

locked, and despite their most desperate demands, they could get no answer from within.

The steamer lurched suddenly to one side while they kicked and hammered at the woodwork; Goodyear broke in one of the panels with his bare hands and thus obtained entrance, but it was Amberley who, carrying the candle meanwhile, came upon Mya du Maurier first. She was lying insensible upon the floor in an inner room.

He lifted her, very tenderly, that the other might adjust the cork jacket about her, enfolded her in blankets and covered all with a great fur cloak snatched from a hook behind him; while Goodyear, having played his minor part, stood looking on, a queer, crooked smile tugging at the corners of his tight lips. It was no time to show jealousy in word or deed; they must sink their savage rivalry in order to save, should it be possible, the woman they both loved.

When they went out into the turmoil again, Amberley bearing the limp body in his arms, they saw that the stairward end of the alleyway was still full of the shrieking, insensate mob and black as the pit.

Goodyear, leading the way with the light, turned to the left along a now empty passage leading to the second-class saloon, whence they were able to reach the engine-room, dark, deserted, half-full of water, and through its lofty skylight they finally escaped, by dint of the most desperate exertion, to the hurricane-deck.

The battle which had been raging about the boats was almost over; a flaming tar-barrel showed a red and white shambles along the line of empty davits from which had dropped to a quick death by drowning the misguided doves who had there beaten down the discipline that might have saved them. Many of those remaining were women and children.

A figure in uniform came stumbling through the throng and Amberley recognized the second officer, who had been on the bridge when the ship struck. From him they learned that the sole, scant hope of saving those left on board lay in that some passing ship might possibly sight their signals of distress.

"Who've you got there?" he asked dully, turning away, and, as they answered, "Good Heavens!" said he; "the old millionaire's daughter!"

A little later he came swiftly back to them, his eyes aglow with good tidings, and spoke shortly, in whispers. "The fourth officer's boat is afloat, he said, "and standing by to starboard. He's willing to take two of you—only two, remember; she's gunwale under already. They'll lay alongside for you in about a minute, and whichever's going with the lady must bring her over to the rail as soon's I hold up my hand. Don't move till then, in case the others try to rush us."

Miles Amberley stood staring at his friend across the prostrate body between them, and his countenance changed.

He had fought fairly, so far, for this woman—but he could not, would not face defeat at the finish. If he must sell even his soul to pay the price of victory he would do so, here and now.

"You'll go, Miles," said Goodyear suddenly, and "Yes, I—I'll go," he gulped.

There was nothing more to be said.

The tar-barrel burned out before the signal that was to seal the sorry compact had come, and darkness once more engulfed them; the straining of the crowd, as the ship settled underfoot, forced them apart. Amberley fought furiously to regain the spot where Mya was lying; he could hear the voice of the second officer above the tumult, and, breaking back toward him by sense of sound, found him carrying her toward the rail beyond which the boat was waiting.

It was no time to waste words; he caught at a corner of her fur cloak and followed, blindly.

At the top of the steep slope he took her back into his own arms and the other tied a rope about them both; then he clambered overside and was swiftly lowered to the water's edge, whence he and his burden were lifted into the lifeboat.

It sheered away, through the thick night, and the second officer shook his head sadly: "She's left the best of her two sweethearts on board," said he to himself.

Fresh fuel was cast on the ashes of the dying fire, and its flame illumined a waste of water about the doomed ship.

Goodyear, free at last of the pressure which had penned him in, glancing about him, felt sickly glad that there was now no need for any good-by; he had sacrificed so much more than his life for his friend that he could scarcely have borne its added agony.

He was still standing there in the snow, benumbed in body and mind, when there came toward him out of a dim corner a white, blanketed figure which spoke his name.

He staggered forward, as if in fear, and "Mya!" he cried. She held out her hands to him.

He hesitated, looking long and anxiously into her dear eyes, before he drew her toward him, unresisting, and kissed her on the lips.

"You have chosen between us," he said simply, as if he had read her thoughts. "You must have heard."

"Yes," she assented, shivering, "I heard you offer Miles his life—and me. Then I wrapped my cloak about a woman lying near me, and—it was easy, in the darkness. It's late, late to have learned my lesson, Yorston, but there's time yet to tell you that I love—"

"Steamer on the starboard quarter!" screamed a strained voice from overhead on the bridge, and through the thinning mist the morning star twinkled cheerily.

The man who is not polite, is ninety-nine times out of a hundred a failure.

Among fishes that are able to live a considerable time out of water and that habitually invade the land is the "climbing perch," which can remain for days out of water, and which is even said to climb palm trees, whence its name. The "hopping goby," which leaves the sea to skip along the shore in chase of insects and sand-haunting mollusks, has an elbow joint in its fore fin which thus serves for a leg. Its gill cavity is enlarged so that it can contain considerable air. It is believed, however, that respiration is aided by the thick skin of the tail fin. In the climbing perch the gill cavity contains a special organ which seems to play the part of a lung. Land crabs possess an analogous organ in their gill cavities.—Exchange.



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And since my songs are all of him
They surely must be sweet.