

away,—in great heaving throws, from that churning death.

How brave Joe was! and how trusting! Not a struggle did he make in that awful ordeal. He lay pliable and lightly upon me, as I floated up the Bay,—or wherever the current might be taking us. But there was only one direction with that flowing tide, after we had passed The Ghoul, and I knew it was into the Bay. So quiet did Joe lie, that I began to think the life had gone out of him. But I could do nothing for him; nothing but try, whenever possible, to keep his head and my own out of the sea.

How long I struggled, I cannot tell. My arms and legs moved mechanically. I took the battering and the submerging as a matter of course. A pleasing lethargy settled over my brain and the terror of it all went from me.

When twenty minutes, or twenty years, might have flown, my head crashed against something hard. I turned quickly. I seized at the obstruction. It was a log from some broken boom. I threw my arm around it for support, then I caught Joe up and pulled his hand over it. In a second, he was all life. He clutched the log tightly, and hung on.

Thus, he and I together,—enemies till then, but friends against our mutual foe, the storm,—floated to safety and life.

I remember hearing voices on the waters and seeing, in a blur, Joe's giant body being raised into a boat. But, of myself, I remember not a thing.

Later on, they told me that, as soon as they