

"Boat is ready, sir."

"So am I," returned the young man, jumping into it instantly.

"Pull away for your life!"

The boatman, with the oars in his hands, was just dipping them into the water, when the stranger who had a moment before arrived on the pier sprang into the boat, and with a quiet smile on his lips, took his seat opposite to the young traveller.

"I beg your pardon—I have hired this boat," he observed, in an angry tone.

"Pray excuse the liberty I take in intruding on you," returned the other, in a courteous and strangely sweet voice. "I have lost the ferry-boat like yourself, and my presence will not, I hope, inconvenience you. It will be a gain to the poor man. Half a guinea, boatman, for your best speed."

What could Harold Olver say? He repressed a burning desire to hurl the intruder into the sea, and answered with a sort of civil sullenness that he was welcome.

"There is no time for a row," he said to himself. "I should lose the mail if I stopped to fling the fellow into the tide."

The boatman rowed hard; the sweat poured from his brow, the muscles of his strong arms quivered; he seemed to be straining every nerve, and his eyes had a strange dilated look.

Harold glanced at him with a little bewilderment, and told himself that he was over-anxious to earn that unlucky half-guinea.

As the twilight deepened, a gray shiver crept over the water with a chill breeze which roughened it, and the waves, rising before it rapidly, made rowing difficult. The man only rowed the harder, and his fixed eyes seemed to gather terror with every stroke of his stout ears.

"I'll take an oar if you like," said Harold Oliver, looking at him with the same odd bewilderment in his mind. "This capful of wind seems to give you half a scare."

The man made no reply, but by a motion of his eyelids indicated an extra oar lying at the bottom of the boat. As Harold rose quietly to reach it, the intrusive passenger began to whistle softly.

"Whistling raises the wind—so sailors say," observed Harold; "and we have enough already. What do you say to putting up a sail, boatman?"

The man only shook his head, and Harold, in his light-hearted way, answered his question himself

"Ah, of course
rushing up the
if we sailed."

With a con-
momentary c-
and dropped
the tide, with
"Give way
coming."

A sudden r-
the boat, bein-
while Harold
grasp like a s-
mercy of the s-
dropped oar, a
swift and stea-

"I think yo-
that young gen-
haven't anothe-
"Oh, I'll p-
with a laugh.

time, and we s-
This was tru-
gathering dark-
large ferry-boat
hard.

Harold glanc-
a swift look, an-
and odd scare a-
for a time quell-
whistle softly th-
the wind had fa-
sharp piping sou-
an irritating ser-
for which the m-

"Ah," he exc-
have picked up t-

"Yes," said t-

to Harold's face.

"I am sorry t-

howl that tune o-