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he, feeling guilty that he hadn't remained out in the windy weather in the service of the Heron and her crew. "She's all right," he affirmed; "how's the vegetables doing?"

"But, Uncle Eben," said Priscilla, "do come up and show me where to look. I want to see her myself. I'm dying of impatience." And then the good uncle led the way for this caprice back to the bleak view from the roof.

"There, Cilly," said he; "look to your left. There's two of 'em, and one's larger than t'other, and the one—"

"I don't see but one, Uncle Eben."

"Eh—Wa'al, they've changed positions, that's all. Here, give me the glass for a second."

For a second Uncle Eben stood motionless, scanning the water; then his old hand fell to trembling, and a red line painted itself across his forehead, and he drew his breath hard, as he put the glass away and turned to go down the stairs.

there," said an old salt to Uncle Eben. "I saw the whole thing, and it didn't take so long as I tell it; you wouldn't know'd she was hurt before she was clean gone. Mighty poor sailors, I take it, to run down a fellow in broad daylight, or else they've got too much ballast aboard!"

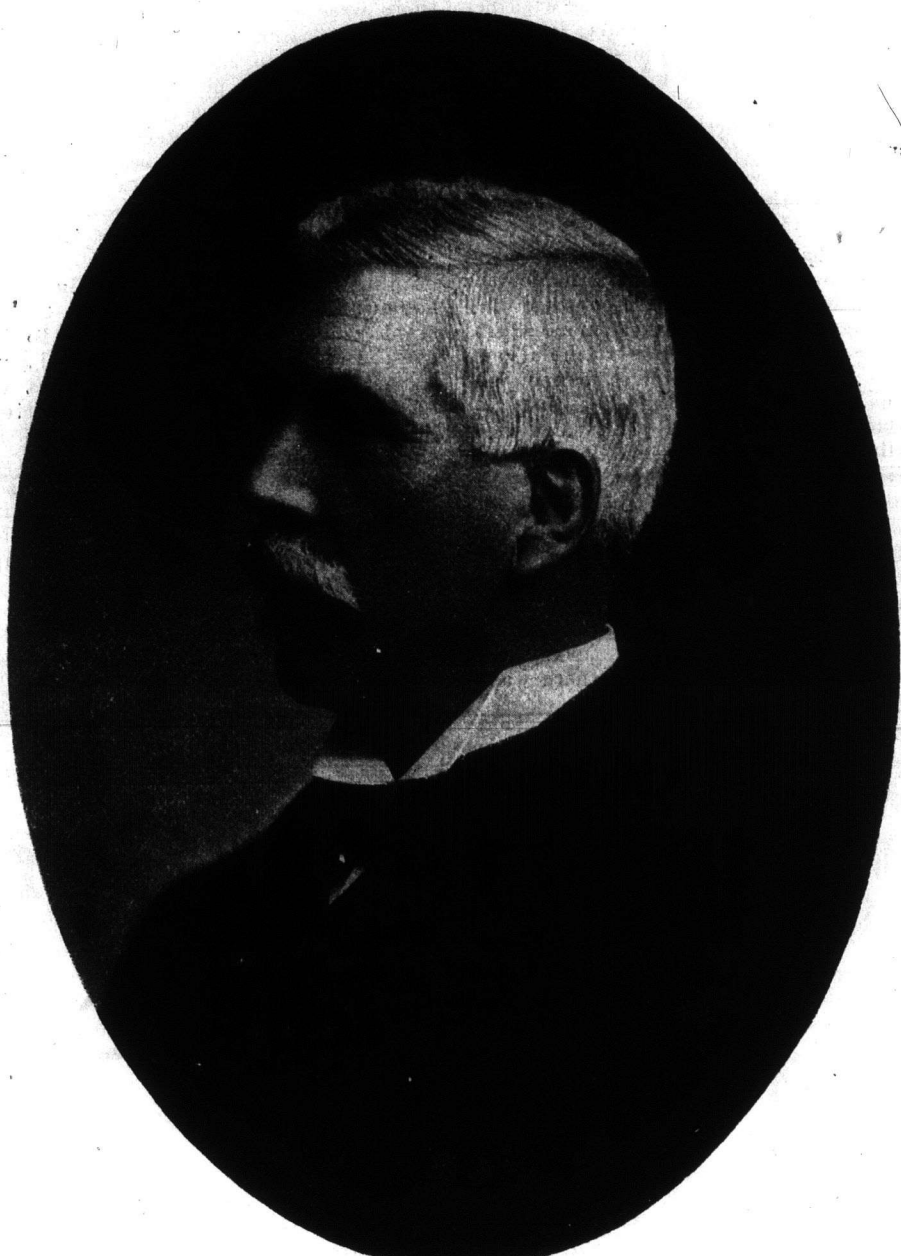
"The wind's drefful cranky, you see," said a bystander.

"It wasn't the Heron?" quavered Uncle Eben.

"Dun'no; never thought of the Heron. Let's see. Captain Jasper's in her service. He'd a know'd better than to let that concern strike her like that!"

"I don't know; accidents will happen," said Uncle Eben, watching the ship shoot up the river.

She surely was not the Heron. Jasper would not help them eat their Christmas dinner to-day. Had not his old eyes deceived him? Had he best go back and speak to Priscilla. At any rate, he would take a turn round the square



Sir Wm. Whyte, Vice-President C.P.R., whose recent Knighthood greatly pleased Western people.

"I believe you're right, Cilly," he said, in a stilled voice; "there ain't but one vessel ariding in, all by herself."

"Don't fall, uncle," she called after him, wondering if he was going to have an ill turn, that his voice was so full of breaks and discords.

"She'll be in the river already," he muttered, drawing on his mittens. "I'll run down to the wharf and see what they think."

And he pelted out, without heeding Priscilla's remonstrance, for it was just possible that he might have been mistaken, after all. Could that other vessel have been an illusion, a mirage? Could it? For when Uncle Eben had taken the glass from Priscilla he had seen the larger craft outlined against the sky, and—was it the stern of the other settling there in the trough of the sea, just outside the turbulent bar? Had the larger craft run down the Heron, or had his old eyes deceived him?

He bent his steps, first to the little public house looking out on the river, where a group was already collected on the stoop, with spy-glasses and conjectures, watching eagerly for the inward-bound vessel.

"There's been rough work outside

first, and compose himself and get his breath. The tears stood in his eyes and rolled down his furrowed cheeks as he went on. He was thinking, perhaps, as much of himself as of Priscilla just then, only her possible sorrow had brought to his own mind strongly—his own wounds gaped beneath the fresh blow, and throbbed fiercely; and then he had loved Jasper almost as well as Priscilla, for Jasper was the son of the old sweetheart for whom he had bought the stone china twenty-five years ago, and who had jilted him the next week for Jasper's father. Perhaps it was all right that Priscilla should have given Jasper the cold shoulder; perhaps it was poetic justice—only Uncle Eben had never heard of that sort of justice, and was not able to appreciate it. Presently he found himself back in the neighborhood of the wharves again. The strange vessel had anchored now, and half Tide Street was down on the end of the quay talking with the crew. Uncle Eben could see their gesticulations as they described the event; the Mermaid in great gilt letters stared him out of countenance at the ship's stern, as though defying him to call her the Heron. Some sailors were busy lifting