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FROM COO ROCK. BY MAY D. HATCH. It was variously designated the "Turtleback," the "Turtledove," and sometimes merely the "Dove." The old salts of the island knew it only as the Turtleback rock, named for its decided resemblance to the shining brown shell of a monster tortoise protruding from the water; but on account of its charming security for a tete-a-tete and for the appreciation it met with from those who were strong enough swimmers to enjoy its advantages the name which had been given to it for its crustaceous likeness was usually perverted into the simple, melodious appellation: "Coo rock." Indeed, so general had this term become that even the venerable guests of the Shawkemo house, discussing the tide which covered it pretty well at the full, would call it so in all seriousness, possibly confining it, mentally spelled with a G, with the various Indian names with which the island abounded, or believing it had referred, spelled with a G, to the gentle lapping of the waves about it.

It was Monday morning. Most of the men who had come to spend Sunday on the island had returned to town, three hours distant by rail; and although the day was exquisitely clear and beautiful and the bay rejoiced in a thousand shifting blues in the sunshine, the bathers were few—a half dozen boys at the school age turning back-somersaults on the wet sand, some children paddling around in the wet sand with their clothes tucked up behind out of the wet life cork feathers, and a steady stream of men, near shore, mildly bobbing up and down, increased in dancel and bathers' hats.

As Marie Trask walked down the float for her morning plunge she noticed the boys, bobbed out over the water, and sat down a moment on the edge to try its temperature. She felt a little lonely, a little depressed; she swung her feet—irreproachable in size, in shape, and in black silk stockings—lazily in the water, and meditated.

She was a comely object for the water to reflect: a trim, petite, girlish figure in a well-fitting black bathing suit, her blonde skin bronzed by the outdoor life she was leading, her eyes clear gray, a small nose which had a tendency to be Roman, a sweet, happy mouth that was quick to smile and show the white teeth, but not yet lost their baby unevenness at the edges, and crowning all, her sunny blonde hair, not so much of it, but it curled and rippled over her head in such a fashion that no one came near her but wanted to lay a hand on it and smooth it down a bit, just to feel how soft and silky it was.

She looked over toward the rock; it was quite a distance out in the little harbor, and the tide ran rapidly there at the turn. It was about full now, but it would be slack water for some time yet, and she thought she would try it. She had been out there often, but never alone. She was a strong swimmer for a girl, and destitute of fear, but always before-to-day there had been someone to go with her.

She slipped off the float; the water was perfectly clear and just cooler than the air. With strong, quiet strokes she started for the rock as a goat half-way out she gave a little tired, floated a few minutes to rest, and then swam on. It seemed much further than usual; but always before she had been someone to go with her.

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the ferry, went to the station, and came back. Why did you come out here alone? You should have known better, the tide is running out now, and the swim back will be a hard pull all the way. "I am quite capable of taking care of myself," she answered, somewhat stiffly, "and if you are afraid of the tide you would better go in at once."

"He was astonished to find her adopting an injured tone; if anyone had a right to be hurt, he surely was the one to enjoy the privilege of that position. He looked at her despairingly; the little curls, dried by the sun and wind, beckoned maddeningly. He forgot his grievance for a moment. "When Venus came ashore on the waves," he said, keeping his eyes on the curls, "Zephyrus blew her there, and before he left her he hovered about and kissed her until her hair, which the sea had wet, was dry and shining like silk; but it always kept the crinkles the motion of the waves had given it, and all true daughters of Venus have inherited that ripple of the waves ever since. That is the story I always think of," he finished, seeking now her clear gray eyes, "when I see your hair in the sun, Marie."

"I am very fond indeed of Jack; and as for the verses, I think they are charming, and that any girl should be happy to inspire a man like that." Darrell groaned. "You are more frivolous than I believed, and you have not been true to either of us." "I think I will swim in," she said. She slipped off the rock and struck out for the shore. He followed her silently, keeping his eyes upon her, for the tide was making hard out to sea.

"Don't try and buck against the tide," he called; "let it carry you down. Just swim for the shore; you waste your strength that way." He was swimming close beside her now. "If I needed it," she asked, "would you be strong enough to tow me in?" He laughed grimly. "Try me," he answered.

He took both her hands in his, swimming easily on his back; to this healthy young giant her added weight was nothing. They went rushing through the water at what seemed a terrific rate of speed to the girl whose endurance had already been taxed by the swimming and the sense of security and strength it gave her was a delicious relief.

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