

At the moment when the boat was struck and sunk, Mr. Strafford felt Mrs. Costello's clasp loosen on his arm. He turned just in time to save her from falling, and carried her back into the house in one of those fainting fits which so much alarmed Lucia. It did not, however, last long; and when she had a little recovered, he left her and went out again.

The fog had once more settled down, but he could distinguish the many lights which now gleamed from the deck and from the windows of the steamer which still lay where it had been stopped. Voices were audible, too; and he contrived to make out that boats had been let down to search for the fisherman and his companions. This was all that could be learned here, and he became anxious to reach home, that he might himself cross to Claremont and learn what was known there.

He went back to the house, therefore, and found Mrs. Costello quite determined, in spite of her weakness, to start at once on their walk back. With painful forebodings and regrets, therefore, they left the promontory, and walked as fast as they were able towards the village.

Little was said on the way; but as soon as they were near his house, Mr. Strafford told his com-