

the human soul, with its drogue of inherited sorrows, was flung on its beam ends, stove in and dismasted, while beyond, far off, there shone a faint light, the flash of a derisive smile, flashing and then suddenly going out. And even now, in the mists of the accumulating years, I wonder still."

For the last time Mr. Spenlove paused, and stepping out to the rail, he stood there, with his back to the men who had listened to his story, silhouetted against the first pale flush of the dawn, looking away to the horizon where could be seen a tiny light, shrouded to point straight toward them, flashing once, twice, with mysterious caution, and then going out.

THE END