
WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT

had hastily restored to him. Yet not a sign of danger had been manifest.

A little to their left the current swept between the island and the mainland, about a mile away, while the line the boat was following would direct them about half a mile from the outside of the island. They had now approached so near the shore as to be within easy speaking distance of the island folk, who had reached the edge of the water and stood watching the yacht.

"Sheer off, boy! sheer off! if you don't want to ground," called out Pierre. At the sound of his voice the cattle walked fearlessly into the water.

Len sounded with an oar, and found that the sand was just under his keel.

Springing to the bow of the boat, he again reached for bottom, and putting all his weight on the oar, turned the boat's head away from the shore. Winslow was in a moment following his example at the stern, and their united strength gave a slight outward motion to the heavy boat. Another slight scraping sound told them how near they were to being aground, and they exerted all their force to escape the danger that threatened them at every moment.

"It's all against us, sir, there is a breeze coming," cried Len, flushed with his exertions. "It will drive us on, if we don't strike before it comes."

The next moment the boat struck again, and came to a standstill. Len let down the sail, which fell with a rattle, and tried to force the boat off