

The sixth, Sandon.

One more than half the names has been drawn.

Mine has not yet come out. I try to calculate the chances which remain to me; four good chances, one bad chance.

Since Burke's cry of joy not a word has been spoken.

M. Letourneur continues his terrible task.

The seventh name is that of Miss Hervey; but the young girl does not even tremble.

The eighth name is mine. Yes, mine!

The ninth name,—

"Letourneur!"

"Which?" asks the boatswain.

"Andre!" replies M. Letourneur.

A cry is heard, and Andre falls down unconscious.

"Go on, go on!" cries Douglas, growing red; his name remains in the hat, alone with that of M. Letourneur.

Douglas glares on his rival like a victim whom he wishes to devour. M. Letourneur is almost smiling. He puts his hand in the hat, draws the last billet but one, slowly unfolds it, and with an unfaltering voice, and a firmness of which I could never have believed this man capable, pronounces the name,—

"Douglas!"

The carpenter is saved. A groan issues from his breast.

Then M. Letourneur takes the last billet, and without opening it, tears it up.