

Monday, April 22, 1872.

THE DIVER'S PARTNER.

[CONTINUED.]
Well might that remorse percentage cause him to reflect upon his conduct! I saw at times why he staid out until after dark. It was to haul in his prize unobserved. I determined he should have his labor for nothing this once, at any rate. I would tie him to a mass of rocks, and let him pull that up, and then stand by and watch him as he labored, and then submerging the coil in the hold of the vessel, I went back to seek it.

While I was groping my way in the hold I felt a sudden jerk at my signal line, which, as you are aware, is attached round a diver's waist. I supposed it must have caught on some rock.

The next instant I found it had caught on some rock, for it hung loose.

The iron ray laid behind me so the knot of the signal line to make sure that this was the case, I experienced a violent push from behind, which flung me down on my face. Before I could recover myself, or even wonder what had happened, I found myself in a slip-noose drawn forcibly together behind, and bound fast by the wrists.

By this time I had guessed who was my assailant. Blegg had managed somehow to return very much sooner than he should have done, and had come down and surprised me.

As soon as he had finished tying my hands, he had taken off my helmet and putting his foot on my chest, stood looking at me for a minute or two.

Even at that moment it struck me how strange we must look—one man looking at the other with triumph and hatred, the other gazing at him with alarm and anxiety, but the countenance of each hidden from the other by the strange excitement of the moment.

He raised me to my feet, when a violent struggle ensued. But he was my master. I was powerless with my hands; so he forced me back against an upright support, and lashed me to it.

I felt a sense of relief, for I knew that, although he had cut my single rope, my staying down long after he descended would alarm the crew, and if discovered would have been taken to free me. There were one or two men among the crew who could dive a little, and there were two spare dresses on the island, in case of accidents.

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Blegg came up to me, made a mocking bow as if to say farewell, and then closed both the escape valves of my helmet. All the horrors of my situation descended upon me, and I submitted to my fate. With every stroke of the air pump would come a great pressure of air, which by its increasing weight would kill me after the most awful tortures.

Before I had recovered from the shock Blegg had disappeared, and already the strokes of the air-pump seemed to increase. The iron ray which I had twisted and twisted and torn at my fastenings with the strength of a desperate and the fury of a mad man. The agony became intense. All of a sudden I felt I had some hard substance in my hand. It was the knife I had picked up. I had instinctively gripped it hard, even in my terror with Blegg. But it was clear that the pressure increased; I felt as if my hand would give; my eyeballs seemed filled with fire; my breath was choked; my brain began to swim.

Now or never thought I. After some vain struggling I managed to hold the knife against the timber with the back of one hand, and with the other open its blade. Directly it was open and turned into my diving-dress helmet, with the pressure of the air, was distended like a balloon. With the bubbling sound that denoted the escape of the air through the hole thus made came an immediate sense of relief. The hope of escape from such imminent peril gave me new courage and fresh strength, and I speedily released myself from my bonds, and was saved.

The hole I made was in the leg of my trowsers. I took some of the cord that had bound me, and after tying it as tight as I could round my leg above the hole, was able to turn on my regular escape valve and breathe with comparative freedom.

In a few moments I had gained the deck, and closing the valve was rapidly borne to the surface. I came up just under the quarter, and as I laid my hand on the rope ladder to climb up the side, I heard Blegg's voice.

"Governor's a long time down. Something—where there?—I wouldn't let me stay down," signaled me to go up at once. Found the diver's trap, and wants it for himself. I wonder when he means coming up?"

"Now!" said I, climbing up, and showing myself over the bulwarks. Blegg fell back as if he had been shot.

"Seize him, and bind him hand and foot!" said I to the men, who obeyed me with some wonder, and very readily. Luckily he was too surprised to resist.

When I told the story of his villainy the crew were for throwing him overboard then and there, but this I positively forbade.

At this moment, looking in the direction of our fisher friends, I saw him preparing to slip his cable and make for shore. I immediately ordered three of the crew into the boat and gave chase. They caught him after a smart race.

To make a long story short, we traced the stolen treasure to this man's hat on the opposite side of the island to ours, and he and Blegg were taken before the nearest magistrate, and the whole case laid before him.

Then I learned the manner of Blegg's rapid return. Apparently guessing my suspicion, he had gone to the island instead of going to the mainland, had broken into the stores and found the paper. He was allowed to the mainland with him, saying he fancied he had some, and so of course there was no need to go on shore.

The magistrate discharged Blegg's accomplice. The treasure-ships were not our property, and the man was not in our employ, so that there was no case against him.

To be continued.

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