

den. Once he looked back, and saw the *Lyceemoo* rear her bows and lift her keel for'ard clear of the sea. Jackson was close by him.

"She's going!" said Jackson, "the old hooker's going!"

And out of the heavy scud there showed the faint light of the half moon near the horizon as the *Lyceemoo* took her last plunge and went like a great beast diving.

As Wyatt swam, still holding Mrs. Herman, he saw men in the boat rowing, and he heard, once more, the whistle of the other steamer. And he cried out, hailing the boat. The voice of the second mate answered him. With him was the Chinese steward, another Chinaman and a Malay. At last Wyatt laid hold of the boat's gunwale, and the men in her hauled them all on board. But Mrs. Herman was almost insensible, and Wyatt held her

close in his arms. Now he saw that there were two other women in the boat and one of the male passengers, lying on the bottom boards.

"Is that all of us?" asked Jackson, when he could speak.

"Yes, all of us," said the second mate.

Wyatt spoke to her to whom all his thoughts went out in a passion of love and pity, and said—

"We are going back to England, back to England!"

But she did not answer, though she clutched him with both hands. A quarter of an hour later they were on board the other steamer, a big tramp, called *The Star of the East*, bound from Singapore to Manila. And that night, before he slept, Harry Wyatt once more had a very clear vision of the little house among the Sussex Downs.

