

of me, Miss Toshio, but you notice that the Russian cruisers don't enter the harbor, probably because they have eluded, not defeated, Kamimura, and are afraid of him catching them where they can't run away. Before dusk you will see they will recall their torpedo boats, and stand off further from the coast. The thing will be to meet your ships, and I shall have no trouble in leaving the harbor."

And he did not. The sea was rising, great, gray masses of water heaving themselves up as if moved by a power below, and the Russian ships, rolling among the waves at a safe distance from the rocky, surf-beat coast, and the harbor they feared to enter, saw nothing of the tiny, gray-painted junk that slipped out from an inlet near the harbor mouth, and ran past them among the tumbling seas.

So Craig escaped, and always believed he might have succeeded, had not the fog come rolling across the sea like a wall of smoke, and covered them up like a shroud. Wrapped up in its dark folds, the little junk went on slowly and blindly in the darkness, her crew hearing nothing but the muffled sounds of the heavy sea, till suddenly, about eleven that night, it lifted, or they passed beyond it, to find themselves in clear water, with the light of a steamer showing far away.

They met and spoke to her, the "Taisei Maru," and knew that they had passed the big transport, so Craig turned back to Gensan, feeling that he had failed in half his mission, when he heard the sound of distant guns across the sea, and recklessly carried the gray junk towards them, to where the searchlights were playing menacingly on the waters.

It was the Vladivostok cruisers and their torpedo boats. Craig could see nothing else, though he was near now—too near for his own safety, for the "Rossia" fired then, and the shot struck the water beyond his junk. He felt that the searchlights were long, ghastly fingers stretching out to clutch and destroy him, yet instead of running away to hide in the friendly darkness, he took the gray junk circling slowly round those great ships that carried her death in their loaded guns, for, as the cruiser fired, he had seen in the white path of her searchlight, a half-submerged boat with pitiful little black things clinging to it.

War is hell, and any people who would go to war except in the direst need cannot condemn the sinking of the "Kinshu Maru," with the troops on board her. But only an uncivilized people, to whom arbi-

trary authority has brought false ideas of military methods, together with perverted reasoning powers and enfeebled judgment, would have fired on their enemy struggling and drowning in an icy sea.

Thirty-seven men, five of whom still had their rifles, were taken out of the water by the gray junk before she fled to save herself. She was wounded, and only not sunk because of the remarkable character of Russian gun practice in a heavy sea. So her men kept her afloat till they were able to beach her at day-break on the desolate shore of Mayong Island. And crouching beside the driftwood fire they had made among the rocks, Craig heard the story of the wreck from Yamamoto Gato, who still proudly held his dripping rifle.

"We sighted the enemy just before midnight," said the little soldier in his very correct English, for he had been the English-speaking clerk of the Hakubunsha publishing house in Tokio before the war called him to serve in the ranks of the army, "and with readiness for action which contrasted favorably with their unreadiness on some other occasions, the torpedo boats bore down upon us, and, seeing there was no possibility of escaping an engagement, our ship hauled down her flag."

There was a soft sigh from the men round him—in a western audience it would have been a groan—and Yamamoto continued:

"The captain of our ship and two of our officers went to the 'Rossia,' giving themselves up and asking that the crew and some business men, who were passengers, might leave the 'Kinshu' before she was attacked, as the soldiers had decided not to surrender. This was graciously permitted, and at the order of our Captain Shiina, who was now in command of us, we remained perfectly quiet in our quarters below, while the others left the vessel."

"Pardon me," said Craig, "but if two of your officers could surrender, why should you feel dishonored at doing the same?"

Yamamoto smiled. "To save the non-combatants," he said. "It was necessary that our honorable enemy should be able to return with some captives of distinction, so these two went gladly, for it is honor to be dishonored sometimes. Then the 'Rossia' opened fire on our ship, and Captain Shiina, who was alone on the deck, called us to come up. At his order we formed in line on the deck, and replied to the cruiser's guns with our rifles.