



CHAPTER V.



YOUNG Mr. Royal Yardsickie had very little appetite for breakfast the next morning. He had come over to the hotel with his mother, with a feeling of apprehension. What would she do, how conduct herself, after the meeting of the night before? A chair had been placed at the table for Mademoiselle Rochet, but she was unaccountably late. As soon as the meal was finished, Mrs. Gearing suggested that Royal ascertain why she had not appeared.

"I hope she is not unwell. The work is in just such a state that I can do nothing more to the dress without her aid. Ask at the office, Royal, if she has been to breakfast."

"Maria! Why not let one of the servants do that? Why should Royal be hunting up a stray dress-maker?"

"I'm going past the office. I can inquire. He did. The result was somewhat unexpected."

"Mademoiselle Rochet and her maid had breakfast at 6 o'clock, and took the first boat for New London."

"Not gone to New York?"

"Yes, sir. Said she wished her trunk sent by express to New York."

"I should think she would have taken them with her."

"Guess she's going aboard to-morrow's steamer. She was asking last night about the sailings. Quite welcome, sir. Sorry we can't give you more information."

Seeing his mother coming from the dining-room he decided to wait till she reached the cottage before telling her the news. The poor lady was dreadfully upset at the loss of her dressmaker. The unfinished surah was put away in a trunk with lavender, and she put herself in bed with a headache.

As for the young man, the experience of the night was a bad dream. Just as the fog had melted before the sunshine, so his fears had faded away. But the incident regarded only as a burden and a hindrance, had taken herself off, perhaps forever. The blood giant had sailed away, and would be gone a week or more. His luck had not deserted him. He would have a little amusement for a few days in peace.

In an hour or two Mrs. Judge Gearing felt more resigned. She thought perhaps a walk would do her good, and, after seeking a suitable robe, she accepted her husband's invitation to visit the light-house. As they reached the yellow boulder at the stile, she seemed to take pleasure in the freshness of the water and the peace and beauty of the spot.

"Let us go down there and sit on the rocks close to the water."

There seemed to be no reason why they might not do this, and presently they had descended to the beach and were walking over the polished rocks under the sea-wall. The tide was low, and the wet rocks next the water were festooned with olive-green rock-weed. At one place there was a little hollow in the rocks filled with limpid sea-water and lined with white barnacles—a microcosm of sea-life. The barnacles opened their double doors and thrust out white feathery fingers. A hermit crab tumbled over the limpets, and a rose-colored sea-anemone bloomed like a living pink chrysanthemum under the water.

Mrs. Gearing was charmed, and would sit upon the rocks and gaze into this magic mirror of life.

"I suppose it's safe?"

"Oh, perfectly if you sit still."

"It's the most wonderful thing I ever saw. And the air is so delicious here. See how pure and what a beautiful green the water is."

"Yes. It must be pretty deep just there."

For half an hour they sat in silence on the rocks, looking at the limpid pool beside them, and studying the drama of its life, for two hermit crabs, scarce an inch long, laid about over the barnacles, touching the anemone and making its pink petals shiver, and finally indulging in a fierce combat, that lasted at least two minutes. As time thus pleasantly passed, the moon drew all the sea after it, and lifted the whole mass of the water nearer to their feet.

The Judge seemed silent and oppressed. The "sound of a voice that was still" seemed to linger round the place. There were restless movements in the sea, and once there was a splash of white foam on the rocks below.

"The tide is rising. We cannot stay here much longer."

"Oh, no! Let me stay as long as possible. This delicious air and the smell of the sea is doing me good."

"Very well. You sit here a few minutes while I go up and see the old fellow at the light."

"You will not go far?"

"No; just a step or two. You sit perfectly still till I return. I shall not be gone long."

Seeing that his wife was comfortable and safe, he went back over the rocks to the end of the sea wall. It was only instinct—he felt it could be no more—and yet it drew him by some strange attraction to the light-house. He would see to whom that voice with its touch of memory belonged.

Captain Breeze Johnson was at home, at leisure and ready to talk.

Hardly had the Judge disappeared when his wife heard light, firm footsteps behind her. She turned her head and saw a young girl standing on the rocks not far away. Her dark oval face, piercing black eyes and wavy hair suggested some southern blood—Spanish, perhaps. She was plainly dressed and seemed sad and vigorous. Some native girl from the village, apparently.

"It's hardly safe to sit there, ma'am, with the tide rising."

THE DAILY SUN, 5 Dollars a Year
ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY SUN

"Not safe! Mercy! Where is my husband?"

"Don't rise. There! If you must get up, stand still till I come to you."

The lady, somewhat startled at the girl's appearance and her warning words, tried to rise, and after some trouble with her voluminous skirts, managed to gain her feet. At that instant the green water rose swelling close beside her, and the olive rock-weed floated and swayed with a dizzy motion.

"Stand still—Oh!"

How it happened she did not know. The first sensation she felt was of intense cold, and then darkness. Someone seized her, and then she forgot everything—till she awoke on a strange bed.

A shout and a plunge startled the women, and they ran around the little house calmly wringing the water from her clinging clothing. As they reached the chamber she said:

"She's all right, father. She's fainted—out of fright. She was in the water a quarter of a minute before I had her head up and was striking out for the rocks. You telephone to the village for a wagon, and I'll fix her dress, and—"

"Of course not. She'll revive presently. Don't worry, sir. I'll take care of her. You go with father and hurry up the wagon while I change some of her clothes. Guess one of my dresses will fit her."

Judge Gearing recognized the truth of what the girl said. Her homely speech and evident skill and confidence reassured him. He could see that it was only a faint, due to fright or the sudden fall, and he slowly left the room, closing the door behind him. In the little hall he heard the voice of the old man calling through the telephone for "a team to the light quicker nor lightning."

He stepped out the open door and bared his head to the soft sweet air.

Again! Again! The sea had nearly claimed another offering! His wife—the beloved of his youth—had long been asleep in the water. What fate had tried to snatch again at his heart? He heard voices through the open window of the little chamber. His wife had revived—had come back. His wife! Was she speaking again? It seemed as if the two wives spoke face to face. For a moment it seemed as if his heart would never move again. It had died in his breast. What irony of fate had driven two voices, separated by years and by death, tones as like as those of two twins made by the same hand.

"It's all right, Judge. Mai says the lady's revived and wants to go home."

"How can I ever thank you for all she did?"

"Mai! Lor! That wasn't much. She can swim like a duck and dive like a fountain. I taught her to swim before she was five years old. Sakes alive! If there isn't two barges comin' long the road and racin' to see which'll get here first. I telephoned I'd give a half-dollar to the team that got here first. Mai! Oh, I guess she ain't lookin' for any thanks. She only done her duty—just as she done it before. Mai's a good girl, though she is my daughter and I say it as she says."

The two barges drove up to the entrance of the lighthouse in frantic haste. The Fairy Queen was clearly ahead, and won the Captain's challenge. Judge Gearing put a bill in each driver's hand, and then went in to bring the poor lady out. She did not seem to require much help, and soon appeared as if her life were as normal as Mai Johnson's dress. She was pale and nervous, but otherwise quite herself, and the Judge, too thankful and happy to think of anything but her recovery, forgot the big barge, and it was driven rapidly away toward the wharf.

The news of the accident and rescue quickly spread, when that evening the Judge and his wife appeared in the supper-room they were overwhelmed with congratulations. Young Mr. Royal Yardsickie heard of it also, and was extremely happy over his mother's rescue. He had done no harm beyond a fright and a wetting, and he thought he saw in the event something that would greatly contribute to his advantage. He knew that, of course, the Judge would go over to the light with some kind of reward. If it could be arranged so that he could deliver the reward to the girl, he would be sure that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would receive him more kindly and be more friendly with him. That she would refuse any reward, particularly if it took the form of money, never entered his mind.

He would find out first what the Judge intended to do. On reaching the cottage after supper he found the Judge and his mother in the little parlor. A lamp had been lighted, and on the table were writing materials. "Just as he had guessed. The Judge had been making out a check."

"The girl was very brave, my dear, and I want very much she should be suitably rewarded. If I hadn't cut that piece of surah I should give it to her. Of course it's out of the question to give her any of my dresses; they would not fit her; and I am very glad you mean to take a check over to her. It ought to be as much as a hundred dollars."

"I've made it a thousand, Maria."

"Oh! I'm not sure I'd do that. A thousand dollars is a good deal of money."

Royal Yardsickie thought it was a good deal of money.

"I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I thought the girl would take it."

"Oh, she'll take it; I know she will, mother."

"Why," said the Judge, turning sharply on the young man, "how do you know? You're acquainted with the family?"

"Well, yes. I've called there once or twice."

"Oh! I'm so glad, Royal! You can go

over with us and introduce the girl to me. What kind of a girl is she, my son?"

"Oh, very pleasant sort of person; quite unaffected and natural. Lived here all her life. She's the old man's only daughter, I hear."

"We might as well go to-night, Maria. It is not a long walk, and I want to give the reward to the girl with my own hands and to thank her personally for all she did for us."

Royal, you must go with us. I'm very anxious that the girl be presented to me. Come, let us go at once. Royal, dear, can I trouble you to carry a little bundle? It's the girl's dress; and I dare say she will want to wear it to-morrow."

Royal Yardsickie seldom carried bundles—it was not good form, he said—yet, under the circumstances, he would do it. The Judge and his wife walked before, and the young man followed after a little distance. His luck had returned. Julie had taken herself out of his way. He had shaken her off, and she had given up all claim to him almost without a struggle. Now he was to appear before the other girl in a new and more amiable light. The prospect seemed more pleasant, for he felt sure that the acquaintance about to be put on a recognized footing might be made to grow up to something better. In any event, he would be sure of a very pleasant time with the girl. Breeze Johnson came to the door, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party.

"Come right in. Glad to see you. Even in, Mr. Yardsickie. Come right in and make yourself at home. Sorry Mai's not here. Went to the village not more than five minutes ago. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The young man presented his mother to the captain, and she held out two fingers to him. He took her hand, and in his big brown fist shook them warmly.

"Powerful glad to see you, marm. Lor! 'twarn't nethin'. Mai'd done it for any body. Good sport of thanks. It wasn't a thing worth speakin' of. Glad she was round to help you. Mai's handy in the water. I taught her to swim 'fore she was five years old. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The old man urged her to go. Her young nature prompted her to accept this unexpected pleasure. She would wear the letter to Sam and tell him to meet her in New York and bring her home. It was nearly midnight before she finished the letter, and she was unseated on the little table in her chamber.

"I must ask them to-morrow where they live in New York, and then add it to the letter."

She fell asleep happy with expectation, and in silence round the lonely house rose the restless tide, covering again all the bare rocks of the sea. A ripple disturbed the water, and, save when a languid wave broke on the rocks, not a sound disturbed her dreams of her pleasures before her.

Judge Gearing was very silent on his way back to the cottage. At the door he bade his wife and her son to go in; he would take a little walk along the shore and do a thing or two. He had only three or four minutes' glance at the face of the young girl who in the curious fashion spoke with his dead wife's voice. What strange repetition of life! He had only heard her voice, but he felt as if he had seen her. He had seen her face, and he felt as if he had seen her. He had seen her face, and he felt as if he had seen her. He had seen her face, and he felt as if he had seen her.

"What is it, Maria? What do you wish to do?"

"It seemed to me that, as we shall return to New York soon, it would be a very pleasant thing if we took Miss Johnson back with us for a short visit."

"Captain! Don't say a word, captain. We will not do that. The girl is a very good girl, but she is not a daughter. She must travel with us for a week or two and then make us a visit in New York. I confess I'm tired of the beach. Suppose I take Miss Johnson to Saratoga with us to-morrow."

Mai Johnson came slowly back from the village along the shore-path. The night was calm and still, and the tide was low. The level sands left bare by the retreating waters lay black under the quiet night, silent and expectant. The sea would never break, and the abundant life that dwelt beneath the water would be there, waiting to bring them food and shelter. In some vague fashion the night, the bare stretches of sand and piles of rocks stood before her, and she felt as if she were a shadowy, half-seen, half-forgotten thing, over her young life—a something advancing toward the light.

A languid breeze stirred the salt grass by her path, and the air was fragrant with the breath of the sea. A wave broke over the rocks, and the Judge and his wife were again advancing to cover the land. By some odd connection of ideas she remembered her young friends creeping over the sand dunes at the shore. She had many a time, as a child, stood perhaps with bare legs at the very verge of low tide and seen the first advancement of the flood, seen the water rise and then the sand, gaining a little here and a little there, submerging a blanched shell and brimming a little pool where the green sea conveyed to the girl some hint that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would receive him more kindly and be more friendly with him. That she would refuse any reward, particularly if it took the form of money, never entered his mind.

He would find out first what the Judge intended to do. On reaching the cottage after supper he found the Judge and his mother in the little parlor. A lamp had been lighted, and on the table were writing materials. "Just as he had guessed. The Judge had been making out a check."

"The girl was very brave, my dear, and I want very much she should be suitably rewarded. If I hadn't cut that piece of surah I should give it to her. Of course it's out of the question to give her any of my dresses; they would not fit her; and I am very glad you mean to take a check over to her. It ought to be as much as a hundred dollars."

"I've made it a thousand, Maria."

"Oh! I'm not sure I'd do that. A thousand dollars is a good deal of money."

Royal Yardsickie thought it was a good deal of money.

"I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I thought the girl would take it."

"Oh, she'll take it; I know she will, mother."

"Why," said the Judge, turning sharply on the young man, "how do you know? You're acquainted with the family?"

"Well, yes. I've called there once or twice."

"Oh! I'm so glad, Royal! You can go

over with us and introduce the girl to me. What kind of a girl is she, my son?"

"Oh, very pleasant sort of person; quite unaffected and natural. Lived here all her life. She's the old man's only daughter, I hear."

"We might as well go to-night, Maria. It is not a long walk, and I want to give the reward to the girl with my own hands and to thank her personally for all she did for us."

Royal, you must go with us. I'm very anxious that the girl be presented to me. Come, let us go at once. Royal, dear, can I trouble you to carry a little bundle? It's the girl's dress; and I dare say she will want to wear it to-morrow."

Royal Yardsickie seldom carried bundles—it was not good form, he said—yet, under the circumstances, he would do it. The Judge and his wife walked before, and the young man followed after a little distance. His luck had returned. Julie had taken herself out of his way. He had shaken her off, and she had given up all claim to him almost without a struggle. Now he was to appear before the other girl in a new and more amiable light. The prospect seemed more pleasant, for he felt sure that the acquaintance about to be put on a recognized footing might be made to grow up to something better. In any event, he would be sure of a very pleasant time with the girl. Breeze Johnson came to the door, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party.

"Come right in. Glad to see you. Even in, Mr. Yardsickie. Come right in and make yourself at home. Sorry Mai's not here. Went to the village not more than five minutes ago. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The young man presented his mother to the captain, and she held out two fingers to him. He took her hand, and in his big brown fist shook them warmly.

"Powerful glad to see you, marm. Lor! 'twarn't nethin'. Mai'd done it for any body. Good sport of thanks. It wasn't a thing worth speakin' of. Glad she was round to help you. Mai's handy in the water. I taught her to swim 'fore she was five years old. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The old man urged her to go. Her young nature prompted her to accept this unexpected pleasure. She would wear the letter to Sam and tell him to meet her in New York and bring her home. It was nearly midnight before she finished the letter, and she was unseated on the little table in her chamber.

"I must ask them to-morrow where they live in New York, and then add it to the letter."

She fell asleep happy with expectation, and in silence round the lonely house rose the restless tide, covering again all the bare rocks of the sea. A ripple disturbed the water, and, save when a languid wave broke on the rocks, not a sound disturbed her dreams of her pleasures before her.

Judge Gearing was very silent on his way back to the cottage. At the door he bade his wife and her son to go in; he would take a little walk along the shore and do a thing or two. He had only three or four minutes' glance at the face of the young girl who in the curious fashion spoke with his dead wife's voice. What strange repetition of life! He had only heard her voice, but he felt as if he had seen her. He had seen her face, and he felt as if he had seen her. He had seen her face, and he felt as if he had seen her.

"What is it, Maria? What do you wish to do?"

"It seemed to me that, as we shall return to New York soon, it would be a very pleasant thing if we took Miss Johnson back with us for a short visit."

"Captain! Don't say a word, captain. We will not do that. The girl is a very good girl, but she is not a daughter. She must travel with us for a week or two and then make us a visit in New York. I confess I'm tired of the beach. Suppose I take Miss Johnson to Saratoga with us to-morrow."

Mai Johnson came slowly back from the village along the shore-path. The night was calm and still, and the tide was low. The level sands left bare by the retreating waters lay black under the quiet night, silent and expectant. The sea would never break, and the abundant life that dwelt beneath the water would be there, waiting to bring them food and shelter. In some vague fashion the night, the bare stretches of sand and piles of rocks stood before her, and she felt as if she were a shadowy, half-seen, half-forgotten thing, over her young life—a something advancing toward the light.

A languid breeze stirred the salt grass by her path, and the air was fragrant with the breath of the sea. A wave broke over the rocks, and the Judge and his wife were again advancing to cover the land. By some odd connection of ideas she remembered her young friends creeping over the sand dunes at the shore. She had many a time, as a child, stood perhaps with bare legs at the very verge of low tide and seen the first advancement of the flood, seen the water rise and then the sand, gaining a little here and a little there, submerging a blanched shell and brimming a little pool where the green sea conveyed to the girl some hint that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would receive him more kindly and be more friendly with him. That she would refuse any reward, particularly if it took the form of money, never entered his mind.

He would find out first what the Judge intended to do. On reaching the cottage after supper he found the Judge and his mother in the little parlor. A lamp had been lighted, and on the table were writing materials. "Just as he had guessed. The Judge had been making out a check."

"The girl was very brave, my dear, and I want very much she should be suitably rewarded. If I hadn't cut that piece of surah I should give it to her. Of course it's out of the question to give her any of my dresses; they would not fit her; and I am very glad you mean to take a check over to her. It ought to be as much as a hundred dollars."

"I've made it a thousand, Maria."

"Oh! I'm not sure I'd do that. A thousand dollars is a good deal of money."

Royal Yardsickie thought it was a good deal of money.

"I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I thought the girl would take it."

"Oh, she'll take it; I know she will, mother."

"Why," said the Judge, turning sharply on the young man, "how do you know? You're acquainted with the family?"

"Well, yes. I've called there once or twice."

"Oh! I'm so glad, Royal! You can go

over with us and introduce the girl to me. What kind of a girl is she, my son?"

"Oh, very pleasant sort of person; quite unaffected and natural. Lived here all her life. She's the old man's only daughter, I hear."

"We might as well go to-night, Maria. It is not a long walk, and I want to give the reward to the girl with my own hands and to thank her personally for all she did for us."

Royal, you must go with us. I'm very anxious that the girl be presented to me. Come, let us go at once. Royal, dear, can I trouble you to carry a little bundle? It's the girl's dress; and I dare say she will want to wear it to-morrow."

Royal Yardsickie seldom carried bundles—it was not good form, he said—yet, under the circumstances, he would do it. The Judge and his wife walked before, and the young man followed after a little distance. His luck had returned. Julie had taken herself out of his way. He had shaken her off, and she had given up all claim to him almost without a struggle. Now he was to appear before the other girl in a new and more amiable light. The prospect seemed more pleasant, for he felt sure that the acquaintance about to be put on a recognized footing might be made to grow up to something better. In any event, he would be sure of a very pleasant time with the girl. Breeze Johnson came to the door, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party.

"Come right in. Glad to see you. Even in, Mr. Yardsickie. Come right in and make yourself at home. Sorry Mai's not here. Went to the village not more than five minutes ago. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The young man presented his mother to the captain, and she held out two fingers to him. He took her hand, and in his big brown fist shook them warmly.

"Powerful glad to see you, marm. Lor! 'twarn't nethin'. Mai'd done it for any body. Good sport of thanks. It wasn't a thing worth speakin' of. Glad she was round to help you. Mai's handy in the water. I taught her to swim 'fore she was five years old. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The old man urged her to go. Her young nature prompted her to accept this unexpected pleasure. She would wear the letter to Sam and tell him to meet her in New York and bring her home. It was nearly midnight before she finished the letter, and she was unseated on the little table in her chamber.

"I must ask them to-morrow where they live in New York, and then add it to the letter."

She fell asleep happy with expectation, and in silence round the lonely house rose the restless tide, covering again all the bare rocks of the sea. A ripple disturbed the water, and, save when a languid wave broke on the rocks, not a sound disturbed her dreams of her pleasures before her.

Judge Gearing was very silent on his way back to the cottage. At the door he bade his wife and her son to go in; he would take a little walk along the shore and do a thing or two. He had only three or four minutes' glance at the face of the young girl who in the curious fashion spoke with his dead wife's voice. What strange repetition of life! He had only heard her voice, but he felt as if he had seen her. He had seen her face, and he felt as if he had seen her. He had seen her face, and he felt as if he had seen her.

"What is it, Maria? What do you wish to do?"

"It seemed to me that, as we shall return to New York soon, it would be a very pleasant thing if we took Miss Johnson back with us for a short visit."

"Captain! Don't say a word, captain. We will not do that. The girl is a very good girl, but she is not a daughter. She must travel with us for a week or two and then make us a visit in New York. I confess I'm tired of the beach. Suppose I take Miss Johnson to Saratoga with us to-morrow."

Mai Johnson came slowly back from the village along the shore-path. The night was calm and still, and the tide was low. The level sands left bare by the retreating waters lay black under the quiet night, silent and expectant. The sea would never break, and the abundant life that dwelt beneath the water would be there, waiting to bring them food and shelter. In some vague fashion the night, the bare stretches of sand and piles of rocks stood before her, and she felt as if she were a shadowy, half-seen, half-forgotten thing, over her young life—a something advancing toward the light.

A languid breeze stirred the salt grass by her path, and the air was fragrant with the breath of the sea. A wave broke over the rocks, and the Judge and his wife were again advancing to cover the land. By some odd connection of ideas she remembered her young friends creeping over the sand dunes at the shore. She had many a time, as a child, stood perhaps with bare legs at the very verge of low tide and seen the first advancement of the flood, seen the water rise and then the sand, gaining a little here and a little there, submerging a blanched shell and brimming a little pool where the green sea conveyed to the girl some hint that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would receive him more kindly and be more friendly with him. That she would refuse any reward, particularly if it took the form of money, never entered his mind.

He would find out first what the Judge intended to do. On reaching the cottage after supper he found the Judge and his mother in the little parlor. A lamp had been lighted, and on the table were writing materials. "Just as he had guessed. The Judge had been making out a check."

"The girl was very brave, my dear, and I want very much she should be suitably rewarded. If I hadn't cut that piece of surah I should give it to her. Of course it's out of the question to give her any of my dresses; they would not fit her; and I am very glad you mean to take a check over to her. It ought to be as much as a hundred dollars."

"I've made it a thousand, Maria."

"Oh! I'm not sure I'd do that. A thousand dollars is a good deal of money."

Royal Yardsickie thought it was a good deal of money.

"I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I thought the girl would take it."

"Oh, she'll take it; I know she will, mother."

"Why," said the Judge, turning sharply on the young man, "how do you know? You're acquainted with the family?"

"Well, yes. I've called there once or twice."

"Oh! I'm so glad, Royal! You can go

over with us and introduce the girl to me. What kind of a girl is she, my son?"

"Oh, very pleasant sort of person; quite unaffected and natural. Lived here all her life. She's the old man's only daughter, I hear."

"We might as well go to-night, Maria. It is not a long walk, and I want to give the reward to the girl with my own hands and to thank her personally for all she did for us."

Royal, you must go with us. I'm very anxious that the girl be presented to me. Come, let us go at once. Royal, dear, can I trouble you to carry a little bundle? It's the girl's dress; and I dare say she will want to wear it to-morrow."

Royal Yardsickie seldom carried bundles—it was not good form, he said—yet, under the circumstances, he would do it. The Judge and his wife walked before, and the young man followed after a little distance. His luck had returned. Julie had taken herself out of his way. He had shaken her off, and she had given up all claim to him almost without a struggle. Now he was to appear before the other girl in a new and more amiable light. The prospect seemed more pleasant, for he felt sure that the acquaintance about to be put on a recognized footing might be made to grow up to something better. In any event, he would be sure of a very pleasant time with the girl. Breeze Johnson came to the door, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party.

"Come right in. Glad to see you. Even in, Mr. Yardsickie. Come right in and make yourself at home. Sorry Mai's not here. Went to the village not more than five minutes ago. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The young man presented his mother to the captain, and she held out two fingers to him. He took her hand, and in his big brown fist shook them warmly.

"Powerful glad to see you, marm. Lor! 'twarn't nethin'. Mai'd done it for any body. Good sport of thanks. It wasn't a thing worth speakin' of. Glad she was round to help you. Mai's handy in the water. I taught her to swim 'fore she was five years old. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The old man urged her to go. Her young nature prompted her to accept this unexpected pleasure. She would wear the letter to Sam and tell him to meet her in New York and bring her home. It was nearly midnight before she finished the letter, and she was unseated on the little table in her chamber.

"I must ask them to-morrow where they live in New York, and then add it to the letter."

She fell asleep happy with expectation, and in silence round the lonely house rose the restless tide, covering again all the bare rocks of the sea. A ripple disturbed the water, and, save when a languid wave broke on the rocks, not a sound disturbed her dreams of her pleasures before her.

Judge Gearing was very silent on his way back to the cottage. At the door he bade his wife and her son to go in; he would take a little walk along the shore and do a thing or two. He had only three or four minutes' glance at the face of the young girl who in the curious fashion spoke with his dead wife's voice. What strange repetition of life! He had only heard her voice, but he felt as if he had seen her. He had seen her face, and he felt as if he had seen her. He had seen her face, and he felt as if he had seen her.

"What is it, Maria? What do you wish to do?"

"It seemed to me that, as we shall return to New York soon, it would be a very pleasant thing if we took Miss Johnson back with us for a short visit."

"Captain! Don't say a word, captain. We will not do that. The girl is a very good girl, but she is not a daughter. She must travel with us for a week or two and then make us a visit in New York. I confess I'm tired of the beach. Suppose I take Miss Johnson to Saratoga with us to-morrow."

Mai Johnson came slowly back from the village along the shore-path. The night was calm and still, and the tide was low. The level sands left bare by the retreating waters lay black under the quiet night, silent and expectant. The sea would never break, and the abundant life that dwelt beneath the water would be there, waiting to bring them food and shelter. In some vague fashion the night, the bare stretches of sand and piles of rocks stood before her, and she felt as if she were a shadowy, half-seen, half-forgotten thing, over her young life—a something advancing toward the light.

A languid breeze stirred the salt grass by her path, and the air was fragrant with the breath of the sea. A wave broke over the rocks, and the Judge and his wife were again advancing to cover the land. By some odd connection of ideas she remembered her young friends creeping over the sand dunes at the shore. She had many a time, as a child, stood perhaps with bare legs at the very verge of low tide and seen the first advancement of the flood, seen the water rise and then the sand, gaining a little here and a little there, submerging a blanched shell and brimming a little pool where the green sea conveyed to the girl some hint that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would receive him more kindly and be more friendly with him. That she would refuse any reward, particularly if it took the form of money, never entered his mind.

He would find out first what the Judge intended to do. On reaching the cottage after supper he found the Judge and his mother in the little parlor. A lamp had been lighted, and on the table were writing materials. "Just as he had guessed. The Judge had been making out a check."

"The girl was very brave, my dear, and I want very much she should be suitably rewarded. If I hadn't cut that piece of surah I should give it to her. Of course it's out of the question to give her any of my dresses; they would not fit her; and I am very glad you mean to take a check over to her. It ought to be as much as a hundred dollars."

"I've made it a thousand, Maria."

"Oh! I'm not sure I'd do that. A thousand dollars is a good deal of money."

Royal Yardsickie thought it was a good deal of money.

"I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I thought the girl would take it."

"Oh, she'll take it; I know she will, mother."

"Why," said the Judge, turning sharply on the young man, "how do you know? You're acquainted with the family?"

"Well, yes. I've called there once or twice."

"Oh! I'm so glad, Royal! You can go

over with us and introduce the girl to me. What kind of a girl is she, my son?"

"Oh, very pleasant sort of person; quite unaffected and natural. Lived here all her life. She's the old man's only daughter, I hear."

"We might as well go to-night, Maria. It is not a long walk, and I want to give the reward to the girl with my own hands and to thank her personally for all she did for us."

Royal, you must go with us. I'm very anxious that the girl be presented to me. Come, let us go at once. Royal, dear, can I trouble you to carry a little bundle? It's the girl's dress; and I dare say she will want to wear it to-morrow."

Royal Yardsickie seldom carried bundles—it was not good form, he said—yet, under the circumstances, he would do it. The Judge and his wife walked before, and the young man followed after a little distance. His luck had returned. Julie had taken herself out of his way. He had shaken her off, and she had given up all claim to him almost without a struggle. Now he was to appear before the other girl in a new and more amiable light. The prospect seemed more pleasant, for he felt sure that the acquaintance about to be put on a recognized footing might be made to grow up to something better. In any event, he would be sure of a very pleasant time with the girl. Breeze Johnson came to the door, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party.

"Come right in. Glad to see you. Even in, Mr. Yardsickie. Come right in and make yourself at home. Sorry Mai's not here. Went to the village not more than five minutes ago. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

The young man presented his mother to the captain, and she held out two fingers to him. He took her hand, and in his big brown fist shook them warmly.

"Powerful glad to see you, marm. Lor! 'twarn't nethin'. Mai'd done it for any body. Good sport of thanks. It wasn't a thing worth speakin' of. Glad she was round to help you. Mai's handy in the water. I taught her to swim 'fore she was five years old. Guess she'll be back 'fore long."

son, Royal. I shall expect you to be very attentive to her, for I owe my life to the brave girl."

"Oh, I'll do my best to be, but I had sufficient self-possession to greet the young man with formal politeness, very much as if she had seen him before and was pleased to renew the acquaintance."

"Why, you have met before?"

"Yes, mether. Before you came I used to call occasionally at the lighthouse. I am deeply interested in such things, and, naturally enough, I saw Miss Johnson several times, and learned to respect her greatly."

"Dear me! How very fortunate that was! You must do everything you can to make Miss Johnson's visit pleasant for her."

Just here the Judge said that, as they were approaching New London, he would go down and look after the baggage. It did not seem to enter the younger man's head that it might have occurred to attend to his duty. He seldom did offer any assistance to the man whose bread he ate. His nature was of that kind, for selfishness was its only when she was a pleasure to stay with Mai Johnson; and stay he did.

"Oh," said Miss Johnson, abruptly, "I forgot my letter. I intended to have mailed it before we started."

"Several will attend to it when we land."

"Certainly, I will. Give it to me now and I will see that it is put in the box before the train starts."

"You can add it now. Here's a pencil. No. 89 West Thirty-Ninth Street. My name—thirty-nine. Easy to remember."

Without a thought she added a few penciled words to her love-letter, sealed it and gave it to the young man. He took it, put it in his pocket, and assured her it should be deposited in a mail-box the moment they landed.

Life turns on trifles. As the boat drew up to the dock at New London the young man went below to see near the gangway and go ashore with the letter. He would show this girl every attention and begin by giving this little duty for her. There were many people crowded about the edge of the boat, waiting for the gang-plank to be put out, and as he stood by the rail, looking at the men busy preparing for the landing, he took out his letter.

"Just as I thought. It's for the blond giant. Love letter, I dare say. What a rare nonsense! At the door he bade his wife and her son to go in; he would take a little walk along the shore and do a thing or two. He had only three or four minutes' glance at the face of the young girl who in the curious fashion spoke with his dead wife's voice. What strange repetition of life! He had only heard her