

seen Mrs. Lathom? I awakened about five minutes ago, feeling that she had left my cabin. I got up at once, and called Mr. Grey and the steward; we have looked in all the staterooms. Is she on deck?"

"Hist, sir," called one of the men whom Dawson had just left, "the lady is below," and he pointed to the 'tween decks.

Mrs. Lathom was on her knees beside Wray's body; she had removed the rug from his face, and was so motionless and rigid in her attitude that she might have been marble. Presently she slowly put out her hand, and in a mechanical, dazed manner, began stroking the dead man's hair and face.

"Poor thing!" said Dawson, "we must get her away. We must not leave her there. Will you come with me, Miss?"

Helen followed him, and then as the officer drew aside she gently placed her hand on Mrs. Lathom's shoulder.

"Come, Mrs. Lathom, lean on me."

She obeyed, but still preserved the same stony silence, as Helen went with her up into the bright moonlight. Presently she stopped abreast of the gangway, and her lips moved as she murmured some inarticulate words; then suddenly she thrust Helen aside, and leapt overboard into the fierce current.

Shouting out his orders to lower the boat, the gallant Dawson sprang over the side, and in two minutes the brig's decks were alive, as the whalemen rushed to the falls, and lowered away the boat, which was instantly manned, with the mate in charge.

But short as was the time occupied, the strong six-knot current swept Dawson so far astern that he was