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cally at times—the dearest little girl and the jolliest—and then he would recite at length some wild prank or clever bit of sportsmanship on the part of the madcap he loved. Now he turned to gaze moodily across the tranquil ocean; a big steamer showed on the horizon and crept nearer.

"Got the wireless," Tubby muttered. "I suppose we shall exchange greetings, and if anything out of the common has happened, such as London swallowed up in an earthquake, we shall have the news transmitted."

Fen scarcely paid attention to his words. She was still wondering why any mention of home made him sulky and silent. In spite of his apparent good nature there was always a reserve, the hall-mark of his class, which acted as a barrier to prevent any intrusion into his private concerns. Actually she knew nothing of Theodor Mauleverer beyond the fact that he was calmly and unobtrusively in love with Theo Pridham.

They remained silent and abstracted, each face wearing a slightly anxious expression. The first officer passed them quickly on his way to the bridge, he scrutinized them with hard disapproval. He had a message to convey to the Captain respecting them, and he felt incensed that two people who appeared quite an ordinary and everyday sort should have been clever enough to hoodwink him. He had taken rather a fancy to the young fellow he knew as Stoney-Broke and the girl had seemed such a simple, quiet piece of goods!

Captain Harvey talked for some moments with his first officer. He gave a low whistle of surprise and then laughed. "An artful pair of lambskins! but we'll keep them carefully under observation and no mistake about it."

### CHAPTER XXI.

Vingt-et-un! Are you playing for "natural" or "imaginary ten?" In either case, the holder of the right card wins.

"WE'RE close in now. Hurry up, Fen!" Janet put her head in at the cabin-door and then disappeared again. Fenella did not look around, but went on with her methodical packing.

"There's heaps of time. The stewardess told me we—oh! she's gone again!"

She folded up the last garment, closed and locked her trunk with the reflection that she would not like her belongings to present the appearance which Janet's must when opened by the Customs for inspection. She had watched with amusement that young woman's flinging-in of sundry and all, pell-mell, while inveighing against her intense dislike of "packing."

Fenella put on her hat, with calm precision, before the glass, glanced round the cabin to make sure that nothing was forgotten, then with a last thought of farewell to the confined space which, during the days spent in it, had been less a prison than a retreat for meditation and the study of self-control and resignation, she took her way to the promenade deck.

A Customs boat had come alongside and the passengers crowded to the side of the ship to inspect the visitors, while discussing the reason of this slight delay.

"Some humbug with the Customs, I expect," Tubby explained to Fen.

A tall, military-looking man, followed by a fair-haired boy, was coming on board, with two or three officials.

There was nothing to attract comment, and people began to move away, laughing at the poor return for their momentary excitement. Presently a steward passed through the various groups, saying a word here and there, and several members of Harry Sutor's Company detached themselves and went off in the direction of the Captain's saloon, with an air of self-importance, evidently believing themselves selected for some special honour.

The steward came last to Tubby and Fenella, where they stood apart, talking in low voices of this, their venture in a strange land.

"Anyway, if we don't like it, we can always go back again," Tubby remarked with airy philosophy, and

Fenella smiled, thinking how easy everything was made for this young man. For her it meant exile, without any possible hope of return for many a long day. The die was cast. She had separated herself voluntarily from her own people, her friends, the man she loved!

"The Captain's compliments, sir, and will you kindly go to his cabin. You also, Madam." The steward's eyes examined them with inquisitive attention. He knew Tubby only in the light of a free-handed young actor named Broke, who gave tips of unexpected generosity.

"The ship evidently wishes to present us all with a testimonial, in recognition of our histrionic ability, after last night's tableaux," Tubby confided laughingly to Fenella as he opened the door and stood aside for her to pass in.

EIGHT young men belonging to Harry Sutor's Company were grouped in a line before the Captain, who sat at his table, very grave and stern, with the tall stranger and the boy beside him. Mr. Hudson, the first officer, was close to the door when Tubby and Fenella entered, and he now moved in front of it, interposing his burly form between them and retreat.

"Mr. Broke, I must ask you to stand there with those other gentlemen. Miss Lorrimer, will you sit over there?" The Captain indicated a chair close to Mr. Hudson, and Fenella sat down, wondering what it all could mean. There was something impressive and threatening about the ship's officers which made her heart begin to beat quickly, she did not know why. Her perceptions were peculiarly quick, and she had been credited sometimes with the gift of clairvoyance in consequence of the swift and sure intuition which informed her of immediate events.

Tubby joined the long line of his fellow-actors. The tall man then cleared his throat. "I must ask you, gentlemen, to repeat, each in turn, these words: 'This is final and I mean to make an end of it.'" As he spoke, intuition became absolute certainty to Fenella. She recognized the inspector whom she had seen at Spinney Chase, on that miserable day when she brought poor Laurie home.

Lawson's eyes were on Mussels, who stood nearest to him, so possibly he may not have noticed the quick motion of Tubby's head towards him, nor the fading colour under the sear-tan of his face.

Mussels repeated the words with elaborate earnestness and was followed by Lancaster, a chubby-faced youth, who elected to speak them in a high falsetto, evidently much to his companions' delight.

"This is a serious matter, sir, and I would beg of you to treat it seriously," the tall man told him with severity, and the man next Tubby murmured, behind the screen of an upheld hand: "A 'tec, by Jove! or I'm a Russian!"

Two more of the young men repeated the prescribed words in varied accents, while Tubby listened with tight-drawn lips and a scornful raising of the eye-brows. Then he stepped forward and enunciated with an exaggeration of his usual drawl, "For God's sake, stop this wretched travesty—"

"That's the voice and that's the man!" a clear, boyish voice announced.

"Are you quite sure, Teddie?" Inspector Lawson asked the fair-haired lad.

"Yes, certain sure, sir, it's the gentleman who was with Liz. Just his height and figure and smooth hair, rather long at the back by his coat collar. I didn't see his face—but he dragged his words out in the same way exactly."

Lawson looked hard at Tubby. "Mr. Mauleverer, I am here to place you under arrest. These other gentlemen are at liberty to go now."

They filed out, in startled surprise, staring at Tubby. Some of them shook him by the hand in passing and Mussels smote him on the shoulder. "Buck up, old chap! If it's a money matter, you may rely on us to try and help a pal."

(To be Continued.)