

that man again. I was only thinking of Carl. Did you hear who the captain is, uncle?"

"No, love."

"I hope he will be kind to Carl."

"Who could not help being kind to the boy? Carl is a favorite with everybody."

The baby moved. She hugged him closer to her breast, kissing his tiny lips.

Mrs. Bye presently entered. "Violet, dear, I have brought you some beef tea. Try and take it." She placed the tray on a table beside the bed.

The old sailor turned. Good-bye, darling. I will see you to-morrow." He stooped and kissed her before leaving.

The old housekeeper had done tidying the hall and was washing the steps outside. "Well, Mr. Weldon," she said, "isn't he a sweet baby?"

"Very! How well Violet has come through it. She's just like her mother."

The sun was setting. The sea was lit up from the reflection into golden and red. Around the headland a dozen fishing smacks were making for the harbor. A group of fishermen stood on the beach waiting for their return. Kettiwigs and heron gulls were shrieking and darting in and out of the water. A band was playing on the esplanade, and some visitors were to be seen, some lounging in the seats that were dotted here