

The Peril of the Green Pool

AT low water the long bar of shining yellow sand that crossed the mouth of the little bay was uncovered for more than half its length. Where it was covered, to a depth of three or four feet, ran a streak of brilliant, pale beryl green, such as a painter would hesitate to dare upon his canvas. Along the yellow sand creamed ceaselessly the long, slow surf of the Caribbean when no storm has lately vexed it. Beyond the surf glowed and gloomed the peacock sea, with one white gull winging over it.

Within the bar the bay was translucent green, of wonderful tones that varied with the varying depth. Its quiet and winding shores, fringed with the same golden sand that formed the bar, sloped gently back to the ridged hills, crested with palms. On the farthest slope, in the centre of a clearing at the head of the little bay, the pink walls of a