

"We got the gig over soon, but the boat had been going fast and head-reached some distance when we brought her round. Then there was a confused sea."

Marston saw Wyndham understood; he need not labor his explanation, but he wished Harry could talk. There was an assurance he wanted his comrade to give; Harry knew how he had felt about Rupert.

"I think I did my best," he said awkwardly. "She nearly capsized once or twice; the sea was hollow and curled before you expected. The water on board was getting deep, and we couldn't bale."

A very faint smile flickered in Wyndham's eyes and Marston was conscious of keen relief. Harry had understood his embarrassment and was satisfied. To hint at regret would be useless cant; there was nothing more to be said. For all that, Marston was glad when a Krooboy called him on deck. It was blowing fresher and he gave some orders and occupied himself by shortening sail.

CHAPTER XII

THE FRESH START

DUSK had fallen and rows of lights twinkled along the walls at the river-mouth. Tall chimneys and warehouses rose against the sky, there was a biting wind, and Marston shivered at the door of the liner's smoking-room. Her engines throbbed slackly as she steamed in with the tide, past the dark shapes of anchored vessels. A mile or two ahead, bright streaks, in which the separate lights were merged, marked the landing stages, and Marston looked for the red, white, and green triangle that would indicate