

nothing else visible, whether in the heaven above or in the lagoon below, but the stars and their reflections. It might have been minutes or it might have been hours, that Herrick leaned there, looking in the glorified water and drinking peace. "A bath of stars," he was thinking; when a hand was laid at last on his shoulder.

"Herrick," said the captain, "I've been walking off my trouble."

A sharp jar passed through the young man, but he neither answered nor so much as turned his head.

"I guess I spoke a little rough to you on shore," pursued the captain; "the fact is, I was real mad; but now it's over, and you and me have to turn to and think."

"I will *not* think," said Herrick.

"Here, old man!" said Davis kindly; "this won't fight, you know! You've got to brace up and help me get things straight. You're not going back on a friend? That's not like you, Herrick!"

"Oh yes, it is," said Herrick.

"Come, come!" said the captain, and paused as if quite at a loss. "Look here," he cried, "you have a glass of champagne. I won't touch it, so that'll show you if I'm in earnest. But it's just the pick-me-up for you; it'll put an edge on you at once."