

He was introduced to her by Blake on the second day of the voyage, when the calmer sea permitted some social intercourse.

"Daisy," he said, "I want to introduce my stable-mate, Captain Robin Beechcroft. I am sure you will find much in common to talk about."

Mrs. Jones looked at the new-comer with wide, innocent eyes. "Are you any relation to the great explorer?" she asked, unaware that he knew she knew perfectly well who he was.

Augustus Blake slapped his new friend on the shoulder.

"But, Daisy dear," he laughed, "he is the great explorer."

"Oh, how perfectly delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, clapping her plump little hands. "But you are not a bit like what I expected. I thought explorers were sturdy little men with cold, stern eyes."

"Yes," Robin replied. "I am generally mistaken for a coal-heaver or a chucker-out."

"Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't hurt a fly," she murmured. "But, oh dear, how small and breakable you two enormous things make me feel! Yes, both of you. Here's dear old Plato—that's my nickname for Mr. Blake, you know—looking as though he could pierce the heart of a dragon with one thrust of his rapier; and you, who I am sure could knock its head off with one blow of your fist. And here am I, just a silly little female with arms as soft as putty. Feel them." She held out her arms to Robin, and he was obliged to remark on their softness.

Presently she insisted on going to find her father, in order that she might introduce him; and away she flitted along the deck, a veil of soft white *ninon* floating in the breeze behind her.

"A wonderful little woman," said Blake, when