

"Marie, catch this line," it sang out, and a rope was flung from the harbor boat.

But how could she catch the line, with one hand clinging to Jessie and the other to the canoe? The next moment an impetuous wave brought the two barks together with a crash. The canoe was rolled over by the collision and freed from the snag, while both Jessie and Marie were swept away in the current. Still with one hand Marie kept her hold upon her unconscious friend, while with the other she struck bravely out.

Other help was near. The ship's lifeboat, manned by two men and Lieutenant Stuart, was within oar's length. Marie saw it as the man from the harbor boat stretched out his hand to save her.

"Jessie first," she gasped, and, relieved of her burden, she struck out with both hands, rising on each wave until her friend was rescued. With such a hurricane blowing, the rain coming down in torrents, and each wave sweeping over his boat, it was all the man could do to rescue the insensible girl, while he frantically glanced at the one still in the water.

"For heaven's sake, save her!" he cried.

But there was no need for his call. Already Stuart had thrown out a rope, and with coat off, was ready to dive in his effort of rescue.

"Seize it!" he shouted.

A sweep of Marie's hand touched and held it.