

CHAPTER V.



his mother, with a feeling of apprehen-sion. What would she do, how conduct herself, after the meet ing 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 break-

'Maria! Why not let one of the servants do this? 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 unex pected. "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 trunks

sent by express to New York."
"I should think she would have taken them with her.' "Guess she's going abroad by to-morrow" 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 diningroom 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. his fears had faded away. Julie, whom he

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 selecting a suitable robe, she accepted her hus-band's invitation to visit the light-house. As they reached the yellow boulder at the atile, she seemed to take pleasure in the nearness 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 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 "Yes. It must be pretty deep just

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, sidled about over the barnacles, touching the ane-mone and making its pink petals shrink, 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 oppresse The "sound of a voice that was still" seemed to linger round the place. There were restless movings in the sea, and once there was a splash of white foam on the "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

'You will not go far?" "No; just a step or two. You sit per-fectly 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 nish, perhaps. She was plainly dressed ed strong and vigorous. Some native girl from the village, apparently.
"It's hardly safe to sit there, ma'am, with the tide rising."

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"Not sate! Mercy! Where is my hus-"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 voluninous skirts, managed to gain her feet. At that instant the green water rose swelling close beside her, and the olive rockweed floated and swayed with a dizzy mo-

"Stand still-Oh !" How it happened she did not know. The irst 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 towards the water. Breeze Johnson took a flying leap from the sea-wall, and landed ike a cat on the rocks below.

"Hold her up, Mai! I'm comin'. Here!
give me your hand. Let her go. I've got
her. Scrabble out and lend a hand."

Judge Gearing could not tell how he got down to the wet and slippery rocks. He was there in time to help the captain lift his wife from the water, and then they took her gently to the little house and laid her on a bed. Behind them came a young girl calmly wringing the water from her clinging clothing. As they reached the chamber she said:

"She's all right, father. She's faintedout of fright. She wasn't in the water a quarter of a minute 'fore 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 lightnin"." He stepped out the open door and bared

his head to the soft sweet air. As for the young man, the experience of the night was like a bad dr. am. Just as the fog had melted before the sunshine, so of his youth—had long been as leep in the What fate had tried to snatch again sea. The blond giant had sailed away, and would be gone a week or more. His luck had not deserted him. He would have regarded only as a burden and a hinder- at his heart? He heard voices through the

him. He would have a little wife! Was she speaking again? It was that voice, still all these years. It seen 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 riven two voices, separated by years and by death, tones as like as those as two violins made by the same hand.

"It's all right, Judge. Mai says the lady's revived and wants to go hum."
"How can I ever thank you for all she

"Mai? Lor'! That wasn't much. She can swim like a duck and dive like a flounder. I taught her to swim 'fore she was five years old. Sakes alive! if there ain't two barges comin' 'long the road and racin' to see which'll get here first. I telephoned the water were festooned with olive-green | Pd give a half-dollar to the team that got here first. Mail 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 darter and I say it as shouldn't."

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 half-dollar. Judge Gearing put a bill in each driver's hand, and then went in to bring the poor lady ont. She did not seem to require much help, and soon appeared at the door, clad in one of Mai Johnson's dresses. She was pale and nervous, but otherwise quite berself, and the Judge, too thankful and happy to think of anything but her safety, assisted her into

the big barge, and it was driven rapidly away toward the hotel. The news of the accident and rescue quickly spread, and when that evening the Judge and his wife appeared in the supperroom they were overwhelmed with congratulations. Young Mr. Royal Yard-stickie heard of it also, and was extremely appy over his mother's rescue. It had one no harm beyond a fright and a wetting and he thought he saw in the event something that would greatly contribute to 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 or convey to the girl some hint that he had assisted in getting it for her, she would re-ceive him more kindly and be more friendy with him. That she would refuse any eward. particularly if it took the form of

money, never entered his mind.

He would find out first what the Judge ntended 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 re-warded. If I hadn't cut that piece of surah 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 thouand dollars is a good deal of money," Royal Yardstickie thought it was-a good deal of money.
"I'd make it five thousand, my dear, if I

hought 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, ves. I've called there once of "Oh; I'm so glad, Royal! You can go

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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 "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

"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

Royal Yardstickie 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 as 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 gir 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 en a recognized footing might be made to grow up to semething better. In any event, he would be sure of a very pleasant time while he remained at the beach Capt. Breeze Johnson came to the door.

candle in haud, and seemed somewhat surprised to see the party.

"Come right in. Glad to see you. Evenin', Mr. Yardstickie. Come right in and
make yourself to hum. Sorry Mai's not to hum. Went to the village not more'n five minutes age. Guess she'll be back 'fore

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

"Powerful glad to see you, marm. Lor'!
'twarn't nethin'. Mai'd done it for any-

body. Dou't speak 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 eld." The Judge began to regret the check in

his pocket. It was plain that the old man would be deeply hurt at any suggestion of reward. More than likely the daughter would decidedly refuse any money reward. If she was to be rewarded at all it must be done in some delicate and more acceptable "We are very sorry your daughter is not at home. We brought semething for her that I trust she will accept. Judge, per-

haps, asthe girl is not here, you can give it, with my respects, to her father." "Now, marm, excuse me. Mai's not wantin' for anything. If it's a piece of calicker you have in that bundle, Mai ceuldn't

take it. "Oh, that bundle is only her dress, Captain Johnson. It's your daughter's frock she loaned me to wear home. What the Judge brought to her is a piece of paper." This last she said with great meaning, but the old man either did not understand or pretended not to understand, for he

"Piece o' paper? Oh! mebby you mean a bill. Well, no; Mai ain't wantin' any-thing just now." "My dear," said the Judge, "the Captain will, of course, excuse us if we ever thought of such a thing as offering a re-ward to his daughter. Still, we feel very grateful to her, and you too, Captain, and if there is any way in which we can show Mr. Royal Yardstickie had been lost in thought for a moment or two, and he now went to his mother and spoke quietly to her. She seemed greatly pleased at what

"Excellent idea, my son. We'll do it." "What is it, Maria? What do you wish "Why, it seemed to me that, as we shall

return to New York soon, it would be a very pleasant thing if we took Miss John-son back with us for a short visit." "Capital? Don't say a word, captain. We will not take no for an answer. Your daughter must travel with us for a week or two and then make us a visit in New York confess I'm tired of the beach. Suppose we take Miss Johnson to Saratega with us

to-morrow."

Mai Johnson came slowly back from the village along the shore-path. The night was calm and pleasant, and the tide was low. The level sands left bare by the re-treating waters lay black under the quiet night, silent and expectant. The sea would come back, and the abundant life that dwelt there waited patiently for the waters that would bring them food and shelter. In some vague fashion the night, the bare stretches of sand and piles of rocks

festooned in rock-weed dimly seen under the stars, oppressed her. There seemed to be a shadow spreading, half seen, half felt, over her young life—a something advancing from the unknown. 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 low rocks somewhere on the edge of the shoals. The tide had turned. The waters were again advancing to cover the land. By some odd connection of ideas she remembered how the young floods crept over the wet sands on the shoals. 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 run with tiny fits and starts over the sand, gaining a little here and a little

there, submerging a blanched shell and brimming a little pool where the green sea-lettuce waved its beautiful leaves in the limpid water. So it might be in her young life. It had been fair and calm, with youthly pleasures slowly melting into womanly joys without a thought of stress or trial. She had grown up with Sam. He had been as a brother to her, and now he was to be more than a brother. Even now she held in her hand a letter from him. She must hasten home and read it, and forget these dull forebodings born of the night and the tide.

At the door she met her father.
"Come in, Mai. More'n ordinary goin's
on since you went away. That lady and
the Judge, her husband, have been here, and they are going home to New York and want you to go with them for a visit. The lady's quite set on it; and as for the Judge, he wouldn't hear a word but you must go."
"Go to New York, father! How can I?

What would Sam say should he come home and find I had gone away ?" "I guess you could get back 'most as soon as he does. It would do you good, Mai. They are real nice folks, and were so set on your goin' that I said I guessed you'd go; and they seemed real pleased about it"

"Sam says it will be in about three weeks, if the wind is fair and there's not "Sam says it will be in about three weeks, if the wind is fair and there's not much fog."
"Just 'bout the time you'd be thinkin' of somin' back. Never seen things work so on, this is my son Royal. Miss Mai John-strong from the 'nor'ard to receive the seen things work so on, this is my son Royal.

"Do you good, Mai, to see something of the world. I can get along first-rate till you come home. Mrs. Glass will run over every day and look after the house while

you're away." The young girl sat for some time gazing intently at the little lamp on the table. It seemed as if something new had appeared in her life. A rising tide of curiosity, pleasure, and anticipation had crept into her heart, stirring new thoughts and new desires, awakening new ambitions. Was this lonely spot of land all in the world to her? Were there not other things besides the homely duties of the light, the simple interests of the little village? Why should she not accept this chance to see the greater world of towns? Why should she not have something of the experience that other girls she had met had passed through? She had one short glimpse of city life years ago when she visited Providence. She saw and appreciated the advantages that women like Miss Roylston had enjoyed. Why were not such things for her? To her surprise, she found a new awakening in her own heart and mind, as if in some vague way she guessed she herself might be fitted for a wider and nobler life than that behind her. Why should she not accept this sudden chance to see and do what other and more fortunate girls saw and did? Why not accept this gracious and well-meant kindness, this delicately offered reward for

the saving of this woman's life? Why not -except for love? The old man urged her to go. Her young nature prompted her to accept this unexpected pleasure. She would write a long letter to Sam and tell him to meet her in New York and bring her home. It was nearly midnight before she finished the etter, and then she left it unsealed 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 atter.

She fell asleep happy with expectation, and in silence round the lonely house rose the resistless tide, covering again all the bared secrets of the sea. Not 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

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 some thinking. He had only had a mo-mentary glance at the face of this young girl who in some curious fashion spoke with is dead wife's voice. What strange repetition of nature was it that caused two voices to be so alike? The face suggested nothing. He had only seen the girl in the xcitement of the rescue, and there was nothing in it to suggest the least relation, except perhaps the color of the hair and eyes, between features and voice-between he living and the dead.

Would it be treason to his present wife to take this girl, whose every tone was such an echo "of a voice that was still," to his house, even for a visit? Would not the child continually remind him of the wound in his heart? No. She was a stranger, to whom they were all deeply indebted, and the mere accident of her voice would not draw him from the love and respect of the woman who was his wedded wife. As for young Mr. Royal Yardstickie, he was entirely contented with the events of mails. It was so easy, so easy, and so the night. The girl was to go home with

In her presence he would every day find amusement, and perhaps an incentive to a "If I could marry a girl like that I'd be all right. Sorry the old man at the light wouldn't let her stay more than three

veeks. It don't matter much. I can do a good deal in that time, if I lay myself out to do it. Curse that Julie! I'm glad she's taken herself off. It was all the little fool could do; and I don't want to see her again as long as I live." Then he sleep the sleep of the unjust and was content—for the time. About the cottage also rose in stealth and silence the tide, hiding the black, blank spaces where crawl

low, strange things born among dank weeds and the bones of dead creatures. So in the young man's life rose the tide of selfishness, hiding the past. He was content, forget-ting that planets turn and that there is an bb to every flood. And the morrow was fair and calm, beautiful on sea and land.

At 2 o'clock there was the usual gathering to see the afternoon boat for New Lonion depart. Breeze Johnson was there with his daughter, surrounded by friends and neighbors offering congratulations on Mai's heroic rescue and loud in praise of Mai's hereic rescue and loud in praise of the Judge for inviting her to visit his city home. Village rumer had it that Judge Gearing's city house was a palace on Fifth avenue, rivalling in splendor the Stewart mansion. The barge Fairy Queen drove down with much wooden thunder over the planks of the wharf, and the Judge and wife and soon appeared. There where pleasant greetings, hurried hand-shakings as the bell of the boat rang for departure, and then Mai Johnson found herself alone with her new friends on the boat, with her father on the dock, surrounded by the friends of her youth, slowly moving as it were away from her. There were fluttering handkerchiefs, even a parting cheer, and then, it seemed scarcely a moment later, the boat swept by the two-fathom buoy,

black and silent on the sea. She saw the light, the olive-green woods the white sand-hills, fading in the distance. She saw the water widening between the beat and the shore. If there was a tinge of regret it was dispelled by hope of speedy return. The Judge had found comfortable seats for his wife and visitor on the upper deck, and the trip seemed to open most pleasantly. The Judge was quietly attentive to her every wish, and seemed to like being with her. His manner was respect-ful and yet cordial; and his wife, in a different way, was even more gracious and pleasant. In a certain way Mai Johnson recognized that the Judge was a gentleman and treated her as a lady, and that she could and did accept the implied compliment. It seemed, and she felt it with a little pang of remerse, as if in some way she were more like these new friends than like her tather. She telt it would not be adopt the latter course, and en the after-difficult to be a lady among ladies—that noon of the next day they made out difficult to be a lady among ladies—that she was a lady—quite as much a lady as Chatham Light through the driving mist this Judge's wife—and that she could hold her ewn in the society to which she was

plainer view. Her new life of travel and your goin' that I said I guessed you'd go; and they seemed real pleased about it."

"I've a letter from Sam. Let me read it and see when he is coming back. Why, he sent this ashore at Wood's Holl! They are going as far east as Mount Desert, and then — yes, then they sail direct for New York."

"I declare, Mai, it's comin' out just right. You go with the Judge's folks, and when Sam gets to New York he can call and bring you hum."

"Sam says it will be in about three

lick. I'm real glad I told the Judge you would go. He says they would like to start to-morrow afternoon."

"I've never been to New York, father."

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

Mai hardly knew what to say, but 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 kead that he might have offered to attend to this 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 guide. It would be pleasanter 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."

"Royal 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." "It's not sealed yet. I want to add your address in New York."

"You can add it now. Here's a pencil. No. 69 West Thirty-Ninth Street. Sixty-Nine-thirty-nine. Easy to remem-

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 be near the gangway and go ashore with the letter. He would show this girl every attention and begin by doing this little duty for her. There were many people crowded about the edge of the beat, 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 the letter.

"Just as I thought. It's for the blond giant. Love letter, I dare say. What arrant nonsense? He's her brother. No. Can't be. Cousin, perhaps. The very first day I saw her they behaved more like lovers than like brother and sister. I said at the time they were engaged. Well, I suppose I must deposit the letter and trust to luck. I'm on the ground, and that's something in such an affair." The gang-plank was put in place, and

with the crowd he pushed over it on his way to the station. Just as he stepped upon the bridge a man behind him fixing a upon the bridgs a man bening the slipped rope struck his arm, and the letter slipped rope slip from his hand and fell into the water. his dismay, it floated for an instant, and then went wavering down, fading into the dark-green water. The people behind pushed him gently forward, and he was forced to move on towards the wharf.

What should he do about it? Go back and tell the girl. That was the proper There were many thing to do. coming ashore, and he was detained for a moment on the dock.

He hesitated. Why do anything about it? Letters were sometimes lost in the much more pleasant to do nothing.



Harbor. Arrived here, fogs began to be frequent, and there was decided change in the weather. At every port Skipper Johnson had gone

ashore to the local postoffice for letters, but had found none. At last the company on the yacht, becom ing tired of the continued stormy weather, took advantage of the first pleasant day and started for New York by the way of Vineyard and Long Island Sounds. The skipper, anxious and troubled at the absence of news from home, decided to steer straight away for Cape Cod, and the comcurial temperament, seemed to suggest something ill-natured in the way of weather. The wind shifted to the northeast, and there were white-caps visible now and then through the darkness. The sun had gone down, hiding its face behind a fan of gray clouds that stretched long feathery fingers across the sky from the southeast. The skipper and his men were not at all alarmed. The yacht was a good sea boat, and, while it might be wet and uncomfortable before morning, there was little to fear. By morning the boat was staggering under jib and mainsail both pretty closely reefed, and they were in the grip of a northeast storm. The wind was fair astern, and all was safe till they began to haul up to the land. The beat elbow of Cape Cod was a dangerous shore thrust far out into the open Atlantic, and beyond the cape, to the southwest, lay the sheals and intricate passage-ways into the Vineyard. They must either make Provincetown, or find their way to the Vine yard at best they could and make a port at Hyannis or Wood's Holl. They decided to way round from light to light till Bishop and Clark's gray tower lay just ahead, and An hour passed quickly and pleasantly, and they began to approach Fisher's Island. The Connecticut shore came into Hyannis Port and came to anchor among s the laboring boat was turned to the north and ran in behind the breakwater at fleet of schooners weather-bound by

York as soon as convenient. How soon "Oh, twenty-five or thirty hours. They tell me Signal Service says it will come out strong from the 'nor'ard to-night."

"All right. We'll sail as soon as you think it's safe."

"Seems to be lightening up a little. I see some of the colliers are getting up anchor. Guess we can stand it if they can." The young man held his telegram tightly in his hand. He would sail for New York without an instant's delay. If the yacht could sail, she should sail now.

His telegram perplexed him:
"Mai gone to New York. Will meet you How and why should she go to New York? She had no friends there. What did it all mean? He would make that boat do her best. Without stopping to think how he might find Mai in New York, he would do his best to get there at all speed. He was troubled and perplexed, and perhaps despondent. It was a relief to work; and work brought him nearer to her at every mile. By some mysterious instinct the crew seemed to understand that the skipper had some reason for wishing to urge the boat to her utmost. Usually they felt that there was no special reason for haste, and the best speed of the boat was seldom got out of her. Why take the trouble? They were not bound anywhere in particular, and the longer the voyage the better the net result in wages. The anchor came up quickly, sails ran up with wonderful speed, and, almost before the boat that had brought skipper and owner to the yacht could be made secure on board, the long black break-water was astern. The sky was still overcast, but the wind had shifted to northerly, and there was a long streak of clear sky to the westward. In an hour Martha's Vineyard loomed to the southwest and the mainland stretched away towards Wood's Holl, and the wide portal between opened to the west. With a wreath of foam at the bow and a boiling, bubbling wake astern, the yacht flew through the water towards the splendid pertal, with love at the helm and hope for a compass.

Unaccustomed to travel, and trusting entirely to her new friends, Mai Johnson paid no special attention to the direction they took. It was enough that she went with the party. A train was in waiting, and she was given a seat in a drawing-room car, and soon was upon the way, as she thought, to New York. The country was wholly new to her and it soon grew dark, and she thought no more about it. The Judge was attentive and seemed to like to talk with her. He was exceedingly well read, and it was a new delight to her to have such cordial relations with a mature and cultivated mind that opened to her such new and pleasant realms of thought. Even the younger man made himself agreeable, and she began to regret that she had treated him with such cool indifference when at the light. She had evidently been greatly mistaken in her first estimate of him, and she would try to make amends by more kindness to him in the future. In a couple of hours the train pulled past brightly-lighted streets and stopped in a low, gloomy, and rather dirty

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