

The "Water-Witch"

weakly over the bows, muffled in an overcoat and rug, Jean hastened forward.

"Let me help you," she said.

The pirate looked at her, lifted his hat, and took her arm without a word. John hastened to his father's assistance; and together the young people took him up the cliff and to his tent.

The wind arose to a gale. The big white yacht heaved and groaned upon the rock, sheeted in spray. Toward evening the coastal steamer came tearing in from the open sea, driven to seek shelter in the humble harbour of Fore-and-Aft Cove. She passed the breaking yacht and let her anchor go in the little haven.

Consternation seized the hearts of the Wentworths at the sight. The gale had turned the table on them; and by the fateful and unexpected arrival of the steamer they were placed at the mercy of the unscrupulous H. P. Blizzard. Already a boat from the steamer was pulling shoreward. Blizzard sent for John and Wentworth. He grinned at them.

"I'm glad I didn't know that this would happen a few hours ago," he said. "The temptation would have been too much for me, I fear. Lord, what a chance! But don't worry. I'm a reformed