

He remembered a score of mistakes, spread over as many months. Someone had told him that he always did the wrong thing first and saw the right one afterward.

The mischief of the boat and the squall was over. There seemed no way to escape the reaching clutch of death. The American shore was perhaps the nearer, but it was fully four miles away. The tide was flowing toward the Pacific and Cape Flattery at the rate of three miles per hour. Soon he would be in the first grip of the long rollers that swung down from the icy seas of the North.

Resignedly he lay on his back and floated.

Youth dies hard. Traherne was a good swimmer. He reviewed all that he had ever heard concerning escapes from the sea. He knew by the chilling numbness of his legs and chest that he could not remain afloat for more than an hour. There was no use wasting his strength in attempting to reach either shore. His one chance was from a steamer coming into the Strait, or a boat going out. Few ships left Puget Sound or the Canadian ports at night.

The Strait appeared level. It had a dark horizon that rimmed around his lone position. The lift of the Olympic Range and the Canadian but-