

"When the time is ripe I will come aboard with a statement from the enemy. Until then—why, wait."

"And if I wait?" he asked earnestly.

"You will hear—and see," she said gaily.

She waved her round, dimpled hand at him; there was a sudden *frou-frou* of rustling skirts; two feet in blue silk stockings twinkled; and, almost dazed, Captain Harry Trevelyan, thwarted of the chance he had sought to bring her nearer to him, stood alone in the lighted corridor.

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