

moment, and their luggage stood piled up ready to be embarked. Sailors were talking or shouting to each other in English and French; the cargo of fruit and vegetables was still being stowed away, and people were running against other people in the darkness, and trying vainly to discover their own trunks on the deck, or their own berths in the cabin. Into the midst of all this confusion Maurice brought his charges; but as he had been on board in the afternoon, he knew where to take them, and they found their own quarters without difficulty. While he saw to their packages, they made their arrangements for the night.

"I shall lie down at once," Mrs. Costello said. "It is not uncomfortable here, and I think it is always best."

"But it is so early, and on deck the air is so pleasant. Should you mind my leaving you for a little while?"

"Not at all. There is no reason why you should stay down here if you dislike it. Maurice will take care of you."

But Lucia had no intention of waiting for Maurice. She saw her mother comfortably settled, and then stole up alone to the deck. The boat had not yet