

"You great loon!" explained Harry, irately, "can't you look where you're going!"

But Fred was already standing beside the two at the water's edge, straining his near-sighted eyes this way and that over the waste of waters to catch sight of the object which had attracted his companions.

Harry placidly continued, at first, to rearrange his hillocks, putting them into order with careful touch. Presently, however, he too deserted the tunnel and rose to join his friends, as fragments of disjointed talk reached him.

"It is a boat."

"No, I guess it's a porpoise."

"No, there she goes!"

"The tide'll take her out."

"No, it won't neither, the tide's comin' in."

"But thar's the undertow," declared Ben thoughtfully.

"Did you say there was a man on the boat?" asked Fred excitedly.

"I ain't sure," answered Ben, "though it looks that way."

Paddy began an excited hopping about from one foot to another, venturing his bare