

## CHAPTER XXVI

### BATTLE BY MOONLIGHT

THE launch steamed down the coast. Several junks were visible and Hawley thought they better make sure of each one. This took time. The afternoon was almost spent overhauling four unsuspecting-looking craft. Each offered no objection to being boarded and searched and all proved to be harmless traders.

To the northeast, another large junk was visible, carrying full sail. In the morning the breeze had been light, but was now brisk, and the vessel was bowling along at a good pace. It was about five o'clock when the launch came up with it. MacGregor had his binoculars and had been observing the junk for some time.

"It's our game, all right, Hawley," he said. "There are a great many more men on board of her than on those others, and they seem to be excited, like a disturbed nest of ants running up and down. They have changed their course and now are getting out the sweeps, three on a side. That is hardly necessary in a wind like this, unless they are trying to get away."

It was true; the junk had changed from a northwesterly to a northeasterly course. This brought the launch parallel to and to the rear of the Chinese boat, and, with the exception of the steersman, concealed the pirates from view behind the high poop of the ship.

As the launch bore down on them, though still a considerable distance away, several shots were fired from the junk, which went whistling over the tug. One went through the smokestack not far above the pilot house. It was a signal to them to keep off, and

the pilot answered by a shrill blast of the whistle. Nevertheless, he slowed down his engine.

"Say," exclaimed Green, "they're going to be nasty, aren't they?"

"Did you expect they were going to stand up and let you do the William Tell act?" asked the man who had suggested the ducks.

"We had better get that armor plate in place and use our periscopes," said Hawley. "Mrs. Hawley doesn't look well in black, and there is no need for any of us falling a victim to careless marksmanship."

"French was taking a sight along his rifle." "Can't you pick off that steersman, French?" suggested Hawley. "We might as well begin the first act."

"I'll try," said French.

A shot; and they saw the man at the rudder throw up his hands and fall into the water. The crowd involuntarily set up a shout and the pilot blew the whistle. Two or three of the pirates ran aft and looked over the stern of the boat. For a moment they withdrew from sight and then reappeared.

French was about to take another shot when MacGregor, who had been using his field glasses, cried out, "Don't any one shoot. They are using the girl for a screen."

Hawley said something under his breath which might have been a curse or a prayer. Galahad went white, but quietly said, "May I borrow your glasses?"

MacGregor took the strap off from his neck, but glasses were not necessary to see the tragedy which was to be enacted before their eyes. "Look!" cried several at once. The men on the stern of the junk had dragged forward a slight figure in blue. They thrust her far out over the edge of the boat, holding on to her arms only. A green rose from the men on the launch.

"My God, are they going to throw her overboard?" cried Hawley.

The pirates, however, shook their hands at the launch and made significant motions as if to push Jeanne into the water, then drew her back on board. A sigh of relief ran through the crowd of white men.

"What do they mean?" asked MacGregor, wiping his forehead.

All looked at Galahad. His jaw was set, but his voice was steady as he said, "They mean that, if we shoot any more of their men or try to board them, they will throw my wife into the sea."

"How beastly!" said Green.

"Looks as if we were going to be here for dinner," remarked the joker. "Did you bring along your tuxedo, Green?"

"Looks rather hopeless, doesn't it?" said Hawley. "Talk about your American Indians! Do you really think they would do it?" The question was addressed to Galahad.

"They might," said Galahad, "if we pressed them now. It is their first move to gain time. Wait a little and we shall hear from them again. Meantime put on full steam and sail round and round them to show them they cannot get away. Shoot over their boat every once in awhile, but I think you had better not shoot into their midst just yet."

"Watchful waiting—good advice," said Hawley. "To your guns, lads, and shoot high."

"Mighty swanky of them. Do you suppose those fellows know who we are?" asked Green.

"Probably not, Green," said his tormentor. "Why don't you send over your card?"

The launch put on full steam and ran ahead of the junk, circled, and came down the other side. Against their armor plates the scattered shots of the pirates fell harmlessly. They had circumnavigated their prey twice before the sun went down. Land had some time faded from view.

The example of brutality of which Galahad and his party had just been the enforced and helpless spectators was the first indignity which had been offered Jeanne during all the time she had been in the power of these rough men.

The hired man had wonderingly said she smiled, but he did not know that the smile was part of the armor of her defense; howbeit, she felt it illy concealed her trembling heart.

The faces of the family, as she entered the room that night, had been livid with terror, and but for their sakes she also might have given way to her fears. Nor had she been reassured any by the cruelty with which the brigands treated the Chinese. Galahad's father was repeatedly struck in the effort to force him to divulge the hiding place of his supposed treasure. The others they pushed with no gentle hand into one of the bedrooms, and there in silence, but with chattering teeth, they huddled together upon the kang.

There was one, however, whose solicitude for Jeanne overcame all thought of her own safety. Peach Blossom, who had been hurried with the rest away from her mistress, threw open the door and faced the fellow who had been detailed to stay with Jeanne while the others ransacked the house. The slave girl's bearing was defiant and her eyes flashed with scorn.

"Get back in there," the man commanded, "and shut the door."

"Come put me back," she retorted, calling him a vile name.

He made a step toward her, and she, instead of trying to escape him, as he expected, flew at him like a young fury. She scratched, kicked, and bit, crying: "You shall not take away my mistress. You shall not harm her."

"Stop, Peach Blossom, stop," said Jeanne, trying to restrain her. "You are not helping me by such actions."

The bandit grasped the *ya t'ou* by the neck, spun her round, and kicked her with such violence that she fell inside the door of the bedroom.

"Oh, don't do that," said Jeanne in horror. "She's only a child." She would have gone to Peach Blossom's assistance, but the man waved her off and shut the door.

"The young wildcat bit me," he said, as if apologizing for his brutality, and sucked the blood from his hand.

However, towards herself no act or word of disrespect had been shown. It was that first smile which won for her the courteous treatment and the consideration of these hardened men and their leader. Him she was careful to address as "First-born" whenever it was necessary to speak to him, while to the others she used the commoner but friendly name of "Big-brother." They tried to make it as easy for her as possible and always called her *T'ai t'ai*, or Lady.

The journey of seven hours steady traveling on the hard wooden pack saddle, often over steep and rocky roads, was extremely exhausting. Jeanne begged to be allowed to walk. This they were reluctant to grant, except for short distances, as they were hurrying to reach their ship before daylight, and feared she could not keep up. One huge fellow kindly offered to carry her on his back; but she refused the offer, although urged by the others to accept.

Jeanne had no idea whither they were conveying her. She supposed it might be to some mountain haunt. By the stars which came out from time to time she knew they were traveling north.

Dawn was streaking the eastern sky as they climbed a high ridge of hills and caught their first sight of the sea. The slate-blue water looked cold and forbidding. A fishing village crouched by the shore as if seeking concealment.

Some distance out, a large junk rode at anchor. The

sight of the sea and the ship brought Jeanne no sense of pleasure, but rather one of deep apprehension. Toward the sunrising were two smooth hills rounded like a woman's breasts, and above them the basalt cliff's black menacing fingers were outlined against the sky. Jeanne closed her eyes to shut out the sight.

The captain of the band, who was walking by the side of her donkey, pointed to the junk and said with a distinct trace of pride, "That is my ship."

Jeanne shuddered. She did not need to be told.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"A little," she answered.

Taking off his wadded jacket, he threw it across her shoulders in spite of her protests. "You mustn't catch cold," he said, as if speaking to a child.

As they were about to pass through the village on the way to the shore, he commanded her to draw the coat up over her head so that no one could see her features, and to keep it there until he gave permission to remove it. The animal smell of the garment nauseated her, but she dared not disobey.

Not a single person appeared in the streets of the village. It might have been thought entirely deserted but for the smoke curling from a few chimneys. Old nets covered the roofs of the cottages and huge flat stones held down the gray weather-beaten thatch.

The party passed directly to the shore. Upon the damp beach the crabs were bringing up pellets of sand and making a pebbly surface as beautiful and as designless as Russian music. The crabs, too, got out of sight as soon as possible, scuttling into their holes upon the approach of the men.

In answer to a signal a sampan put out from the junk and took the company on board. It was a three-masted ship with a high poop like a Spanish galleon and a cabin fore and aft. The decks were narrow and sloped toward the center of the boat, where they were

almost awash. The sides were made of heavy, rounded timbers which ran from end to end and gave the suggestion of the flukes of a whale; and the fishlike appearance of the craft was furthermore enhanced by a great eye on each side near the prow. The sails were furled and wrapped with woven mats. High hatches whose tops formed a sort of second deck stretched through the middle of the ship from front to back.

As soon as they were on board hot tea and food were set before Jeanne, but she could not touch the food.

"You're too tired to eat, I know," said the captain sympathetically, noting her lack of appetite. "What you need is sleep." He spread a quilt in the forward cabin and bade Jeanne lie down and rest. This she was only too glad to do, and lying down on the hard wooden bed she was soon fast asleep. They left her alone all the morning. When she awoke the ship was under motion and the sun was past the zenith.

A face peeped in at the door. When he saw that she was awake, the chief bandit, respectfully taking down his queue from his head, about which it had been tightly wound, entered and seated himself on a stool. Evidently he wished to talk. He wanted to assure her that he was more than he seemed; he had not always been a bandit. Indeed, his family was a well-to-do one and he himself somewhat of an educated man—at least he was not illiterate. An enemy of the family had gotten into power in his native place and persecuted them so bitterly that life was unbearable. He himself had been outlawed and forced into this business from which he hoped and expected to be soon free.

This handsome fellow was a very easy speaker—indeed, almost too plausible in his personal claims. He smiled often, gestured freely, and was evidently anxious to make an impression upon his guest.

Jeanne tried to be properly interested without being

too free. She was sympathetic without encouraging his confidences. His stories of his own chivalrous deeds were calculated to assure her that she was in the best of hands, that no bodily harm could possibly happen to her, and that when the little matter of the ransom had been attended to she would promptly be returned to her family.

Pointed questions as to the financial status of the Yao family were evaded as far as possible. Many of the things he asked she did not know, and others she could conveniently misunderstand.

The interview was terminated by the report of one of the men that a launch was apparently following them. The captain left the cabin at once and Jeanne heard hoarse cries and the sound of scurrying feet, and later the creak of the sweeps as they moved back and forth to the chant of the rowers.

After some time she heard rifle shots and a boat's whistle, and looking out of the window of the cabin could see a steam launch not far behind the junk. It must be manned by Europeans, or perhaps it was a revenue cutter. Might it be a rescuing party? The hope was chilled by the sound of loud and angry curses which came from the men on deck. Above all, sounded the voice of the captain reviling the foreigners for killing his pilot.

"Bring out that foreign devil," she heard him say. Two men entered the cabin. Jeanne had shrunk into a corner, but one whom she had not seen before grasped her roughly by the wrist and pulled her toward the door. The other bandit was the man who the night before had offered to carry her. "Slowly, slowly," he said to his mate, and to her he whispered: "Don't be afraid, *Pu yao chin*. It's not serious."

But the ordeal was serious enough. Jeanne swooned after they had drawn her back on the deck. The great fellow who had tried to be tender gathered her up in his



arms like a child and carried her, at the captain's direction, aft to the main cabin.

The boats were again parallel when from the side of the pirate ship a white cloth was waved. They were evidently trying to attract attention. The launch whistle blew two blasts in acknowledgment. The junk reefed its sails and two men carrying the flag of truce climbed into a sampan and rowed toward the launch. They came up to within speaking distance and said, "We have a message from our captain to the foreigner."

"You do the talking, Mr. Yao," said Hawley.

Galahad stepped to the side of the boat and asked, "What is your message to the Western Dignitary?"

"Our captain sends his greeting to the Western Dignitary," answered the speaker, dropping his own common expression and adopting Galahad's more respectful one. "He wishes to express regret for the anxiety and inconvenience he has caused the great man. How could he know that this foreign lady, whom he is entertaining on board his ship, was the relative of the honorable proprietor of the American Oil Company? If he will be so good as to receive her on board his vessel and return to Chefoo, our captain will consider it a great favor."

When Galahad had translated these remarks to the company, the expressions of satisfaction were many.

"How decent!" said Green.

Hawley, whose knowledge of the Chinese character was deeper, asked, "Does he mean that he will give up your wife without a fight?"

"It means," said Galahad, "that they will give up Mrs. Yao on condition that they themselves be allowed to go free."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Hawley, "while I have my own ideas as to what reply we ought to give this kidnaper, this is a question upon which we desire the opinion of all. A consultation of war is in order."

"I move we go into a committee in the hold," said the funny man.

At the beginning of the discussion, the preponderance of opinion seemed to be that they ought to take Jeanne and call it quits. They had come out to rescue her, and with that accomplished their work was finished. It was no business of theirs to punish criminals, and if the Chinese government was so weak it could not police its own country, the people must suffer for it.

The remark that Mr. Green, the mighty hunter, contributed to the conference was, "I think we ought to get out of this as soon as possible, for it's getting late, don't you know."

"You don't relish being the late Mr. Green then?" asked the irrepressible.

It was Galahad's turn to speak. "You are the most concerned of us all in this issue, Mr. Yao," said Hawley. "May we have your view?"

Galahad expressed the fear that his English was not sufficient to make his thought clear, but hoped, he said, that Mr. MacGregor would help him out when he got into difficulties. His own idea had been that of the majority, namely, to accept the terms. Naturally, he wished most of all to save his wife. The more he considered the question, however, he could not get away from the conviction that the merely personal solution of the matter, while the easiest and the safest, was not the complete solution.

He showed how they might escape running into danger only at the expense of other innocent people. These brutes, having got off scot-free this time, would only return to plunder some other home, or more probably dozens of them, and continue their nefarious work of kidnaping, perhaps for years, to the unspeakable suffering of great numbers of persons.

The others, who were not in any sense cowards, began to get his point of view. Here was a public

nuisance and menace which, now that they were on the ground, ought to be cleaned up. These men were not only criminals against Chinese society, but they were desperate outlaws of the vilest stamp, the enemies of decent men of every nationality.

Galahad said he believed, from the offer made, that the pirates' nerve was ebbing, and that the time to strike was at once. The speech was simple and short and its sincerity was unquestionable. Exclamations of approval broke from many.

"Good for the Chinaman."

"Nervy cuss."

"Make them walk the plank."

"Do 'em up brown."

The opinion of the party had been swung clear to the other side. Even Green, who had been using the window of the pilot house for a mirror and adjusting his tie more to his peace of mind, said to his neighbor, "Mighty good logic, you know."

"It looks as if Mrs. Hawley might have her live pirate, after all," remarked Hawley dryly. "Now for our reply and ultimatum. Will you please act as our interpreter again, Mr. Yao? And will you tell them that we will accept their esteemed offer on the condition that they return to Chefoo with us to call on the judge of the criminal court?"

Galahad put the message into Chinese. Low expressions of anger burst from the lips of the two men in the boat, who prepared to set their oar.

"Tell them," went on Captain Hawley, "that we shall give them just ten minutes to answer; and if by that time they do not surrender, we shall attack."

The message was delivered. Hawley then leaned over the edge of the boat and, forgetting he needed an interpreter, pointed a long bony finger at the men. "And say," he called out in a voice grim with earnestness, "you tell that bloody captain of yours that, if the

least harm comes to that woman, we'll slice him and all the rest of you into little bits and feed you to the fishes. D'you understand?"

They turned to Galahad and he gave them the essence of the threat undiluted, and added on his own account, "You know the foreigner keeps his word literally."

While they had been talking, night had begun to settle down. As they rowed hastily back to the junk, the full moon was just rising out of the sea, bathing everything in a soft orange light. Nothing could have been more peaceful. The dark outlines of the junk stood out clear against the red of the fast fading sunset coloring. The waves broke against her sides in ripples of golden foam.

But on neither vessel were there any eyes for nature's *robe de nuit*. Hawley's men were looking carefully to their firearms and laying their ammunition where it would be handy. Several guns had bayonets. Each man had his place assigned along the side toward the pirate ship, using as far as possible the protection of the steel plates. Hawley, who had seen service oversea as a captain, was the logical one to give commands.

We'll draw alongside and grapple them with our boat nocks, but keep far enough away so they can't come across. Then it's up to your fellows to sweep the decks with your fire and drive them below or overboard." He looked at his watch. "One minute to zero," he said.

The launch had drifted behind the other ship. At a word from Hawley, who was in front of the pilot house, the pilot rang to start the engine. "Time's up," Hawley said so all could hear. The launch steamed forward, its prow headed almost directly for the stern of the junk, then veered off a bit so as to come alongside. It was a skillful piece of work, as neatly done as if they were drawing up to the wharf. Two of the crew, pike poles in hand, stood ready. Bells rang in

the engine room. A volley of shots sang out from both sides, and the Chinese at the prow of the launch fell. His pole lay spanning the space between the two ships, fastened in the side of the junk and resting on the gunwales of the oil boat.

Galahad, who had seen the sailor fall, left cover, and, springing to the pole, held the launch off from the other ship. He had removed his long blue scholar's gown and in his suit of white cotton cloth was conspicuous in the moonlight. Hawley, too, stood out in the open, shouting encouragement to his men and using his automatic.

Several of the enemy were seen lying on the deck of their ship, one was crawling away to shelter, the rest were hiding behind masts and high hatches. In the midst of the barrage Hawley suddenly shouted, "Cease firing."

Two figures had run to the center of the junk from the prow. One was a large man fully six feet tall, barefoot, and stripped to the waist. His queue was wound about his well-shaped head and his body glistened in the moonlight as the muscles played under the skin. He was retreating before the other figure, which was dressed in white. Both were armed with cutlasses. As they swung them, the moonlight flashed from the blades and sparks followed the clash of sword on sword.

No one on either side dared to shoot. Both groups watched in complete silence, which was painful after the deafening fusillades at close range. No one could ever shout. The movements were so rapid, the strokes so lightning-like, that it seemed as if one or the other must be cleft in two.

Repeatedly the man in white maneuvered his opponent into position so that he faced the moon. The whites of his eyes gleamed in the light. He bared his teeth and smiled when he had parried an especially

skillful thrust, or failed in one of his own. He did not like it not to be able to see his antagonist's face.

Both men were panting audibly. Now and then an ejaculation escaped their lips. They leaped the shining blades, aimed with terrific slashes at their legs, as lightly as a girl jumps her rope or an athlete the hurdles. Again, to save themselves from decapitation, they ducked almost to the ground.

Both were absolutely true to form. It was genuine Chinese swordsmanship. But for the grim realization that it was to the death, one might have thought it only an unusually clever exhibition of skill, as if they were trained to give the illusion of trying to kill without actual harm resulting.

But there was a real issue at stake. They were not playing. Each time Galahad swung his blade it seemed to hum the name of Jeanne. Each time he thrust, it hissed "Jeanne." And the bandit was fighting for his freedom and his life.

Back and forth they fought, their arena the tops of the hatches, fascinating with this battle by single combat their mute companion. The barefoot man had the advantage of footing and of reach, while the other had that of age and agility.

Without warning, the foot of the man in white slipped and he fell heavily upon his back. He had stepped upon a pool of blood. The bandit exultingly stopped for a moment to assume the conventional grandiose posture of the victor, then rushed with uplifted sword to finish his victim; but the moment of delay was a fatal one. A shot rang out and he plunged forward and fell across the prostrate man.

The combat had occupied only a few minutes. As their leader fell, the lull in the firing was immediately broken by a volley from the pirate ship. A group of five, three of them stripped like their chief, ran forward and attempted to jump across to the launch. One

made a mighty leap and cleared the space, but was promptly shot by Hawley. Another fell into the water and was struck by the Chinese with the boat hook, uttering horrible curses as he was pushed under. The third lay hanging head down over the edge of the junk, while the remaining two beat a retreat. The boats were closer together.

"Now, it's our turn. Up and at 'em, boys," cried Hawley. All but two answered the command. Green had been shot in the leg and could not move, but he had not left the fight. Always immaculate, even in speech, he shouted, "Go to it, gentlemen; remember you're British."

The seven spread out as they reached the decks of the junk and, leaping over the bodies of the fallen, drove the remnant of the demoralized band before them, some jumping into the hold and others plunging into the sea. Not one was left aboveboard. The attackers gave a cheer and the pilot of the launch blew a long blast of victory. But it was not a victory without cost.

Hawley, whose face was covered with blood from a wound in the head, stepped over the bodies of the dead pirates to where the figure in white lay beneath the huge frame of his antagonist. "Here, Kennedy, help me get this chap off," he said. They rolled the pirate to one side. Galahad lay on his back, a great bruise on his forehead, but with no other wound visible. As Kennedy touched him, he opened his eyes and sat up. "What has happened?" he asked, looking at the dead pirate and reaching to rub the bruise. Presently he was on his feet.

"Are you wounded?" asked Hawley.

"I think not," answered Galahad. "The hilt of his sword must have struck me on the head after I shot him."

"Yes, and his body made the best sort of coverlet," laughed Hawley.

While the rest were routing the captives out of their hiding places, Galahad began to search for Jeanne. "Why doesn't she appear, I wonder?" he said to himself. He called to her, but there was no answer. He went into the hold and felt around in the dark. The prisoners were interrogated, but all declared no violence had been done to her. She had been in the cabin with the captain on the return of the truce party.

He went again to the cabin at the rear of the junk. A window at the back was open. He put his head out and saw a rope hanging in the water. Where was the sampan? Galahad rushed on deck and looked on all sides for the boat. It was not tied anywhere about the junk. Eagerly he began to scan the sea, climbing up into the rigging to get a better view. The golden light of the rising moon had changed to clear silver. Toward the west was a dark speck on the water which he was sure must be the sampan. Leaping down from the rigging, Galahad went at once to Hawley. "May I borrow the launch, sir?"

"Borrow the launch? What do you mean?" The American looked at him suspiciously.

"I think they have taken Mrs. Yao off in the sampan. There is a boat off to the west, and it will take only a few minutes to reach it."

"Oh, that's what you mean. I thought you were going off your head. Sure, go along. Here, I'll tell the pilot you're vice admiral."

The other men had not returned to the launch, as they were still guarding the prisoners or looking over the booty they had captured with the pirates. Green was the only European on board. As they shoved off, turned about, and ran directly west, Galahad noted that besides Green, the crew, and himself, there was aboard a dark figure which lay along the gunwales.



Green was becoming painfully aware of his wound and was trying to stanch the flow of blood as he sat on the deck. Galahad went to him directly and helped him bind it up.

"Blood is such messy stuff, don't you know," said Green. "I always dreaded getting in fights when I was a child, for invariably my nose got to bleeding, and then my clothes got all covered. These trousers of mine won't be fit for any shooting this spring."

Galahad took a lookout ahead. The sampan was more clearly visible. He returned to where the body of the pirate whom Hawley had shot was. It lay with the face in the moonlight.

"That chap must have been an old one," said Green pointing to the dead bandit, "he's got a beard. I never thought beards were nice and never would wear one."

"It's the red-beard Lao Li told about," exclaimed Galahad, reaching forward to pull off the whiskers.

"Why, it's a false one," said Green in surprise. "How ridiculous!"

"*Ai ya,*" cried Galahad in Chinese, "if it isn't Li Cho-pen!"

"What's the matter—get your hands bloody?" asked the Englishman.

"No," said Galahad; "I know this man. He used to be an old schoolmate of mine."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, positive. He has the same scar on his face. He was evidently the one who planned the kidnaping. It was his revenge for an old grudge he had against me. I thought he was still in prison for murder where my testimony had put him."

"Quite a romance, I'll be blowed," commented Green.

Galahad stood looking at the face of Li Cho-pen. He was thinking of that day when Li was in the cage.

"*Shan o tao t'ou chung yu pao,*" he said reflectively, quoting a common proverb. "Good and evil must at last have their reward."

He heard the pilot say that the sampan was just ahead. Turning from thoughts of the dead, Galahad ran forward, straining his eyes for a glimpse of the living. The boat was plainly visible, but it apparently had no occupant. The launch slowed down, and Galahad caught the sampan as they swept by and stepped on to the narrow running board. A dark form lay in the forward section of the boat upon the floor. He sprang down to her with a cry.

Jeanne opened her eyes and looked at him, then closed them again. "I must have been dreaming," she murmured.

"No, Jeanne, not dreaming, it is really I." He gathered her in his arms, all the emotion he had been so long suppressing in front of his foreign companions now breaking loose as he held her to his breast.

The launch had gone on and was circling. He almost hated it. Why did it have to come back? Why could they not leave him and his beneath that beautiful moon? He wanted to be alone with Jeanne. He did not want to see any of them, nor did he want them to see his wife. He was jealous of her. They would stare and later gossip, and perhaps pity her.

Then a nobler spirit took possession of him. Without these self-sacrificing fellows he could never have won out. But for them he should not now be holding Jeanne in his arms. He was a cad not to be grateful. He was suspecting them without reason. They had a right to see Jeanne, to speak to her, to touch her hand. Had they not shared in her rescue? Would they not be glad to know she was safe?

So when the launch approached he stood ready to step aboard, carrying Jeanne. He tenderly laid her upon the seat in the cabin where, almost exhausted

from the lack of sleep and the strain of the terrible experience, she immediately fell into a doze. Her husband went to find his discarded student's gown and laid it over her.

