

puckering whimsically under the grey moustache.

Something seemed to click in Duboff's heart, and his eyes saw differently in that instant. Somaliev was no longer an abstraction of evil, but a human being, a brother man, one of those very brothers over whom Duboff's heart so warmly, if a trifle inconsistently, was wont to yearn. He saw the bewildered child, the innocently curious bystanders, the anxiously sweating coachman—all in a moment, perhaps, to be bleeding and shrieking victims of the bomb he must throw. A sickness of longing for his own child came over him. Who was he, he asked himself suddenly, to execute justice—or was it injustice? An icy sweat broke out upon him as he confronted the novel question? Melting back into the shrubbery, he vanished into an alley of the palace, and so, a studious figure with book under arm, disappeared by ways the Governor knew not.

Within a half-hour Duboff was on his way to the border. The committee, apprised of the accident to Somaliev's coach, had no suspicions. They waited confidently to receive Duboff's report that night. With such a start, and pitting his keen intelligence against theirs, Duboff succeeded in reaching England. Snatching up his child, he made his way north into Scotland, and took passage on a tramp steamer for Newfoundland. A coasting schooner carried him from St. John's up to Labrador; and when he settled himself in Pratts Harbour he felt that his trail had been successfully covered.

PRATTS HARBOUR, suspicious of strangers, was at first none too hospitable. The village folk were for the most part occupied with fishing; but they were also, in a chastened way, wreckers. They knew better than to seek to mislead a storm driven ship; but if a wreck took place on their wild coast they saw the hand of Providence in it and returned thanks, and devoted more effort to the saving of the cargo than to the crew and passengers. The latter might get ashore if God willed.

But Duboff, tending their sick for no fee, nursing them more tenderly and patiently than their wives and mothers could, feeding their hungry, lending with open hand to their needy, soon gained an ascendancy over their wild imaginations. With his deep and dream-filled eyes, his kindly mouth, his grave and pensive smile, his abundant dark hair and softly curling brown beard, he reminded them of the picture of Christ in the village church. So it came about, in time, that he was even able to revolutionize their very primitive attitude toward shipwrecks. Under his exhortations, instructions, and leadership, instead of waiting hopefully for the shipwrecked unfortunates to drown, they became daring and devoted lifesavers: somewhat to the detriment of their pockets, indeed, but to the incalculable advantage of their morals and their consciences.

And in this way Duboff, in the saving of many lives, made reparation in his heart for the lives he had had it in his heart to destroy.

FOR nearly three years Duboff had lived and toiled in Pratts Harbour—and no one in Pratts Harbour ever suspected that he was either a failure or dishonoured. With his work, with the education of his boy, with his wild dashes forth into the storm when some doomed ship lay grinding on the outer reefs, he found life full enough, and grew almost to reconciliation with himself.

There came a day when the bleak coast was in battle with a yelling, black nor'easter. A small brig, up from St. John's, was staggering before it, in despairing effort to make Pratts Harbour. The awful trap of the outer reefs she passed in safety; but was carried too far south. Then came the terrific struggle to beat back to the entrance proper. The whole village was out to watch her as she fought her way up into the wind, literally inch by inch. But they did not look on as in the old days, with cold greed in their hearts. Two boat crews of picked men, with Duboff at their head, stood by, ready to launch their sturdy whaleboats. And beside Duboff, clutching his hand and gazing out white-faced upon the devouring tumult, stood his boy, with yellow-brown hair blown backward.

The long-drawn struggle was an agony. The watchers, infected with Duboff's own spirit, agonized

in sympathy, their salty and rugged faces drawn, their sinews straining with suspense. At last, as she neared the point, it was seen that she was too close in. She could not clear it. The crowd groaned hoarsely, and some woman sobbed. Duboff caught his boy up into his arms, holding him close in brief farewell. The ship, in desperation, let go both anchors. They caught, held—and the hawsers parted like hay. The fated vessel fell off, and was flung broadside on the toothed ledges that fringe the base of Gull Rock Head.

Even while the boats were being launched into the comparatively quiet water behind the head, she broke in two; and the after portion, where most of the crew had gathered, simply crumbled into matchwood. In the fore part, now plainly visible, now hidden by sheets of spray, remained two figures, clinging in the stays. One was a member of the crew. The other, in black, with long black hair and beard, was as evidently a passenger.

A crashing wave tore the seaman from his hold; but, instead of sweeping him overboard, slammed him down against the stanchions, and by some watery caprice left him there, stunned and helpless, for the next wave to finish. With astounding agility the bearded passenger pounced down from his refuge, heaved up the limp body, braced it between himself and the stays, and succeeding in hold-

would have meant inevitable destruction for both boats. Then the gale burst forth again in full fury, and the boats had all they could do to hold themselves off those thundering cataracts of the ledges.

As if weakened by the momentary respite, the fragment of wreck now yielded under the fresh onslaught, and toppled over upon its side till the broken mast lay out at such a slant that the crest of the seas swept it to the tip. With incredible tenacity the black figure in the stays still held on, and still gripped its helpless burden. Little by little it worked its way out toward the end of the mast, which almost overhung the deep water on the inner slope of the ledge.

AT the sight of such dauntless courage and fidelity Duboff forgot all odds. Whether the thing were possible or not, he would do it! He would rescue the black figure with the burden, or go down with them! Fixing the end of a line about his waist, he ordered his boat around to the other side of the ledge. The other boat followed. They could approach no nearer from this side; for the gigantic suction of each wave as it went by opened an abyss to the very roots of the ledge, and the following inrush was like a maelstrom. Just outside its clutches hung the boats, now skied, now wallowing in the troughs. And then Duboff, plunging from the prow of his boat, swam in.

The instant that he plunged, the man on the wreck gave a great shout, which made itself heard even above the thunder of the breakers; and with a colossal obstinacy of defiance to all fate he passed a bight of line about his burden and secured it to his own waist.

From the boats, and from the watchers on shore, rose cries of mingled admiration and protest. "Drop him!"—"He's dead!"—"It's no use!"—"He can't save you both!"—"For God's sake, let him go!" But all alike were swept away by the wind; and would have been equally idle had they reached their goal, for the man was drunk with the rage of the struggle for the life he had set himself to save. His own was clean forgotten.

Duboff, battling desperately but coolly in the tortured seas, saw and understood.

At length, borne almost beneath the projecting end of the mast, he saved himself, by a tremendous backward thrust, from being dashed upon the ledge. At the moment, calculating it justly, the stranger dropped with his

burden. Duboff had just time to observe, from his aimless floundering, that he knew nothing of the water, when a receding surge sucked him away. Duboff dived, and with his left hand caught him by the back of the collar, holding him rigidly at arm's length. Then came a few moments of choking anguish. But it was not a simple matter to drag in that load, with the contorted seas wrenching it in one direction even while hurling the boat in the other. All but two of the crew had to keep sweating for their lives at the oars, to hold the boat off the ledges. At one moment the line would slacken so suddenly that the man hauling on it would fall backward, and Duboff and his load would be dashed almost upon the boat; at the next the line would go taut with a sickening jerk, and its burden would be dragged under, and held under, till Duboff thought his lungs would burst.

But at last in a deep trough he was pulled up to the boatside, and lifted in over the gunwale with his charges before the boat shot up to the next crest. He was all but spent, and could only lie gasping and spitting on the bottom. The bearded stranger was unconscious, his eyes sunken far back into their haggard and shallow sockets from the strain of his superhuman struggle. But the sailor for whose life he had so striven was dead as a stone. His back had been broken across the stanchions.

To Duboff's house the stranger was taken, still unconscious, and put to bed; Duboff himself, his giant frame like tempered steel, none the worse for the adventure.

In the stranger's pockets Duboff found no mark of identification, no clue even. His watch, stopped by the salt water, was English. His automatic revolver was American; but the man himself, by the

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At Sight of Such Dauntless Courage Duboff Forgot all Odds.

ing it against the next smothering onslaught. The watchers on the shore cheered hoarsely, some of the women bursting into frantic tears.

Just then the boats appeared, thrusting out from behind the point and plunging into the full fury of the storm. Their headway stopped, as if their prows were buffeted back by titanic hands. They mounted and fell; but seemed, with all their violent movement, to make no progress, like rocking horses. Yet the distance they had to traverse to reach the wreck was little more than a couple of hundred yards.

And now began two dreadful and terrific struggles. The watchers on shore, half blinded by the driven salt, and leaning aslant against the ponderous onrush of the wind, turned their anxious eyes now to the one, now to the other, and held their breaths, and gasped broken prayers. Abreast the point the boats wrestled doggedly, now gaining a few yards by a rush forward in the trough of calm between two combers, now beaten back, slowly and inexorably.

But on the wreck was the more gigantic struggle. The man in the stays, the lone black figure looking so infinitely small, struggled to hold the body of the seaman against all the forces of the storm. It seemed to the watchers impossible, inconceivable, that he should prevail. Yet, from moment to moment, he did prevail. And, as wave after wave receded, the long-haired figure was seen still grasping, still sheltering, his helpless burden; till presently the crowd forgot to cheer, to weep, to pray, and could only stare awestricken.

At last in a half-lull of the hurricane the boat won nearer; but it was only to find that, as the wreck lay, fairly lifted over and into a cup in the reef, no effective approach was possible. To come close enough to cast a line to the man in the rigging