

CLAIM OF LIFE AND TOLL OF DEATH 415

symbol of the last hour—the call of the supreme minute. And he said it would have made no difference! He is the most magnanimous of men and the uttermost farthing has been paid. He has done with me. The most magnanimous . . . but there is a grave on the sands by which I left him sitting with no glance to spare for me. His last glance on earth! I am left with this thing. Absolutely unimportant. A dead talisman." With a nervous jerk she flung the ring overboard, then with a hurried entreaty to d'Alcacer, "Stay here a moment. Don't let anybody come near us," she burst into tears and turned her back on him.

Lingard returned on board his brig and in the early afternoon the *Lightning* got under way, running past the schooner to give her a lead through the maze of Shoals. Lingard was on deck but never looked once at the following vessel. Directly both ships were in clear water he went below, saying to Carter: "You know what to do."

"Yes, Sir," said Carter.

Shortly after his Captain had disappeared from the deck Carter laid the main topsail to the mast. The *Lightning* lost her way while the schooner with all her light kites abroad passed close under her stern holding on her course. Mrs. Travers stood aft very rigid, gripping the rail with both hands. The brim of her white hat was blown upwards on one side and her yachting skirt stirred in the breeze. By her side d'Alcacer waved his hand courteously. Carter raised his cap to them.

During the afternoon he paced the poop with measured steps, with a pair of binoculars in his hand. At last he laid the glasses down, glanced at the compass-card and walked to the cabin skylight which was open.

"Just lost her, Sir," he said. All was still down there. He raised his voice a little.

"You told me to let you know directly I lost sight of the yacht."