
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

"Have you a ball of stout twine?" asked Winslow, his mind alert and stronger now. "If so, throw it up to me, and I will let down the end for your rope."

All pockets were emptied, but only a few yards of twine of varying size and quality were found, Marie's shoelaces not adding nearly enough to serve the purpose.

Suddenly the young woman made an exclamation of joy, and turning to her father, came close to him and said in their native tongue:

"J'amèlerai mon bas, père."

"Merci, mademoiselle," said Winslow, in good French accent.

These words only added greater speed to her feet as she withdrew from sight behind a large rock, and in a few minutes appeared again with a goodly ball of yarn. Her appearance at once disclosed the secret the rock would otherwise have kept. There was not enough of her skirt to cover her rough boots used for the beach and the shell-covered dulsebeds, so beneath it was seen one white ankle and part of a limb, which was reason enough for the heightened color of the maiden's cheeks. It must be understood that a stocking can only be unravelled by beginning at the end knitted last, namely, at the toe.

"Now, Len, do your best. Throw it as near to me as you can."

The ordeal was too much for his accuracy of