

terly, that this sightless journey through the darkness and the storm—when, try as he might to walk carefully and well, he could not guard against a single fall or injury—was symbolical of his life since his first unexpected tumble—that expulsion from Old King's University. Since then . . . Yes, it had been very like indeed.

IV. ARNOLD LEARNS WHY

Dawn was close at hand before Arnold came within sight of the little hut. Hardly within sight, however;—as little as within sound, had there been any; for neither the blackness nor the roaring of the storm had abated. But this shore had been a favorite camping-ground for the Havre de Gravian youngsters during Arnold's boyhood, and he was too familiar with every curve and twist of it not to be able to steer a true course and at any time to determine his position with something close to accuracy.

But, so wrapped was he in gloom, he had struck off inland sooner than he had intended; therefore was recalled not only by the cold chill of water about his waist but by the shock thereof to his stomach—which amounted to nausea. Recovering, he remembered that the current that was endeavoring to sweep him off his feet, could be caused by nothing save the flooding of those lowlands whose existence was responsible for the quasi-peninsula. Therefore he was separated from his destination by no more than a few yards, plus whatever extra width the invading waters had managed to tear away from the higher ground on either side.

He had clutched out for the tall tough sea-grasses he knew to be there, and, even before he had ceased to consider his new plight, had, with their assistance, drawn himself safely ashore again without encountering any greater depth than at first.

Arnold had lived through many hard winters, during which the maritime portion of Havre's business had been done by ice-boats, one of which the Connecticut mail-steamer carried