

## CHAPTER VII

"YOU know," said Helen, "I've only one objection to marrying you?"

"That being?" Bruce inquired.

"It seems inevitable that when a young man saves a young woman from drowning he marries her."

"That doesn't necessarily follow," Bruce pointed out. "I saved three once."

A long pause; Helen was staring across Peggotty Beach toward a rock where sat Skeets Gaunt and Mercy Dale. Somewhere out there beneath the restless waters the motor boat *Pyramid* lay. Helen shuddered a little.

"Do you remember," she asked, "the very first thing you ever said to me?"

"I do."

"What was it?"

" 'Don't grab me!' "

"Suppose I had grabbed you?"

"I should have punched you in the nose."

"Why *Bruce Colquhoun!*"

There was silence, broken only by the murmur of the sea. Dusk dropped down upon them tangibly; the gold in the west