

rectly on a curtseying little figure with the effect of a limelight. So real and living was the effect produced that Clare laughed softly to herself. The laugh was echoed from directly behind her to be followed by a swish of garments, a soft rustle, and as Clare twisted about on the divan a figure slipped from the gloom, dropped beside her and with a half sob, half laugh, flung a pair of arms about her neck.

"Clare . . . my dear, dear child. Thank God . . ."

"Loretta . . .!" cried Clare, dazedly.

"Well, Sis," said a gruff, though rather unsteady voice, "a nice scare you gave us!"

"Ravel . . . where did you come from? How did you get here . . .?" Clare felt as if her senses were failing and that she was hearing and seeing things which were not.

"We fell in with a tug sent out by our friends in the Chimney Corner. She's gone back with the glad news and the *Gull* is in tow of the hulk with one of the tug hands aboard her. It's clearing and the wind is going down."

"Where's Calvert . . .?"

"Ho! Still worrying about your Calvy, are