

impressed let him but once find himself in the position in which Jack and I were now placed.

Meanwhile the low white-crested wave of the coming tide, still some distance off, was rapidly approaching. It was clear that either the tide or our boy informant had blundered. It was probably the latter: the circumstantial evidence was strongly against him. At any rate, there now lay before us the pleasant prospect of twelve hours imprisonment on the island, without even the scanty prison fare of bread and water. There was one chance of escape. It might yet be a minute or two before the tide would enter the channel at the other side of the island, which separated it from the shore. It was a race for freedom and we entered upon it with considerable spirit. The beach, covered even in its smoothest parts with stones and rocks of all sizes, sharp and slippery, had evidently not been originally intended for a race-course. But the sullen roar of the tide, growing ever louder and louder in our ears, supplied an incentive to speed which made light of trifling defects in the track.

We had just reached the channel side of the Island when, attracted by the sharp clinking of a hammer, we saw a man on the cliff above us intent on some specimen and evidently unconscious that he was about to be made a prisoner.

"Come on! Tide!" we shouted individually and collectively.

The stranger turned in apparent surprise and we heard him say somewhat coolly that there was plenty of time—in fact, an hour yet. For answer we pointed to the tide which had just entered the channel and was now bearing down towards us like a broad river, with the speed of a mill-race. The stranger took out his watch. He was evidently in an argumentative mood and prepared to debate the point with all comers. But we held on our way. The footing was now better than on the beach; and we were perhaps half way across when the first wavelets of the tide reached us. They

were only ankle-deep however, and we splashed wildly on. The water rose rapidly and very soon our walk became a mixed flounder and scramble for footing, for the current was uncomfortably strong. The situation began to grow a little perilous. But the only way out now was the way we were going and we pushed on. It was with something like relief that we at length began to find the water growing shallow. And when a little later we reached the beach and scrambled out breathless upon the sand, we felt that we had not been too soon. Looking back we saw that our late companion, moved rather by our evident earnestness than by our arguments, had followed our example and was struggling with the water. But he was too late. We waved him back and this time he accepted our advice. A few minutes later a signal of distress fluttered from the top of the island; and we knew that underneath lay our brother explorer, like Enoch Arden, "A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail."

But it was some hours before the wished-for sail appeared. And in the meantime all our efforts to relieve our distressed brother were in vain. There was simply no boat to be had within two or three miles. At length, however, a passing fishing-boat was attracted and shortly afterwards the imprisoned scientist rejoiced in liberty.

"I thought we were in for a good ducking at one time," said Jack as we drove slowly home in the moonlight. I intimated the hope that he would try to bear up under the disappointment. "Wouldn't our little adventure be sport for Frank?" he suggested in reply. We were agreed on that point. And so it happens that when Frank sees the HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY he will find out for the first time the story of "How we raced the tide."

Teache, in etymology:—"Give the definition of the word 'restaurant.'" Hungry boy:—"Res, a thing; taurus, a bull—a bully thing.—Ex.