was by the news concerning his old sweetheart.

“I don’t doubt me,” nodded Hans. “Thot am shust like Vrankie. He vos always thinking a great deal more of somepody else apout, than he vas himself of.”

“Begorra,” put in Barney, “it is no more than nacheral he should think a great dale av thot girrul. They wur the bist av swatehearts at Fardale. Although they sometimes jist quarreled a bit it’s true love thot nivver did run smooth at all, at all, and there’s no telling what may happen betwane thim. For sure there is very little smoothness in their love affairs.”

“Ah, Merriwell is always falling in love,” said Diamond. “I do not believe it goes very deep with him.”

“An’ if it is yersilf that thinks so!” cried Barney, contemptuously, “it’s little ye know about him, thin!”

Jack flushed, and seemed on the point of resenting this plain speech, but bit his lip and remained silent, although he gave Barney a black look.

The Irish lad did not mind looks, however, and as for words, he had a proverbial Irish tongue that could send back a witty and cutting reply for any sort of speech.

After meeting Hans in San Francisco, Barney had been stopping with Hans at a boarding house to which they now decided to return for the night.

Before leaving, however, they had a few words with Frank, who made them promise to come around early in the morning.

“I may have thought of some plan of action by that time,” he said. “Think the matter over yourselves, boys, perhaps you may be able to aid me. You know Inza, and – well, you know me. You must know I would give anything I possess to locate her now.”

“You pet mine poots we know dot,” nodded Hans.

“Begorra, you’re th’ roight stuff, Frankie, an’ Oi’m riddy to foight wid yer bist frind if he maloigns ye,” said Barney, thinking of Diamond.

Frank pressed their hands and bade them good-night. Then they departed.

## CHAPTER IV – INZA’S LETTER

Barney and Hans did not turn up on the following morning as soon as Frank expected they would, and as he had forgotten to ask where they boarded, he could not go to find them.

Merriwell had spent a restless, almost a sleepless night. But, although his face was pale, he seemed as full of energy as ever.

He had conceived a plan by which, with Barney’s aid, he fancied he might find Inza. But Barney – where was he?

It was past nine o’clock when the Irish lad came tearing up to the hotel, followed by Hans, who was puffing and blowing like a porpoise, his eyes bulging from his head, his face expressing the wildest excitement.

“Frankie!” gasped Barney.

“Vrankie!” panted Hans.

“What is it?” asked Frank, seeing something unusual had happened.

“It’s news, we hiv’, me b’y!”

“Yah! id vas news we haf!”

“News!” exclaimed Frank, “what sort of news? Have you found Inza?”

“It’s not found her yit we hiv’, me b’y, but we’ll foind her soon, or Oi’ll ate me boots!”

“Yah! and I shall make a square meal mit mine coat off!”

Frank grasped Barney by the shoulder.

“You have found a clew – is that it? Why didn’t you come to me sooner?”

“Begorra, it’s a bit loait we stayed up last night, Frankie, an’ Oi overslipt this morning. As for this Dutch chase, he nivver would, wake up at all, at all, av it wur not fer me. He would slape roight on fer a wake.”

“Oxscuce me,” said Hans. “No wake in mine. What you took me for – an Irishmans, aind’t id?”

“Tell me what it is you have found out,” cried Frank, sharply. With frantic haste Barney tore something from his pocket and waved it wildly in the air.

“Here it is, me b’y!” he shouted.

“Yah, thar it vas!” squealed Hans.

“What is it? Give it to me!” commanded Frank.

Then he snatched the object from Barney’s hands.

It was a letter.

“Inza’s writing!” said Frank, hoarsely, as he glanced at it. “I would know it anywhere! A letter to you, Barney! When did you receive this?”

“In th’ mornin’ mail, me b’y, afther Oi got up. So ye say it is well Oi overslipt mysilf, or Oi would not have bin there to recave th’ mail whin it was delivered.”

The envelope had been torn open in a ragged manner, showing Barney had opened it with great haste.

Frank lost no time in drawing forth the letter. In a moment he was reading it. It ran as follows:

*“Dear Barney:* I am writing this on the sly, hoping to find an opportunity to mail it to you. I am to be taken from the city in the morning by my father and this horrid Lord Stanford. How I despise him! But he seems to have plenty of money, and father is all taken up with him. Somehow, I fancy he has not as much money as he pretends to have. I am sure he thinks me an heiress, although I have told him a hundred times I am not. Father, however, has caused him to think we are very well to do, financially, and that is enough to lead the scheming scoundrel on. It seems to make no difference to him when I tell him how much I dislike him. He simply laughs and says I will get over that by and by when we are married. That will never be. I would not marry him if he were the last man in the world – so there!

“But I am forgetting to tell you what I started to say. Lord Stanford has bought a yacht, and he is going to take us away on it to-morrow morning. I have refused to go. Father says I must. Oh, dear! I wish I had some one who could help me escape from this horrid Englishman. If Frank Merriwell were here – dear old Frank! I could call on him. Oh, what would I give to see him now? But he is far away – so far away.

“If I could get another good chance, I would run away. I may get a chance. I am afraid you cannot help me again, for you have been watched. To-night I heard Lord Stanford tell father where you were, and that is how I know your address.

“Stanford’s yacht is somewhere out toward North Beach or Black Point. I know this from overhearing his talk with father. In the morning, unless I am fortunate enough to give

them the slip, he will take me on board for the cruise. Where they are going I do not know. Oh, if you could aid me to get away from them once more; but I know it is too much to ask you to try this again. If I had been able to reach my aunt in Sacramento, I think she would have persuaded father to drop his scheme of marrying me to Lord Stanford.

“Good-by, Barney. You were always Frank’s staunchest friend and admirer, and that is why I have thought so much of you and trusted you so fully. Dear Frank, where can he be? Oh, wouldn’t he give it to this horrid Englishman if he were here and knew the truth? He would not be afraid of a hundred Lord Stanfords. He never was afraid of anything in his life! I dreamed of him last night, and I thought he had come to aid me. When I awakened and found it was only a dream, I cried myself to sleep again.

“Oh, Barney! father came so near catching me writing this letter just now! I was barely able to conceal it from him in time. He asked me what I was doing, and I fibbed by saying, ‘nothing at all, father.’ He was so suspicious, and I am taking desperate chances in adding these few lines. I shall try to bribe the bell boy to post this letter for me, and I hope it will reach you all right. Farewell,

*Inza.*”

To the astonishment of both Barney and Hans the reading of this letter did not seem to excite Frank at all. There was a slight movement of the muscles of his face when Inza mentioned him, but that was all.

When he had finished, he folded the letter quickly and put it

into his pocket.

“Barney,” he said, sharply, “order a cab without delay. Have it at the door in five minutes.”

“All right, me b’y!” cried Barney, and he made a rush to obey, Frank disappeared in the other direction, and Hans was left alone.

“Well, I vender vere I vas at,” said the Dutch boy, as he stared around him in a bewildered manner. “Vat vas it Vrankie’s going to done alretty yet? It don’t took him more than vive hours to make oop his mind he vas going to do someding. I pet me your life he yas going to git after dot Lord Stanford like a kioodle dog after a pone.”

Before five minutes had passed Frank came rushing from the hotel and found Barney waiting at the door, while the cab was standing near the curb.

“Here yes are, me b’y,” cried the Irish lad.

“Good!” exclaimed Frank, with satisfaction.

Then he addressed the driver.

“How far is it to North Beach?” he asked.

“Two miles, sir,” was the answer.

“Can you make it in twenty minutes?”

“I doubt it, sir.”

“Here is five dollars,” said Frank, handing the driver the money. “Get me to North Beach in twenty minutes and you shall have five more.”

The man seized the money eagerly, and then asked:

“What part of North Beach do you want to go to, Sir?”

“I don’t know,” confessed Merry.

The driver looked surprised.

“Don’t know!” he exclaimed in a puzzled way. “Well, that is strange.”

“Is Black Point anywhere near North Beach?” asked Frank, hurriedly.

“Sure,” nodded the driver.

“Then take us out that way,” ordered Frank, as he bundled Barney into the cab, followed himself and slammed the door.

The driver whipped up his horses, and away they went with a rattley-bump just as Hans came waddling out of the hotel, crying for them to hold on.

Frank looked at his watch.

“Five minutes of ten,” he said. “We shall get there at a quarter after ten. Even that may be too late.”

“Howly Mowses!” exclaimed Barney. “It’s the divvil’s own rush ye do be in, an’ ye don’t same to be in a hurry, ayther. But how are we going to foind Lord Stanford’s yacht, afther we get there, Frankie? Oi’d loike to have yez explain.”

“That’s something – I can’t tell – yet,” acknowledged Frank, as the cab dashed around a corner and pitched them into a heap against one side. “We’ll have to – hunt for – it.”

“Musha! musha!” gasped the Irish lad. “It’s a sure thing thot droiver manes to earn the other foive dollars.”

For Barney it was a somewhat exciting ride at first, as the street

was filled with cars, carriages and trucks, each one of which seemed trying to get to some destination regardless of all the others. In and out, here and there, dodging in front of a car, narrowly missing the wheel of a truck, slinking through a narrow space between two heavy teams, turning to the right, turning to the left, on rattled the cab. The boys were thrown about as if they had been seated in a small boat that was at the mercy of an angry sea.

At length the streets were less obstructed, and the driver made greater speed. He wielded the whip mercilessly.

“This is fun aloive,” gasped Barney. “Oi’ll not hiv’ a whole bone in me body whin Oi git there.”

Frank said nothing, but looked at his watch, after which he nodded in a satisfied manner.

“Is it fast enough fer yez – we are going – Frankie?” asked Barney, with a bit of sarcasm in his voice.

“If it is only two miles to North Beach we will get there in less than fifteen minutes,” said Frank.

“But it’s did we may be whin we arrove, me b’y.”

Crack! crack! crack! sounded the driver’s whip, each snap being like the report of a pistol. Clatter! clatter! co-lat-ter! sounded the hoofs of the galloping horses.

“Oi’ve played football a little in me loife,” said Barney, as he picked himself up from the bottom of the cab, only to be thrown down again with greater violence, “but Oi’ll admit this takes th’ cake. Football is not in it, at all, at all.”

Still Frank was silent. Now he held his watch in his hand his eyes fastened upon it. Montgomery Avenue was reached, and they turned into it.

At the corner of the next street they nearly ran down another carriage. By a sharp turn to the right, the driver whirled alongside of the cab into which he had nearly crashed.

Looking from the window, Frank gazed directly into the window of the other cab.

A cry escaped his lips:

“Inza – there she is!”

There was an answering cry, and the face of a beautiful girl appeared at the window of the other cab.

“Frank!” she almost screamed. “Frank, is it you?”

Then a pair of hands grasped her, and pulled her back from view.

But Frank had seen enough, and now his very heart was on fire with excitement. Inza – he had found her.

## CHAPTER V – TO THE RESCUE

Both Frank and Barney saw that a struggle was going on in the other cab. They could hear Inza crying for some one to let her go, and the sound of her voice made Frank more desperate than ever.

“The scoundrel!” he panted, trying to tear open the door and spring out. “I’d like to choke the breath of life out of him! If he harms her, I will.”

“Thot’s roight, me b’y!” shouted Barney. “We’ll give it to th’ spalpeen!”

Then the driver of the other cab whipped up his horses, and away they dashed getting in ahead of the one carrying Frank and Barney.

“They are making for the harbor!” grated Frank. “That is how it happens we came upon them.”

“Roight again, as ye always are,” agreed Barney.

Frank thrust his head out of the window and shouted to the driver.

“After them! after them! Don’t let them get away, on your life!”

“After who?” asked the driver.

“That cab!” flashed back Frank. “Are you dazed or drunk? Whip up, man – whip up!”

“They didn’t do nothing,” declared the driver. “It was me who

came near running into them.”

“Hang it!” burst from Merriwell. “I don’t care about that! I want you to follow them!”

“What for?” asked the driver.

“Because I tell you to, you stupid blockhead!” Frank almost roared. “It will be worth ten dollars to you if you keep them in sight.”

“I will do it or kill my horses!” declared the man.

The other cab had obtained quite a start while Frank was urging the driver to start in pursuit.

“It’s a hot toime we’re in fer, me b’y,” said Barney.

“It’s a hot chase I propose to give them,” came determinedly from Merriwell’s lips. “Fortune has favored us, and now we must not let them get away.”

“Pwhat do yez mane to do afther ye catch thim?”

“Don’t know now. I’ll be able to tell better when we catch them.”

“It’s Inza’s father thot’s in th’ cab.”

“It was not her father that pulled her back from view.”

“Whoy?”

“Because he has not the strength to handle her with such ease. The last time I saw him he was a weak and broken old man.”

“It’s betther he is now, Frankie. Thravel sames to hiv’ done th’ould duck good, so it does.”

“It is probable that both her father and Lord Stanford are in that cab.”

“An’ it’s not yesilf that will think av throying to take th’ girrul away from her fayther, is it?”

“I don’t know,” said Frank, his face hard and stern. “In this free country fathers who try to force their daughters into odious marriages are not popular, and, should I be arrested for interfering, it is almost certain I would have the sympathy of the public.”

He looked out of the window and urged the driver not to lose sight of the other cab if he had to kill his horses in pursuing.

“Kill both your horses if necessary!” he cried. “I can pay for them! Remember it is ten dollars anyway if you keep them in sight.”

“They’ll not lose me,” declared the driver, shouting to make his voice heard above the rattling rumble of wheels.

At the very next corner the cab in advance swung sharply around into Beach Street, and now they were in sight of the bay that was but a few blocks away.

The driver of the pursuing cab attempted to make a sharp turn at the corner, but he did not do it skillfully, and a catastrophe occurred.

Over went the cab!

Crash – smash!

The driver was flung to the ground, and Frank was shot out through a window.

By the rarest kind of luck Frank was not injured severely, and he quickly leaped to his feet.

The frightened horses were plunging and rearing, but the driver had clung to the reins, and was holding them from running away.

Frank wondered if Barney had been hurt, but there was no time for him to stop there, if he meant to keep the other cab in sight.

Frank was a sprinter, and he started after the cab at a run.

Two men tried to stop him, thinking he must have caused the smash and was running away to escape arrest.

“Hold on!” they shouted, grabbing at him.

“Hands off!” he flung back, dodging them.

A policeman appeared at the opposite corner and yelled across the street for the running lad to stop.

Frank did not heed the command.

Seeing the driver struggling with his frantic horses the officer hastened to his aid, letting Frank go.

Round to the left the cab turned at the next corner.

Frank saw a head thrust out of a window, and he knew one of the occupants was looking back.

Round the corner darted Frank.

Out upon a long pier the cab was being driven.

Setting his teeth the pursuer made a last great burst of speed, and went racing out upon the pier.

The cab stopped, and a young, red-faced man flung open the door and sprang out. Then he reached back and pulled the girl out after him.

A short distance from the pier a handsome white yacht lay at anchor. At the foot of the stone steps that ran down to a small floating landing lay a rowboat. In the boat was a sailor in yachting costume, while another sailor stood on the pier, as if he had been waiting for the appearance of some one.

“Here, Bush!” cried the man who had pulled the girl from the cab; “take her – hold her! I must have it out with this blooming young idiot who is coming.”

“Drop that girl!” cried Merriwell, with one hand outflung, as he came straight on.

Inza’s father was slowly getting from the cab, shaking with excitement, his face being very pale.

Lord Stanford tried to hand the girl over to the sailor, but at this juncture Inza showed her spirit:

“Don’t touch me – don’t you dare!” she cried to the sailor, her eyes flashing at him in a manner that made him hesitate.

Then she broke from all detaining hands and ran toward Frank, who met her and placed an arm about her shoulders.

“Oh, Frank!” she panted; “is it you – can it be?”

“Yes, Inza,” he answered, as he held her close and kept his eyes on the Englishman, whose flushed face had grown white with rage. “It is I.”

“And you have come to – to save me from that horrid wretch?”

“Well, you should know I am ready to do anything in my power for you, Inza. Have I ever failed to respond when you have appealed to me for aid?”

“Never – never, Frank! Don’t let him come near me again! I am afraid of him!”

“Release that young lady!” cried Lord Stanford, his voice hoarse and husky. “Who are you that you dare interfere here?”

He took a step toward Merriwell, but was halted by a look from the Yale lad’s flashing eyes.

“I am the friend of Miss Burrage,” answered Frank; “and I shall protect her from you, sir.”

The Englishman forced a husky laugh.

“That’s a blooming good joke!” he sneered. “Miss Burrage is in her father’s charge, and I scarcely think you will have the impudence to interfere.”

Bernard Burrage looked on in a helpless manner, leaning heavily on his cane.

“Her father has no right to force her into an odious marriage against her will,” declared Frank. “It is possible that she needs protection from him.”

“What insolence!” fumed Lord Stanford. “I never heard anything like it! There’s not an English boy living who would dare think of attempting such a thing.”

“Possibly not; but you are not dealing with an English boy, sir. I am American to the bone.”

“And what you need is a good sound drubbing.”

“Possibly you think of giving it to me? If so, I advise you to take off your coat, as you will find it warm work, I assure you.”

Inza clung to Frank, looking up at his handsome face with an

expression of admiration in her dark eyes.

“You young scoundrel! Perhaps you do not know whom you are addressing?”

“It makes no difference to me, sir.”

“I am Lord Stanford, of – ”

“I don’t care if you are the lord of all Europe! You are on American soil now, and dealing with a full-blooded American.”

“Bah!” cried the Englishman. “You are nothing but a young braggart! You are trying to pose as a hero before the young lady, but it will do you no good.”

“Do you think so? That makes not a bit of difference to me.”

Frank regretted very much that he had not been able to follow them to the pier with a cab, for then he would have made an attempt to hurry Inza into it and carry her away.

Now he fully realized that, should he attempt to walk away with her, if Lord Stanford found no other manner of stopping him, he could follow and order the first policeman he met to arrest Frank.

Merriwell saw that Bernard Burrage was shaking with excitement, showing the old man’s nerves were quite unstrung.

Stanford appealed to Inza’s father.

“Mr. Burrage,” he said, “why don’t you order that young man to hand your daughter? Is it possible you mean to let him carry on this outrage in such a high-handed manner?”

“Let her go! Let her go!” cried the invalid, weakly, lifting his heavy cane and shaking it in a feeble manner at the youth.

“I will do so when she commands me, not before,” declared Frank, calmly. “I am astonished at you, Mr. Burrage! I never dreamed you would attempt to force your daughter into a marriage against her will.”

“Have you forgotten?” whispered Inza. “This is not the first time. He tried to make me marry my cousin in New Orleans.”

“It’s nothing to you – nothing, sir, nothing!” excitedly shouted Bernard Burrage.

“Take her away from him, why don’t you?” fretted Lord Stanford.

Frank laughed with a cutting sound.

“That is very fine, noble sir!” he sneered. “It seems quite appropriate that you should stand still and order this feeble old man to take her from me.”

“He has the right to do it, don’t you know.”

“You do it, Lord Stanford – I give you the right to do it,” said the old man.

“Yes, come and do it!” urged Frank.

“Oh, can’t we get away!” whispered Inza. “We must!”

“If Barney would appear with the cab!” thought Frank. “I am afraid he was badly injured.”

Once more he looked around, but the one he wished to see was not in view.

Frank longed to have several of the boys on hand, for then he could have looked after the Englishman and the girl’s father while they carried Inza away.

As Frank turned his head, Lord Stanford stepped swiftly forward and grasped Inza's wrist, attempting to draw her away.

She gave a scream.

Merriwell turned like a flash, saw what was occurring, and swung his fist at the Englishman.

Crack! – the blow caught Lord Stanford fairly on the left ear.

Down he went, measuring his length on the planking in a moment.

The sailor who had been standing on the pier was near at hand, and he hurried to assist the fallen nobleman.

But Stanford was not hurt, and he got up quickly.

The blow was sufficient to arouse his anger fully, and he made a blind rush for Frank.

Merriwell saw he was in for a struggle with the enraged nobleman, and he quickly placed Inza behind him, keeping his eyes on Stanford all the while.

The furious fellow struck at Frank, huskily crying:

“Take that, you young ruffian! It's a bobby I'll call and have you arrested for what you have done!”

But Frank avoided the blow with ease.

He did not strike Stanford again.

“You are a mark,” he laughed. “I'm ashamed to give you what you deserve. Why, I could break your nose in a moment if I wished.”

“Bragging again! You Americans are always bragging! That is all you know how to do!”

“Really! History shows we have done up Johnny Bull twice, and done him good. If necessary, we can do him up again.”

Again Stanford rushed, and again Frank ducked and dodged aside, thrusting out his foot and tripping the Englishman.

Down upon the planking plunged the angry nobleman, striking his nose hard enough to scrape it quite severely.

When he got up he was blind with rage – almost frothing.

He made such a swift rush at Frank that Merry was not able to dodge again, and he received a slight blow on the cheek.

Frank’s eyes flashed, and he grappled with Stanford.

Whirling the fellow about, he grasped him by the collar and a convenient portion of the trousers he wore.

“You are excited, my dear sir,” said Merriwell, gently. “What you need is a nice chance to cool off. I think I will give you an opportunity to do so.”

Then he ran the frightened and frantic nobleman to the edge of the pier and kicked him off into the water.

“There,” said Frank, as he stood looking down, having thrust his hands into his pockets, “that will be a fine thing for you.”

Lord Stanford came up, spouting like a whale.

“Murder!” he cried. “He means to drown me!”

“Oh, no; only give you a bath,” said Frank, soberly.

Then he heard a shrill cry of fear behind him, and whirled to see that the sailor had seized Inza.

Like a leaping panther the young athlete went for the man.

“Help!” appealed Inza.

The sailor saw Frank coming, and prepared to meet the attack. He was a thick, muscular-appearing fellow, and he did not seem in the least afraid of Merriwell, for all that the latter had handled Lord Stanford with such ease.

“You won’t find a snap with me,” said the man, showing eagerness for the struggle. “I can handle two or three of you.”

He looked as if he fully believed it. Indeed, he had the appearance of a prize fighter, and ninety-nine boys out of a hundred would have hesitated about tackling him.

Not so with Frank. He was ready to tackle an army of giants in defense of Inza, and he grappled with the sailor.

But he was given no time to see what he could do.

It seemed that a thunderbolt from the clear sky descended and smote him on the head. There was a flash of light as if something had exploded in his head.

Darkness followed.

## CHAPTER VI – FRANK BUYS A YACHT

Frank sat up and looked around. Deep-toned bells seemed to be ringing in his head, which throbbed with a pain that made him weak and faint.

He was on the pier, and a man in yachting dress was approaching him. There seemed to be something familiar in the appearance of the man.

Frank wondered what had happened, for his wits were so scattered that he could not pull them together readily.

“That was a decidedly rough deal you received, Mr. Merriwell,” said the man in the yachting suit. “I saw it all, and you did not have a fair show.”

Frank looked at him stupidly.

“You know me,” he said, speaking with an effort; “but you have the advantage of me. Somehow, though, your face does seem familiar. I believe I have seen you before.”

“Sure you have! Why, have you forgotten last night in Chinatown?”

“No. I have not forgotten. You are Mr. Chandler.”

“Yes. Permit me to assist you to rise. I hope you are not badly hurt. It was a wicked blow, delivered with all the strength the old man could muster.”

“Blow?” muttered Frank, as he was aided to his feet, but found that at first he was unable to stand without aid. “Was I struck? It seems that somebody hit me on the head.”

“You’re dazed. Somebody did hit you. I saw you toss one chap into the water and grapple with the other. Then the old man knocked you down with his cane.”

Frank grew excited.

“I was fighting for Inza!” he exclaimed. “I remember it now! So her father knocked me out? Where have they taken her?”

“They took her away in a boat, although she struggled to break away and reach you,” answered Chandler. “They are on board that yacht out there now.”

He pointed toward Lord Stanford’s yacht, where it was seen that sailors were making hasty preparations to get under weigh, but no sign of the Englishman, Inza, or Mr. Burrage could be seen.

Frank Merriwell straightened up with a sudden return of strength that was, to say the least, astonishing.

“So they have carried her on board?” he said, quickly. “And it is plain they will be away directly. Mr. Chandler, I believe you have a boat?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Where is it?”

“There it lays.”

The man pointed to a small but handsome single-sticker that lay within a short distance of Lord Stanford’s boat.

"It seems to me that you said last night that you wished to sell her."

"I do."

"How much will you take for her as she lays?"

"She cost me fifteen hundred dollars, but I am anxious to sell, and I will take a thousand."

"I'll take her."

John Chandler gasped for breath, and then smiled doubtfully.

"That is easily said, but I must have ready cash for her, and –"

"You shall have ready cash. I will give you a check on the Nevada Bank, where I have an account. My guardian fully expected I would need plenty of money by the time I reached San Francisco, and he arranged it for me, so I am able to secure almost any reasonable sum. There will be no trouble or delay in getting your money."

Chandler still looked doubtful, as it seemed rather improbable that this lad could draw so much money on short notice.

"How many men have you on your yacht?" asked Frank, as if the matter were settled.

"None now. The two friends who were with me last night were the last of my party, save the cook, and even the cook left this morning."

"Is she fitted up for a cruise?"

"I should say so! I expected to spend four more weeks on board, but business changes have knocked me out on that."

"Remember, I have bought her just as she lays."

“Certainly.”

“That includes everything on board, save your personal property, Mr. Chandler.”

“Exactly.”

“I shall take possession, with a full crew, before noon.”

“Great Scott! You do things in a hurry, young man.”

“This occasion makes it necessary. I am going to follow that other yacht.”

“I am afraid she will get off ahead of you, and you may have some trouble in following her.”

“Well, I shall attempt it. Come; we’ll get a cab, and go to the bank at once. The transfer must be made in a hurry, and I must get my party together without the loss of a moment.”

They hastened off the pier.

Coming toward them they saw a cab that looked somewhat bruised and battered, one of its lamps having been smashed and one side damaged.

“I believe it is the very cab in which I pursued Lord Stanford!” cried Frank. “Yes, I know it is! And there is Barney coming, too!”

The Irish boy was on foot, limping along painfully, but he waved his hand in a cheerful manner when he saw Frank, shouting:

“Hurro, me b’y! It’s nivver a bit can yez kill Barney Mulloy at all, at all!”

Then the Irish boy hurried forward, still limping, and excitedly asked:

“Pwhere be they, Frankie? Is it th’ shlip they gave yez, me lad? Musha! musha! it’s bad luck we had!”

“They got away for the time,” said Frank, swiftly; “but I am going to follow them in a yacht I have just bought.”

“A yacht? Ye’ve bought a yacht? It’s jist loike yez! Ye’d be afther buying a stameboat av it wur necessary!”

Then Barney recognized Chandler as one of the men who had hastened to their aid in the Chinese theatre.

“An’ is it your yacht he’s bought?” asked the Irish lad. “It’s nivver Oi saw th’ bate av this! An’ th’ droiver says ye’ll have ter pay fer his smash, though it’s litttle his cab wur damaged.”

The driver stopped at the curb and began to bemoan the fate that had befallen him.

Frank cut him short.

“Give us a rest!” he exclaimed. “You were paid to take chances, and it is not my fault if you upset by turning a corner too sharply. It’s a wonder you escaped arrest for reckless driving.”

“I should have been pulled, sir,” said the driver, “but it happened I knew the officer who saw the affair. But I’ll have to pay for the damage done to the hack, sir, and I’m a poor man with a wife and five children to support.”

“Here is the ten dollars I promised you if you would get me to the water front inside of twenty minutes,” said Frank, as he handed over a bill, which the driver eagerly grasped. “Do you want to earn ten more? That will make twenty-five, and will pay you well for everything, damage and all.”

“Tell me how I can make ten more.”

“By taking us to the Nevada Bank in a hurry.”

“Get in.”

The door of the cab was jerked open, and Frank urged Chandler and Barney in. He paused to say to the driver:

“Every minute is precious. You know I pay right off the reel if you give satisfaction. Do your best.”

The door slammed, and away went the cab.

“Barney,” said Frank, when they were started, “this cab will land us at the corner of Montgomery and Pine streets, where I shall leave it to complete my business with Mr. Chandler. I want you to stay in the cab, which will take you to my hotel. You are to tell the boys I have bought a yacht, and every man must be on board ready to sail before noon. Get them together, have Rattleton settle the hotel bill, and see that they are all ready to get out of the place, for I shall want them to start the instant I appear.”

“Did yez ivver hear th’ loikes av it?” gurgled the Irish lad. “Oinivver knew anybody to do anything in such a rush in all my loife.”

“A rush is required in this case, or Lord Stanford will get too much the start of me.”

Frank finished giving Barney instructions during the ride, and before the bank was reached, the Irish lad knew exactly what was expected of him.

When the bank was reached, Frank and Chandler got out.

Frank gave the driver the promised money, and added something to pay him for taking Barney to the hotel.

This was done without waste of time, and then Merriwell led the way into the bank.

Business in the bank was soon concluded, and when Frank again reached the pier at the foot of Taylor Street, having in his pocket a paper that showed he had paid one thousand dollars for the yacht *Greyhound*, seven boys were there to greet him.

Jack Diamond started in to grumble, but Frank cut him short. "Not a word!" he said, sharply. "All who wish to go with me without question are welcome; any who do not wish to do so are at liberty to remain behind."

As he spoke he was eagerly looking for Lord Stanford's yacht, which was gone from its place of anchorage. An expression of great satisfaction, of positive joy, escaped his lips when he saw far out toward the Golden Gate a sloop-rigged craft that he believed was the Englishman's boat.

"Thank goodness the breeze has fallen!" he muttered. "She has not been able to get out of the harbor."

Three minutes later Frank had bargained with a boatman to set the whole party on board the *Greyhound*.

This was not necessary, however, for he discovered the small boat beside the pier, Chandler having come off in it.

However, as the bargain was made, the man took off all but three of the boys. Frank, Bart and Barney used the small boat.

Frank was wondering at the non-appearance of the former

owner of the yacht, as Chandler had stated he would be on hand to see if there was any of his personal property on the *Greyhound* that he wished to take away.

“I can’t wait for him,” Merry decided. “It was odd he did not keep with me. As I had a little business to look after, and was in a rush, I presume he did not care to chase me around, and he thought I would not be able to get here as soon as this.”

Immediately they were on board, Frank set each one at some task, and put them on the jump.

“Do you see that small white yacht that is trying to beat out past the point?” he asked.

“Yah,” nodded Hans, “we seen dot.”

“Yah!” exclaimed Frank, whose spirits were rising now they were on board the *Greyhound* and Lord Stanford had not been able to get out of sight and give them the slip. “What do you mean by addressing the captain in that manner, sir? Yah! Who ever heard of a sailor saying ‘yah’ to his superior officer! You should say, ‘Ay, ay, sir.’”

“Vale, I dinks me I said dot der next times, Vrankie.”

“Vrankie,” shouted Merriwell. “Who ever heard anything like that? Think of a common sailor addressing the captain of a vessel by his front name! Have a little more respect, young man!” he suddenly thundered, as if greatly enraged. “If you are not careful, you shall be placed in irons and thrown into the hold!”

Hans gasped for breath and began to tremble.

“Dunder und blitzens!” he murmured. “Vat vos der madder

mit dot poy! Uf dis been der vay he done as soon as we get der vater on, der next time I took a sail mit him I vas goin' to sday ad home. Yah!"

Frank pointed out Lord Stanford's yacht to the boys, and told them that he did not wish to lose sight of it.

He set Toots and Hans to hoisting the anchor, while Harry, Bart and Jack shook out the sails.

The jib was run up first, and then the mainsail was hoisted, Barney, who was a skillful sailor, having taken the helm.

Strange to say, it seemed as if the wind had been waiting for them to make sail, for it arose promptly and filled the sails so that the *Greyhound* soon bore away on the starboard tack.

Out beyond the point the *Fox*, Lord Stanford's yacht, had felt the wind first, and was already tacking close under the northern shore.

Frank went aft and stood near Barney, while he watched the actions of the *Greyhound* with no little anxiety.

He had no idea what sort of a boat he had purchased, and he could see that the Englishman's yacht had a rakish, saucy look, as if it might be able to show him a clean pair of heels in a fair breeze.

Under Frank's directions, the sails were trimmed and the *Greyhound* close hauled, as he wished to see how near he could run to the wind without falling off.

Although the wind was unfavorable, as it was not steady, coming in gusts now and then, Frank waited till fair headway had

been obtained, and then had Barney luff till the course was close into the wind, which was held long enough to convince him that the *Greyhound* did not jibe easily.

“Good!” he exclaimed, with satisfaction. “I was afraid she might prove cranky. Hold her as close as you can, Barney, and not let her yaw. I believe she is a dandy against the wind. If she proves all right before the wind, we’ll give Lord Stanford a hot little run of it.”

## CHAPTER VII – THE STORM

After a while Frank went below to examine the interior of the yacht. He found it very comfortable and well furnished with all necessities and not a few luxuries.

“She’s a little boat,” he said; “but she’s a peach! There won’t be any room to spare on board, but we’ll manage to get along somehow. It is plain she was built for not more than five or six, and there are eight of us.”

Bart Hodge came down.

“By Jove!” he said, dropping on a cushioned seat, “I am feeling better, don’t you know. I hated to sail for Honolulu, and now we’ll soon be so far from San Francisco that there’ll not be much danger of arrest. I want to stick by you, Merry.”

“And I hope we’ll be able to hang together, old fellow,” assured Frank. “You have been beating about for yourself far too long.”

“I know it – I can see it now. It’s lucky you turned up just as you did, for I was going to the dogs.”

Frank examined the wardrobe, and a cry of satisfaction came from him.

“Look here!” he exclaimed. “Here are a number of yachting suits. Perhaps we can dig out suits for all of us.”

They overhauled the clothing, and Frank and Bart soon found suits which fitted them very well. In fact, Merriwell was so well

built that he obtained a splendid fit, and remarkably handsome he appeared in the cap, short jacket and light trousers of a yachtsman.

“We are strictly in it,” he smiled, surveying Bart. “I’ll go on deck and send the others down for suits, while you remain here and assist them in the selections. I want to keep my eye on Lord Stanford, anyway.”

So Frank ascended the companion way, and soon took Barney’s place at the helm, sending him and Bruce below.

The boys were much surprised to see Merriwell appear in a yachting suit, and he explained that he had purchased everything on board the *Greyhound*, which included the suits in the wardrobe, as they plainly were not all Chandler’s personal property, having been designed for men of different build.

“Vale, uf dot don’d peat der pand!” muttered the Dutch boy. “Uf dere peen a suit der lot in dot vill fit me, I vill show der poy vat a dandy sailors der Dutch makes. Yaw!”

Barney soon returned to the deck, having found a very good fit, but he said Bruce was having more difficulty.

“Begorra! there wur a fat mon on borrod, an’ he’s lift a suit thot will fit this Dutch chase,” grinned the Irish lad.

“Why you don’d drop id callin’ me dot names, Barney!” cried Hans. “I don’t like dot, you pet!”

The other lads went below to see what they could find in the way of clothes as Frank sent them, Toots being the last.

Every boy found a suit, although in some cases the clothes

were too loose. Hans came swelling on deck, wearing a suit with the legs of the trousers turned up several inches and the wrists of the coat sleeves rolled back.

“Say!” he grinned; “I vos a pird! Did you efer seen der peat me of now, I don’t know?”

Toots had discovered an ordinary sailor’s suit, with white anchors worked upon it, and he was proud as a peacock.

The very first leg across had carried them out past Black Point, upon which Fort Mason frowned down upon them when they swung close under the shore and went about on the other tack.

At first the *Greyhound* gained on the *Fox*, as Merry could see; but as Lord Stanford’s yacht approached the open ocean she found a stronger breeze and danced along in a lively manner.

Other vessels were in the narrows, but there was plenty of room for them all.

Frank had brought a marine glass from below, and he used it to watch the *Fox*, having permitted Barney to take the helm again.

Merry could see Lord Stanford standing on the deck near the companion way, talking to one of his men. From the manner of the Englishman, it was apparent that he did not suspect he was being pursued.

“So much the better,” muttered the new owner of the *Greyhound*. “If he does not catch on right away we may be able to overhaul him and lay alongside without being suspected.”

He watched the *Fox* till it shot out past Fort Point and disappeared beyond the point of land on which the fort was

located.

“So they are bound southward,” muttered Merry. “Ten to one they are going down the coast to Santa Cruz – possibly to Santa Barbara, although that is quite a cruise.”

Half an hour later the *Greyhound* ran out past Fort Point, and the *Fox* was discovered far away along the coast, steadily bearing to the south.

“We’re after you, my boy,” muttered Frank. “I don’t believe you’ll be able to run away from us in a hurry.”

There was a heavy swell on – an “old say,” Barney called it. It was seen that the *Fox* was rolling a great deal.

“They are sure to hug the coast pretty close,” Merriwell decided. “I don’t believe Lord Stanford cares about getting far from land in that boat. The *Greyhound* will sail anywhere he can go.”

It became a steady sail to the south, and Frank cracked on every stitch of canvas, hoping to come up with the *Fox* hand-over-hand. In this he was disappointed, although it was plain that they gained somewhat.

The afternoon sun sank lower and lower. Toots was appointed steward, and prepared a meal from the supply of provisions on board.

At sunset the *Fox* was seen rounding a distant point of land and making into a bay.

“I rather think she means to stop there to-night,” said Frank.

He examined the chart and decided that it was Half-moon

Bay.

“If the wind holds,” he declared, “we will come upon them there to-night.”

But as the sun sank in a reddish haze that seemed like a conflagration far out on the open ocean, the wind died entirely and the *Greyhound* lay becalmed, rolling helplessly on the “old sea.”

“But it’s a good bit av a brase we’ll be afther havin’ before mawnin’,” Barney declared. “Oi nivver saw th’ sun go down that way when it didn’t poipe up lather on.”

The Irish lad was right. Frank believed this, and he ordered everything made tight, while both mainsail and jib was double-reefed, and the topsails taken in.

“I don’t see the good of all this work,” grumbled Diamond. “Here we are rolling around without a breath of wind, and yet we’re taking in sail as if it were blowing a hurricane.”

Frank paid no attention to Jack, who, in a most astonishing manner, had developed into a grumbler since starting out on the bicycle tour across the continent.

Barney, however, was not pleased with the Virginian’s remarks, and he snorted:

“Pwhat’s th’ matther wid yez? It’s a roight shmart bit av a sailor ye’d make – Oi don’t think! Ye’d wait till th’ wind blew, an’ thin ye’d be afther rafing.”

Jack did not fancy being talked to in this manner by the Irish lad. He flushed hotly, and seemed on the point of assaulting

Barney, but Mulloy gave indications that he was ready and anxious for a “scrap,” and Diamond thought better of it.

The rolling swell proved decidedly trying for some of the boys, and Diamond was the first to get sick. In fact, he had begun to feel ill when he grumbled about shortening sail.

“Dot poy vas opeyin’ der Pible,” grinned Hans, pointing to Jack, who was leaning over the rail. “Der Pible says, ‘Cast your pread der vater on,’ und py shimminy! he vas doin’ dot, ain’d id!”

Then the Dutch boy opened wide his mouth and laughed heartily. Suddenly he pressed his hands to his stomach and stopped laughing, a queer, troubled look coming to his fat face.

“Shimminy!” he muttered. “I vonder vot der madder mit me vas, don’d id? I nefer felt so queer all mein life in.”

Then, as the *Greyhound* fell away into the trough of the sea, with a peculiar sinking motion, he gasped:

“Dot subber vot I ate don’d seem mit me to agree. I pet you your life dot canned chickens vas sboilt. I peliefed all der time dot chickens vas a hen, but id vas der first hen I efer seen as didn’t vant to set.”

“Begorra! it’s saysack ye are alriddy,” chuckled Barney. “You’ll be kapin’ company wid Diamond dirictly.”

“Yaw,” gasped Hans. “I pelief you, Parney.”

Then he made a rush for the rail, and followed Jack’s example.

Darkness came on, creeping in a blue haze across the water. Shortly after nightfall there was a faint, weird moaning away on the surface of the sea, which glowed like liquid fire under the

rail of the yacht.

“It’s the auld nick av a blow we’ll have,” declared Barney to Frank. “Oi don’t loike it at all, at all.”

“You like it quite as well as I do,” admitted Merriwell. “I am not familiar with these waters, and I do not fancy the idea of piling up on lea shore.”

The moaning arose to a shrill cry, and then the wind came with a sudden rush, catching the *Greyhound* and knocking her on beam ends in a twinkling.

Frank assisted Barney at the helm, shouting:

“Hold fast, everybody!”

The little vessel righted, and then away she leaped, laying hard over to port, with the rail awash.

Like a frightened race horse the *Greyhound* sped away, with the wild wind beating upon her and shrieking through her rigging. The mast bent with a snapping sound.

“Ease off the sheet!” shouted Frank. “We’re in danger of losing that stick, and we’ll be finished if we do!”

So the boat was allowed to run free, which eased the strain somewhat.

Now the wind was shrieking as if all the demons of the deep had been set loose in a moment and were making an assault on the little yacht that had been caught in the midst of the tempest.

At nightfall Frank had taken precaution to see that the proper lights were set, green to starboard and red to port.

The sky was covered with flying masses of clouds, between

which the cold stars blinked and vanished, like the flashes of guns seen through masses of rolling smoke.

After a little the moon rose and leaped up into the mass of clouds, as if eager to be in the midst of the wild delirium of the reeling sky.

The *Greyhound* leaped along the crests of the waves, plunged into the depths of the watery valleys, and tore her way through the seething, boiling sea.

Frank was watching her with the greatest anxiety, wondering what sort of storm boat she would prove to be.

Diamond, Browning, Hans and Toots got below. Rattleton and Hodge remained on deck with Frank and Barney.

When the moon shot out through the clouds the boys could see a great waste of water heaving and plunging all around them, like a sea of snow.

But the moon appeared and disappeared in such an erratic manner that it was extremely irritating, making the whole world seem a place of troubled shadows and awesome shapes.

“It’s dead lucky we reefed down for this, Barney,” cried Frank, placing his lips close to the Irish lad’s ear.

“Roight ye are, me b’y,” Mulloy called back, cheerfully. “It’s a good bit av a braze she’s blowing now, an’ Oi think there’s more comin’.”

“Will she stand, it?”

“Av it ain’t too sthiff. It’s a roight tight litttle boat she is, an’ all we nade is to kape off shore an’ let her go.”

Beginning to feel satisfied with the behavior of the yacht, Frank felt a wild thrill of delight in the fury of the tempest. He knew something about managing a large boat himself, and he felt confidence in Barney's qualifications as a sailor.

The moon leaped from the edge of one cloud to the edge of another, as if it, too, were running a race across the sky and taking all sorts of desperate chances.

There was the sound of sullen thunder in the tumbling sea, which swished and swirled about the little vessel like hissing serpents.

Now and then Frank strained his eyes to port, for he knew the coast lay there to leeward, and he had no fancy for suddenly coming upon some rocky point that might project far out into the sea.

He fully understood that, in case the *Greyhound* should become disabled, it would not take the wind long to pile them upon the shore, where the seas would beat out their lives on the rocks.

There was danger in the tempest, and it was just enough to keep Merriwell's blood rushing warm in his veins.

"If Stanford's yacht has found shelter in Half-moon Bay, we'll be a hundred miles below them in the morning," he cried to Barney.

"Sure," agreed the Irish lad. "But nivver a bit can we hilp thot, Frankie."

The first half of the night was wild and boisterous. Near

midnight the wind fell somewhat, but it still blew so strong that the *Greyhound* held on its course.

Toward morning the tempest died out, and sunrise found them rolling helplessly on the long swells, without enough breeze to steady the boat.

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