

they're not a bad lot after all!"—and he got up and walked up and down the dark room with his hands under his coat-tails, chuckling and humming to himself.

"Well, well, well!" he said finally, "and to think that David Wilson owns the Northumberland boats, the boats that I've been envying for the last two years. I don't know what you'll come to," he went on, turning sharply on Wilson; "here you're not thirty-one yet, and you've got all sorts of F. R. G. S.'s and things after your name, and you own a line of steamers, the best in the country,"—and MacMichael drove in the switch with a bang and flooded the room with electric light. His eye caught something through the window; he turned off the light again and looked out.

"Come over and see one of your boats coming in!" he said, and we all looked down to the harbour, where we could see the lights of the *Liffey*, getting back from her first trip.

When MacMichael turned the switch again I saw tears on the girl's cheeks. I didn't blame her.

For an hour more MacMichael kept recalling things and freely calling himself a "damned idiot"—in his usual forcible way—for not having known before.

"I sat for two solid hours," he said, banging his fist on the big shining walnut table, "and wondered why the devil the Northumberland Steamship Com-