



ever, still I must tell Antonio and the boys, for the Wharehouse shoals may have reached the coast to the knowledge of these other ruffianos."

So, still muttering to herself, she filled her buckets with the limpid spring water, and hastened off back to the little canvas-covered cottage standing on the shingle bank just out of reach of the spring tides. Meanwhile, the big smack, clearing the point, caught the first breath of the freshening sea breeze, and leaning before it, curtsied gracefully to the long blue Pacific rollers that swelled and sank slumberingly under her, like the slow breathing of some mighty storm whose rage has spent itself upon the coast.

Fisherman Davis, in half sea-boots, patched guernsey, and faded blue dungaree pants, sat on the hatch combing of the half-deck with one hand on the tiller, and smoked contentedly. His mate, Louie, the Frenchman, sat on the great heap of brown tanned nets amidships, baiting the bristling hooks of the deep-sea lines. In the east the sun, just risen clear of the ranges, was sending long shafts of brilliant sunlight through the gaps in the clouds, silvering the tops of the rollers, and making dazzling play upon the leaping breakers of the outer reefs.

In the wake of the smack three big black-backed gulls were flapping heavily along, and a little further

**F**ISHERMAN Davis and his mate, Louie, the Frenchman, caught the funny little chap one scorching hot day in early summer in the big cave at the cape. They had left Wharehouse, that quaint, little settlement of French and Italian fishermen, in the "Pet," the finest smack on the coast, at daybreak, so that when old mother Bartolli went out to the village spring for water for the day, the big brown mainsail was just creeping round the point. The old Italian fishwife set down her buckets, and shielding her eyes from the first rays of the rising sun with one hand, gazed wonderingly out at the disappearing boat.

"By the saints," she mumbled to herself, "what takes this Englishman out so early this morning, the tides do not suit for the fishing-grounds for three hours at the least. They are mad, these English, to go sailing off before the day has begun for no purpose what-