

a band of curlews come into a little cove and he was after them immediately. He was not long away, but when he returned he had his arms full of dead birds which he had killed with small stones. It was twenty hours since any of the four had tasted food and they were nearly famished. It was not long, however, before the birds were made ready to eat. Jim had found a half hollow rock on the beach and in this he made broth for Vivian.

It was only after she had thoroughly regained consciousness and was beginning to get back her strength that Vivian really began to show her grief. As the hours went by and she came to a full realization that she was now an orphan, her grief was pitiful. Day after day added to her despair.

In these trying days Harry was her main solace. With a careful tact and a wonderful persuasive power he spent days with the wretched girl, soothing her and helping her to bear her grief. Very cleverly he drew into the conversation many incidents and anecdotes from his own life and by keeping her mind off the subject of her grief Harry was largely responsible for the ultimate return of Vivian's health and buoyancy. By his versatility and cleverness, Harry had calmed her distressed soul until Vivian resolved in her own mind that she yet had something to live for, even in this wild island of the sea.

For some time after their arrival on shore the refugees had not had time to explore their surroundings. They had been busy laying up a food supply and building a roof of branches on the edge of the beach to protect them from the tropical sun. Wild birds were abundant and they had caught some fish; tropical fruits were discovered in the trees of the forest along the shore.

An exploration revealed the fact that the four were on an island; a small one. There seemed no doubt that it was uninhabited. Not a soul had been seen since they landed. Their situation was indeed serious.

With all their privations Vivian did not suffer much. There were three men on the island with her any one of whom was ready to be her slave, as the novelists say. Each one was a noble exponent of a distinct type and to each she owed much.

One day she sauntered off alone down along the beach. She was feeling sad and lonely for her father. As she walked slowly along she rounded a little point and almost ran into Jim coming