

The brig's decks were very quiet, for the men were exhausted by the toil of the night, and had turned in below together with the survivors from the barque; only an anchor watch was kept, for the vessel was lying in such smooth water that she was as steady as a rock, though there was an exceedingly strong current. The boat which had done such good service had been hoisted up, and there was scarcely anything on deck or aloft to denote the experiences of the previous few hours.

Just as two bells were struck, the second mate, who was lying on the poop, wrapped in his greatcoat, rose, and went to the main deck, where he was met by the two men keeping the anchor watch, for the pumps were sounded every hour, though only worked at two-hour intervals.

As the three men stood together, and the officer looked at the water-mark on the sounding rod, Ida Lathom's slender figure appeared on the main deck. She came along so softly that her bare feet made no sound. Over her shoulders she had thrown a cape of Helen's, and this, as she slowly came forward, she drew across her bosom as if she were cold, though the night air was soft and warm. As her glance fell upon the men, whose backs were towards her, she stopped for a moment, looked blankly at them, and then, muttering to herself, walked up to the main hatch, which was partly open, and looked down at the 'tween decks, as if in search of something. Then she stepped on the broad ladder leading below, and disappeared.

For some few minutes Dawson remained conversing with the two men, and then walked aft to ascend to the poop, when he met Helen and the steward.

"Oh, Mr. Dawson," she cried quickly, "have you