

breakers presently, but they could not make out the Point. Old sailor as he was, and knowing as well as any man the perilous ground, the skipper lost his drunken head this time, and presently lost his way also in the dark and murk of the storm.

At eight o'clock she struck. She was thrown on her side, a heavy sea broke over her, and they were all washed off. No one raised a cry. They were busy fighting Death.

Gaston was a strong swimmer. It did not occur to him that perhaps this was the easiest way out of the maze. He had ever been a fighter. The seas tossed him here and there. He saw faces about him for an instant—shaggy wild Breton faces,—but they dropped away, he knew not where. The current kept driving him inshore. As in a dream, he could hear the breakers—the pumas on their treadmill of death. How long would it last? How long before he would be beaten upon that treadmill—fondled to death by those mad paws? Presently dreams came—kind, vague, distant dreams. His brain flew like a drunken dove to far points of the world and back again. A moment it rested. Andrée! He had made no provision for her, none at all. He must live, he must fight on for her, the homeless girl, his wife!

He fought on and on. No longer in the water, as it seemed to him. He had travelled very far. He heard the clash of sabres, the distant roar of cannon,