

the company's tug. For his comrade's sake, he was illogically relieved because he could not see her yet, although the moment he dreaded could not be put off long.

After a time, he went back into the smoking room. Wyndham, wearing a heavy coat, lounged on a settee. He was very thin and his face was haggard, but this was not all. His mouth was distorted, for one side drooped, giving him a strange look of vacant amusement. The contrast between this and the melancholy in his eyes was rather horrible. Marston was getting used to the disfigurement, but he had seen that strangers were jarred. Besides, Wyndham would never again articulate clearly. His talk was slow and awkward, and the Kingston doctor doubted if he would altogether get back his strength.

"Ten minutes yet; I don't see the tug," said Marston. "Shall I help you out on deck when she comes?"

Wyndham smiled and answered with the deliberation he was forced to use: "There wouldn't be much use in that, Bob. I heard them fixing the big gangway lights."

Marston knew he was thinking about Flora and the shock she must get. It was going to be hard for Flora; in fact, it was hard for both.

"She knows," he said quietly. "I was frank with Mabel and told her all before the doctor would let you write."

"Thanks! Flora has pluck, but the pluck that hides a hurt does not cure it."

"It goes some way," said Marston. "When Flora sees you, I don't think she will see the scar."

Then one or two of the passengers came in, and they waited until the engines stopped and they heard the