

proportions, a saucer of whitening and some pieces of rag.

"Halloa!" said Robert, looking from the bowl to the captain's ruddy face. "What's this?"

"I was just giving it a clean up," murmured the captain.

"What is it?" said the other.

"It's a present," said Captain Trimblett, with a faint note of defiance in his voice. "A present from a dear old friend of mine—Captain Walsh."

He accompanied his visitors to the door, and after a cordial farewell stood looking after them until their voices died away in the darkness. Then he came back into the room and, whistling cheerfully, took up a piece of rag and resumed his interrupted task.

THE END