Mrs. Henry Dudeney in the Treasury. ing smacks were sailing out. A man and a way of lovers. woman sat on the rude stone pier-sat in the You-you needn't let me go-for good. and were possibly possessed of devils. It which had bridged all differences of type and midst of careless, charming jostle-color el- It might have been the flutter of a gull's was the over-flow drop in his cup to-day, this class, which had made her a silent friend to bowing sound! They were not very young, wing, that pallid, fine quiver of her mouth. desire of his wife to have the painter by her him, the alien.

strain of the little ships, shouts from the full- mean wrecking my own soul. It isn't as if wet, warm air—the thin, lifted voice with the was moved, afraid. Rugged fervor had pre- throated fishermen, to whom this was the I gibed at religion; I don't; it's a big thing— marked dialect! vital hour. They came running along the the only thing we are here for. It isn't as I 'I'll pray,' Paul promised, and feeling hor- They could not escape it; living artist, dying hat seemed to be a part of this daily act of seas I paint; no mysticism.'
Subarkation. One saw quickly flung rope- 'But you would believe in time.' is and the flourish of feet in sea-boots. ky and upon the waters.

lantic; all night long the soul of every fisher- would be the last you'd ever see.' man would be meshed within his net.

This was with them also a vital hour; not, as He could feel, as she spoke, her sudden, startling lovely in the bed. The sheet was to the Captain's sea-girt house. Directly he with simple fisher folk, just the daily excitement, but one of those bours which shall
decide the course of your whole life. Boats
were merrily swelling and sailing: as for their

my own one love, and earthly ties we fold posed to scuttle it.

away; until the autumn night was just at that tion. stage of darkness when everything is boding. She shivered.

'You're not cold, Mary?' 'No, no; not cold-afraid, and of you.' and it is inevitable. And yet how horrible, dear.' my own, that you should be afraid-of me! south wind come near you.'

were fighting a mere feather, so practical per- most quixotic. sons would have said; practical persons for- It was certainly true of him, that thing tainly snapped her fingers full in the face of ligion, lacking love, there was nothing much ever call true things by false names!

figures sat within. They distilled a rich air voice muffled.

frowning and smiling, looking mournful and along the salt-sprinkled locks-'a miracle may es. They were heralds? Outside was a bably prepared to admit that he was in exultant.

shall make me famous.' 'Every painter means to do his picture,

doesn't he?' she asked. ' Of course; they couldn't keep on else. Here is my other-possible-picture. Look 'I shall never marry anyone else. How twinking black beads on her tight bodice, Janet Nancurvis said it too. He heard her at her-quick. Janet Nancurvis. I knew her could I possibly? well; you can't paint the place unless you love the people. Moreover, there is some odd, silent bond between us. She feels it;

She moved dramatically across the brownveiled night. They saw plainly, but only for another word for mysticism. Doesn't your varnished faces of them all might have been the room as Paul dropped his head on the a moment, the dainty, fine texture of her colorless skin, the touch of wildness in haughty | 'I begin to feel that you may be right,' she ed for the deep blue of week-a-day jerseys, sensitive hands that seem so womanish to with a dignity rare in peasant women, and pause. 'And we shall never meet again?' as if she, for one, had done with this little not bear to meet-as friends?" world of fishing smacks with vivid sails, and 'Oh, never, never!' crooked streets that smelt of pilchards.

properly weigh up their statements. I've begged her to let me paint her, and she won't. to get models down here at St. Brigid. But -oh, never mind her.

His voice warmed to fervor, the mood of love came pattering back. In the kind darkness these lovers walked hand tight in hand, walked away from the noisy wharf and along of the town. Again, there were narrow alleys, but here they led down to deadly waters. lowed teeth of successive waves.

Here it was that he began to speak his at St. Brigid-nowhere else.' true heart; spoke rapidly, arrogantly, telling

out-in jerks-long-pondered thoughts. 'This is our first affair and a big one,' he past, in my case-he hangs on to your coat- I'm dead." tails for the rest of your days. Because it is so new and startling and exquisite, this pas- still, the fierce and helpless watcher. Darling, are you listening, and do you think stop her. That would be sacrilege.

fondly; she huddled to him, close, caressingly. The speaker was a battered, brown man in only feel, if one's soul were not stone dead! even between those who deeply, deeply love. file of hers-cold, aloof. Mary sat, as it ted throat worked as he spoke; his dim blue bed, it floated out upon the mist-salt waters moreover, Death may come up quietly with were, on a peak of high breeding; or say she eyes were mournful yet bravado. This was carried it-this fervent supplication for old wore—as severe habit—some air of serene Captain Nancurvis. detachment. She was pious and pure; she

him, wearied as he was by the society of wept this warm September day; heavy drops shoulder and indicated that his turn had not look. volatile and definitely gifted women. She falling on the flaming leaves of trees, pathetic come round; that he too must offer up a Then, taking courage, he turned his head was just leisurely and well bred. She was little gurgles from ditches, a petulant rushing prayer. He had been absorbed in his work, And he saw her. She was looking eagerly utterly different and that was why he loved through from the waterspouts of houses. he had torgotten the compact. Moreover, he had found out for himself the white fire that sometimes blazes with essing climate; if you looked within, you saw countably stiff. His knees literally refused Mary! He hurried along the platform.

in these calm women. She was staying in the one hotel of the place impeccable collars. with a sister who had been ordered to St. Brigid for her health. He adored her sensible air of the settled income and the recognized social canons-those things which, until he met her, he had gibed at. In brief, he had ean't harm her; you'll see her but once. Doc- up hope, and Mary had resolved into a sad, They held hands, they gave one mutual,

met the one woman who mattered. 'You'd do anything for religion. You'd give

don't understand.' 'You will, dear heart; I'll make you, and, Sure? Why, she can't die easy else, said. It was to him-nothing. But to them Mary, do let me keep my arm-so. There the Captain.

They went slowly up and down the little strangeness in his eyes. The fishermen and He looked helplessly at the dying woman It was November, late afternoon, and fish- salt and silent street, in the brooding, fond sailors of St. Brigid felt, and always would in the bed, seeking for the emotional bond

but merely the sort of people with that some- Sweetheart, my most dear, I must-and, deathbed. thing called 'personality' which vaguely stirs yes, for good: that sittle round word in more We'll all be wrestlin' for her soul, he said tween them; or why had she sent for him you. She wore an air of discreet and tem- senses than one. Don't you see that you're solemnly, and you'll be forced to offer up a now at this most supreme moment? pered elegance, and he was one of your lean, devout and that I don't believe in a single prayer with the rest. You don't cross the He looked at her; she returned the look eager men, leaving behind him always a mere thing? You would be trying to pull me up; threshold else, mark me. Is that a bargain beseechingly. Silently she implored his impression of flashing eye and mobile mouth. I should be tumbling down. It would break between man and man? He put out his prayer. The mysterious face had change Their world to-day was all a bubble and your beautiful brave heart. I might outwardly great brown hand, and Paul's was swallowed She was no longer cynical, no longer sure a blue salt wash; boom of the sea, creak and conform to keep you whole: but that would in it. How queer his voice sounded in the no longer proud queen of the occasion. She

pier, carrying in red and blue cotton hand- if I said, with feeble folk, that I'd been ribly sorry for this stricken old sailor who peasant. It had moved upon the waters, the kerchiefs their provision for the night. Some through with it. Nothing of the kind; I shall was known to love his beautiful wife beyond Spirit of God. It stood within their miast were already in the boats, some were scramb- never reach up to it. I'm dumb; I feel-no- the measure of his class. were already in the boats, some were scramb- never reach up to it. I'm dumb; I feel-no- the measure of his class.

A heavy hand, a hard hand, a hard soaked thing up with odd agility, with barbarous shouts thing. I'm as hard as the glittering blue He felt when he went in that his litter of through and through with the salt wild smell

verything sounded sharp and stood out clear; lovely faith; not only in her creed but in her wide bed with the dull hangings. They were stuck close to his. patches of penetrating turquoise were in the close influence. It's no good. Imagine, all serious, stern, quite devoid of any kindli-Mary, the quiet tragedy of being a man's wife ness or humor; they looked at him accusingsome of the boats, lamps stuck up near |-on earth; and knowing that he stood for ly, and the Captain made an imperious sign the masts were already lighted. All night ever outside the gate-of heaven. When you that he should start work at once. They Paul dropped down-the submissive stone

'It would be terrible, terrible; that he pray! The man and woman vaguely watched. should go into outer darkness."

ship of Fate one of them was sternly dis away when we slip our bodies. Think! We and distracting dimples moved. The neight the one who, of all the disciples, most had should resolve eventually into the sterotyped bors hoped that she prayed; Paul knew perit St. Thomas said? He could remember—
They sat—close—until the last boat sailed marriage mood—which is three parts resignafectly well that she did not. He had seen it St. Thomas said? He could remember—

'And the fourth part?' spect after our perfect lovemaking-in such Lying undressed and finally aloof from them It was horrible; for they were all waiting, a perfect place. How I worship you, Mary, all at last, she seemed to see for the first and the room seemed to be instinct with sup-'We'd better move.' He rose abruptly. 'I and how it hurts to let you go! But I'm not time the comicality of lifelong neighbors, pressed growl. It grew-with the moments. sha'n't see you again. That's for the best, worthy to serve at Love's altar, my darling She also was an eogoist and always had been; They were a wild lot-always; and most when

Why, I'd let nothing rougher than the sweet lights of fishing smacks far out upon the There was an air of careless, cynical majesty out into the sea as look at him, these big, water, salt of the spray on one's lips and all over her, lying there in the big bed with lawless fellows. Kneeling there, dumb, They went off the pier and along the wharf, cheek, he impulsively stood stock still and the fusty hangings and the heavy quilt—as if fool, he rather wished that they would. It in a mood of passion and struggle. They was hercely holding her-reckless, ardent, she knew herself to be the central figure and would make an end, it would be easier. And

his brother painters said-that one never Death. The turbulent two passed a rude building knew where he would break out next.

of folling; they smoked a great deal; they did Love, I know that you will; your prayers surrounded by the mist and the salt of the They were certainly more sullen, more shall be the masts to which I cling. And mournfully veiled ocean. The window was threatening, the neighbors in the room. For 'Some day-perhaps-I shall get my big who knows, Mary, he was caressing her hair, wide back, and powdery puffs of mist rolled he was flouting them on their most sensitive picture out of them, whispered the man, limp, long hair and dark-his lips moved in-they took, to Paul's eyes, unearthly shap- side; and the more fervid of them were probe worked. For I am never a man to be muffled wash and suck as the waves broke, league with the devil to wreck Janet's soul; 'Not,' he added with scorn, 'a money-mak- moulded by slow processes; Faith will be and you could hear the wild shrieks of gulls that some wife of Satan brought him there:

ing thing-money's easy-but the canvas that sudden with me, beautiful light, as Saul of as, phantom, they flew past. He could just for, always, they suspected and hated the Tarsus saw-would you, would you? Oh, see the sharp white edges of their wings. painters of the place, but it won't be for years, and probably not A foghern sounded at intervals sullen, of Then suddenly, and why and how he knew at all. You will have married someone else portent. A woman who stood by the bed not, nor ever would know, he sobbed out

> How true she sounded-inflexibly constant! ling to the very moment. She got on Paul's worn-out breathing-the last cruel gasps 'You'll wait-really?'

'Paul!' She was holding him tight, she mensely amuse sick Janet Nancurvis. so do I-a something that piques me and was speaking fast,, she was losing that serene, The fire burned steady; the room was they all knew that-perhaps through the gratifies her: for she's a queen ever eager calm manner of the securely grounded wo- crowded and overhot, but it was siek-bed tra- window, past the powdery mists, and out into As he spoke, the old woman marched by. fantasy-and that is an artist all through. fierce red spot, upon the sea. 'Dear! Fantasy is the only real thing; it's | Everyone wore Sunday black, and the sun- The nasal 'Amen' of neighbors went round own Bible teach you?'

dark eyes that remained bright. She walked admitted thoughtfully, after conscientious for the intense pink or lilac of the women's fishermen. yet she went with a weary air of wasting, Never. You would not wish, you could starched sun-bonnets. But one must take so; not sound of the sea, nor patter, of big

-it made a shining hole in darkness.

'Isn't she? And with some dark amorous . They were at the foot of a flight of steps, such wicked verity under his fingers. history. I've been told. But they are so de- steps leading to the upper road, where new, Taking it in turns, they ponderously read The miracle was worked. There, kneeling, yout-or such thorough-paced sinners-these ambitious houses were and the big hotel, aloud from the Gospel of St. John. The it was all made plain. He saw-he believed. fisher folk, always in extremes, that you can't Heavily, in silence, they went up these steps. words were exquisite; they made a man thrill The light came as to Saul of Tarsus. It they stood at the top. 'Bid good-bye to your him; he only wished to God that they did. They dread the evil eye; it is most difficult sister for me; make apologies-say the usual The invalid smiled and twinkled triumphhollow things, won't you? And what time antly in the bed. The poor old Captain sat

do you go to-morrow?" through to Paddington, once past Plymouth. lowed alive his mortal anguish. For she was lamp-posts-all sorts of civilized equipments was putting out to sea and all alone-his haggird, glad, subtly illumined, a changed a crazy old street leading to the new part | here in the upper street. It was a different dear, and a poor enough navigator!

'If I'm true at last to my baptismal name; skill, with divine and suddenly dealt gift! and one could just see rocks, broken and if I'm-Paul,' he said quaintly, and smiling One had caught the very feeling of the room: livid; not only these, but the snarling, yel- at her, dealing, so, some haggard caress-'If the mystery of wailing sea and cold, slow-

Her head lifted; she looked the proud loyal should be a success, this picture.

woman that she was. By the next train-if it's twenty years They were praying now; aloud, colloquilly, said. 'When love overtakes you at therty- hence. And if I don't come, you'll know with rude eloquence, from the very heart.

sion of me for you, of you for me, we won't After all, it was his decree that she should the Captain of all craft to guide this vessel, crimson, when little sandy coves were pallid, marry on the crest of some emotional wave- go-for good. And somehow he knew that ready for launching, to the desired shore. and come to shipwreck; I'm blest if we do, he was right; for the life of him he could not Some called Him the Captain, some the Pilot;

He could just see that delicate, high pro- solemn broadcloth-Sunday wear! His knot- It ascended to heaven, it hung about the The tide of Circumstance is very strong;

was nothing but the sweetest essence of street winding down from wild country to band's. wild sea. Mountains at the back were lost Paul looked up with a jump, he nearly tremor of the beautiful waters. His insurgent The lack of outer emotion in her rested in mist; sea below was impalpable. St. Brigid screamed, when someone touched him on the heart was certainly strangling him; he dared

Doors stood wide open-for it was a car- He stood up, obedient, gawky, shy, unac- had come. She was alive and true and freesuits of solemn black, saw well-oiled heads to bend. Not a single word would tip his The little train stood still. The small sta-The very mode and manner of her coming heads, saw little girls with crimped hair and blunted tongue. He looked helplessly through tion, crazy, Lilipulian, delightful, was here-practical, dutiful-had attracted him clean pinafores, saw little boys tortured by the open window at the vague, suggested bustle; barbarous shoutings, smell of pil-

'She'd let me paint her, you mean?'

The Captain nodded sullenly. "Tain't my wish, 'tis her whim,' he said, It all meant nothing to him-this vaunted violet, the salt air already blowing her dark 'I can't deny her now-at the last. And you matter of religion. He had long ago given locks loose. tor, he says her breath won't last till night glad dream; into the poor sweet 'might have floating breath, they could not say one word

'I should have-in the end-to give up any- tion. Whose hand was it that shot forth the not go gracefully, obligingly through with it? thing or anyone who got-between. But I arrows of one's sudden and most mystic It was-nothing! Even the Lord's Prayer That

'Pray, I tell you,' he choked.

Never had a man been told-to pray-in a

mode which so nearly approached the curse

hearty red burning of the fire. It was of

was childishly simple, securely true; superb,

eternal. He understood, he trusted; he knew

that this was to be no moment of hectic, brief

emotion. Somewhere surely Mary was also

praying-and for him-as she would until she

A hand fluttered on his shoulder; it was a

man, born again, as the devout fishermen

would have phrased it-he saw that Janet

was dead. And every one of them in the

room stared solemnly from the new, superb

placidity of her face to the calm, high joy

Next morning-Monday-the sun shone,

the ships danced, and very early he wired to

There was only one possible train that

would bring her, and that came twisting info

St. Brigid, between the deep mountains,

Would she come? For it was two years

He watched the train-a serpent out

the witching old fishing town; he marked the

woman's this time. When he looked up-

was-Pentecost!

was so real, and they were deep men who isn't a soul about, and to-morrow you will be He stuck his weather-beaten, most distress- da'ly saw the wonders of God. Say that they ed face close. There was reproach and were right and he was wrong. What then? feel, that the artists were dangerous aliens, between them-that unspoken something

artist materials, that his very presence, as of the sea, pressed upon Paul's shoulder saulted the death-room. It was full of grim It was the Captain's hand, and the Captain's 'Dearest, you have the devout woman's neighbors and relatives—their magnet the face, broken up with misery, was once more ong those lamps would bob above the At- saw him in the coffin-say he went first that evidently wished him to consider himself the He had meant to pray, when the time came complete outcast-until his turn came to apostolically; since the spirit of fisherme

> Old Janet Nancurvis lay wasted and most the artistic side, as he walked from his studio the terrible twinkle of her eyes, when he nothing! The one word in the English lancame in. She had humor, the old woman, and guage was just-nothing! He could not link 'Dutiful tradition. I can't bear such a pro- it was stirred to its depths at this moment, words into the shortest chain. completely so. Perhaps that had formed the their sacred feelings were stirred. They His voice trembled. Here close, twinkling silent bond between her and the painter, would as soon pick him up and throw him vastly relished the position! So far, she cer- when one came to think of it, lacking re-

The Captain lived on a ledge of rock that -passionate, tangled, ever so far off-he which was the fishermen's club. Uncouth I shall pray for you, she said, her low jutted out to sea; it was a three-roomed place, thought of Mary and of their brief, most more cabin than house. This deathroom was heavenly love time together. head, and who seemed overweighted by the the Publican's prayer, 'Lord, he merciful.' kept grotesque time with it-sobbing or snif- suddenly broken voice, her harsh, completely

> bleating sobs, her dying thanksgiving. And man. 'You are spoiling our two lives for a dition to have a fire. It seemed to sit, a the warm salt air-her soul had set forth for

nerves, this woman, and she seemed to im- He felt her quick collapse, her pleading

cut from some old canvas. Paul rather long- knotted quilt, hiding his face in those long, blouses, for the nun-like purity of their There was a faint rushing in the room al-Opportunity in the particular guise that jade rain drops; not brush of gulls' wings, not

Her voice was vehement; the anguished He worked steadily on. Sly eyes were cast tears-perhaps, too, of something more mar-'She's beautiful, Paul; I've often noticed protest of her burned clean through the night sideways at his rough and rapid sketch; the vellous. For who of them all could say what uncanny and possibly evil thing growing with was in the room and what was hot? This

> 'I'll leave you here,' he said tersely, when and tremble. Yet they meant nothing to close, with a queer, corded knot in his throat Early, soon after nine. We run straight moving up and down fautastically as he swal-He could see her wet face; there were sliding surely out from him-his Janet. She

> Certainly, one worked to-day with a magic I wire, will you come? For we must meet flying gulls; of little, fierce fire, of triumphant, dying woman, of shifting supplications.

The big Bible was shut up and away. Mary the whirling word 'Come Paul watched them on their knees; he list-She moved away as she spoke, and he stood ened to them, one by one. They prayed in the terms of their calling. They besought about dusky time; when sea and sky were some besought by His sweet name of Jesus, 'She's wishful and you should work your And it was all seafaring and all Apostolic nearly three. All sorts of cruel and stupid and all touching, even to tears-if one could things may block the way in three years, Janet's soul. She lay listening-perhaps! He and Paul stood in the steep and twisted Lay with her chill hand tight in her hus- the tunnel. He could see strings of lights i

waters; he listened to the mocking, mocking chards-for always there were, at this time of the sea. This was a slight yet a stupend- of the year, sending off pilchards ous predicament. 'She was here-close; head wreathed

You're good,' he continued abruptly, time. She'll ebb with the tide, my woman.' been'; the pensive secret burden that so many -not yet. He was devouring her, curve by

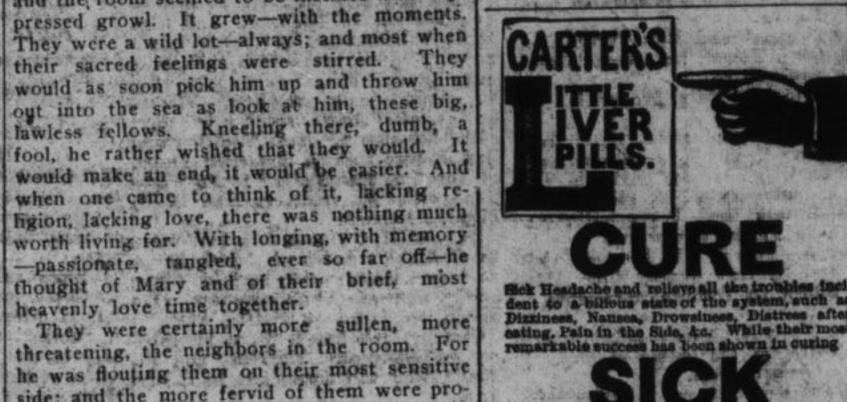
'I'll come if you're sure,' said Paul softly, of us earry. His eyes gleamed; he felt an odd exulta- It was nothing-a mere formula. Then why her. Oh, the glad glory of her face!

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