

about events in the lives of four young people of which none of them had ever dreamed.

One morning, cloudy weather in the distance, foretold rain. The captain's barometer corroborated this prediction. As the day wore on the rain came and with it came the wind in a tempestuous rush. The once calm and peaceful ocean was, in a few minutes, a boiling, seething caldron. The fury of a Pacific ocean storm was upon them. The great ship surged to and fro and quivered helplessly. By nightfall, passengers and crew were thoroughly alarmed and even the captain's face took on a worried look. And well might he be worried for he more than any one on board realized the helplessness of a ship in an equinoctial storm.

Passengers were ordered below, hatches were closed down tightly, and the ship made ready to weather the gale. Hourly the violence of the tempest increased. A tremor ran through the frame of the great vessel as she pounded over the waves. Women went into hysterics. Strong men prayed audibly that they might be spared from the calamity which was threatened. Seasick passengers, too weak to pray or cry aloud, groaned in their agony.

At midnight the hurricane was still raging. At one o'clock there was no change. Half an hour later the chief engineer, badly excited, telephoned the captain that the propeller shaft was broken. All hope was then abandoned. The ship was helpless and adrift.

The fury of the storm had blown the ship far to the southward of her course. Every minute her peril was increasing. Not many miles separated the ship from Narkana Island, whose jutting coral reefs were the terror of every captain sailing in the South Pacific. The captain stood on the bridge peering into the night. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands. He knew that danger was immediately at hand. There was a roar as the great wave picked up the vessel and a thud as the huge bulk was hurled upon the reefs. The impact was tremendous. Passengers and crew were sent sprawling on the deck.

"Man the boats," roared the captain, his face a ghastly color.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the mates.

But no boat could weather such a storm. Hardly had the small crafts left the ship when the passengers remaining on board saw them tossed about on the waves and completely engulfed by great combers.