

All this he saw but did not notice. Immediately in front of him on the beach there was a boat-house of which he had a key; for he kept a boat there although he had not used it for a long time. He went in, lighted a lantern he found there and drew out his boat, taking his oars and rowlocks. He ran the boat down the slip, launched it, and rowed away, his beacon-light the blazing fire on the island, a mile and more distant.

The boat was light and he went fast. The water seethed about him. With every backward reach of the oars a shower of brilliant phosphorescent drops followed like a wing.

Bright wavering lines streamed away from the bows, and fire broke flashing out when the oars dipped gurgling in.

The mystic night was close about him, there in the wide spaces; and the loneliness was awesome—yet intoxicating in the freedom it gave from the confined city ways. For the first time Howard understood his brother's passion for the vagabondage of the open air and woods and sea. He fully felt its charm—but then his thoughts reverted to the doomed sorrowing woman he had left alone, and bitterness fell on him once more at the thought of Robert's neglect and carelessness. What right had he to throw off all care and duty and leave him and a feeble woman to fight the hard battle alone!

He now bent still more sturdily to his oars and soon the revolving light on Chebucto Head flashed out his way, and he knew he had reached the half of his journey.

When he looked the other way, to the Dartmouth