

group, as if calling for a volunteer; but nobody took her hint. They all cowered in the face of the gale, and some of them began to move away from the dock.

"Then I must go alone," the girl said, as she threw off her shawl, and hastily tied up her mane of soft, black hair. "You will surely help me to launch the boat." But no hand would help her. They saw the impetuous girl going to doom, and they would not be a party to her madness. Getting three or four round pieces of driftwood, which were slippery with water-slime, she laid them along the dock; two other billets she placed under the boat's keel. Then gathering her strength for one pull, she sent the boat into the churning surf. One of the fishermen advanced to detain her, but she waved him back with a gesture so determined and imperious that he hesitated. He then held consultation with his friends. Two or three now hurried down to the water's edge, but the boat had shot out beyond their reach, and was already rising like some great sea-bird over the mad waves. The girl had seized her oars and was rowing at a brisk rate toward the ledge. Sometimes a huge, green, glittering wave would arise and roll towards the shell, and the fishermen would close their eyes; but in response to the rower's quick wrist, the little skiff would turn and climb over the roaring crest of the terrible billow. Sometimes the boat was nowhere to be seen, and one of the spectators would say to another,

"It is all over!"