

amongst the cushions on a transome, basking like a pussy-cat in the sun, was Cécile, a luscious beauty, ripe to the point of falling from the bough, and already petulant for the plucking. For three seasons this girl had demoralised the yachting world, for Captain Bell was widely known, and the *Shark* as hospitable as her namesake. A high-tempered but jovial host, epicurean of appetite and ready to immolate his health on the altar of good-fellowship at a moment's notice; three lovely daughters, one a desperate flirt, one soft and sweet as a West Indian night breeze, the third a long-legged nymph with violet eyes, her pretty mouth full of sailor slang, ready to swim a race around the ship or run one over the truck. . . . My word, it is no wonder that old Heldstrom's hair had visibly whitened in the last three years.

Cécile was catching it fore-and-aft upon this August day.

"It vas me br'rought you oop," growled the Norwegian in his beard, "und somedimes I am not pr'rroud of it. How many yoong men haf you jilted this summer?"

Cécile dropped her chin on her knuckles and kicked up her heels most unmaidenly.

"I haven't jilted anybody. It's not my fault