

once to look up in the old newspaper files, never failed to re-establish his faith in his uncle and it was with a sweep of irritation now that he dug in his paddle—and veered sharply to the left as the rustle of reeds against the canoe warned him that he was close inshore somewhere. Mechanically he tried to peer through the dark. This ought to be the sandbar to the left of the Island Park ferry landing if he had not gone out of his reckoning. He waited for the fog-horn that presently bellowed loudly off to the left. If this were the sandbar he would have to skirt it east to the cut that ran in beside the Yacht Club.

A moment's paddling convinced him that he had guessed correctly. Something scraped alongside—a yacht, moored in the channel. He turned to the right and presently was gratified to find himself in quieter water. A moment later he was safely within the inner channel that followed the park embankment and led east past private boat-houses.

From the canal short streets here cut south across the island to the lakefront, where many fine residences of the wealthy faced open water. The steady rhythm of the waves against the breakwater reached him in sharp contrast to the brooding stillness of the channel water.

Kendrick was almost home now. The Waring boathouse was within a stonethrow. He edged the canoe forward gently, close to the bank, feeling his way toward the familiar landing.