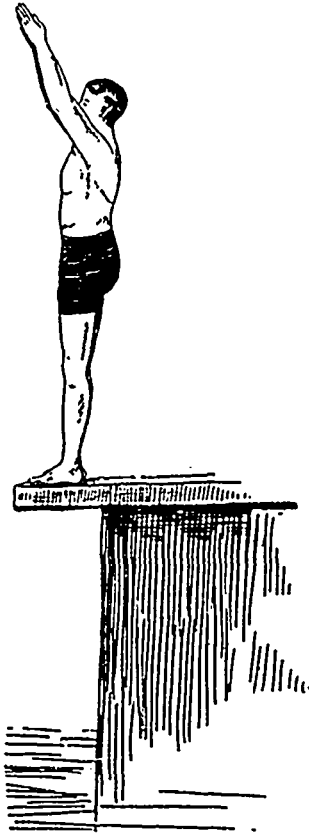


until you are partly under water. I have known a number of boys who have lost their eyes by opening them before they struck the water. A chip on the surface is apt to strike the eye and inflict serious injury.

There are many ways of diving, but the straight-forward plunge is the simplest and most useful. When you dive in shallow water it is best to squat and make a plunge, striking the surface flat and glide out into deep water.

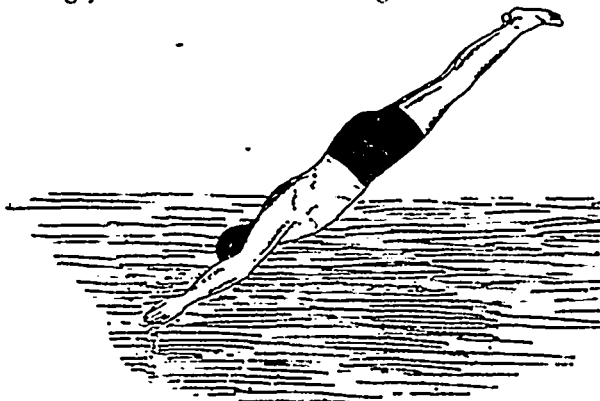
It is not hard to swim under water. When you are once the proper distance below the surface you should strike out, using the breast stroke, taking care to bring the arms back straight. You can see the light through the water and know exactly how deep down you are. When you want to come up, make a downward stroke with your arms.



SAVING LIVES.

In saving lives of drowning persons I can hardly lay down any particular rules. I never know how I will act until I am in the water. Coolness is the first quality you need under those circumstances. There are several rules, however, that may always be followed when practicable:—

1. Don't let the drowning person clasp you around your neck, body, or arms.
2. Swing around, dive down, or even swim away, to avoid such a clasp, for in nine chances out of ten it means your death as well as his.
3. If possible grasp him by his coat collar or hair, and hold him out at arm's length, swimming meantime with the other arm and legs.
4. You should always be behind the person you want to rescue, and if possible get him on his back as well as yourself, particularly if you have a long swim to make.
5. If the drowning person is unconscious try to hoist him on the lower part of your stomach, where his head will be above water, and hold him there with your legs, leaving your arms free for swimming.



MARK REED'S ESCAPE.

CHAPTER IV.

HERE were no stars or moon overhead to cheer me that night. Black clouds hung low above the skylight. A few heavy drops fell, and I was forced to creep away to a corner.

I was not so hungry now, but a sick, weary sensation was over me. I remembered tales I had read of the sufferings of shipwrecked men, and after a bit it seemed to me I was at sea. The wind howled among the chimney-pots—no, the ropes—and the waves pelted in at the port-holes. Why, why were they left open? Oh, of course that boy had broken them—but they shouldn't starve him! How sick I was!

Ah! Puck would go—but Harry—Gates—Mark! Mark! Why are they calling him Mark?

I struggled from my rambling dreaminess. I sat up. Some one was calling "Mark!"

I tried to answer; my voice failed. Then I gave a wild foolish scream, more like a frightened girl than a boy. But it was enough. A lantern was flashing down on me, a ladder was descending from the skylight.

Crash went the woodwork, then a man's foot and leg, and a moment after Harry Gates stood beside me.

"Why, old man!" was all he said.

"All right, mate," he shouted up, and down came an arm and a hand.

A mug of hot tea, bread-and-butter, with ham between it. No food was ever so delicious! It seemed cruel to give me only so little, but Gates shook his head.

"Not just yet, my lad! And now stand up. Are you hurt? When did you fall? Hullo! what's that?"

A bursting open of doors below was heard, a rush of feet up the stairs, hoarse voices calling, lights flashing.

"They're off!" cried one.

"Here! here!" shouts another.

Then a loud knocking upon the door of the room where we were.

"Open! in the Queen's name!"

"It's the police!" said Gates.

Before he could reach the door it was burst open, and a couple of big constables entered, while another kept at the door, on guard.

"Here we have them!" cried the foremost man, rushing upon Harry, who burst into a laugh.

The man started back as the lantern flashed in our faces.

"Why, Gates!"

"Aye, it is me, Mr. Martin, and this is young Reed—Mr. Timms's lad. You know him?"

"Why, of course!" said the other policeman. "But, what!—you'll have to explain—"

He caught sight of the ladder, and was up in a trice.

"This youngster was after his pigeons, and fell down that skylight two days ago—wasn't it, Mark? He's half dead with cold and hunger."

"I didn't fall," I began.

"Oh, well, clear out of this," said Mr. Martin, the chief constable. "Get down, all of you, to your own shop, and I'll be there directly to hear particulars."

They had pretty well to carry me down the stairs and into our place, where old Betty was ready for us in a fine state of excitement.

Whether she thought I had been half-drowned or