

side under his old embarrassment of silence. Nor could Denas talk. If she tried to do so, then she raised her eyes, and then Tris' eyes looking in hers seemed to reproach her for the words she did not say. At the first opportunity she must make Tris understand that they could only be friends—friends only—and nothing, positively nothing more.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE “DARLING DENAS.”

Money in the bank is all the comfort to the material life that a good conscience is to the moral life. Joan was restored to her best self by the confidence her child had given her, and John, entering the cottage in the midst of a happy discussion between Denas, Tris, and his wife, felt as if the weight of twenty years suddenly dropped away from him.

After this night there was a different atmosphere in John Penelles' cottage. John's unhappiness had been mainly caused by the sight of his wife's anxiety and sorrow; and if Joan was her old self, John was not the man to let the loss of his boat and his position make him miserable.

Denas also caught the trick of hoping and of being happy. She opened her school with thirty scholars and found out her vocation. She loved the children and they loved her. The children's affection won her. Such loving allegiance! Such bigoted little adherents! Such blind disciples as Denas had! In a couple of weeks she was the idol of every child in St. Penfer-by-the-Sea, and as mothers see through their children she was equally popular with the children of larger growth.

In the meantime all had been going on satisfactorily about the new fishing-smack. Tris had taken Mr. Arundel into his confidence. He wished to have his permission to make a careful selection and to attend to all matters connected with its proper transfer. So he permitted Tris to absent himself frequently for such a laudable purpose. Tris had found in a yard ten miles north just the very kind of smack John had always longed for, a boat that with a jump would burst through a sea any size you like, and keep right side up when the waves were fit to make a mouthful of her.

She was building for the pilchard season and was to be ready in the middle of June. And at length she was finished and waiting to be brought to her own harbour. If she had been a living, loving human creature, her advent could not have been more eagerly longed for.

On the twenty-fourth all was ready to bring home the boat. The boat had been sold to Denas Tresham, the money paid, and the deed of transfer to John Penelles ready made out. There had also been prepared a paper for the *St. Penfer News*, which was to appear that day, and which Lawyer Tremaine said would supply a ten-days' holiday gossip for the citizens. John wondered at the