

saw the half-naked Kroos were pulling for their lives. Wyndham leaned against him and Marston felt his jacket getting wet; he afterwards found that it was wet by blood. He put Harry down in the stern-sheets and seized the nearest Krooboy's oar, thrusting while the other pulled.

When they got on board the schooner the sails were going up and nobody else was hit. Marston and Rupert carried Wyndham to the cabin and Marston remembered his horror when they put him in his berth. A glancing bullet, turning over endways, had mangled the lower part of his face.

This, however, was some days since and Marston was getting over the shock. Rupert had told him Harry would live, although he would always wear the scar.

By-and-by Marston got up and walked about the deck. He dared not think about Flora yet; he must navigate *Columbine* to Kingston and get Wyndham into hospital. There was a little more wind now and the damp sails did not shake, but the rolling and lurching stopped the schooner. Although it was important to make Kingston soon, one could do nothing to help their progress and Marston presently returned to the wheel. He waited for a time, because he did not want to talk to Rupert. His shrinking from the fellow had not lessened, but he was very tired and limp, and at length he went down and got into his bunk.

In the morning the breeze was fresh and *Columbine* threw the spray about as she plunged across the white combers. At noon, Marston got his sextant to take the sun and sat for some minutes on the skylight calculating the schooner's position. Then he looked up and saw Rupert.