

330 My Brave and Gallant Gentleman

my fingers. My hands were touching Joe's. My face came up close to his. Almost he lost his hold at the suddenness of my uncanny appearing.

He shouted to me in defiance, and it surprised me how easily I could hear him, despite the hiss and roar of the waters. I could hear him more easily than I had heard Rita on the beach at Neil Andrews', so long, long ago.

"My God! Bremner,—where did you come from? What d'ye want?" he shouted.

"I want you, Joe," I cried, right into his ear. "Rita sent me for you,—will you come?"

"It ain't no good," he replied despairingly;—"nobody gets off'n this hell alive."

"But we shall," I yelled. "Rita wants you. She loves you, Joe. Isn't that worth a try, anyway?"

"You bet!" he cried, as the water dashed over his face, "but how?"

I screamed into his ear again.

"Let go when I shout. Drop on your back. After that, don't move for your life. Leave the rest to me. Don't mind if you go under. It's our only chance."

He nodded his head.

I waited for an abatement of the surge.

"Now!" I yelled, as a great, unbroken swell came along.

Away we whirled on top of it; past the side of The Ghoul like bobbing corks,—into the rip and race of the tide,—sometimes above the water, most of the time under it,—gasping,—choking,—fighting,—then