

coloured dresses of the ladies as they cast yearning glances over the taffrail, and I wondered much what were the feelings of Miss St. Clair. There was no time, however, to throw away in vain thoughts; prompt action was imperatively necessary. I trod the water lightly for a little while, and then throwing myself on my breast, took a glance below. The fish was close to me, its small, cruel-looking eyes fixed on me, its tail moving with that uncertain, ominous motion which invariably precedes a dart for its intended prey. I knew that in a few seconds its gleaming white stomach would shine beneath me and its enormous mouth open for a snap. There was no time to be lost if I wished to carry out my purpose to destroy the fish before the boat arrived on the spot. Grasping the sheath knife firmly in my right hand, I dived as swiftly as I could, intending, if possible, to thrust the whole length of the blade in the fish's stomach. The horrid creature was however too smart for me, and swam swiftly away in the direction of Williams.

When I reached the surface again it was to hear a wild, agonizing cry and to see my companion throw both arms up and then disappear below the surface of the water!

Down again I dived to witness an awful struggle between man and fish. The horrid creature had seized poor Williams by one of his feet and was dragging him below. Making a desperate effort, I dived deeper and succeeded—as the fish was so much taken up with Williams—in plunging my knife twice into its great stomach; then unable to remain below any longer, I rose to the surface. A few seconds later and Williams joined me. “Oh God!” he groaned, “my foot is gone!” Poor fellow! he had lost his foot, it had been bitten off by the shark. Another few seconds, and to my exceeding great joy, up to the surface rose the body of the great fish. Then the boat arrived on the spot and Williams and I were taken aboard, and

a line having been made fast to the shark—which was nearly dead—it was towed to the ship.

I can scarcely remember all that happened when we once more reached the deck of the *Alnwick Castle*, I felt in such a state of delirious excitement, and quite a hero when my hand was grasped by nearly all on board the ship, and I listened to the complimentary remarks made on my courage and skill—you must remember I was only a young fellow at that time.

Williams' foot was seen to by the ship's doctor, but the poor fellow was quite unable to do any work for the rest of the passage.

My exploit very naturally formed the topic of conversation for several days, and then I noticed the increased interest shown in me, and above all, the shy, tender looks bestowed upon me by Miss St. Clair, I felt elated to a degree. Her father's manner, however, became more distant than ever and I felt that I was more narrowly watched than before. The reason for this increased watchfulness on his part was revealed to me in a conversation which I could not help overhearing between his wife and himself. I was engaged in the mizen top unobserved by either Mr. or Mrs. St. Clair when their voices from beneath the awning reached me very plainly.

“It was a brave deed, undoubtedly,” came the cantankerous tones of Mr. St. Clair, “but I think quite enough has been said about it.”

“She's never tired of talking about it,” came the sweet tones of Mrs. St. Clair's voice.

“Yes, that's just the mischief of it,” said her husband. “She's always talking about that impudent young fellow and always staring at him whenever she gets the chance, I've spoken to her often enough about it, but it doesn't seem to be any good; I really believe she's in love with the fellow.”

“I would not be surprised if she were,” said Mrs. St. Clair, calmly. “He is a fine, brave, and good young