

the side, filling the air with the noise of his barking while he pretended that he was a puppy again.

"If we help you pitch the tents you will have to spare us Jessica to help us with the evening work; that is only fair," said Delia, who was rather inclined to be plump, and always panted a great deal when she began to run. Jessica, on the other hand, was tall and thin, and she could run like a hare.

"We will spare her certainly. We will do anything in reason to make ourselves agreeable," said Tom. Then, as they came in sight of the great spread of the bay, he exclaimed in surprise: "Why, it is like a fair down here. Where do all the people come from?"

"You had better ask them if you want to know," replied Delia pertly. "Didn't we tell you that Clamping Bay was booming just now? A very different state of things to that wet night when you helped to save us from a premature death from suffocation by dragging us out from under the collapsed tents."

"Truly it is!" he answered. Then they all plunged into the work of pitching the tents and making everything comfortable for a few weeks under canvas.

Later on, when the work was done and the three girls had gone back to The Welcome Home, husband and wife were left alone on the shore.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked abruptly, for Gertrude's face was set in strange lines of pain.

"I was going over again that day when I came upon your deserted camp and thought that you were Douglas Amoyne," she answered.

"Well?"

She hesitated a moment, then said in a low voice: "One of the hardest things I ever had to do was to come back here, to the place of failure, and take up the life at The Welcome Home. But if I had not come, if I had not