

toward camp with his hands full of birds which he had killed for dinner. It was the first time the two had been alone together since the day he had clasped her to him and saved her from the waves.

He dropped his birds and strolled up the beach with Miss Harcourt. During the weeks spent on the island the two had gotten very well acquainted. Jim loved Miss Harcourt and she knew it. They strolled along leisurely, Jim thinking joyously of the time he had clasped her in his arms on the day of the wreck.

No one knows just what conversation took place that afternoon; but it is known that Jim, from the bottom of his great heart, poured out his love for her into receptive ears. He loved her passionately, devotedly.

Vivian left Jim in an unsatisfied mood. She had put him off, but had not said "no." All the satisfaction she had given him were three little words: "Wait and see."

In the next week Vivian listened to two more stories of a similar nature. John had told her of his love one beautiful morning while the two were gathering fruit out in the forest. Harry, the romantic, had poured the story into her ear one moonlight evening while the two sat on the face of a cliff watching the waves of the ocean as they chased one another to the shore. Vivian was perplexed. What was she to do? To each she had given the same answer: "Wait and see."

In her college days Vivian had received proposals and had considered it great fun; but here on a barren island she had listened to three from men of a type of whom she could not think in a light vein. She knew she loved one of the three and knew also that some day she would marry him. She knew also that that she must reject the other two.

One morning Vivian set out alone from camp. There was a quiet nook in a little cove down the beach where she wanted to sit and think things over. She must not be hasty.

To each of the three brothers she owed a great deal. Jim had saved her from the waves at danger to his own life. John, by his faithfulness and skill, had brought her back to consciousness as her life was slowly ebbing out. Harry had been her main solace and comfort in her days of sorrow. Each man was generous and open hearted.

In looks she had little choice. The three had practically the