



*Nat-ul stepped out upon the beach. In her hand she still held the paddle. Tur came toward her.*

time to be lost. The man is hidden in a cove south of here along the shore. He is fast bound, and was left without a guard. If we hurry we may reach him before my people regain him. If we can elude your warriors, and the delay that would follow the discovery of me, we may yet be in time."

Tur hurried from the shelter followed by Nat-ul.

The man was careful to keep his face averted from the girl while they traversed the area lit by the camp and beast fires, so he forged ahead, trusting to her desire to find her man to urge her after him. Nor did he overestimate the girl's anxiety to find Nu, the son of Nu.

Nat-ul followed swiftly upon Tur's heels through the deserted village and across the beach, from whence the sounds of conflict rose beside the sea.

Tur kept to the north of the fighters, going to a spot upon the beach where he had left his own boat. He found the craft without difficulty, pushed it into the

water, lifted Nat-ul into it, and shoved it through the surf.

To Tur the work required but a moment: he was as much at home in the boiling surf as upon dry land.

Seated in the stern with Nat-ul facing him in the bow, he forced the dugout beyond the

grip of the rollers. Nat-ul took up a second paddle that lay at her feet, plying it, awkwardly, perhaps, but not without good effect.

She could scarce wait until the boat reached the cove, and every effort of her own added so much to the speed of the craft.

Tur kept the boat's head toward the open sea. It was his purpose to turn toward the south after they were well out, and, moving slowly during the night, await the breaking of dawn to disclose the whereabouts of his fellows.

That they, too, would paddle slowly southward he was sure.

Presently he caught sight of the outline of a boat just ahead. Probably beyond that were others. He had been fortunate to stumble upon the last boatload of his fleeing tribe.

He did not hail them for two reasons. One was that he did not wish the girl to know that he was not bearing her south toward the cove—the imaginary location

boat ahead might contain warriors of the enemy searching for fugitives. Tur did not know that the tribe of Nu was entirely unfamiliar with navigation—that never before had they dreamed of such a thing as a boat.

So Tur followed the boat ahead in silence straight out to sea.

To Nat-ul it seemed that the cove must be a long distance away. In the darkness she did not perceive that they were traveling directly away from shore. After a long time she heard the pounding of surf to the left of the boat.

She was startled and confused. Traveling south, as she supposed they had been doing, the surf should have been off the right side of the boat.

"Where are we?" she asked. "There is land upon the left, whereas it should be upon the right."

Tur laughed.

"We must be lost," he said; but Nat-ul knew now that she had been deceived. At the same instant there came over her a sudden sense of familiarity in the voice of her companion.

Where had she heard it before? She strove to pierce the darkness that shrouded the features of the man at the opposite end of the boat.

"Who are you?" she asked. "Where are you taking me?"

"You will soon be with your man," replied Tur, but there was an ill-concealed note of gloating that did not escape Nat-ul.

The girl now remained silent. She no longer paddled, but sat listening to the booming of the surf which she realized that they rapidly were approaching.

What shore was it?

Her mind was working rapidly. She was accustomed to depending largely on a well developed instinct for locality and direction upon land, and while it did not aid her much upon the water, it at least preserved her from the hopeless bewilderment that besets the average modern when once he loses his bearings, preventing any semblance of rational thought in the establishment of his whereabouts.

Nat-ul knew that they had not turned toward the north once after they had left the shore, and so she knew that the mainland could not be upon their left.

Therefore the surf upon that hand must be breaking upon the shore of one of the islands that she only too well knew lay off the mainland. Which of the islands they were approaching she could not guess, but any of them was sufficiently horrible in her estimation.

Nat-ul planned quickly against the emergency which confronted her. She knew, or thought, that the man had brought her here where she would be utterly helpless in his power. Her people could not follow them.

There would be none to succor or avenge.

Tur was wielding his paddle rapidly and vigorously now. He shot the boat just ahead of an enormous roller that presently caught and lifted it upon its crest, carrying it swiftly up the beach.

As the keel touched the sand Tur leaped out and dragged the craft as far up as he could, while the wave receded to the ocean.

Nat-ul stepped out upon the beach. In her hand she still held the paddle. Tur came toward her. He was quite close, and even in the darkness she saw his features and recognized them.

He reached toward her arm to seize her. "Come," he said. "Come to your mate." Like a flash the crude, heavy paddle