

It was weeks before Rudd could be happy by the sea again, and then at any moment the fear of the wave might come, and, looking nervously backward, he would tug at Sarah's hand as they hurried up the hill.

For years afterwards the tidal wave occupied a capacious loose-box in his nightmares' stable—a gigantic overwhelming green wall of water in which a one-legged man in a scarlet cloak vainly struggled.