

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE CAPTURE OF REVELL

Will slept until twelve o'clock that night then arose and looked on deck. The searchlight was burning, but there was no one in view. He dressed himself quietly so as not to awaken the others and stepped out, well knowing without further investigation that Tommy and Chet had departed on one of their midnight excursions.

He had no means of knowing, of course, how long they had been gone, nor which direction they had taken, but he sat down on the edge of the gunwale and watched anxiously for their return.

Presently he heard some one moving in the cabin, and then the boy who had given his name as John Smith came out. He was dressed in the pajamas loaned him by Tommy, and looked not at all like the lad who had been rescued from the hut in the disreputable garments which had been tossed overboard.

"Something wrong?" he asked, as he approached Will.

"Tommy and Chet have gone!" replied Will rather crossly.

"I expected they would!" replied John.

"Tommy is always doing tricks of that kind," Will went on, "but I thought he'd got a little

sense knocked into his rattle-head by this time!"

"Nothing yet from the Seminole or Mickey?" asked the boy.

"Nothing!" was the reply. "I just came on deck, and there's not even been a whisper in the air since I woke up."

"Do you think the Indian will really capture the outlaws?" the boy added. "It doesn't seem possible for him to do so!"

"I think he will kill some of them!" was the reply. "An Indian who knows the Everglades thoroughly, and who has had occasion to act as guide for fishing and hunting parties, has little use for the beachcombers and pirates who hang around the lagoons and swamps. My opinion is that the Indian will shoot the Revells on sight."

"It seems to me," John suggested, "that that is the best way to deal with such fellows. They are wanted for murder, and are sure to be hanged if the officers get hold of them."

"It's a good thing you escaped," Will suggested. "You might have been accused of being an accessory."

"Yes, I have you boys to thank for my safety," John replied, "but I can't help wishing that you had arrived in time to bring away with you another boy who has been under their control for a long time."

"Who is the other boy?" asked Will.

"I don't know much about him," was the reply. "In fact," John added, "he doesn't know much about himself!"

"Another waif, eh?" suggested Will.

"Yes, another waif, just like myself," was the reply.

"Why didn't they tie him up the same as they did you?" asked Will, after a short pause.

"Because," was the reply, "he didn't try to run away, and I did."

"Where did they take him," questioned Will.

"That's what I don't know. They have another retreat in some swamp not far from the hut you saw, but I don't know exactly where it is. They never trusted me as completely as they did Bert."

"Bert who?" Will asked.

"Bert Snyder! He's always been a sort of a pet. There's never been anything too good for him, if you leave it to the Revells."

"Do you understand why this is?" Will queried.

"No," was the reply, "I've often puzzled over the matter without finding an answer. It's a mystery to me!"

"I presume," Will mused in a moment, "that you wouldn't care to appear in court and give testimony against the Revells?"

"No," was the answer, "I certainly wouldn't. My life wouldn't be worth a cent if I did such a thing!"

"And this Bert Snyder?"

"Nothing could induce him to testify against the Revells!"

"They brought you both in here when they fled from the coast?"