

pected, and it's best to have the decks clear. You see, we'll have to go to England. I'll feel as much at home as if I was sailing round Beachy Head in a fog if I turn passenger; but we'll go first class, Jim, grumblin' and partieler along with the best of them. If it wasn't for you, I'd be more cheerful in the fo'castle with my mates; but I'll not pretend as I know anything about a ship unless there's a storm, and then you wouldn't be ashamed of your old father risen to the occasion?"

But little Jim was in the land of dreams. The following evening the stranger remained after all the diners had departed, except Jim, and Yankee Joe, who either was indulging in a profound sleep, or profoundly pretending oblivion. The stranger got up, hesitated a while, and then came across the room to Jim, and asked him if he felt better.

"Not much, thank ye, 'cause I ain't been bad," answered the boy briefly. He did not feel drawn to this fine gentleman who, as Yankee Joe afterwards related, "was trying to interfere with the young 'un's health."

"Would you like to see some diamonds?" asked the man, evidently determined to make himself agreeable. He

his clothes. He propped the boy up in bed, talking soothingly to him all the time, and then seated himself in a chair near, feeling depressed and anxious.

"Won't you sing for me, dad?" said little Jim at length.

He lifted his beautiful voice in song, and to the sick child it was as sweet as rest to hear it. In the subdued tone there was only a hint of the great compass of the voice, and sometimes it had been successful in luring sleep. Involuntarily the Admiral's strains grew more fervent, for he persevered as solemnly as if he were trying to sing his soul out of purgatory, melody after melody, till a familiar ballad in turn was recalled, and little Jim heard the words:

"An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain," he opened his eyes, and the two simple souls laughed merrily as they looked round on the barefaced poverty of their surroundings.

"You ain't feelin' quite at home here, Jim," said the singer. "You was born to find that Kooinoor, and it isn't likely as ye can be satisfied with a shanty; but you wait a bit, and we'll have the nicest farm in Devonshire, and everything you



Resting.

drew a small parcel from his pocket, and, opening it, spread on the table in front of little Jim some fine stones in the rough, and, offering him one of the best, said, "You shall have this for yourself."

"You'd better keep it for your own boys," answered little Jim, perplexed.

"O. I've lot's of diamonds," was the quick response, "But I haven't got any boys. Take the stone; it's nothing; I shall never miss it."

Jim hesitated a moment, and then put the stone in his pocket, saying:

"It's the first one I've had, but I'll pay you for it soon. Don't tell dad."

Next morning, as was his wont, Jim went to the claim to watch the working, and, an hour after he left, the Admiral found his first stone, and now great joy and hope came into his simple heart. During their walk to the canteen that evening he told Jim that if there were any of the gunroom stores there which he had hitherto denied himself, he need not stint his fancy any more; that he must eat nothing but the best, not even if it were hot mince-pies: he must just keep them making mince-pies for him all the time.

Another stifling night followed, and, after two hours of restlessness, a plaintive sigh from little Jim made the Admiral get up, light a candle, and put on

want, after we've got your mother's tombstone, Jim—after, you know."

"What sort of a tombstone shall we get, dad?"

"A bran'-new white marble one," returned the man, glad to dilate on any subject in which the boy seemed interested; "and there must be a schooner carved on it, struck by lightning."

"Can they make lightning on marble?" interrupted Jim, his artistic perception seemingly more alert to the infelicity of the novel design than was the Admiral.

"O yes; they can do anything if only we give them diamonds enough. If they saw we wasn't mean, quite on the other tack, perhaps they would make an extra wave on it to show as how she had wind and tide against her. Poor little Kitty!" The Admiral seemed now to be speaking to himself. "Perhaps they'd put in gold letters on the bows 'Kitty Fog'; it's a good name for a craft. Then the monument would be complete, and we'd plant lilies and roses all round, and they'd grow tall and white like herself."

The languorous breeze of dawn had sprung up, and Jim had fallen asleep while the Admiral went on whispering his plans softly as a voice in a pleasant dream.

The acquaintance between the stranger at the canteen and little Jim increased, for the persistence of friendly advances

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