

With remarkable coolness, John, Jim and Harry had remained behind to give the women and old men an opportunity to set out in the boats. They had helped Vivian and her father into one of the little crafts and had anxiously watched them leave the ship. The little boat, like the others, was borne swiftly away on the waves, a huge billow caught it up and then all at once it vanished from sight. Although day was now slowly breaking, nothing more could be seen of those in the boat.

The Osburns, for the moment, forgot the storm. They were dazed with grief. Any one of the three would willingly have sunk into the waves if by so doing he could save her. But now she was gone. They stood together, watching the spot where they had last seen the boat, but nothing appeared.

"Look out," roared the captain and the three were roused from their lethargy. The ship was going to pieces and danger was imminent to those who were left on board.

Suddenly the ship gave a lurch. The mainmast had snapped and was swept overboard into the sea. With it went John, Jim and Harry, who luckily were caught in the wreckage. They clung on desperately. Wave after wave of salt brine overtook them, pounding ruthlessly upon their stick of timber. They were drenched and cold, yet they held on for life. Even in their hour of greatest peril there was one thought that was uppermost in the mind of each. "Was Vivian lost? Was there any hope of her getting ashore?" What an agony they suffered.

As day dawned and the storm abated somewhat, they could see far ahead of them the dark outlines of land. The wind was at their backs and they saw that they would be blown ashore if they could hold fast to their timber. They were hungry, cold and nearly exhausted.

It was nearly noon when they felt that they at last were near enough land to wade ashore. "Thank God," groaned Harry, "we are safe at last."

The wind had died down and the sun was peeping out from behind the clouds. The three were weak, but still had strength enough left to run down the beach to start the blood hrough their veins. Not a word was spoken for some time yet each man knew of whom the other two were thinking. It was unbearable.

Jim had looked out to sea. Something was struggling in the