

herne eyed this cloud and steered the boat with his knees. He looked back toward the American coast.

Sitting down on the cushioned seat he watched the engine and the rapidly revolving fly-wheel. The boat was making her extreme speed.

It came to him that he was in for a squall. The air changed as the light craft reached the middle of the Strait. A white mist blotted out the stars. A series of tiny waves slapped the boat's knife-like stem. The waves grew higher. One came aboard and drenched the covered forepeak beneath which was stored the gasoline.

Traherne saw the first reaching jaw of the menace. It was a fanged line of foam that rimmed the entire northern portion of the channel. It had been caused by the wind leaping the Canadian shore line and shelving into the Strait. It came with the speed of a flying cloud. A high-pitched note vibrated overhead. The note grew in volume. A shriek sounded within a roar. All the world of water suddenly rose and milled.

"My word!" said Traherne; "I'm done for!"

The years of college and military school life did not serve him in the manner they should. Self-reliance was one thing on a campus and another