

sometimes dull, but the river noises moved him then. He got a hint of ordered effort and useful activity. Sober men brought home the ships and controlled the trade that extended across the world. Perhaps, if one looked for it with understanding, there was a romance about this far-spread trade, but of one kind of romance Bob had had enough.

"We will go to the car," he said presently, with quiet happiness. "I've got back and you are with me. I have all I want. Coming up channel, my satisfaction was half spoiled; the trouble waiting Flora haunted me. Then, to some extent, I felt I hadn't justified her trust. I'd promised to see Harry out, and I brought him home like that."

"If you had not been very staunch, he might not have come home at all. But will he always be disfigured?"

"The mark of the bullet won't wear off and he will never talk easily. For the rest, the Kingston doctor wasn't very encouraging. He said Harry had obviously borne a crushing strain for long, and now it had broken him, we mustn't look for a quick recovery. Still he was young and proper treatment in England would help. Well, his meeting Flora is over and I've got rid of a load."

"You ought not to have been afraid for Flora."

"I see this now; she was wonderful," Marston agreed. "Human nature's rather mixed and some is pretty base metal, but you feel that Flora's almost without alloy."

Mabel smiled. "I like you when you're romantic, Bob; but even then you're cautious."

"Oh, well," said Marston. "After all, I only know one girl who is pure gold."