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That she was a young person of some maritime experience was visible unten with exposure, his dark hair and to the connoisseurs above at a glance. She was busily engaged in packing the spacious lockers of the Daisy with certain stores of apples, oranges and vegetables-ranging from the lordly new potato (an aristocrat at that time of the year) to the plebeian cabbage-and her lithe, active figure moved with an ease born of confidence in the erratic principles of gravitation as codified and arranged by a rocking boat.

Pollard, too, was overhauling his gear, seeing that the mast was securely stepped and the tackle ran free. While they worked they talked, and, of course, the critics listened.

"Do you think the weather will hold, Ben?" asked the girl over her shoulder, stooping to arrange some clusters of daffodils and narcissus so that they should not suffer by the lurch of some heavy package when the boat keeled "The glass be a-fallin', sure, missy,"

said the old fellow cheerily, "but wi' the wind backin' round to the norrard it on'y means a drop o' wet." "You think we will make the rock in

"We'm do our best, Miss Enid."

She sat up suddenly.

"Don't you dare tell me, Ben Pollard, that after all our preparations we may have to turn back or run for inglorious shelter into Lamorna."

Her mock indignation induced a massive grin. "A mahogany table breaking into mirth," was Enid's private description of Ben's face when he smiled. "'Ee knaw the coast as well as most," he said. "Farther go, stronger

blow, 'ee knaw." "And not so slow, eh, Ben? Really, you and the Daisy look more tubby every time I see you."

Thus disparaged, Pollard defended

himself and his craft. "Me an' Daisy 'll sail to Gulf light quicker'n any other two tubs in Penzance, missy. Her be a long run at this time o' year, but you'm get there all right, I 'xpect. Wi' a norrard breeze we'm be safe enough. If the wind makes 'ee c'n zee et comin', 'ee knaw?" She laughed quietly. Any reflection on the spanking powers of his pilchard

driver would rouse Ben instantly. "As if I didn't know all you could teach me," she cried, "and as if any one in all Cornwall could teach me bet-

The old fisherman was mollified. He looked along the quay.

"Time we'm cast off," he said. "Miss Constance be a plaguy long time fetchin' them wraps." "Oh, Ben, how can you say that?

She had to go all the way to the cottage. Why, if she ran"-"Here she be," he broke in, "an' she

b'ain't runnin', neither. Her's got a young man in tow." What announcement would straight-

en the back of any girl of nineteen like unto that? Enid Trevillion turned and stood upright.

"Why, it's Jack!" she cried, waving

a delighted hand. "So it be," admitted Pollard, after a surprised stare. "When I look landward my eyes b'ain't so good as they

He stated this fact regretfully. No elderly sea dog will ever acknowledge to failing vision when he gazes at the level horizon he knows so well. This is no pretense of unwilling age; it is wholly true. The settled chaos of the shore bewilders him. The changeful sea cannot.

Meanwhile, the dawdlers lining the wharf, following Enid's signals with their eyes, devoted themselves to a covert staring at the young people hurrying along the quay.

Constance Brand, being a young and pretty woman, secured their instant suffrages. Indeed, she would have won the favorable verdict of a more severe audience. Taller than Enid, she had the brown hair and hazel eyes of her father. To him, too, she owed the frank, self reliant poise of head and clearly cut, refined features which conveyed to others that all important first good impression. Blended with Stephen Brand's firm incisiveness, and softening the quiet strength of her marked resemblance to him, was an essential femininity which lifted her wholly apart from the ruck of handsome English girls who find delight in copying the manners and even the dress of their male friends.

Her costume was an exact replica of that of Enid. She walked well and rapidly, yet her alert carriage had a grace, a subtle elegance, more frequently seen in America than in England. Her lively face, flushed with exercise, and, it may be, with some little excitement, conveyed the same transatlantic characteristic. One said at seeing her: "Here is a girl who has liety. The ... was nothing of the flirt in lived much abroad." It came as a sur- her manner now. prise to learn that she had never

crossed the channel. The man with her, Lieutenant John miliar a figure in Penzance to evoke muttered comment from the gallery. A masterful young gentleman he looked, and one accustomed to having

his own way in the world, whether in love or war. True type of the British sailor, he had the physique of a strong is all." man and the adventurously cheerful Expression of a box.

The skip of his face and bands, olive

the curved eyelashes, which drooped over his blue eyes, no less than the artistic proclivities suggested by his well chisled features and long, tapering fingers, proclaimed that Stanhope, notwithstanding his Saxon surname and bluff bearing, was a Celt. His mother, in fact, was a Tregarthen of Cornwall, daughter of a peer and a leading figure

One may ask, "Why should a youth of good birth and social position be on such terms of easy familiarity with two girls, one of whom was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper and the other her sister by adoption?"

in local society.

Indeed a great many people did ask this pertinent question. Among others, Lady Margaret Stanhope put it often and pointedly to her son without any cogent answer being forthcoming.

If she were denied enlightenment, although her maternal anxiety was justifiable, the smokers on the pier, as representing the wider gossip of the town, may also be left unsatisfied.

"This is a nice thing," he cried when he came within speaking distance of the girl in the boat. "I manage to bamboozle the admiral out of three days' leave and I rush to Penzance to be told that Constance and you are off to the Gulf Rock for the day. It is too bad of you, Enid."

Eyel-rows were raised and silent winks exchanged among the human sparrows lining the rails.

"So Master Jack came to see Miss Trevillion, eh? What would her ladyship say if she heard that?"

"Why not come with us?" The au dacity of her!

"By Jove," he agreed, "that would be jolly. Look here. Wait two minutes until I scribble a line to the mater"-

"Nothing of the sort, Jack," interposed the other girl quietly, taking from his arm the waterproof cloaks he was carrying for her. "You know Lady Margaret would be very angry, and with very good reason. Moreover, dad would be annoyed too,"

"The old girl is going out this afternoon," he protested.

"And she expects you to go with her. Now, Jack, don't let us quarrel before we have met for five minutes. We will see you tomorrow."

He helped her down the stone steps. you must promise to drive with me to wouldn't hear a wrong word about Morvah in the morning. I will call for him and always called him "cap'n." you at 11 sharp."

"What a pity you can't sail out to the rock with us today! Tomorvah is so distant."

The minx lifted her blue eyes to his ey down. with such ingenuous regret in them that Stanhope laughed, and pipes were shifted to permit the listeners above their heads to snigger approval of her

"Dad will wig us enough as it is, Enid," said the other girl. "We are bringing him a peace offering of the

fruits of the earth, Jack." "Will you be able to land?"

"One never can tell. It all depends on the state of the sea near the rock.



"Tomorvah is so distant."

Anyhow, we can have a chat and send up the vegetables by the derrick." "We'm never get there thiccy tide if we'm stop here much longer," inter-

rupted Ben. "Hello, old grampus! How are you? Mind you keep these young ladies off the stones."

"And mind you keep your tin pot off the stones," growled Pollard. "They isles, forty miles away, and well bewas a-sayin' larst night her were aground at Portsea."

"They said right, Father Ben. That is why I am here." Enid glenced at him with ready anx-

"I by ou had no mishap," she said, ... Connie mutely echoed the inquiry. Both girls knew well what a Percival Stanhope, R. N., was too fa- serious thing it was for a youngster to littoral in winter. run his first boat ashore.

"Don't look so glum," he chuckled. "I am all right. Got a bit of kudos out

of it, really. We fouled the Volcanic and strained our steering gear. That

It was not all. He did not mention that during a torpedo attack on a ing in serial conquest over the land. foggy night be ran up to three battle. "She de look like enew." be admitted

smps underended by nets and stenciled his initials within a white square on five different parts of their sleek hulls, thus signifying to an indignant admiral and three confounded captains (dietionary meaning of "confounded") that these leviathans had been ingloriously sunk at their moorings by torpedoes.

"It sounds unconvincing," said Constance. "You must supply details tomorrow. End, that horrid pun of yours ruins the word."

"Are we also to supply luncheon?" chimed in Enid.

"Perish the thought. I have lived on sandwiches and bottled beer for a week. There! Off you go."

He gave the boat a vigorous push and stood for a little while at the foot of the steps, ostensibly to light a cigar. He watched Constance shipping the rudder while Enid hoisted the sail and old Ben plied a pair of oars to carry the boat into the fair way of the chan-

They neared the harbor lighthouse The brown sail filled and the Daisy got way on her. Then she sped round the end of the solid pier and vanished, whereupon Lieutenant Stanhope walked slowly to the promenade, whence he could see the diminishing speck of canvas on the shining sea until it was hidden by Clement's island.

At last the devotees of twist and shag, resting their tired arms on the railing, were able to exchange com-

"Brace o' fine gells, them," observed the acknowledged leader, a broken down "captain" of a mine abandoned

soon after his birth. "Fine," agreed his nearest henchman, Then, catching the gloom of the cap-

tain's gaze after Stanhope's retreating figure, he added: "But what does that young spark

want, turning their pretty heads for them, I should like to know?" "They didn't seem partic'lar stuck

on 'im," ventured another. "The ways of women is curious," pronounced the oracle. "I once knew

But his personal reminiscences were not of value. More to the point was the garbled, but, in the main, accurate account he gave of the rescue of an unknown child by one of the keepers of the Gulf Rock lighthouse on a June

morning eighteen years earlier. Stephen Brand was the name of the man, and there was a bit of mystery about him too. They all knew that a light keeper earned a matter of £70 to £80 a year-not enough to maintain a daughter and an adopted child in slapup style, was it? A small villa they lived in, and a governess they had, and ponies to ride when they were big enough. The thing was ridiculous,

wasn't it? Everybody agreed that it was. People said Brand was a swell. Well, that might or might not be true. The speaker did not think much of him. He was a quiet, unsociable chap, though Jones, a Trinity pensioner, who "Enid," he murmured, "Connie and kept the "Pilchard and Seine" now,

A pretty sort of a captain! But, then, they all knew what an old slow coach Jones was. They did. Jones' pints were retailed on the premises for mon-

"I did not notice any vessel near the Then there was Spence, lame Jim, who lived at Marazion. He told a fine tale about a fight with a shark before Brand reached the boat in which was

the blessed baby-that very girl, Enid, they had just seen. Was it true? How could he say? There was a lot about it at the time in the local papers, but just then his own mind was given to thoughts of enlisting, as a British expedition was marching across the desert to relieve Khartum, and cause Gordon's death.

No, Brand and the two girls had not dwelt all the time in Penzance. The light keepers went all over the kingdom, you know, but he had hit upon some sort of fog signal fad-Brand was always a man of fads; he once told the speaker that all the Polwena mine wanted was work-and the Gulf Rock was the best place for trying it. At his own request the Trinity people sent him back there two years ago. Some folk had oueer tastes, hadn't they? And talking so much had made him dry.

Then the conversation languished, as the only obvious remark of any importance was not forthcoming.

Meanwhile the Daisy sped buoyantly toward the southwest. Although she was broad in beam and stanch from thwart to keel, it was no light undertaking to run fourteen miles out and home in such a craft.

But old Den Pollard knew what he was about. Not until the granite pillar of the distant Gulf Rock opened up Levend Carn du was it necessary to turn the boat's head seaward. Even then, by steering close to the Runnelstone, they need not, during two-thirds of the time, be more than a mile or so distant from one of the many creeks in which they could secure shelter in case of a sudden change in the weather.

Thenceforward there was nothing for it but a straight run of six miles to the rock, behind which lay the Scilly low the boat's horizon.

So, when the moment came for the final decision to be made, Pollard cast an anxious eye at a great bank of

cloud mounting high in the north. There was an ominous drop in the temperature too. The rain he anticipated might turn to snow, and snow is are generally absent from the Cornish

"Ben." cried Enid, breaking off a vivid if merciless description of a new

disciple who had joined the artistic coterie at Newlyn, "what are you look-

ing at?" He scratched his head and gazed fixedly at the white battalions sweep-

"Well, what does thater?" Without waiting for orders Constance had eased the helm a trifle. The

Daisy was now fairly headed for the rock. With this breeze she would be there in less than an hour. "It be a bit risky," grumbled Ben. "We will be alongside the lighthouse

fall," said practical Constance. "Surely we can make the land again no matter how thick the weather may be." Ben allowed himself to be persuaded. In after life he would never admit that they were free agents at that

before there can be any serious down-

moment. "It had to be," he would say. "It wur in me mind to argy wi' she, but I just couldn't. An' how often do us zee snaw in Carnwall? Not once in a blue moon." And who would dispute him?

No west country man, certainly. At a distance of five miles one small fishing craft is as like another as two lilliputians to the eye of Gulliver. In a word, it needs acquaintance and nearness to distinguish them.

As it happened, Stephen Brand did happen to note the Daisy and the course she was shaping. But, during the short interval when his telescope might have revealed to him the identity of her occupants, he was suddenly called by tophone from the oil room to the kitchen. When next he ran aloft in a wild hurry to signal for assistance, he found, to his despair, that the Land's End was already blotted out in a swirling snowstorm, and the great plain of blue sea had shrunk to a leaden patch whose visible limits made the

reef look large by comparison. With the mechanical precision of habit he set the big bell in motion. Its heavy boom came fitfully through the pelting snowflakes to the ears of the two girls and old Ben. The latter, master of the situation now, announced his intention to 'bout ship and make for

Mount's bay. "'Ee doan' ketch me tryin' to sail close to Gulf Rock when 'ee can't zee a boat's length ahead," he said emphatically. "I be sorry, ladies both, but 'ee knaw how the tide runs over the reef, an' 'tes easy to drive to the wrong side of the light. We'm try again tomorrow. On'y the flowers 'll spile. All the rest"

Crash! A loud explosion burst forth from the dense heights of the storm. The Daisy, sturdy as she was, seemed to shiver. The very air trembled with the din. Pollard had his hand on the sail to swing it to starboard when Constance put the tiller over to bring the boat's head up against the wind. For an instant he hesitated. Even he, versed in the ways of the sen, was startled. Both girls positively jumped, the sudden bang of the rocket was so unex-

pected. "Mr. Brand must ha' zeed us," pronounced Ben. "That's a warnin' to we

to go back." The words had scarce left his lips when another report smote the great silence, otherwise unbroken save by ne quiet plash of the sea agains bows and the faint reverberations of

the distant bell. "That is too urgent to be intended for us," said Constance. "We were just halfway when the snow commenced."

rock," cried Enid tremulously. "Did you, Ben?"

Pollard's slow utterance was not quick enough. Before he could answer a third rocket thundered its overpowering summons. "That is the 'help wanted' signal."

cried Constance. "Ben, there is no

question now of going back. We must keep our present course for twenty minutes at least and then take to the oars. The bell will guide us." "Oh, yes, Ben," agreed Enid. "Something has gone wrong on the rock itself.

I am quite sure there was no shin near

enough to be in trouble already." "By gum, we'm zee what's the matter," growled Ben. "Steady it is, Miss Brand. Ef we'm in trouble I'd as soon ha' you two gells aboard as any two

men in Penzance."

At another time the compliment would have earned him a torrent of sarcasm. Now it passed unheeded. The situation was bewildering, alarming. There were three keepers in the lighthouse. The signal foreboded illness, sudden and serious illness. Who could it be?

In such a crisis charity begins at home. Constance, with set face and shining eyes, Enid, flighed and on the verge of tears, feared lest their own

beloved one should be the sufferer. To each of them Stephen Brand was equally a kind and devoted father. He never allowed Enid to feel that she was dependent on his bounty. Only the other day, when she hinted at the adoption of an art career as a future means of earning a livelihood, he approved of the necessary study, but

laughed at the reason. (To be Continued)

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