

The Girl of the Golden Gate

we could see. The last we let in was an old gentleman who had been sick all the passage, and his wife. I lifted him in. Mr. Lavelle lifted the wife. One would not go without the other. Then the lights went out. When we cleared the side Lavelle started to climb the boat fall again to go back to the ship. I pulled him back. He was too brave a man to let commit suicide. He had absolutely no thought of himself. I have followed the sea forty-five years and I know brave men. I saw Paul Lavelle's father die at Apia. Nobody was driven from our boat but men. We gave their places to women and children. We did not beat anybody with oars. When we cleared the ship a negro—I had knocked him overboard myself—grabbed the gunwale of the boat. We could not take him in. Mr. Lavelle struck at him with an oar. Somebody stood up in the boat and the next second we were all gone. I did not remember what happened until one year ago. The minister at the Bethel in Hong Kong can tell you about that. The doctors there know, too. While I was on the *Yakutat* I did not know who Paul Lavelle was.

HIS
"DANIEL X McGOVERN.

"Witness:

MARK
"EMILY GRANVILLE."

"Oh, you wonderful, wonderful woman!" cried Paul as he finished this amazing document and crushed Emily to him.