

PEG LEG TO THE RESCUE.

Curling Cove as usual, and father and mother were there waiting for her in the hope that the two children might be aboard. But when all the passengers were landed, an old suit-case was all that they received—the suit-case which contained the small outfit of clothes Paul and Audrey had taken away with them. No letter, no message, nothing more.

“You’re sure the children aren’t aboard?” demanded father of the skipper.

“Certain sure,” was the reply. “All I know is that the Chink put the suit-case aboard at the Bay House pier, when we stopped to land a crowd of tony-looking folks for a party they’re having up at the big house.”

Then father and mother exchanged anxious glances and turned away.

“They must have started to walk, as you said in your letter they should,” said father.

“Yes,” added mother, “and something has happened.”

After that they didn’t seem to care to talk any more, but they walked very fast away from the pier, and when they reached the farm gate father kissed mother goodbye and told her to “Never fear; he’d bring the kiddies back safe and sound, please God.”

But mother couldn’t answer him because something in her throat kept her from speaking, and she couldn’t see him as he strode up the hill, for her eyes were blinded with tears.

Poor mother didn’t have to be unhappy very long, however. Father walked fast, and it was not many minutes after he left her before he caught sight of the two children, walking one on each side of old Mammy Rachel, to all appearance well and happy.