

with Lugard, and was paying him a compliment on his skill and pluck in rescuing the shipwrecked men, when the American interrupted him :

"Lieutenant Wray is dead, Dr. Haldane."

"Dead !"

"Died a few minutes ago in the boat. He was crushed between the raft and the barque."

"Heaven forgive him his sins ! Where is he ?"

Lugard led the way to the 'tween decks, where Wray's body was lying covered with a rug ; a ship's lantern hanging from one of the deck beams overhead, cast a faint light upon the stiffened figure ; Haldane unhooked it, and drawing aside the rug, gazed at the dead man's face for a few moments. Then, with a sigh, he replaced the lantern, and without a word went on deck again with Lugard.

"Carroll will tell her," said the latter.

"Ay, she must be told, I suppose. She is now sleeping. So far she has not spoken a single word to any one—not even Miss Adair. Her nervous system has received a great shock."

"Of course she recognised Miss Adair ?"

"I hardly think so—in fact she was in a state of collapse when she entered the cabin. It seems cruel to say so, but death would be best for her now. What has she to live for ?"

Towards midnight the wind ceased, and a glorious moon shone out of a cloudless sky of blue, and lit up the wild turmoil of surf upon the reef. Nothing was left of the *Leeuwarden* ; but on two low, sandy islets a mile away inside the lagoon, her wreckage was piled up high on the white beach, which was shimmering in the moonlight.