

Then Helen, who saw that he was suffering intense pain from his broken arm, quietly tore off a strip from her skirt, and, despite his protests, made a sling, and Vincent Hewitt, as he bent to his oar, saw his sun-browned cheeks flush deeply as Helen's hand touched his neck.

A quarter of an hour later the brig brought-to outside the passage, the boat came alongside, and, amid the cheers of the whalers, Helen, followed by her companions, ascended to the deck.

"Welcome back, Miss Adair!" cried Carroll. "Jin are you badly hurt? Put the two Britisher sailors ashore on the islet, Mr. Grey, and then hurry back again and hoist up the boat!"

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And as the *Palmyra* sped northward, and the low islets of Wreck Reef were left astern, Haldane told Lathom the story of his wife's death.

"It is as well, George," he said quietly; "it is well for them both."

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Two years had passed, and on the broad lawn of the country house on the beautiful Highlands of the Neve sink, Helen was seated with her uncle, Walter Adair. An open letter, just received, was in her hand, and she and the old man were discussing its contents very earnestly, when Lugard, who had come to visit Helen that morning, walked towards them.

"Well, captain, when do you sail?" asked the old merchant.

"In a week or so," he replied, as he seated himself.

"I am sorry it is so soon," said Helen. Then she