

A few moments later the sound of oars reached his ears; and when they could no longer be heard Browne went in search of Katherine and Jimmy Foote.

"Well, old man," asked the latter when the screw had begun to revolve once more, "what now? What is the next thing?"

"The next thing," Browne replied, seating himself beside Katherine as he spoke, and taking her hand, "is Yokohama, and a wedding, at which you shall assist in the capacity of best man."

That night the lovers stood on deck, leaning against the bulwarks watching the moon rise from behind a bank of cloud.

"Of what are you thinking, sweetheart?" Browne inquired, looking at the sweet face beside him. "I wonder if I could guess."

"I very much doubt it," she answered, with a sad little smile. "You had better try."

"You were thinking of a tiny land-locked harbour, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, were you not?"

"Yes," she replied; "I certainly was. I was thinking of our first meeting in Merok. Oh, Jack! Jack! how much has happened since then!"

"Yes," he continued slowly. "A great deal