

"Not we!" cried a clear English voice. "Catch hold, my hearty!"

At the same moment a well-flung line came smack upon the boat's thwart.

Ten minutes later the fisherman was sitting in his boat, staring, as he slowly pulled his oars, at a most seamanlike young gentleman and a young lady of such loveliness as he had never dreamed of, who waved their hands and cried farewells in a foreign tongue to the ship which was fading spectre-like into the mist to seaward. But the fisherman rested a moment on his oars, and clapped his hand to his pocket, and knew that if this was a dream it was a right good dream. So he left his nets to take care of themselves for that tide, and rowed for the Bridge Stairs at Westringfold.

Arnold and Marjorie sat together in the stern, and as the boat entered between the weed-grown harbour piers the young man looked about him. The sea-fog lay behind them, and river and shore were warm in the sunshine.

"Love," he whispered, "it was a day like this—just two years ago!"

"Don't!" she exclaimed. "Listen, Arnold, what noise is that?"

As the boat glided onward, faintly down the river came the sound of pealing bells.

Arnold smiled. "Dear, it is a good omen!" said he. "Boatman, why do they ring the bells of Westringfold?"

"For the King's Majesty, your worship," answered the man.

"The King!" cried Arnold, starting forward. "What brings the King to Westringfold?"

The boatman grinned. "Why, sir, if all that's said is true, just the same thing that takes me thither now, and that's the hope of a fat fee."

Arnold quickened with keen excitement. There flashed into his mind the memory of a royal right, so