

I should have seen it sooner. Oh, it is all my fault!"

And back they ran. Black clouds were looming up in the east and sweeping in with terrible velocity. It was no north nor south now, but due west with a vengeance.

Panting for breath, they launched the canoe and, springing in, shoved out from the shore.

"Ned's time was too long," said Marie, as she made her first stroke. "It's not nearly an hour since we left the wharf, and though still now, in five minutes we'll have the first swell of the sea."

"I'm glad the *Transit's* coming nearer," said Jessie.

"Lieutenant Stuart said he would watch the movements of the *Fawn*," said Marie with a smile. "He is coming for a better look."

"Stuart watching Stuart."

"It cannot be that; he knows nothing of the cousinship," retorted Marie, glancing keenly at the sky while she plied her paddle with a long, steady sweep. "Ah, the waves are coming now! See the white crests. I must angle across to keep out of the trough. Slip down further, Jessie."

"Best I can do. Can I help you?"

"Not in the least. But it is well to be ready. Nothing is going to happen. But if it should and the canoe capsizes, don't forget but grasp the end of it and hold on. My! this is a lark! Not quarter over and the storm already started. Rain coming