

some work when he should be resting his mind. I took them away from him, and that is why he is so angry."

"Where has he gone?" I asked.
"With Thomas in the motor-boat. I told your cousin to keep him out all the morning, if he possibly could. It is really beginning to wear on my own nerves, Edith, this watching your father so constantly. I want a rest."

She sat down in my rocker, well satisfied with herself and her managerial ability. Aunt Amelia certainly is a practical woman.

Just then we heard shouting that took us both to the window. There, on a little pier down at the water's edge, was Cousin Thomas, wildly waving his arms and shouting:

"Come back!"
And stone in the motor-boat, well started and rapidly drawing away from shore—and, of course, wearing his tall silk hat instead of his outing-cap—was father!

The ridiculousness of it all, with father in that rig actually running away from Cousin Thomas, struck me first, and I began to laugh. Aunt Amelia quickly sobered me.

"Goodness, Edith! What will happen to him now? We must not call public attention to this, out of regard for your father's position; but Thomas must quietly get another boat and go after him."

Downstairs, Cousin Thomas said he would do nothing of the kind.

"I've put myself out enough for one day, mother, trying to help you cure my crazy uncle, and it's too blamed hot for any more exertion. He knows how to manage the boat, and I'll be hanged if I'll spend any more of my time chasing him if he doesn't want my company. I'm going over to the hotel to play a few games of pool."

He went, and I hope his ears burned from the look I gave him for what he called father.

We got the opera-glasses and watched the motor-boat, easily distinguishing it by father's silk hat as long as it was in the harbour. It kept on going out, however, and finally rounded the point, which hid it from our view.

Noon came, but father did not return. We ate our luncheon, taking turns at the opera glasses; but there were no signs of the motor-boat. Aunt had been worrying for a long time; and I, too, was nervous. She tried to call up Thomas at the hotel, but could not reach him. Then we talked as cheerfully as we could, saying that father had known the shore for years, that no accident could have happened to him, and that probably something in the motor-boat had broken down. We were trying to keep our courage up.

Finally it got to be two o'clock, and aunt said we must ask somebody to help us. I told her that I would do it, and I slipped off to the telephone. I think she must have known whom I was going to call, but she made no protest.

III.

Anxious as I was, I had a funny little thrill when I heard Mr. McGarragh's voice again, even although it was buried by the wire. I told him that father had not returned from boating and that the matter must be kept quiet, and asked him to help us. He said he would come over at once and start out to search in his own motor-boat.

He did not ask me to go, but when he got to the boat-house I was there. I was afraid to go—afraid that we should find no trace of father—but I could not stay in that uncertainty on shore.

Outside Sunrise Point we saw nothing of the other motor-boat, either on the sea or along the shore. We did, however, hail an old man who was steering a dory with an awkward sail toward town.

"Ya-as," he shouted, "the feller's on Edge Island. I live there, an' I wouldn't stay overnight with him around. He's been playin' on the beach all day, like a little bobby; an' when I stepped on some o' the playthings he made in the sand, he yelled and heaved rocks at me." Then, as our boat drew out of hearing, there came back to us on the wind: "Crazy ez a coat!"

It was a great relief to know that father was not drowned; but when I heard the word "crazy," I struggled for a minute, and then burst into tears. Everything I had been holding back all summer seemed to give way at once. Before I knew it, I had blurted out the long, miserable tale of woe to Mr. McGarragh, beginning with aunt's first suspicions of father's sanity, and ending with the scene that we had had that very morning.

"When I could get my eyes, which must have looked ridiculously red, clear enough to see Mr. McGarragh's face, he was looking at me from his seat with the same drawn look which I had seen before.

"Miss Adams," he said finally, "I don't know how I can ever forgive myself for the other night. When you had so much trouble of your own, I should have known—I should have felt—"

"Don't!" I begged. "It wasn't that, Mr. McGarragh." I faced him very bravely, for I knew I must tell him the whole truth. "I do—I do care for you. But you can see—with father like that—with that taint in the family—it can't be. I couldn't say yes. I mustn't say yes to anybody!"

He looked at me gravely for a long, long time, and then said quietly:

"You poor, poor little girl!"
"Then, before I know it, my head was down, and I was crying again; and I was so afraid he might lean forward and touch even my hand, which would have been miserable for both of us; but he did not. And then we rounded a bit of cliff, and there before us was the beach on Edge Island.

It was a wide, hard beach, broken here and there by the rocks; and in the distance was a tall man, digging—or

lunch time. You see, I have been absorbed in my work."

He waved his hand at the beach; and I saw now that the sand was crowded with diagrams, scientific writings, and figures upon figures.

"Your Aunt Amelia actually forced me out of my room this morning, and I am afraid I became exceedingly angry. I cannot abide my nephew Thomas; and when I found myself in the motor-boat, the temptation to start off alone was irresistible. I am sorry to say, Edith, that my work has often been disturbed this summer."

"Yes, father," I acknowledged guiltily. "I have been writing a book, and these interruptions have seriously interfered with the solving of a certain problem necessary to my work. This problem has troubled me greatly all the season. It seemed as if every time I got well started on it, I was disturbed by a well-meant invitation to go walking, or boating, or bathing—all of which are pleasant diversions at their proper time, but not at all conducive to serious accomplishment. The thing has rested heavily on my mind; I may even have seemed a trifle absorbed at times."

"You have, father," I agreed.
"This morning, sailing along shore in the boat, I was thinking of this problem,



The first one landed squarely on the back of my neck.

rather scratching—in the sand. His coat and waistcoat were both off, but his silk hat was still on his head. Even if he had been someone else's father instead of mine, I should have felt sorry for him. In that dress, combined with his occupation, he certainly appeared anything but normal.

As we drew near shore, we saw that the beach, clear down to the edge of the rising tide, was covered with marks on the sand. It looked as if father had spent the day like a five-year-old child; and there came over me a strange dread of seeing him face to face, of hearing him speak, of knowing how he had changed.

But, even as we neared the shore, he straightened up from his work with a gesture as if he was done, and began to walk back. Then, as he saw us, he quickened his steps and approached the edge of the waves, where we were drifting.

"Father!" I called softly.
"Well, Edith?" he returned.
To my joy, it was father's normal voice, and his face and eyes were more like his old self than he had been for weeks. Ridiculous as he looked, standing tall and gaunt in his silk hat, with his light shirt and trousers wet and plastered with mud, I was glad to know, as somehow I did know, that no great change had come over him.

"We were worried about you," I said reproachfully.

He felt for his watch, but it was in his waistcoat, lying back there on the sand. Then he looked at the sun.

"Goodness, child! It is late afternoon, isn't it? I had no idea it was even

and wishing that I had not been so weak as to yield up to your aunt my pencils and supply of paper. Then I saw a fine beach on this all but deserted island, and it struck me that here was a primitive but perfectly practicable field of operations—one might say a gigantic writing-pad prepared for me by nature. I came ashore at low tide, anchored my boat out there where you now see it floating, secured a sharp stick, and went to work, working out my problem on the sand. Despite the amount of pedestrianism required, the heat which obliged me to dispense with my coat and waistcoat, and an interruption by an old fisherman, whom I drove away, I have had a satisfactory day. And I am overjoyed to announce that my important problem is solved."

"You are to be congratulated, professor," said my companion in the boat. "I know what it is to dig out a thing of that sort."

"You do, Mr. McGarragh!" I exclaimed. He closed his mouth, and began to redden a bit. Father looked at him in a puzzled way.

"McGarragh!" he repeated. "You don't happen to be a relative of the George L. McGarragh who wrote that treatise on 'The Use of Logarithms When Applied in Chemistry,' do you?"

Mr. McGarragh reddened still more. Then he looked at me.

"You should have told me," I began. "I thought you were the fish company's foreman."

"That is just what I am, temporarily, but meanwhile I have been devising for them certain new methods of preserving fish. They do pay me a trifle more than a foreman usually gets," he acknowledged.

"McGarragh," said father, speaking as if to an old friend, "if you have a pencil and any paper with you I'd like to transfer some memoranda of my results before the tide washes them away. When I've done that I'll wade out and shake hands with you."

"There's a notebook with a pencil in it," returned Mr. McGarragh, throwing them ashore. Then, the instant father's back was turned, he leaned toward me. "Are you satisfied of your father's sanity?" he asked quietly.

I retreated to the farthest front seat, but I had to nod.

"Don't you dare leave that tiller!" I ordered.

But he did, and between the rocking of the boat and my fear that father would turn round, and the fact that Mr. George L. McGarragh didn't know nearly as much about kissing a girl as he did about chemistry, the first one landed squarely on the back of my neck.

CHILDREN'S SCALP TROUBLES

A MOTHER GRATEFUL TO ZAM-BUK.

"Both my daughters, Norma and Doris, have derived great benefit from Zam-Buk," says Mrs. S. A. Barrett, of 37, Dudley-st., Paddington, Sydney.

"Norma had a lump on her head which was caused by the tooth of a comb sticking in the surface, which happened to be encrusted by cradle cap, a complaint which affects infants during teething. The comb must have poisoned the spot, for the lump grew to the size of half-a-crown, and rose to about an inch in height. We tried various remedies to remove it, but nothing did it any good, and we were much puzzled, for it was horrible to look at. My daughter suggested Zam-Buk, and we straightway applied some of this balm to the sore. On the third day, while Norma was being washed the lump came off, leaving underneath a mass of matter and inflammation. The pain was so intense, the poor little thing used to cry out. We continued with Zam-Buk, and presently the sore was completely healed, leaving no sign of disease, and her head is now spotless and clean."

"Doris fell on the gravel and grazed her knee. Not thinking the injury serious I neglected it, and inflammation set in, and the child could only walk with difficulty. The wound was carefully dressed with Zam-Buk. The first application gave ease, and after continuing for a few days, the knee was all right again. We find Zam-Buk indispensable in our home."

Zam-Buk is sold by all chemists and stores.

GOOD
SUNLIGHT
SOAP

meets you half-way—does all your work in half the time and at half the cost of common soap.

Sunlight saves your clothes from injury, your hands from being rough, and your life from becoming a drudgery.

Its absolute purity makes it alone safe for dainty faces and linens.