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treatment as she has a right to expect,
and such as was engaged and paid for
by her father, and if she's content to
have it so, I'll agree to let by-gones be
by-gones, and return to my duty as
mate. What do you say?"

Captain Peters stood for a moment
glaring at his mate with red and angry
eyes, then turned away, paced the deck
twice up and down, paused, and said,
in as nearly his usual tone as he could
manage:

"Mr. Belknap, see everything made
snug for a gale; we shall have one be-
fore dark. Mistress Cathcart, I must
have the decks cleared, and this chair
carried below at once."

"Certainly, Captain Peters," replied
Dolly, willing to accept even so rusty an
olive-branch as this; and as she de-
scended the steps of the companionway,
followed by two seamen bearing the
chair, John Belknap went forward to
attend to his duties; but as the chair
remained for a moment poised at the
top of the steps, a sudden flaw caused
the *Dolphin* to lurch so violently that
chair, sailors and all were precipitated
down the steps and into the little after-
cabin together, all suffering more or
less in the descent—the men from
bruises and abrasions, but the poor chair
from the loss of a leg and fracture of
an arm. The sailors would have raised
it upon the three remaining legs, but
Dolly suddenly begged them to leave it
alone, and, without apparent intention,
interposed between it and them so as
to nearly hide it from their view, while
courteously turning them out of the
cabin, and closing the door behind
them.

Soon after, Mistress Dolly herself left
the cabin, begged a few nails and a
hammer from the steward, and, return-
ing, carefully reclosed the door, and
proceeded to use them so vigorously
that the sound of her hammer re-
sounded even through the howling of
the swiftly risen wind and the tramping
of the seamen overhead as they obeyed
the clear and rapid orders of the first
officer.

The breeze grew to a half gale, then

to a gale, and at last to a storm so
furious and resistless that at the end of
the third day the *Dolphin* lay, mastless
and rudderless, a mere unmanageable
hulk rolling in the trough of an angry
sea. The boats were got out, manned,
and ready to push off, when John Bel-
knap came down to the cabin for Dolly,
who rose from her knees and met him
with a white but very calm face.

"Come, Dolly, they cannot live a
moment beside the wreck, and I think
the captain would be glad of an excuse

"He has found it!" interrupted Dolly,
as a dark object swept past the cabin
windows, breaking for an instant the
sullen glare of the green and foamy
waves. Belknap leaped on deck. It
was true. The captain, perhaps unable
to control his men, perhaps driven by
the waves, had allowed the boats to
leave the side of the vessel, and already
a dozen oars' length divided them.

"We are deserted," said a calm voice
beside the young man, as he stamped
and vociferated madly upon the deck.

"Yes, Dolly; and, Dolly, I would give
my life for yours, if so it might be
saved."

"We shall both be saved, John, I am
sure of it, I feel it—we and the trust
that my father has committed to me."

"What trust, Dolly?"

"The arm-chair and the barrels and
boxes."

John stared and wondered if the poor
girl were going mad under this terrible
strain; but the peril was too pressing
for words, and John Belknap was a
man of act rather than speech. Per-
suading Dolly to go below, he busied
himself in rigging a rude substitute for
a rudder, and then in getting up a slen-
der spar to serve as jury-mast. With
them, feeble and incompetent as they
needs must be, he gained some control
over the schooner—sufficient at least to
keep her before the wind, and thus
avert the immediate danger of swamp-
ing.

The night passed, and the next day.
Dolly contrived to find and prepare
food for her guardian, who never was

able to leave the helm, although he slept
grasping the tiller, and became almost
too much exhausted for speech or
thought. But help was at hand, and
the storm was past. As the sun set he
threw a clear flood of light across the
subsiding waters, and in its gleam shone
out the top-sails of a bark plunging
along toward them. The signal raised
by the girl, under her lover's direction,
was seen, and an hour later the *Fairy
Queen* lay alongside the *Dolphin*. The
next morning the arm-chair, the twenty
boxes and barrels, and, last of all, Dolly
herself, were transferred to the British
bark, whose captain had consented to
carry the young lady's property as well
as herself to the port where he as well
as she was bound.

Arrived, Dolly was welcomed by her
uncle, to whom she at once confided her
charge, and received in return no
measured praise and commendation.

"Your father says it is your own
dowry, lass," remarked the uncle, fold-
ing up his brother's letter. "So let us
see to what it amounts, and place it in
safety."

The china, the books, the stuffs, and
the household gear were released from
the boxes and barrels, and when the
poor old arm-chair was ripped up, and
the fine old family plate, brought from
England by the major's father, the bro-
cades and silks that had been treasured
by Dolly's grandmother, and still waited
for occasions grand enough to shape
them into robes, a casket of hereditary
jewels, and finally the title-deeds of
property both in the Old and the New
World, were all produced; and Dolly
told of the perils the poor chair had
passed on ship, and how it had fallen
down the companionway and the silver
coffee-pot had peeped out and nearly
betrayed the whole secret, and how she
had protected it and cobbled it up, and
how she had been glad to be left on
board by the retreating crew that she
might not abandon the charge her
father had confided to her.

"And now, uncle," said she, in conclu-
sion, "I have promised, if you and my
father approve, to marry John Belknap;

and he never suspected a word of all
this."

"In truth, that is the most wonderful
part of the story," cried jolly old Ralph
Cathcart. "Not one girl in a hundred
would have shown your patience and
courage, my lass; but not one in five
thousand would have kept a secret so
faithfully and long, especially with a
sweetheart at her elbow. Well, when
the young man comes to-night, tell him
of your dowry, and tell him I'll answer
for my brother's consent, as well as my
own. He touched upon the matter in
his letter."

The next letter from Pilgrim Vale
told Dolly that her mother was at rest,
and her father had accepted a brevet
commission in the royalist army. Then
came an interval of months, and then a
hurried scrawl written upon the field
of battle, and with it a letter from the
chaplain of the regiment, telling Dolly
she was an orphan.

"No one left now but you, John," she
sobbed.

"And I will try to be all that earth
can give, with a looking on to some-
thing better," replied he.

And tradition says he remembered his
promise, and that Mrs. Belknap was a
happy, a prosperous, and a most hon-
ored wife.

And the old arm-chair? It stands be-
side me, hale and hearty, in spite of
Dolly's clobbering.

A badly faded garment may be made
white by washing it in a boiling solu-
tion of cream of tartar—one tablespoon-
ful of cream of tartar to each quart
of water is the proper proportion.

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