

And Joan answered her promptly, letting the towel fall from her grasp to imitate the sharp smiting of the hands as with beaming face she repeated the heart-stirring cry.

"ONE and ALL! ONE and ALL! Denas. Aw, my girl, there was a time when I said in my anger I was sorry I gave you suck. This day I be right glad of it! You be true blood! Cornish clean through, Denas!"

"Yes, I be true Cornish, mother, and the money I have is honest money. Father can take it without a doubt. But I will see Lawyer Tremaine, and he shall put the sum I got in the *St. Penfer News*, and tell what I got it for, and none can say I did wrong to take my widow right."

"I be so happy, Denas! I be so happy! My old dear will have his own boat!"

"Now, mother, neither you nor I can buy a boat. Shall we tell father and let him choose for himself?"

Joan knew this was the most prudent plan, but that love of "surprise pleasures" which is a dominant passion in children and uneducated natures would not let Joan admit at once this solution of the difficulty. So after a moment's thought she said: "There be Tris Penrose. It will be happy for him to be about such a job."

"I have not seen Tris since I came home. He is the only one who has not come to say welcome to me."

"Aw, then, 'twas only yesterday he got home himself. He has been away with Mr. Arundel on his yacht."

"You never told me."

"You never asked. I thought, then, you didn't want Tris to be named."

"But what for shouldn't I name Tris?"

"La! my dear, the love in Tris' heart was a trouble to you. You were saying that often."

"But Tris knows about fishing-boats?"

"Who knows more?"

"And what kind of a boat father would like best?"

"None can tell that as well."

"And Tris is home again?"

"That be true. Ann Trewillow told me, and she be working at the Abbey two days in the week."

"Has Mr. Arundel bought the Abbey?"

"He has done that, and it be made a grand place now. And when Tris lost his boat trying to save your father's life and boat, Mr. Arundel was with the coast-guard and saw him. And he said: 'A fine young man! A fine young man!' So the next thing was, he spoke to Tris and hired him to sail his yacht. And 'tis far off, by the way of Gibraltar, they have been—yet home at last, thank God!"

"Tris will be sure to come here, I suppose?"

"Ann Trewillow told him you were home—a widow, and all; he will be here as soon as he can leave the yacht. It is here he comes first of all as soon as he touches land again."

"Then we will speak to him about the boat."