

"Der poor yentleman is very badly hurt, Captain Lugardt. Shust lay him down carefully."

Wray, for it was he, was dying, and knew it, for as he was lifted into the boat, he raised his hand feebly to Lugard, signifying that he wished to speak. The American bent down over him, and even in the moonlight could see that he had not many minutes to live for his back and ribs had been crushed by his falling between the raft and the ship just as the former was casting off.

"Schouten has over two thousand pounds of mine. Tell him to give it to *her*. And tell her to try and forgive me. Good-bye, Lugard."

Before the boat reached the brig again he was dead, and Castro covered his face with a jacket.

Carroll met the shipwrecked men at the gangway, and, sailor-like, gave his hand to Schouten in sympathy.

"How many are gone?" he asked.

"Ten, und der yentleman passenger is dead in the boat."

Lugard nodded confirmation of the news to Carroll, then drew him aside.

"You must tell her that the poor fellow is dead. We cannot possibly keep it from her. Where is the doctor?"

"Below; he told me that he had given Miss Adair a strong opiate for Mrs. Lathom."

"Poor creature! her awakening will be sad enough. Ask the doctor to come on deck for a minute. I don't want to go below just yet in these wet togs. I'll change in the steward's room."

Haldane soon appeared. He shook hands warmly