

But he was a practical man. He struck himself a blow on the head.

"I have what you want," said he, "*La Belle Arlesienne*, no, it is no use, I have something better, a good cruising boat — you say money is no object."

"None."

"Then come with me, you two."

He led the way followed by Raft and the girl to a wharf where a tug lay moored and by the tug a fifty ton yawl.

"There's your boat," said Bontemps, "built by Pinoli of Genoa for an American. She has even a bathroom — a main cabin with two cabins off it, your man could berth in the fo'c'sle which is big enough for twenty like him. Follow me."

He led the way on to the deck of the yawl.

The girl went over it down below into the main cabin with two little sleeping cabins off it. She peeped into the tiny bathroom, examined the pantry well-stored with crockeryware, there was everything even to the bunk bedding, sheets and towels, she went to the fo'c'sle; compared with the fo'c'sle of the *Albatross* it was a little palace.

Then she turned to Raft.

"This is your new home," said she, "there is room for your parrot here." Then turning to Captain Bontemps. "Well, that is settled and now I only want a crew and a captain — fishermen. I will have no yachtsmen on my boat. I have had to do with yachtsmen, Captain Bontemps."