and my anxiety for their safety was great. Life buoys were dropped over the ship's side by those who were still on board and waiting for their boat. and these were eagerly clutched and supported several. I found Mrs. St. Clair and after a little difficulty succeeded in getting a buoy over her shoulders I then looked around for her daughter and my heart sank as I could not see her!

"Oh, merciful God Where is my daughter?" wailed the agonized mother as she was assisted into one of the other boats, which had now arrived on the scene. "Oh, save her! save her! oh God, save my child! Oh, who will save my child?"

It struck one instantly that the girl might possibly have become entangled in some way or other in the boat which had capsized, and was lying bottom upwards in the water. Not a moment was to be lost if such were the case My heart felt sick, as I thought that even then I might be too late. Down I dived and groped about beneath the boat, and soon discovered that my surmises were correct. She was there! With great difficulty, I extricated her from her dangerous position—for her skirts had become entangled around one of the thwarts—and rose with my burden to the surface. To get her into another boat was the work of a minute. She was alive but insensible, and no restorative means could be applied until we had backed clear of the sinking ship which went down stern foremost not many minutes afterwards.

You can imagine what a pleasure it was to me to hear the warm thanks which were showered upon me by both Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair; their only daughter was restored to them alive. I had never credited Mr. St. Clair with any tender feelings, and his heartfelt expressions of gratitude as he shook my hand again and again, and asked my forgiveness for his past coldness to me, was an agreeable surprise and a joy to me, and I felt that the barrier which had formerly stood between us, had been removed. We were not long in the boats—which was a great mercy—but were picked up a few hours after the ship had sunk by a barque, which very fortunately was bound for Sydney. And that is the end of my "yarn."

"But the 'pearl,' Captain, the 'pearl.' 'What about the pearl?' 'You've said nothing about the 'pearl.'" Chorused several voices.

I nodded to my wife, who rose to her feet and laughingly said: "My maiden name was Pearl St. Clair, my dear husband dived for me, and that 'dive' linked me to him."