

clouds lightening, the east seas coming troubled and unceasing, they were silent, for, wet, under a dirty dawn, you can get neither wit nor passion, but only the animal-enduring patience of the trapped. Then, again the engine fluttered. Rand gave the wheel to her and went back to awaken Karasac.

The fellow moved—then, bewildered, leaped up and fell half over the gasoline tank, held by braces on the gunwale. The can tore away and as Karasac struggled back, a sheet of flame sprang from the pit, and then, with the thunder of the explosion in her ears, she crouched higher in the bow and steadied the wheel. That was all—the thing was done; she looked about to see the engine pit black, with margins of tiny fire here, there, starting, dying, a dingy column of flecked smoke rising. The launch was still, save for a gasp of water somewhere in her frail body—still, save for the next pounding sea. Karasac stood upright, yelling on the decked after-space. Rand's head rose by the boat's side; he clung to the torn gunwale, and then began working his way forward, hand over hand.

Louise had not screamed—merely stared, fascinated by the burning oil washing on the water in the pit, drawing her feet above it. Rand's blackened face was near her; he looked up—smiled. "Be still," he said, "we'll wash in—it's not far. Are you hurt?" "No," she answered; "but you?"

He was trying to raise himself and peer along the brass rail at the boat's interior. "A pipe smashed