

"Now we will go find the cave," said Zipporah Katti, "or the tide will be too fast for us!"

"But we cannot stop there," said Paul anxiously, "I know. Wherever there is dulse on the roof of a cave, the tide washes it out twice a day."

"True, oh brother, most true," mocked the maid, who had resumed her hold of Glenkens; "art a wise lad, Paulo, but all things are not yet known to you! For instance, have you ever gone to the end of the cave?"

"Certainly," said Paul, "and there is a well of water there which no one has ever crossed."

"Then you shall cross it to-night, by the light of the lantern I have under my cloak. Yes, and Glenkens too! He would follow his mistress anywhere. There is a stable for him with oats and straw—enough to make him comfortable till the Lees are a hundred miles upon the York Road, with the fear of the police at their tails."

Fain would Paul have asked another question, but Zipporah hushed him with the same curious noise as she had used to quiet Glenkens. He obeyed just as readily, the more so, perhaps, that with a gesture of her free hand she pointed to the white foam licking up the level sand only half-a-score of yards away.

Glenkens sniffed curiously as they turned into the low entrance of the sea-cave. The salt smell of the dulse frightened him. He set his feet and "stelled" back. But a light hand pushed across and across his eyes, a whisper in his ear, and he followed Zipporah obediently into the dense dark. Paul stood a moment and then did the same, the sea wrack pushing sullenly forward a tongue of yellowish-white froth that filled his heel-tracks as he made them.