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## THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

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the mainsail, now hanging out of use from the mast. The sky was hazy and cloudless, and the whole sheet of water was white as burnished silver. Afar off the horizon was dark in places with the mirage of hills or marsh, showing a steamer with its smoke in a straight line upward from its stack. The man minded not the bright sky or the reflecting sea, and from thoughtful blue eyes glanced from time to time at the shore not beyond half a mile distant, frequently turning a pair of powerful binoculars upon the vari-colored bluffs and cliffs as the swift tide bore the boat along. The warm air of June made no impression upon the alertful if moody eyes.

"What point is that just in sight beyond the blue bluff?"

"Pierre Island, sir."

This reply brought the young man to his feet, and he gazed at the island that came quickly out from behind the headland till it was fully exposed to view.

Pierre Island, as now seen, sloped rather steeply from the shore side upward, while the direct front and the whole outer portion in view was precipitous and irregular, rising out of huge masses of broken rock and boulders. The summit was wooded like the cliffs on either hand along the shore followed by the boat.

Frank Winslow, geologist and student, was not of the common type. His easy manner and almost listless movement of body came not from vacation negligence. Nature had given his man-