

"My poor, lost darling, my little Grace! what she must have suffered. Yes, it must be my little Grace," he murmured.

The tiny shirt with the initials "G. G." preserved first by the fisherman's wife and later by Mrs. Irving, was also produced, and seemed the final indisputable evidence.

"She has hair and complexion like my wife, but there the likeness ends," the Professor told John Heath that evening. "Her features, expression and manner must belong to my side, so wholly is she unlike Grace; but I am quite satisfied that she can be none other than my lost child.

The coincidence of another golden haired two year old on the *Storm Bird* is unlikely, and then her memory of the pretty, pale woman, and the initials leave little room for doubt. I am disappointed in that I imagined that I should know her the moment I saw her, that she would instantly and strikingly remind me of Grace; but after all, daughters seldom do resemble their mothers."

As for Imogene, she became at once almost passionately attached to the grave, handsome man, and gladly forsook the people who had been father and mother to her to accompany him to America the following autumn.

"Truly blood is thicker than water," she said apologetically to Alma Heath, who expressed some wonder at her indifference to her foster-parents.

Poor Mrs. Irving was inconsolable, denouncing the girl as heartless and ungrateful, until the Professor settled quite a sum of money on them as recompense for the care they had given his child, when she became resigned at once.

"Poor child, what unfortunate training she has had," thought the father as he noted the shallowness of the mother.

for its warm, ripe beauty, when again a handsome vessel was making its way toward the California coast. A gentleman and lady sat on deck looking through glasses for the first sight of land. Soon they were joined by a middle-aged, pleasant-faced man. A few minutes general conversation followed, but despite the careless tones of the two men, there was a sad, far-away look in their eyes that betokened some inner sorrow, or torturing memory. After a brief silence the new-comer said in a hard, bitter voice:

"Odd sensation this for a man to be riding over his own grave."

"Mr. Lawrence, what can you mean?" cried the lady, in surprise, while her escort turned sharply on the speaker.

"I mean just this, that I am supposed to have slept beneath the waters outside the Golden Gate for almost sixteen years."

The girl laughed nervously. "Until last spring I, too, was supposed to be sleeping in the same cemetery."

"And my wife does sleep there—unless another miracle has been performed, and I yet find her alive and well, as I did my daughter here."

Of course, mutual explanations followed, none of which can be of interest to the reader save the story told first by the stranger:

"My name is not Lawrence, at all, but Veeder—Tom Veeder," he said. "Sixteen years ago I was confidential clerk in a large mercantile establishment in San Francisco and was sent to Tokio, Japan, on business for the firm. I did not expect to be gone to exceed three months. I made one report to my employers after my arrival in Tokio, and also wrote my friends on what steamer they might expect me to return. When the *Storm Bird*—that was the vessel—*Mercy!* what's the matter?" The narrator paused suddenly at the start and sudden pallor on the face of his auditors.

"No matter now, go on," said the Professor hoarsely.

"As I was saying, when the *Storm Bird* sailed I was still in Tokio, and she started from Yokohama. A few days later I took passage on the *Albatross* for Hong Kong, intending to reach home by way of Honolulu; but our noble steamer lost her bearing in a fog and went to pieces on a rock. To my knowledge, no



"WE CHANCED TO SEIZE UPON A BATTERED BOAT."

It was the month of October, famed the world over