

the thought that perhaps now her father would not be able to get drink anywhere.

"Don't you believe it," said Faith angrily. "The devil doesn't mean to be outgeneraled by Kiah Kibble and a girl. We have frightened the druggist, warned the licensed saloons, and shut up the one that had no license. Do you think we are to be left to enjoy the fruits of victory? There will be some other little sneaking den opened where least it is expected. Our only hope is that father will want to stay sober for a while."

"Well, for poor Hugh's sake I hope father will stay sober while Mr. Julian and his aunt are here, for Hugh may question Mr. Julian closely when he goes home, and we should hate for him to have a shameful story to tell. But as far as you and I are concerned, it is no worse for us to see our father doing wrong one time than another, is it, Faith?"

"No; I suppose not," said Faith.

"I hope Mr. Julian will not come up here as often as he did last summer. Can't you—stop it, Faith?" continued Letty.

"Why, girl, I don't own the beach."

"I'm afraid you are the one that makes this end of the beach more attractive than the other," suggested Letty.

"You don't want me to scowl and say sharp things to our brother's friend, do you?" demanded Faith.

"O Faith, you know what I mean," cried poor Letty in despair. "We are not situated as other girls are. We must do differently. I ought to watch over you; I am the eldest, you know, but you are an awfully hard girl to be a mother to!"

Then Faith sank down on her knees beside the chair of her little elder sister, and hugged the pathetic creature to her heart; her strong, round, white arms clasped Letty firmly; she laid her lovely young face on poor Letty's deformed shoul-

der, and she protested that Letty was the dearest little woman in all the world, and they should never be parted, but live together all their days.

But she did not say that she would sit no more on the rocks chatting with Kenneth Julian. Why should she say it? Why not let a little gleam of brightness, a brief vision of the big, brilliant outer world, into her shadowy and contracted existence? Suppose she kept strictly at the house, immuring herself in summer as in winter, what good would it do? If she kept away from the rocks, Kenneth would come up to the house and sit on the threshold; and it was much pleasanter at the rocks. The blue bending skies, the broad shifting opal of the sea, the huge boulders, flung together when the echo of the song of the morning stars yet pealed through heaven, were all so much better environment than the shabby little house on the beach.

Letty sighed: Letty sighed often nowadays; she sighed over her father; she sighed over Faith; they were all numbered, those sighs; their sum total was told above, and when the last sigh was breathed, then divine rest should enter Letty's soul and a blissful satisfaction be hers in the city of her God.

Faith, watching her father, detected the signs of relapse. "Father," she said, "you know what you promised; you said on Hugh's account, so that Hugh should have no sad news to hear, you would be very careful and not drink any while Mr. Julian is at the beach."

"I never said a word about Hugh—I said on your account."

"Whichever account it was, you promised to be good. Now you know if you stop working, if you begin to go over to the town, there will be trouble. Won't you keep your word, father? It seems as if I should die of shame if I saw you coming home wild and noisy, not