
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

The ox-teams had passed on with the tide, and the island folk were busy along the seaweed-covered fringe of dark beach that marked the junction of sea and land.

The yacht, perched on a broad, flat rock only a few feet high, lay helpless on its side. The busy figure of the young sailor often appeared as he passed in and out of the boat with implements of his craft. On the rock alongside a small fire burned and the smell of tar pervaded the air.

Pierre Gotro and his daughter, and their servant, old Suzanne, moved quickly among the seaweed, and with small forks were busy loading the carts with dulse. The tides were running low for a few days and the dulse-beds were fully exposed.

Light-hearted Marie laughed and jested with Suzanne, and often directed her words to her father.

"Suzanne, do you think that Len is dry yet? Poor fellow, he did get so wet." She smiled as she asked the question.

"He will tell you himself to-night when he comes to Bluff Castle," said the older woman, in reply.

"I hope he won't come, Suzanne; he is so strange now, since we have grown up."

"You are strange, too, perhaps. He says you have become proud since you have been going away to school," said Suzanne.

"I am not proud," cried Marie, quickly; "but he frightens me sometimes. He is changed," she continued, in a calmly positive tone.

"Why did the stranger wish to stay with us,