

knowing what you were doing. Do, father, take some pride in yourself. Bring those books down to the rocks and read to me while I work, and let us talk about them."

"Kenneth Julian will be there."

"Let him! He will enjoy your talk just as much as I do. I am so proud of you when you read and translate your Latin books and comment upon them, and trace their influence on English literature. Come down there with me, father. I would much rather you did. I don't like to sit there alone—as if—as if I were waiting for people, when I am not, but have always been there the six years that we have lived here; and I hate to stay cooped up in the house. Now, father, you can make beautiful nets and hammocks. I'll order the twine, and you come there and make a net while I work lace, and we'll have a book or two and we can read and discuss a little, and at noon I will run up to the house for Letty and the dinner, and it will be a real family party. Then if anyone else wants to come and sit there and talk, let him—we won't mind. Do try it. I really would like it so much better that way."

Father allowed himself to be persuaded. He sat by Faith, netted several times across a hammock, and discussed to Kenneth the De Senecute.

But appetite was dragging at father as if it had cast mighty lines about him, and was pulling him toward the foul den where he could obtain its indulgence. The tenderness of Letty, the deference of Faith, the attention paid by Kenneth, the reassertion of what little manhood he had left were all feeble compared with the demands of a depraved appetite. To what a hideous bondage do the sons of Ephraim submit their souls!

"If you go to the town, you will be lost," said Faith. "When you get where you can see or taste liquor, all is ended with you. Stay here,

father. If I were you, I'd rather cut off my feet than have them carry me to ruin and shame!"

Oh, vain remonstrances and vainer cares!

Letty was in her usual seat by the window. She was embroidering a table-cover. Mrs. Parvin had been to see her and had brought her several well-paid orders from city friends. Mrs. Parvin had been very, very kind, but Letty felt that Mrs. Parvin had questioned her rather closely about Faith, and that she had cast anxious glances, as became a wise aunt, toward the rocks where might be seen the top of Kenneth's cork helmet.

Letty's thoughts were called from Faith by other cares. As she sat and wrought crimson poppies and yellow heads of wheat, Kiah Kibble's boy came running up.

"Miss Letty! Mr. Kibble ain't down by the boathouse to-day. He's gone over to the yard for lumber."

"Well, what of that?"

"Your—father's down there, miss."

"Is anything the matter?" asked Letty, sticking her needle in the stem of a poppy and rising prescient of evil.

"He's awful—full—an' there's two boys there gaming at him, an' I'm afraid he'll rouse mad and do something. An' 'sides, Kiah's 'fraid to have him there when he's drunk, lest he'll get things set afire. 'Tain't safe, Miss Letty, long o' shavin's an' all."

"Run back quickly. I'll come right along and get him home."

And then poor Letty looked toward the rocks. The day was gray, and near the sea, below the grotto, Letty saw seated on the shelving sand her beautiful sister working at her lace, and not far from her Kenneth Julian half reclining on a swath of seaweed; and the two were laughing and chatting merrily together. A mother love for both helpless parent and beautiful sister tugged at Letty's heart. She must go to her