

Aunt Elvira rushed into the house,

"I've lost my hearing!" she shouted. "You have?" her frightened sister shouted back. "How do you know?"

"See that man out there playing that hand organ? Well, I can't hear a single note!" and Aunt Elvira wept.

"That's a moving picture photographer at work!" snapped her sister.

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and crashed down on his trailing snowshoe just behind the heel. The rending snap of the wood came beneath her feet. Had she broken through his shoe or snapped her own? She sprang back, as he cried out and swung in an attempt to grasp her; he lunged to follow her, and she ran a few steps away and stopped. At his next step, his foot entangled in the mesh of the broken snowshoe, and he stooped, cursing, to strip it off and hurl it from him; then he tore off the one from the other foot, and threw it a way, and lurched after her again; but now he sank above his knees and floundered in the snow. She stood for a moment while the half-mad, halfdrunken figure struggled toward her along the side of the ravine; then she ran to where the tree trunks hid her from him, but where she could look out from the shadow and see him. He gained the top of the slope and turned in the direction she had gone; assured then, apparently, that she had fled in fear of him, he started back more swiftly toward the beach. She followed, keeping out of his sight among the trees.

O twenty-six, he had counted—to twenty-six, each time! That told that he knew one was living those who been among upon the ferry! The Drumit was not so easy to count with exactness those wild, irregularly leaping sounds: one might make of them almost what one wished-or feared! And if, in his terror here, Henry made the count twenty-six, it was because he knew-he knew that one was living! What one? It could only be one of two to dismay him so; there had been only two on the ferry whose rescue he had feared; only two who, living, he would have let lie upon this beach which he had chosen and set aside for his patrol, while he waited for him to die!

She forced herself on, unsparingly, as she saw Henry gain the shore and as, believing himself alone, he hurried northward. She went with him, paralleling his course among the trees. On the wind-swept ridges of the ice, where there was little snow, he could travel for long stretches faster than she; she struggled to keep even with him, her lungs seared by the cold air as she gasped for breath. But she could not rest; she could not let herself be exhausted. Merciless minute after minute she raced him thus. A dark shape — a figure lay stretched upon the ice ahead! yond and still farther out, something which seemed the fragments of a lifeboat tossed up and down where the waves thundered and gleamed at the edge of the floe.

Henry's pace quickened; hers quickened desperately too. She left the shelter of the trees and scrambled down the steep pitch of the bluff, shouting, crying aloud. Henry turned about and saw her; he halted, and she passed him with a rush and got between him and the form upon the ice, before she turned and faced him.

Defeat—defeat of whatever frightful purpose he had had—was his now that she was there to witness what he might do; and in his realization of that, he burst out in oaths against her -he advanced; she stood, confronting-he swayed slightly in his walk and swung past her and away; he went past those things on the beach and kept on along the ice hummocks toward the north.

She ran to the huddled figure of



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