

The Girl of the Golden Gate

the boats. The San Francisco papers—we picked 'em up at Honolulu—are full of it. Miss Granville has a lot of them.

"Lord, man—— Why, Paul, you damned old pirate you! The fleet's been collecting a fund—one of the newspapers that roasted you the worst is backing it—to build you a memorial. Something in bronze. But it isn't going to be bronze. It's going to be silver—the damndest, finest wedding gift a real man ever got."

Winterton's voice was husky with emotion. His big brown eyes were suspiciously misty. He had to stop.

"Farallones are abeam, sir," reported Yates, who was in temporary command of the *Daphne*, coming to the door.

"Must be getting back to my own ship, Paul. Regulations, you know. But I'll be aboard of you as soon as we get our mudhooks down."

"Carpenter's mate reports, sir," interrupted the ensign, "that the fire in the forehold is extinguished."

"See that!" exclaimed Winterton. "You beat that, too, you old beggar, even though you did come near blowing yourself to Kingdom Come!"

At that moment Emily, fresh from sleep and with the wonderful light of love transcendent