

there at ten o'clock and come back by moonlight. It is a sort of torture which we always inflict upon our guests. My wife and I will follow in the launch."

"To Misery Island!" Luthester repeated.

His host smiled as he led the way to the piazza steps. Pamela had already stepped into the boat, and with the help of a boatman was adjusting the sail. She waved her hand gaily and pointed to the level stretch of placid water, still faintly brilliant in the dying sunlight.

"You think that we shall reach Misery Island before the tide turns?" she called out.

Luthester stepped lightly into the boat and took the place to which she pointed.

"I am content," he said, "to take my chance."

THE END