

"Martha said
"Can we go? Oh,
"The thud of an-
"hand Martha
"bel. We must
"it will stand.
"t! You don't
"outside—it's

Martha said,
"door with an
"assistance. And
"ords a snaky
"in "under the
"ping of spray
"to a sullen
"ather? Why
"g crackle of
"k of triumph
"ha answered
"wait for fath-
"were outside,
"demonium of
"h there was

showed them
"ore the wind
"o into a path
"uddy water,
"and poured
"the street.
"e told than a
"sed, the two
"aced into the
"gain the one
"stone chapel
"first rise be-
"hth of a mile



ance to be
"length—say,
"less struggle,
"dumb defeat,
"ate recovery,
"stion, endur-
"bent to the
"t the breath
"uth and nos-
"left shivered
"en stately
"ke a ship at
"farewell, and
"odily like a
"tly from the
"ors a sullen
"its way up
"of red flame,
"en know it.
"would have
"an that of a

as my fath-
"a's thought
"ugh she said
"else. If one
", and breath
"sense of de-
"the strife
"d the corner
"y that they
"ir lives, and
"o come. The
"dike road,
"g lawn be-
"the meeting
"air and wat-
"the flats lay
"ad. Yet the
"e life-saving
"st opposite,
"somewhere,
"God! where

is David?" Martha's heart cried.
"Where is my father?"

Even as she thought it her father lay dead in his barn, where a falling timber had struck him as he stooped. And David, roused from the sleep of exhaustion by a new emergency, was working for strangers in the mistaken assurance that Martha was safe at the farm.

At the corner the swirl of water round their feet eddied and sucked at their knees; then the wind gathered itself up and hurled itself against them; stones gave beneath their stumbling feet; the water pushed horribly toward the marsh-edge. Suddenly the weaker girl lost her footing. Martha dragged her up with the strength of despair—to fall was to drown. She held her with both hands while the other gasped for breath and clung to her in a panic of fright. Her weight dragged on Martha savagely.

All at once a fierce impulse throbbed in Martha's veins to throw her off, to shake off her hands; like lightning of the soul it flashed on her that this girl stood between her and her chance of safety. It was so near—just across the road; if she were alone she could get there, she knew it; but this girl clung and hung on her so!

The soaked skirts of both slapped and twisted about her limbs. What was this weak girl to her that she should risk her life for her? Was she a man, that she should be expected to rescue helpless women—was she not also a woman, as much in need of help as this baby thing who had made David

terribly long they were; the hot thrill of renewed courage was fading from her veins again; was it minutes or hours? She saw one of the men suddenly above her on the porch; as her knees sank under her in her last effort to lift her stumbling companion, a strong hand grasped her arm, a shoulder braced behind her, and a voice shouted, "Now then, Dave!"

She tried with all her failing strength to help her helper, as he lifted both girls bodily toward the stooping, reaching arms David held ready from the side of the porch.

Without words the two men had divided the rescue according to their strength; if anyone could lift the women over that parapet and draw up their dead weight it would have to be David. He leaned now, white in the face, as far down as he could reach, to take one of the girls; the other man stumbled with his burden, and half falling pushed Amy Lawrence in reach of David's hand. She clutched at it convulsively:

"For God's sake, man!" shouted David, trying to grasp at Martha's clothing with his left hand. But the man could not on the instant recover himself. He was rolled over by a wave, as the girls were almost torn from David's grip. Martha looked straight into David's fierce eyes.

"Amy first," her lips moved to say. A strange look came into David's white face; his eyes burned into hers.

You first!" he cried, and tried to free his other hand to lift her. She slipped



Another view of C.N.R. Wreck, Chamberlain

love her? David loved her. David—loved—her, David loved her! With the temptation of devils and the solace of angels the silent iterant cry beat on her brain. She groaned in mortal pain. Then she lifted her head suddenly, and wound her arm more strongly under the other's shoulder: "Almost there," she cried in Amy's ear, "don't slip!" And as she spoke she urged the other girl forward with all her strength.

Pushing, sobbing, clinging, buffeted by wind and dragged by water, they got across the road and were almost in touch of the porch. But its steps opened to the northeast, and on the other side it was parapeted with stone to the height of a man's breast. Wicked, heavy waves laden with wreckage surged continually onto the steps and round their corner, pushed before the wind; and the wind!—The strongest man on the life-saving force tried in vain to pass that corner earlier in the day.

Again and again the surge and the pull of the wave threw the other woman against Martha's body; she felt her last remnant of strength going, and tried supremely to cry out for help, but as in a nightmare no sound came from her utterly exhausted throat. Once more, and then through the agony of exhaustion she heard a great shout, and saw as in a flickering haze one figure and then another outside the station. Help was coming! Thank God, help was coming! But how long, how

from his grasp like water, smiling up at him.

"Her first," she repeated, and pushed the other girl into his arms, falling forward on her knees. David dragged the girl who clung to him over the parapet with a desperate jerk which almost tore her arms from the sockets; he did not hear her whimper, or see her at all; he could have cursed her for her need of him. She was scarcely over the edge before he had thrown himself to the ground.

Martha, choked and blinded by the water, losing her hold on life and consciousness together, felt a grasp that was like the arm of God, gave herself up to safety or death, she knew not which, and knew nothing more.

When she woke from her swoon she found herself the centre of a strange little company. They were homeless, they had lost every rag of clothing except what was on their bodies, they had no fire; but they were cheerful as only people can be who have suddenly learned the unimportance of the things which make up our schedule of values. Martha looked around, smiled at Amy Lawrence, who was curled up beside her, and who stroked her hair with trembling fingers, then drowsiness crept over her again, and she also slept.

The smell of food awoke her the second time, and coming back to consciousness with a pleasant sense of somebody watching over her, she wondered vaguely at the delicious warmth which sur-



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