

thing strange in his manner, and a mystery in the absence of all the others, and she asked :

"What is it, Captain Butler?"

He seemed troubled, as though he felt himself unequal to the task before him.

"Helen," he began, "do you still sometimes think that those men's story about Robert wasn't true?"

"I know it wasn't true. I always knew they killed him. Why do you ask me that?"

"I didn't mean that," returned the captain with increasing trouble, "but that perhaps he——"

She turned upon him in awful quiet.

"Captain Butler, don't try to soften or break any bad news to me! What is it I haven't borne, that you think I must be spared now? You will make it worse, whatever you are keeping back. Did they leave him there to starve on that rock—did——"

"No, no. It isn't that. Mrs. Butler thought that I could prepare—we've had news——"

"News?—prepare? Oh, how can you mock me so? For pity's sake, what is it?"

The captain's poor attempt to mediate between her and whatever fact he was concealing broke down in the appeal with which he escaped from Helen through the open door, and called his wife. She came quickly, as if she had been waiting near, and, as on that day when she had told the girl of her father's death, she took her fast in her arms. Perhaps the thoughts of both went back to that hour.

"Helen—Helen—Helen! It's life this time! You have borne the worst so bravely. I know you can bear the rest. Robert is here!"

THE papers of that time gave full particulars of Fenton's rescue from the island on which he was cast away, and the reader can hardly have forgotten them. It is unnecessary even to record the details of his transfer, after several months, from the whaler which took him