

pastime guided her telescope. It was particularly directed to the south-western board, and in that quarter was levelled long and steadily, until the sight of the scudder hoisting her sails in the bay below drew Hetty's attention, whereupon her exclamation caused her mistress to remove her eye from the glass, and turn and look to the left upon the bay.

"This is a short and hodd visit to Master," said Hetty. "I didn't like the looks o' that man in the tarpaulin an' storm-jacket, at hall, Miss Mary. I wonder what brought 'im 'ere!"

"He came on business, and you should not be too curious, Hetty," answered Mary, who, nevertheless, had felt, from the mysterious mode of the visit, and its effect upon her father, the keenest curiosity to learn the object of it.

"Well, it is the hugliest-looking vessel, too, I hever laid heyes hon! Its sails is a mile too big for hit; and I've no doubt it'll tip hover before hit gets where hit's going to. But here comes the clerk, Master Cracklewood; and his thin face looks an hinch longer than hever. Something's the matter down to the warehouses, Miss Mary, I'll be bound. He'd never stir from his desk to walk up here, with his thin, spider-legs, hif there wasn't."

"Hetty, you are too saucy, girl!"

"Well, Miss Mary, there's reasons;" and here she pursed her rose-bud lips: "there's reasons for being saucy, perhaps, when some folks is named!"

"Pray, what has Mr. Cracklewood said to stir your ire, Hetty?" said her mistress, laughing at her manner.

"He one day compared my fingers to shapely goose-quills, and taking hold of my hand, wanted to sharpen the nail of the little finger, and write with it. And then he had the 'dacity to say my mouth was prettier than a coral hinkstand, and was filled with the hink o' nectarine or some hother kind o' preserve. He is an old grizzled bachelor, and must keep his flirtatings to himself."

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