

determine the direction from which the shrieks arose. Then it came dashing straight through the pampas, which waved tumultuously and went down before it.

A minute more, and a rider on a light coffee-coloured horse burst into the open and came galloping down the beach, shouting something in Spanish which Elsie took to be a reassurance. Her screams ceased ; but her attitude as she clung to the tipping boat, her wild eyes and her white face were proclamation enough of her peril.

At the edge of the water the rider made no pause, but forced his mount straight in with a mighty splashing. In little more than the time it takes to tell it, he reached the boat, dropped the reins, and flung himself aboard. With a volley of questions which Elsie could neither understand nor reply to, he sprang to her side, grabbed her under the arms, and tried to lift her into the boat.

As he realized the futility of this attempt, he observed the colour of the water, and his nostrils caught the sinister smell.

"I think it's what you call a devil-fish!" cried Elsie, beginning to feel herself safe.

The dark Cuban flashed white teeth in a smile of comprehension. It was easy to guess what the fair American had said.