

sibility. Marston admitted that he had recognized this, although he hoped he had not allowed it to influence him. Indeed, because he did not like Rupert, he had made sterner efforts to reach the spot where he had gone overboard; but he wondered whether he had perhaps afterwards neglected means he might have used had the man been his friend. On the whole, he did not think so, and his tormenting doubts began to vanish. For all that, he was glad Wyndham was asleep.

When, some hours later, Marston went back to the cabin Wyndham's eyes were open. The lower part of his face was covered by the bandage and he could not talk, but Marston thought he missed Rupert and was curious. Although Harry was very weak, Marston felt he had better tell him now. If he did not, his unsatisfied curiosity might keep him restless and bring the fever back.

"I know what you want to ask," he said quietly. "Rupert's not here. He fell overboard when he was hauling up the log."

Wyndham's eyelids flickered and his hand moved under the blanket, but this was the only sign he gave.

"She was rolling," Marston went on. "He stood with his foot on the taffrail, leaning out to gather in the line. You see, there was nothing to save him if he lost his balance ——"

He stopped, for he saw Wyndham was looking at him very hard. Then he resumed: "I think he did lose his balance, but I don't know. I was looking forward, wondering whether we ought to haul down a reef, and none of the boys saw him fall. There was not a splash."

A feeble movement of Wyndham's head urged him to go on.