

tug's paddles. Wyndham got on his feet awkwardly and waved back Marston, who had meant to give him his arm. His face was very pinched, but his eyes were bright, and as they went out he forced a smile.

A big electric lamp hung from the spar-deck and threw down a searching light. The tug's gangway was run out and people began to come on board. Marston saw Mabel and his heart beat with mixed emotions as he noted her black dress, for a cablegram had told him Mrs. Hilliard was dead. He was unselfishly sorry for Mabel, but she had met the last claim of duty and he had waited long.

Then Flora stepped down from the gangway and went straight across the deck to Wyndham, who stood under the lamp. The strong light touched their faces and Marston imagined the corners of Flora's mouth twitched. This was all; her step was swift and eager and her eyes shone with tender welcome. She was very brave. Marston saw no pity in her look; there was nothing but gladness and love.

"My dear!" she cried, and Wyndham took her in his feeble arms.

A few moments afterwards Mabel gave Marston her hand and when he had gazed at her his glance rested on her black dress.

"I'm sorry. Very sorry; I think you understand!"

"I know, Bob," said Mabel. "You thought about me; you don't think much about yourself. But I must speak to Harry."

She left him and he was filled with tenderness and pride as he watched her greet Wyndham. Her smile was frank and her voice was sympathetic, but one got no hint of pity that might jar a sensitive nerve. Mabel struck the right note, and Marston knew it was not all