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SAVING TWO LIVES.

[From the "Pride of the Mess," a Naval Story of the Crimean War.]



FROM his boyhood upwards, Herbert had always had strongly impressed upon his mind, when boating up and down the river, the horrors of the well known rock at the mouth of the river Dart. He knew how many lives had been lost upon it, how much property sacrificed on its frightful altar; and while it is the wonder of every one who visits Dartmouth that such a hideous danger can be left unbuoyed or unmarked, everybody who passes up and down the Dart hears some fearful legend of its past, misdeed, and shuddering, gives it the widest possible berth.

While Herbert was straining his utmost glance, watching for another gleam of lightning to reveal the scene once more, something like a faint cry was heard.

"By heaven!" cried he, starting to his feet, "that cry is from the rock, and it is a woman's voice."

Without further thought, except

to get to the scene of danger as quickly as possible, Herbert dashed from his covert.

Heedless of the lightning, and regardless of the rain, he was speedily wet to the skin; but that was a trivial matter.

After diverse falls and bruises, he contrived at last to get to the shore opposite to the point where he knew the rock was, and going slightly up the river, so that the wind might convey the cry of the sufferers to him, instead of drowning it, he listened for a moment, and distinctly heard the cries of

"Help, help! We are drowning, we are drowning!"

"Where are you—are you on the rock?"

"Yes," shouted back a man's voice, "we are on the rock—the water is rising rapidly on us, and our boat has gone down. Quick—make haste—make haste, if you hope to save us."

"Have you time to wait while I run up to Dittisham for a boat?"

"No, no," shrieked back one of the voices; "the water is above our waists already, and sweeping over us with such force we must be washed away in ten minutes."

"Can you swim?"

"No," was the answer