

"To be sure. And I do wish he would hurry all and show himself. New boats be building, but the best may get sold—a day might make a difference."

"And now, mother, you must try and lift the care from father's heart. Let him know, some way, that money troubles are over and that he may carry his head up. You can do it—a little word—a little look from you—he will understand."

"Aw, then, Denas, a smile is enough. I can lift my eyelids, and he'll see the light under them and catch it in his heart. John isn't a woman. Thank God, he can be happy and ask no questions—trusting all. Your father be a good man to trust and hope."

Then the day, that had seemed to stretch itself out so long and wearily, was all too short for Joan and Denas. They talked about the money freely and happily, and Denas could now tell her mother all the circumstances of her visit to Elizabeth.

So the morning passed quickly away, and in the afternoon Denas went into the village to look after her school-room. Not for a very long time had she felt so calmly happy, so hopeful of the future, so resigned to the past.

After her business in the village was over she walked toward the cliff, and sat down at the promontory between St. Penfer and St. Clair. She sat down longer than she intended, for the dreamy, monotonous murmur of the waves and the stillness and solitude predisposed her to that kind of drifting thought which keeps assuring time: "I am going directly."

She was effectually roused at last by the sound of a clear, strong voice whistling a charming melody. She sat quite still. A conviction that it was Tris Penrose came into her heart. She wondered if he would notice—know—speak to her. Tris saw her figure as quickly as it came within his vision, and as quickly as he saw it he knew who was present. He ceased whistling and cried out cheerily:

"Denas? What, Denas?"

She stood up then and held out her hands to him. And she was startled beyond measure by the Tris that met her gaze. Naturally a very handsome man, his beauty was made more attractive by a sailor suit of blue broadcloth. The whole filled her with a pleasant wonder. She made a little time over his splendour, and asked if he was going to the pilchard fishing in such finery. And he took all her hurried, laughing, fluttering remarks with the greatest good-humour. He said, indeed, that he had been told she was home again, and that he wore the dress because he was coming to see her.

Then they sat down, and she told Tris what she desired to do for her father, and Tris entered into the project as enthusiastically as if he was a child. Never before had Tris felt so heart-satisfied. It was such a joy to have Denas beside him; such a joy to know that she was free again; such a joy to share a secret with her. And gradually the effusiveness of their first meeting toned itself down to quiet, restful confidence, and then they rose together and began to walk slowly toward the cottage. Tris walked at her