

will need some thought. What can we give them, who have given us so much?"

Wyndham smiled. "I imagine Bob would be content with our gratitude, although he'd feel badly embarrassed if you made it too plain." His smile, however vanished as he resumed: "Anyhow, I shall never wipe out my debt. There are not many like Bob."

He mused for a few moments and went on: "I remember his telling me Rupert was drowned. My face was bandaged; I couldn't speak and was too weak to move. Bob could only see my eyes, and as he watched them I knew what he thought. Because he had hated Rupert from the beginning, he was desperately anxious to persuade me he had done his best. The thing was, of course, ridiculous. Bob being the man he is, one could not doubt him. It was unthinkable to imagine he had not used every effort, although the sea was rough and he risked a capsizing. The boat was half swamped when he brought her back. Yet I imagine he was more disturbed than me."

"I think Bob did not see him fall overboard?"

"No," said Wyndham. "Rupert may have lost his balance, but I doubt. We were not far from Kingston and when we got there he must, so to speak, resume a white man's responsibilities and begin life again. He had lived like a savage, commanding fear and using power that few civilized rulers know; but all that had gone and he was proud."

"But you were disturbed when Bob told you," Flora urged.

"At first, I was conscious of relief. I thought Rupert had seen the only way out of the tangle. Before he went, I'd begun to feel the situation was im-