

There was not a breath of wind. The boys shouted and the girls screamed at the top of their voices, but of course could not be heard above the bustle on board.

Harold and Mr. Harris sprang for the oars, but a very few strokes convinced them that they could never move the heavy cat-boat from reach of the swells. There was an old lantern in the box. Harold sprang to take it out, but just as he struck a match he dropped it in sudden terror and Miss Moore fainted from hysterical fear. Of all the horrible maddening noises which human ingenuity has contrived, there is nothing which equals a steamer whistle at close range, and to the terrified little party its harsh bray seemed to come like the bellow of a living monster as he springs upon his prey.

Harold fumbled in his pocket for more matches, and snatched up the lantern again. It would have taken him two minutes to light the old-fashioned concern under the most favorable circumstances, and now, in his nervous terror, it was clearly impossible. He made three despairing attempts while the others watched in helpless agony the big black form, swiftly drawing nearer every second. The shouts of the crew arose above the din on deck, and they could see the white jets divided by her prow as she plunged through the still, black water.

"Give me all your matches, Harris!" cried Harold, bent on one last despairing effort. There were only a dozen or so in all, and as he lit them, all together seemed scarcely larger than a fire-fly. But the coolness of Evelyn Kingsley saved them. Into the corner of the tiny blaze he thrust the corner of her gauze-like wrap, and at once a sheet of flame flashed up before them.

Almost instantly three sharp strokes rang from the pilot's bell, and the huge hull quivered and creaked and churned the dark waters white in her obedience to the command to back-water.

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It was a merry company that gathered at the fraternity house next evening, for it was the occasion of the Commencement dance. Our boating party was the center of a group eager for an account of their adventure. Trevelyn didn't exactly relish the remarks that were made about his seamanship, especially as he feared that Miss Kingsley was of the same opinion; nevertheless, he took the jokes good naturedly.

"Oh, well," remarked his sister, "you cannot blame Harold. He wasn't watching the weather. I've known him to sail real well when I was with him."