

The young man nodded. "Yes, Kid Doty. You heard his voice one night last year."

"That was some night, eh?" said the boy. "Some time, maybe, you'll tell me the right of that case."

"Why, everything is known, isn't it?" said the young man with an air of extreme innocence.

"Go on!" said the boy. "Do you suppose I believed that tale you stuffed me with? That wasn't Neil Ottoway jumped out of the window. I went to the place where they took his body. That guy's hair was dyed—it was light-coloured at the roots. And he had little, weak-looking hands. He was no sculptor. You're the sculptor, aren't you?"

"Well, don't lose any sleep over it," said Neil.

"I sha'n't."

"All ashore that's going ashore!" cried a sailor.

"Good-bye! Good-bye! See you next year if I have luck!"

The young man and the young woman leaned on the rail and watched the panorama of the waterfront move by in stately procession.

"Dearest, what do you think of Geoffrey's remark?" he asked. "Do you think the gods envy our happiness?"

"Let them!" she laughed. "We have reached the summit. To destroy us now would not be to defeat us. If *we* were gods we would jump overboard this minute!"

"Ah, but I'm glad we're only human!" he said, pressing close to her.

THE END