

thing in the most dangerous stretch of water in the North.

Traherne lost his nerve and made a fatal mistake. He starboarded the wheel and swung the broad, low stern of the motor-boat toward the storm. It rocked in the trough and came about with high seas dashing over the cockpit. The engine sputtered in the choked muffler and stopped. The boat filled. Traherne attempted to remove his coat. He began going down into fathomless brine. He churned the water with hopeless energy.

It is not an easy thing for a good swimmer to drown. Traherne felt youth and strength come to his aid. He fought the inky tide with a final trudgeon stroke upward. He heard the roaring of waters in his ears. Light purple spots appeared before his eyes. A violet flash burned to his brain.

He emerged from the depths and turned over with a weak effort. The squall in some manner had gone on toward the American shore. The light points dusted the great velvet vault. The choppy waves showed signs of subsiding.

Swimming easily in a small circle he glanced around and searched for some sign of the motor-boat. There was none save a sodden silk cushion