

## AN OCEAN MYSTERY

"I am quite able to go on with it too," she added stoutly.

"Of that there is no need at present," said Baillot, taking the basin from her reluctant hand. "The boat has ceased to ship water for the present."

An hour later the fog had entirely vanished, and there was nothing to hinder a clear view of the narrow horizon about them, a floor of dancing waves, foam-crested, closed in upon by the cloudless dome of a pale blue sky.

"We're too low in the water to see anything," observed the young man impatiently to Winters, who was standing at his side. "Our circle of vision seems no larger than a dinner plate."

"Ay, a lofty perch on the mast, with a good hull rolling beneath were more to my liking," replied the sailor with a chuckle. "But what make you of yonder speck! My eyes are rheumy for lack of sleep, but thar's something thar."

Baillot looked keenly in the direction to which the old man pointed. At first he could see nothing but the dazzling play of the sunlit waters, but at length he too seemed to make out something which appeared, as the sailor had said, like a speck on the extreme verge of the horizon.

"I see it, Winters," he said at length, "and since we have nothing better to do this morning, let us make for it. What do you think it is?"

"Wall, sir," said Winters slowly, "you can't find out from me; it may be a rock, it may be a floating mass of wreckage. But as you say, we might as well go that way as any for aught I see."

For some time the two bent vigorously to the oars,