

A HEROINE OF THE SEA

CHAPTER I

MAUDIE AT HOME

A WILD, broken coast-line, with great cliffs and crags, and a shelving beach, upon which the waves of the North Pacific Ocean broke with a sonorous roll.

But the waters of the Inlet were smoother and quieter than the tossing seas outside, and the Inlet was Maudie's home.

Of course she lived in a house like other people, or at least she slept in one, and took her food there—sometimes. For the rest, she was fishing on the shore or from a boat on the Inlet, or she was baiting otter-traps, or busy with some other of the numerous occupations with which she filled the hours from dawn to dark.

If anyone had been so bold as to suggest that her time would be more profitably spent in looking after the affairs of home, she would probably have laughed them to scorn, declaring that any stupid could run a