

which captivates his senses, and constitutes her his destiny.

On reaching the beach, Sir Gerard cast his eye eagerly along the line of yellow sand stretching at the base of the tall grey cliffs which formed the barrier to the encroaching waves, but the graceful petite figure of Josephine was no where to be seen. He walked on for some minutes, hoping to meet her, but in vain. The weird figure of an elderly woman upon the lonely shore, at length caught his eye. She was seated on a low rock, smoking a dудeen or short pipe. Approaching her he asked if she had seen a young lady walking on the beach.

"To be sure I have. I'm not blind!" was the ungracious answer.

"Where is she now?" was the next eager question.

"Beyant there! If you have good eyes in your head you can see her yourself," and she pointed in the direction of a rocky, narrow promontory jutting far into the ocean. "She's sitting there among the rocks, reading, expecting yourself, maybe," the woman added with a grim smile.

The baronet's eager gaze sought the place pointed out, and he perceived some figure, which he supposed must be Josephine, as the woman asserted, half hidden among the rocks. She had, he thought, selected that quiet spot to enjoy her book undisturbed, as she listened to the low booming of the waves as they dashed white and foaming at the base of the promontory, for he knew that she delighted in the deep and solemn music of the ocean.

"The tide is rising fast!" he said quickly, with a startled look, as he perceived the green heaving waters rushing rapidly inland, depositing their crested masses on the yellow strand glistening in the sunshine.

"Well, what if it is? Who can stop it?" asked Dinah Blake—for it was she—puffing away with the greatest unconcern.

"But don't you see the danger threatening the young lady?" rejoined Sir Gerard im-

petuously. "It is high tide to-day, and the promontory will be flooded."

"So it is! The Lord betune her and harm!" exclaimed Dinah, with a look of dismay. "I never thought of that afore!" and putting the dудeen in her pocket, she rose to her feet with sudden alacrity.—"Something must be done to save her," she continued. "You see she axed me if there was any danger in going out there to the end of the pint, and I tould her no, forgetting intirely about the high tide."

"How could you forget?" asked the baronet with much asperity, flashing on Dinah Blake no pleasant look. "I forgot it anyhow, and there's no use in getting tearing mad about it!" she answered snappishly. "Sure I wouldn't hurt a hair of her head, though sorra tear I'd cry if she was dhrowned, for wouldn't it lift a weight off me ould heart that's crushed wid it this many a day." This concluding remark was muttered to herself, escaping the ear of Sir Gerard.

"What is to be done?" he exclaimed passionately, his handsome face pallid with fear at the danger threatening Josephine.

"Let us shout at the top of our voice both of us!" suggested Dinah. She might hear us."

"No, the noise of the waves would prevent that, and the breeze blowing inland would carry our shout in the opposite direction."

"Maybe if you ran for the bare life you might get there in time to warn her of her danger," was Dinah's next suggestion.

"I could get there in time to warn, but not to save her—the promontory lies low and will soon be flooded. If we only had a boat! Is there none about here?" and Sir Gerard half frantic with his fears for Josephine, threw his eyes wildly along the lonely shore in quest of one.

"Bedad! as luck would have it, there is a boat belonging to Pat Sullivan!" exclaimed Dinah joyfully; "it is down there on