Evidently he was oppressed by strong excitement. He turned toward his sleeping guest. One might have read in his sidelong glance a debate as to the advisability of Arnold's awakening.

Deciding rather dubiously in the negative, he stripped and went seaward for his accustomed morning-plunge. On his return, his unquietness continued and there were frequent repetitions of his oblique glance. He began to prepare his morning meal, hoping its delectable odors might awaken the other. Not so. And the smoking-hot food untasted, the pity of a great heart and a great brain gave that glance such concentration that it brought about the result desired.

Arnold awoke. "Just in time for breakfast," said his host, forcing a note of cheer. And, then, answering: "I'm glad you liked the coffee. Here's a fresh brew."

Both men were embarrassed. Products of Anglo-Saxon training, they had been taught to be ashamed of any display of emotion. Now that Arnold's exaltation had passed, he was afraid he had been theatric; and his host, knowing this, must yet recall the incident to his guest's memory. Indeed, he could hardly wait to eat before he plunged. So awkward a silence must not be allowed to endure: it was destructive.

"You realize, of course, that you may stroll into town this morning and prove to people you have been here all night, and that no one will suspect you seriously of being connected with either the shooting or the smuggling? Your friend, young Waldemar, is very wealthy. He can use his money and his influence to get Hartogensis off. And if he's that sort, —your friend, I mean,—big-hearted, loyal,—as you say,—he will. And there's the Squire to influence the 'respectable element.' They'll only hold the other boys as accessories. Keep them jailed until the trial. Witnesses really. . . . None of the three is likely to be malicious because his friends were lucky enough to escape. Neither you nor young Waldemar need to be implicated. You haven't committed any crime, anyhow. You haven't even witnessed any crime."