

Traherne grasped a handle on the fly-wheel, closed the switch to the covered magneto, and spun the engine vigorously. It caught the spark at the third revolution. He sprang forward, flipped the painter off the string-piece, and twirled the steering wheel so that the light craft sheered from the dock without scraping its gunnel.

He sat down, fingered the spokes of the wheel, and stared at the white, curdy wake churned up by the screw. His eyes were raised to the velvet depth of the cedar forest. They topped the tall trees and rested upon the Olympic Range where it rose inspires to the dome of stars.

The grip of the wide places came to him. He breathed deeply of the salt sea air. He scented the pine and tamarack. His keen nostrils dilated, his eyes closed. Seattle lay within the Strait. There would be a desk there for him soon, and work in a confined space, and gossipy stenographers, and hectic nights at restaurants, if he could afford it.

He opened his eyes and glanced ahead of the fast-flying boat where the moon's bronze reflection glinted over the waves. He rose suddenly and stared at the Canadian shore. A cloud hung above it no larger than a puff of smoke. Tra-