

"But," she persisted, "if we really couldn't get out of the way?"

"I suppose that it would strike us, then," he replied, laughing.

"What would you do, then?" she asked.

Before he could reply, Miss Kingsley laughingly said:

"I suppose the old tragedy would be acted over again—a gentleman saving a lady from a watery grave."

"But the sequel?" continued Miss Moore, mischievously glancing at Harold Trevelyn.

"I do not know whether the sequel would apply," she said, "but it is generally quoted as married and lived happily—"

Merry laughter interrupted her.

"What an ending!" cried Miss Moore.

"Perhaps I could be induced to save you from such a fate, Miss Moore, if that were to be the sequel," said Mr. Harris, the other gentleman.

"Thank you," she replied, looking at him gratefully.

"I believe that steamer is moving!" exclaimed Miss Kingsley, who had been peering in the direction of the light.

"It certainly is nearer than before," replied Miss Moore. "Isn't it, Mr. Trevelyn?"

"It does appear to be moving," he answered.

They watched the light for some time, when the irrepressible Miss Moore again burst out gayly: "I hold you to your promise, Mr. Harris, if that steamer should run us down."

"I should be very happy to serve you, Miss Moore," he responded, gallantly. Harold Trevelyn said nothing, but Miss Kingsley knew that if an accident should occur she would not be neglected.

Harold had watched the moving light with unconcern, for the thought of danger had never occurred to him; but as the shape of a huge hulk loomed up before them at only a short distance he cast a quick glance toward the harbor. Horrors! they were directly between the entrance and the big ship.

"Oh, it's coming right at us!" screamed Miss Moore; "what shall we do!"

They could now hear the clashing of the machinery, as well as the confusion on board, and the outlines of the steamer became distinct through the darkness.