

down already. In another minute we'll be drenched."

"Who cares for that if we can only get over!" ejaculated Jessie, doing her best to be brave.

"We'll get there, but it's hard paddling through these big waves."

"The *Transit's* lowering a boat," said Jessie.

"And a boat is shoving off from the wharf," echoed Marie, "coming directly toward us—one man in it—slip down Jessie, almost flat, but keep your head up. My, what a sea! Never was in as big a one before—not even in the islands."

Huge waves rolled in from the east, each one bigger than the last, while the wind in wild gusts ushered in a tumult of rain. The frail bark rose and fell as it lurched from one trough into another, while with every big wave water was shipped. Still the canoe floated and Marie valiantly stuck to her paddle.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Jessie in despairing tones. "The canoe is full and sinking."

"Hold on a little longer and the boats will reach us," cried Marie, reassuringly.

But the canoe was quivering on the top of a mountain wave, and the next moment it pitched headlong into another abyss. Crash went the bow upon an unseen snag, piercing a large hole beneath the water line, and flinging the canoe upon its side. The girls were both hurled into the water; but Marie, seeing the inevitable, had sprung clear of the craft, and diving into deep water, rose