

## CHAPTER II

### WHERE FLOWS THE TIDE

**A**FTER Douglas Stanton had handed back the violin to the blind musician, he stood a little distance off and watched to see what would happen. He felt quite interested in the old man and the girl, and longed to know something about them. Why were they thus appealing to the crowds for money? The man did not seem like the ordinary street musician, as there was something dignified and refined in his manner. The girl was unusually timid. He could not forget the big blue eyes which had turned to him in gratitude for his assistance, and he had noticed how clean and neat was her simple dress.

"Queer couple that, sir; mere babies."

The man turned suddenly and saw the police sergeant standing by his side.

"Do you know who they are?" Douglas enquired.

"No; never saw them before. But they're such kids that I feel sorry for them, and so ordered Hawkins to see that they got safe home."

"It was good of you, Sergeant, to do that. But, say, I didn't know you were on this beat. When did you leave the water-front?"

"Last night, sir. Flemming's down there now. You know him, I think; he was with me for a while last spring when things were lively there."