

## PRISONERS OF THE SEA

"May I not bail?" cried a clear voice from the stern. "I am chilled and stiff with inaction. I must do something to help."

"Let her be!" roared Winters, as the young Huguenot began a remonstrance. "She'll be better astir, and with something to limber her up a bit. Give her the panikin from under the bench, and God help the poor lass to be nimble with it."

The regular sound of the basin as it struck the bottom of the boat showed that the girl had set about her task with vigor.

"Bravo, miss!" cried Winters at length. "Hold hard, and rest awhile, the water's gone down a good bit since you began to ply that panikin. The dawn's at hand now, and please God, the breeze'll quiet down."

The old sailor was right; before many minutes a faint gray light began to struggle through the fog which still enveloped them. Cheered by the sight Madeline fell to bailing again, though she was wet to the knees, and the heavy masses of her hair, which had become loosened as she worked, fell all about her shoulders.

"Madeline, child," said her mother anxiously, pushing aside her encumbering wraps, "let me take the basin for awhile. You must rest."

"No, madame," said Baillot decidedly, "forgive me for having yielded to Winters here; mademoiselle should not have undertaken such a task."

"Don't fret yourself about Winters," growled the old sailor, evidently displeased at this speech. "It's not hurt the young lady, and she's done a good stroke of work, which may save us all in the end."

"Indeed you are right, sir!" exclaimed Madeline.