

A sailor, noting their interest, approached them with a telescope.

"Maybe you'd like to look through this, ma'am?" he said to Mamie. "That island's a gruesome place, though it looks so nice from here, with its hills and palm-trees. They calls it the Leper Island hereabouts. There's a colony of lepers there. Directly the poor wretches sicken they bring 'em from the other islands, and they never leave it again. If you look right up on top of that hill you'll see a tombstone. It's the grave of an English doctor, who was a great man at home in London. He came out here seven years ago to take care of the lepers, and he caught the disease himself and died four years after. It was his own wish, they say, that he should be on the hill, facing east, in order that he should be the first of all the island to see the dawn!

"Queer notion, wasn't it? But people get queer notions when they're dying, and they'd as little thought of disobeying him when he was dead as when he was alive. They was just mad over the loss of him. I've 'eard, he even chose the words for his own grave:

"STEPHEN GARTH,

"Aged 39 years.

"Jesus, have mercy!"

Mamie put away the telescope. The glass was blurred by the tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Adolphus," she said, "how it all comes back!"

The child on her shoulder, rosy and vigorous as an emblem of eternal life, reached for the bright brooch at his mother's neck and gurgled with joy. And as Wetherby put his arm tenderly round his wife, the clear, brisk voice of the "lookout" sang the formula of the sea:

"Eight bells—and all's well!"