

and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave, you discover that there is another behind. The sun swung steadily up the sky, and they knew it was broad day because the color of the sea changed from slate to emerald- green, streaked with amber lights, and the foam was like tumbling snow. Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide and race and splash down a long incline. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, and moreover at the top of them were ordinarily these problems in white water. Their eyes must have glinted in strange ways as they gazed steadily astern. Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtlessly have been weirdly picturesque. The foam racing down from the summit of each wave required a new leap and a leap from the air. It would arrive bobbing and nodding in front of the next menace.