
THE HEIR TO GRAND-PRÉ

"Marie," said Len, attempting to hide his evident confusion by directing the glass to another quarter, thus turning his face from the cool eyes of Winslow.

"A pretty name, Len; you did well in choosing it for your boat."

Len soon turned his gaze again to the island, and caught sight of the last of the kindly smile in the eyes still looking him through. He was loth to let the glasses leave his face, and he looked long and steadily at the group. They were near enough now to enable them to hear the deep, rich voice of Pierre and the lower tones of the occupants of the following team. The oxen moved slowly down the shore in the soft red clay and sand, the wheels thumping over the black projecting rocks at times, sending the echoed sound along the shore. The laughter of the girl came pleasantly to their ears as the swaying cart forced the older woman to seize the side near her more firmly while one wheel or the other went over a rock.

The *Marie* had now drifted well in towards the island, while at the same time the tide had fallen away, thus lessening the space between the boat and the shore. Len still kept the glass to his eyes, and his eyes on the shore till a sudden blow upon the bottom of the yacht, and a loud scraping along her side startled him into giving his attention to matters elsewhere.

"Only a rock, Len," said Winslow, coolly surveying the shore again with the glass which Len