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THE HEIR TO GRAND PRÉ

CHAPTER I

WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT.

"The moveless helm needs no ruling hand,
Because there is no wind awake to fill
The sail that idles in the sun."

"WELL, Len, how is she making now?"

"Falling a little, sir."

"No sign of wind yet?"

"Not a whiff."

"How long before we will have to anchor?"

"About an hour more ebb, sir?"

On this report, the bare head, which had been slightly raised while the interrogation was taking place, fell back into the hollow it had made for itself on an old sail which was both couch and pillow. A well-worn sporting coat lay between the rough cloth and the golden-brown hair and the summer-seasoned skin of a man's face, fresh and full of the health of youth. The figure of the young man settled into a more comfortable position, and a light cloud of smoke rose from his pipe into the moveless air. He lay on the roof of the cabin in the shadow of