

over at the Island at 2.30 a.m. in weather like this? Who was she? Why was she spying upon Stinson's little party, if that was what she had been up to? It was a situation with which any young man of zest and imagination might find interest in dallying. How should he begin?

"Pass me a paddle, Joe. It's all right to talk now." She gave a little laugh of satisfaction and he noted that her voice was contralto and well modulated. "This has been the best night's work yet. Did you think I was never coming?"

Kendrick cleared his throat.

"Excuse me, madam, but there appears to be some mistake." He could hear her startled gasp. "It is evident that you have got into the wrong canoe in the dark. I am neither Joseph nor any of his brethren; so he must be waiting for you still. Do you want me to turn back?"

"Wh-why,—who are you?" she managed to gasp in an alarmed voice.

"The same to you, madam, and many of them," laughed Kendrick easily. "There's no occasion to feel frightened as I have just had a meal. Anyone is liable to lose the way in a fog like this and I will count it a privilege to help you locate Joe. He must be somewhere about if he was waiting for you."

"Who are you?" she repeated more evenly.

"The owner of this canoe which you have commandeered so successfully. Please pardon me for pointing out that it is your lead, madam. I