

drier as they mounted. The salt dankness disappeared from the walls. The sand underfoot gave place to rock, waterworn it is true, but with the pavement smooth as that which a burn wears in the granite slabs of its bed. They were above the reach of the tide now, and immediately the air smelt different. There was an out-of-doors breath in it—of heather and the winds that blow keen about the crests of Ben Gairn and Screel.

"Halt!" said Zipporah, whose little brown palm had been slapping eagerly the left of the widening passage-way as they ascended.

"If the old man said truth, it must be somewhere here," she murmured to herself. "Nobody knew but Lazun and he told only me. He made me promise not to tell Raif."

Paul Wester turned sharply round. At the sight of the candle shining in his eyes through the thin stuff of the apron, Glenkens swerved sideways and striking with his heels, brought out a hollow clang which echoed down the passages.

"The Cove of the Last Smugglers," said the girl, triumphantly. "Old Lazun Palafox spoke the truth after all. Here with the candle! Quick!"

They stood before an ancient wooden door, half buried in a drift of sand and pebbles. It was fastened with a couple of cross-bars of solid oak which swivelled into niches cut in the rock.

Paul wrenched one of them off and with it began to clear away the sand and stones. Zipporah laid her strength to the other, and between them, they were not long in opening the great door, two inches thick of hard wood and the inside plated with solid sheets of green copper like a ship's bottom, bossed with brass nails as big as Zipporah's fist.

The hinge groaned reluctantly and then a short passage brought them to a neat small chamber hewn in the rock. A sort of manger or stone trough occupied one end, and above was a worn hole for the headstall. On each side were others, but these seemed in less good repair. Here Glenkens was soon at his