

attention to them as she talked to her father and seemed to be utterly unconscious of their presence.

It was some days later that the three sought out the captain of the vessel and were presented to the young lady and her father.

Vivian Harcourt—for that was her name—had a striking personality. She was a Wellesley girl, having been graduated from college but a few years. Her father, Judge Harcourt of the Supreme Court of Colorado, was well acquainted with Judge Osburn, father of the boys. The judge was one of the many wealthy mine-owners in Denver. He had a wife and was once a typical, happy man of wealth and ease. But now he loved nobody or cared for nothing in the world but his daughter, Vivian. Not yet three years had elapsed since his beloved wife had died. Life was now a dreary expanse without her and his only source of comfort was this daughter. In her attentions to him she was ever lovable, kind and affectionate. Always she watched and cared for him most assiduously.

The two were now on a trip to New Zealand by way of Australia for the benefit of the old gentleman's declining health.

The judge treated the three Osburns pleasantly, yet seemed to resent any attempt at intimate friendship. The young men got little satisfaction for their efforts. Judge Harcourt loved Vivian as only a father can love his only child and he jealously wanted her all to himself. Ardently as each tried to get an interview with Miss Vivian, none of the three was able to see her alone. With each she was the same lively, vivacious young creature of charm and grace.

Two week's acquaintance left the three men in a state of discouragement. All three had love dreams of beaming glances and affectionate smiles yet that was all. Progress in this quarter seemed impossible. Vivian was "bewitching." She was "queenly." She was an "angel." But no satisfaction could any of the three get for his advances.

III

The Storm

The weather on the voyage had thus far been ideal. Only occasionally had a light breeze sprung up and disturbed the otherwise tranquil surface of the ocean. But good weather was not destined to last. A change was to be wrought and that change was to bring