

mild-mannered brother's temper was up, he might be dangerous. He continued, nevertheless, to grumble as he worked.

"At the pace you're going, the tide will be in before we finish."

"Well, if it does come in," Harry answered philosophically, "none of us will sleep any the worse to-night."

Fred, seeing that argument was useless, devoted all his energies to his task.

Ben sat meanwhile upon an old boat that had been stranded and half buried in the sand. He watched the two at work, listening to the contest between them with a half smile on his somewhat heavy face. Gradually, however, as the tunnel proceeded toward completion and the tide, crawling and licking the sandy beach and depositing thereon feathery ridges of foam, crept up nearer and nearer to the fortification, Ben's thoughts wandered and followed his eyes outward over the wastes of sea. The gulls were flying upward with a rapid, joyous movement, betokening fine weather; the waves were leaping and dancing; and the fresh salt breeze was blowing landward. As