

from the porch of a great, bark-thatched hotel. Music floated out the door of this hotel. Couples in flannels and white duck moved to a lively waltz.

A tall man in the early twenties blotted out the light from the door, drew down a plaid yachtsman's cap, glanced back once, then hurried down the steps and through the underbrush in the direction of the wharf and the waiting motor-boat.

Traherne had given up the dance at the hotel. He decided to cross the Strait of Juan de Fuca to Moore's Landing where three men he knew would be sitting at a game of poker.

He neither danced nor made love with success. He liked the drinks they served at the Canadian camp, the good-fellowship of the hunters, and the long sail back over the Strait when every light had been extinguished in the shore colonies.

"Buck" Traherne, they called him at Seattle. He had finished college and was taking a two months' vacation before entering some business, which he had not yet decided upon.

The motor-boat belonged to him. It was propelled by a heavy-duty four-cycle engine which the builders, a Detroit firm, guaranteed to give thirty horse-power.