

Gandy, in spite of shattered arm, had succeeded in fastening the rope about his waist, and now, placing the long, light shaft of the boat hook in front of him, was bearing down upon it as hard as he could.

"That's a good idea," cried Will. "But here, Mart, the oar will be better because it's bigger round and flat in the blade. Fling us the boat hook and take the oar!"

These efforts, though they had not at all availed to extricate the victim, had kept him from being dragged further down. With the oar he was able to exert his strength to more advantage. Will now made a loop in the rope and passed the handle of the boat hook through it. Then, one on each side of the rope, and each with the shaft across his breast, so that the whole formed a sort of rude harness, Will and Reube bent their bodies to the pull like oxen in a yoke. At the same time Gandy, using his unwounded arm, lifted with all the force that despair could give him.