
WHAT THE TIDE BROUGHT

perience in yachting. Looking at him, Winslow caught a sudden change of expression, a lighting of the eyes, as he discovered some familiar object on the shore of the island. Directing his glass again to the land, Winslow saw on the long slope of bright red beach two ox-teams moving down towards the sea. The leading one was guided by a stalwart old man with grey beard, and deep voice, which could be plainly heard across the water. In the cart drawn by the second pair were two women, one past middle age, the other young.

"Look through this, Len," said Winslow, holding out the powerful glass made for the purpose of examining inaccessible veins of mineral and geological formations.

Len placed the glass to his eye, and the exclamation he made told how much of a surprise the glance gave him.

"Is that Pierre, the owner of the island?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who are the women?"

"The servant and his daughter."

"What is the daughter's name, and is she the older or the younger woman?" asked Winslow, making a mental surmise as to the cause of the interest evinced by the young master of the *Marie* in the people on the shore.

"The young woman with bare head is the daughter," replied Len, evasively.

"You did not mention her name, did you?" persisted Winslow.