

the boat. The wounded man was still unconscious. A bed of quilts was fixed for him, and Reube was just about to cut the sleeve from his shirt to examine the arm and bathe it when Will cried :

“Hold on a minute, Reube. The way the boat lies now I think we can pry her off with the oar. See how the sands dip away on the outside.”

He was right. Using the big oar as a lever, they got the *Dido* afloat in a very few moments. Then Reube said :

“You sail the boat, Will, and I’ll see to the patient.”

“You had better let me attend to him while you steer,” suggested Will.

“No,” said Reube ; “he’s my own private enemy, and I must look after him myself. You see to the boat.” And Will obeyed without more ado.

Had they been watching Gandy’s face they would have seen the eyes open and instantly close again. But Reube was delicately cutting the sleeve away, and Will was watching the process, the sail,