

The two men grasped hands.

"Let us lift Miss Stedman out," said Stuart, "she cannot help herself."

Consciousness had not returned.

"Carry her to my house," cried Ned, who was there in all eagerness ready to give assistance. "And you, too, Miss MacAlpine, it is only a step. What did I say? That storm was sure to come. Lord! to think you both were nearly drowned. And I, like a blamed fool, let you go."

"You'll never do it again," cried Marie, hysterically, for the terrible strain was telling upon her.

"No, I never shall."

"You can't. The *Fawn* is smashed. Oh, Lieutenant Stuart, what could we have done without you and Harry?"

"We only did what we couldn't help doing," was his answer as they carried Jessie.

"Come right in, Miss," cried Ned; "the wife will get some dry things for ye."

"And send at once for the doctor and to Bradley Hall for fresh clothes for Miss Stedman and myself," returned Marie, as she entered the cottage. The order was quickly executed, for a crowd had gathered round them and many offered their services.

The rain had ceased and the clouds were breaking as the two rescuers stood for a few moments together before parting.

"This is making acquaintance under unusual circumstances," said Stuart, looking keenly into the other's face.

"Yes, but I'm mighty glad we met," re-