

Hughes's Indian heart leaped in an English breast at sight of the sea—leaped, and leaped again to see, not two furlongs from the beach, a stout galleon with the red cross of St. George flying bravely at the foremast.

The years went to the winds and Manoa with them, and before five minutes were passed Martin Hughes was plunging through the surf with all his heart aflame at the thought of England and the sight of England's flag.

We may leave untold the regeneration of a Sussex Englishman out of a Western savage, and tramp into Rye town with Martin Hughes in the dusk of a December afternoon.

The world moved more leisurely then than now, and as he tramped down the village street it was to find nothing so changed as himself. Except for life, death, and men's growth, Rye was as Rye had been. That none knew him was small wonder, since who would recognise the lad of twenty or but little more in the sorrowful-faced man of worse than two-score, and to none he told his name.

The Queen's Good Hope Inn had long changed to the King's Crown, but there was still the old gossip in the porch even in the gloom of a winter's evening.

'A supper and a bed? Ay, an' welcome,