

air of excitement in his cottage. Joan was singing, Denas had her best dress on, and both had been busy making clotted cream, and junket, and pies of all kinds.

In fact, John was a little depressed by this extravagance of light hearts. He did not think the money Denas got from her school warranted it, and he was heart-sick with the terrible fear that the busy season was at hand and that he had found nothing to do, and his brave old soul sank within him.

"And what be in the wind with you women I know nothing of," he said fretfully, "but you do have some unlikely old ways."

"What way be the wind, John, dear?"

"A little nor'ard, what there be of it—only a capful, though."

"Aw then, John, look to the nor'ard, for good luck do come the way the wind blows."

"Good luck do come the way God sends it, Joan."

"And many a time and oft it do be coming and us not thinking of it."

John nodded gravely. There was little hope in his heart, but he went as usual to the pier and stood there watching the boats.

"That be a strange boat," said Penlow after a long gossip; "well managed, though. The man at her wheel, whoever he be, knows the set of the tide round here as well as he knows his cabin. I wonder what boat that be?"

John had no heart to echo the wonder. Another strange boat, doubtless, bringing more fishers. He said it was getting tea-time, he would go along. He knew that if the fish were found and there was a seat in a boat it would be offered him. He would not give his mates the plan of refusing or of apologizing. The next day he would go to St. Ives.

When he reached his cottage he saw Joan and Denas on the door-step watching the coming boat. Their smiles and interest hurt him. He walked to the hearth and began to fill his pipe. Then Denas, with a large paper in her hand, came to his side. She slipped on to his knee—she laid her cheek against his cheek—she said softly, and oh, so lovingly:

"Father! father! The boat coming—did you see her?"

"To be sure, Denas. I saw her, my dear."

"She is your boat, father—yours from masthead to keel! All yours!"

He looked at her a moment and then said:

"Speak them words again, Denas."

She spoke them again, smiling with frank delight and love into his face.

"Thank God! Now tell me all about it! Joan, my old dear, come and tell me all about it."

Then they sat down together and told him all, and showed him the *St. Penfer News* containing Lawyer Tremaine's statement regarding the property which had come of right to Denas. And John listened until the burden he had been carrying rolled quite away from his heart, and with a great sigh he stood up and said