

possible that any headway could be made in the face of such a gale even if a boat could be kept right side up.

He looked back in the direction of the hotel and muttered, "It's my last chance and I'm going to try it. If I make it, it will mean something to me—perhaps; if I don't—well, I shall have a hard swim." He went to the boathouse and left his coat, cap, and shoes, and, after selecting a pair of strong ash oars, went back to the boat, pushed it into the water and pulled for the open lake beyond the point.

The instant the boat left the shelter of the cove it was almost turned around by the fierce gust which struck it; but by a few powerful strokes it was headed into the wind, and began to move steadily towards the island. He made but slow progress at best, and at times he was obliged to abandon for the moment all thoughts of advancement and strain every energy in the task of keeping the boat from being turned broadside to the waves. Towards the latter part of the journey he was scarcely able to advance at all for he was fast becoming exhausted by the constant strain. Wave followed wave in quick succession, lifting the bow of the little boat high in the air, then dropping it with a crash into the crest of the next one and sending a shower of foam toward the stern. All around the waves broke with a roar, then rose again, ragged and dark, curled over and dashed against the little craft, and, rushing with a hiss along the side, disappeared in the tumult far astern. Toward the last, too, the boat itself seemed exhausted by the violence of the storm. Instead of rising to meet the oncoming waves she struck her nose sullenly against them, each time slipping more and more water and becoming more difficult to manage.

Cameron dared not stop to bail out the water rising around his feet, for an instant of relaxation at the oars would have meant an overturned boat; and he dared not attempt to turn around, for the boat would have capsized at once in the trough of the waves. There was but one thing