

He started forward, for Jeanne came running across the garden.

"Monsieur! Madame!" she cried. "Pierre the fisherman, old Battiste's Pierre, is here and wishes to speak to you."

The man, a rough seaman in a blue ribbed jersey, had not waited, but followed quickly in her steps.

"Madame," he began hastily, "I thought it better to see you. It is just this. My grandfather, old Battiste, has just come in; he says that some time between three and four o'clock your demoiselle passed him and she stopped and paid fifty centimes for a dish of sand-eels, and she was to take them as she returned from her walk. Well, Battiste waited, and when he had finished his day, he sat on the steps and dozed, and now he has returned. 'Pierre, *mon gars!*' he says, 'the demoiselle never came back, so take you the fish up to Féraudy. These young folks are so heedless; she doubtless came back over the rocks into the road and quite forgot that I was waiting for her return by the sands.' So I came with the fish and left them in the kitchen, but Jeanne tells me that mademoiselle has not come home."

"Which way did she go?" cried André startled.

"She went singing across the sands and round the point into St. Anne's Bay. There is no danger, the tide leaves a beautiful strip of sand bare at its highest tide; but *dame!* I thought she might have hurt herself slipping among those rocks. What do you think, madame?"

"Go at once! instantly! oh, my little Génie!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy; but André was gone already, and it was all that Pierre could do to reach his side as they ran towards the shore.

"My boat is there, it will be the quickest way into St. Anne's Bay," he gasped, and it was the work of a moment to unfasten the boat, and get out the oars, while they splashed into the water and climbed into her.

The two men rowed as if for their lives, neither wasted breath by talking. There was not a breath of wind which could help them with the sails, they must depend on their oars. The sun

was down now and they rowed through the golden pathway of dying light.

At last they rounded the point, and the keen eyes of the two men ranged along the whole curve of the bay. Suddenly Pierre uttered a shout.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, "look! look! monsieur. There is a little figure at the end of the shrimpers' jetty! It does not move. Why does she stay there? See! the spray dashes over her. Is she mad?"

The two men shouted at the top of their voices as they tore the boat through the water. The tide was running in so fast!

At the sound of his voice André saw the little figure rise and struggle frantically, only to fall again on her knees.

"She is fastened, held down by something," cried he.

"Yes, yes!" gasped Pierre. "I can guess now; her foot is caught between the bars. I once saw old Benoite's child caught so. Now, monsieur, pull hard!"

Another tremendous pull. They were nearly there. André threw down his oars and sprang to his feet seizing a heavy iron boat-hook from the bottom of the boat.

Then came the great green wave rearing itself up and falling heavily on the little figure, and a groan of despair burst from them as they saw her fall down insensible.

It was an awful moment. While Pierre fastened the boat, and springing on to the jetty caught Génie in his arms, lifting her head above water and holding her high on his shoulder, André leapt overboard into the sea.

From long familiarity with the coast, he was an expert swimmer and diver; but at first he kept his feet, then the water rose higher. But at last he discovered the mischief below, the heavy stone, the wedged bars. He could not move the rock by the greatest exertion of all his powers, but he managed to thrust the iron hitcher through the wooden bars and force them open, broken with the exertion of desperation.

A loud shout from above told him the work was done, and Pierre lifted the senseless girl into the boat just in time to lend a helping hand to André, who

with bleeding hands, and arms curiously numb and tingling from over-exertion, could hardly have hauled himself over the side without assistance.

André immediately threw himself down by Génie, feeling her pulse, raising her head, while the water poured from her long loose hair.

"It is all right," he said. "Thank God and thanks to you, Pierre. Have you any brandy?"

Pierre produced a small bottle and André forced some drops between the girl's pale lips.

Presently he looked up again and said, "I am sorry that I cannot help you to row, my friend, but my side is strained and numb, it only wants rest."

"Ah, such exertion as that under water is a nasty thing; keep quiet, sir, and don't fret about the young lady. She was not long under water."

Pierre rowed fast. All the colour had gone out of the sky now, it was quite grey and dull, and the slight wind blowing through their wet clothes was very chilly.

Génie did not come to herself, not even when the boat grated on the beach and the whole party from the Maison Féraudy swarmed round her.

Among them they carried her quickly to the house and laid her in her bed, and Madame Féraudy insisted upon André's getting into dry clothes. He was so spent and strained that he could not do so without the assistance of good Maturin.

Pierre went straight home promising to come up early the next day.

Dr. André scarcely gave himself time to dress and swallow the hot cordial Jeanne insisted upon, before he went upstairs to his patient.

After a few minutes the reward came. Génie opened her soft grey eyes and looked up into his with a look of perfect rest and thankfulness. Then the eyelids closed and she fell into a deep profound sleep.

Madame Féraudy sat all night through watching by her bed and carefully carrying out the instructions the young doctor had given her before he allowed himself to rest.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE KIND SHE WANTED.

Agent: "Here is a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate—not at all like some cyclometers which register two miles, perhaps, when you have only ridden one."

Young Lady: "Have you any of that kind left?"

GOING WRONG AND GOING RIGHT.—One may go wrong in many different ways but right in only one; and so the former is easy, the latter difficult; easy to miss the mark but hard to hit it.

SMALL TROUBLES.—The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us footsore, more than the rocks.

A BRIDAL RHYME.

In many parts of Great Britain the superstitious make a point of observing whether on a wedding-day the sun does or does not smile on the bride. Sunshine is held to foreshadow good fortune; no sunshine, bad luck, alas! In Devonshire the following rhyme is often repeated:—

"Ef tha zin 'pin tap 'er shine,
Then 'er'll 'ave boath cake an' wine;
Ef 'e dü but 'ide 'is heyd,
There'll be no wine, an' little breyd."

COURTESY OF THE HEART.—There is a courtesy of the heart. It is akin to love. Out of it arises the purest courtesy in the outward behaviour.—*Goethe.*

ROMANCE AND MATTER-OF-FACT.

She was standing alone on the beach, at an American watering-place, gazing pensively on the ocean. A youth approached, then paused.

"No," he murmured, "I shall not disturb the current of her thoughts. She is communing with the spirit of this beautiful world."

Then she saw him, and, turning, said—
"I say, mister, how fur does this here millpond go, an' whar'bouts does it stop at?"

IDLING AND WORKING.—The girl who idles when she should be at work will have to work when she might rest.

THE SCHOOLROOM.—The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.