Friday, March 1, 1907

addle and Sabre'

plaitudes to this with blanched lips beside him. He closely in return ips beside r arm closely in return r ocket after

> les, and npatience what

> > ship!" the

" he cried, "and prepare your lives. I'm going to

to leave it." orders, sir!" replied Dainty "My brother and I are an-

skipper paused, irresolute for a t, then gripped Dainty's hand appeared forward. vo brothers were alone at the

all over," said Maurice at "There's not time to say Another few minutes, and our on't be worth ten seconds' pur-

trouble about that," replied "I take a good deal of But if you do scrape d I don't, mind you are to

the Mist through the surf. be my wife if I live; if I hink she would like to know name was on my lips imental idea!-perhaps divulge most unexpected nent on such occasions

on such occasions. But time for further convers no time for further conver-Aided by wind and tide, the sped to her grave with the

so of a sea-guil. The crowd il Beach could see her dis-how, could mark the sailors g about the fore-rigging, ere hushed-men and women it breath the margine

breath in presence of the astrophe. There was de-

ion, but the veriest neo-ould but know how fearchances against any one his way successfully through ing sea that raged so savagely

in the fierce blowing gale the foaming surf. A few more, and the angry waves contemptuously at the attered effigies of man-

angle corpse after corpse. erchance, whirl high on the

catastrophe.

to save the

ove the

their

ones

I've no sorrow for but I am hitterly

Holdershed kno d her name as I di

, inviting her to he

board the yacht: manoeuvr

stem on for the promise her head shall 1 raight. Go forward, if you with the rest, Mr. Redman." blace is on the quarter-deck." I the skipper coolly, "and Fm to be a state of the skipper coolly.

for the course wheel, Maurice.

ill do next.

VICTORIA SEMI-WEEKLY COLONIST.

Friday, March 1, 1907.

did Jennie, with convulsive her face on her uncle's to shut out the sickening her gaze, but it was no passionate love for Dainty her to witness the tragedy the yacht, scarce two hun-s from the shore now. As plunges within the surf Jenexclamation from th arieks,-death-notes in some ast,-and the noise of falling Then comes the sha t, and a confu

<page-header>



e swings round, and lies broad the shore, while the waves urlously over her. The coast-have succeeded in throwing ne over almost the centre of er, and there, under the of the skipper, the crew are s of the skipper, the crew are in a rope along which a ay work. Near as they are to , no man could hope to make through that boiling surf. r or no swimmer, his chances ave been much the same. An ible wave, and, throwing his arrible wave, and, throwing his p in despair, a sallor is seen like a cork upon its crest. g a life line round his body, eming dashes boldly through f to the rescue; but it is -blinded by the spray, the uardsman is swept off his feet cond, and dragged back again comrades, brushed and breath-ere are no lack of brave hearts ling hands to dare what men ing hands to dare what men for the assistance of their imorethren. More than once fishermen and coastguards through the foam to endeav-v another line to the ill-fated with which to make a guide with which to make a guide radle, but only to be drawn heir fellows half stunned. a hand, lads, to the guy—they alling," shouts Fleming; and er minute the cradle was pull-gh the surf, and a couple of half downed sallors tumhalf-drowned sailors

he beach. was the cradle drawn back those on board the yacht, and e did it return with its liv-nt. They worked with a will ends of the guy, for it was bet the worked with a will that the yacht must break up y few minutes. Suddenly the came down with a tremen-sh, and the water poured he schooner's side. It was rash, and the water the schooner's side. nt of terrible suspense, nds the crowd on the econds the crowd on the beach inxiously to see the result of t blow to the doomed ship. A nore sailors are distinguished away by the waves, never , need assistance from their But these on beard the webt But those on board the yacht an the shock, and once more e cradle is ready. Quick as it is drawn through the surf-d yet again; and in the last lrenched, cold, and well-nigh m his exertions, is the skip-mean "Only two more," he man. "Only two more," only two," and holds up only two," and holds up his o indicate more precisely the still left on board. "Quick, for of heaven!—it's a question of Even as he speaks, another us sea strikes the vessel, and olse rearribling the sent of ise resembling the report of of musketry, the schooner roken. Wild shrieks the gal of musketry, the schooner's broken. Wild shrieks the gale lits victim, while the moon oright and placidly down upen netered timbers and tossing de-he stern still remains firmly, but in this last furfous assault vaters the rope has parted—all ideation with the shore is cut a Fleming and his companions opeless and dismayed. Another s fired, and misses the ship— t of a ship, would better de-t. It is as the skipper rightly

and the second se