

a careless, twinkling smile. The smile, however, was to some extent deceptive, and at times his blue eyes were hard. Wyndham was popular; he had a way of inspiring confidence, and knew and used his talent.

Marston, who sat on the yacht's coaming, splicing a rope, trusted Wyndham far. Marston's round face was burned red and generally wore a look of tranquil good-humor; his mouth was large and his eyes were calm. People thought him dull and he was not clever, but Wyndham knew his comrade's stability. Although Bob was honest and trustful, he was firm. It was characteristic that the splice he slowly made was very neat.

Their paid hand was occupied at the clanking pump, for *Red Rose* had shipped some water while the breeze was fresh. This was not remarkable, since the boat was small, but Wyndham knew, though Marston did not, that a quantity of water had come in between her working planks. She was old and needed repairs Wyndham could not afford. For all that, he hoped to win the Commodore's cup. He had particular grounds for wanting the cup, and Wyndham's habit was to get what he wanted.

"I think the splice will stand," Marston said, throwing down the rope.

"Your work does stand," Wyndham remarked.

"Oh, well," said Marston, deprecatingly, "I'm slow, but I like a good job. Saves time in the end, because you needn't do the thing again."

"You're a philosopher, Bob. My plan is generally hit or miss. But can you see *Deva*?"

Marston searched the horizon. The gently heaving sea was empty and *Red Rose* alone in a misty circle