

"Or—well, take the consequences," he finished lamely.

"Which are—? Be explicit, Mr. Kendrick."

"Well, I might turn around and paddle you back to the Island and leave you there, for one thing. The circumstances are not such as entitle you to the consideration I have shown you. For all I know, you may be an ordinary crook. Think it over, madam. Is there any reason why I should not call you 'kiddo' and help myself to a kiss? Is there?"

"Yes—the fact that Philip Kendrick is a gentleman. I dare you to prove it otherwise!"

"It is kind of you. If you are so sure of it, why won't you give me a chance? Come on, be a sport. I will promise anything you wish to meet you legitimately, and I really would regret it very much if I thought——"

"I have told you already that it is impossible," she interrupted coldly. "I always understood it was a woman's prerogative to choose her acquaintances. I am grateful for your services to-night, of course; but beyond that—— The fact is, I do not care to know you, Mr. Kendrick. Please put me ashore and say good-bye."

A cold fire of resentment burned in Kendrick's eyes as he drove the canoe to the landing with a few skillful strokes. Why had he been so foolish as to tell her his real name? Why didn't she want to know him? Without a word he caught the canoe in one hand and stepped out. He felt