

without a name.

for Providence?"

"Seventeen years, father."

"That was the Savannah steamer, bound

"Yes. It never got there, nor the folks

either. All those that were saved went away to New London on the steamer a

week after, except those two girls, and they settled here. It was just as well, for they hadn't a cent o' money, nothing but the wet clothes on their backs, and some

one took 'em in, and they stayed here for a long time and then kinder drifted off to

some of us come along the shore to see how

Luke was gettin' on at the light. The sea

wall was broke up considerable by the seas in the night, and we were standin' lookin'

at it, when some one see the wreck driftin in. It was a bark, and she was waterlogged

and staggerin' in the seas as if they couldn't

keep her head to the wind. Then she seem-

ed to keei over broadside to the seas, and she struck on the shoals, for it was 'most low tide. We give word to Luke, and he

hung out a red table cloth from top of the

light to rouse the folks, and we ran back to

get a boat. I was among the first to reach the wharf and help launch a wharf-boat,

but, Lor'! it wasn't any use. It seemed to

blow harder than ever, and 'twee the squalls we see that the folks on board had

got out a boat and was tryin' to come

big wave hid the boat from sight, we never

saw it again. Then, just as we were de-batin' whether we'd better risk it to get

out to the ship, another boat was put of from under her lee. It wasn't no use. I

"Just one. The seas were a flyin'

clouds over her, and it was almost dark

blew a gale, and the next day was as calr

light me and Tom Larkin and Jack Hatha-

way and one or two others rowed out t

the wreck. It was 'most gone to piece

Only the aft part was staurin' anyway

the first on the deck, though it was fas

fallin' in. The cabin door was shut, but

cabin was you-alone-a little girl not big

enough to speak. It was me found you

and the boys agreed you naturally belonge

The girl came nearer to him and kissed

"It was strange you lived through that

night. Mebby you were too young to be frightened. It made a great time bringing

a stringe baby ashore from a wreck. Mother had lost her boy, 'cept Sam, more't

six months, and when I put you in her arms

she hearted right up and said you should b

ship, nor where she came from?'
'No. The boats came shore completely

smashed to pieces, and not a soul was left

to tell a thing except you and you were a baby. The excitement o' findin' you made

us forget everything. We rowed right ashore, lest you should die before we could

get you to mother. Nobody thought of anything 'cept the girl baby found in the cabin. Folks came for miles to see you and to see where the ship sunk. It wasn't

more than an hour after we took you away

when the wreck just quietly broke up and sunk. Not a trace of a paper or a name

"Yes. That was all. It was found by

Caleb Bate's boy more'n a month after, wedged in the rocks on the shore. Just a

broken piece of board with three letters

carved on it. I've got it now somewhere.

Nothing on it but three letters, M and a A
and a I—Mai; the name I gave you."

and a I—Mai; the name I gave you."

For a few moments not a word was said.
She had heard the story many times before. Never before had it made such an impression on her. But for this old man

she was without a name or parents. Who

was she? Where was she born? And where was her father—her mother? Were they living? She could not think that her

mother could have been in the ship. She would not have abandoned her. She would

have stayed on the wreck to die with her

Then the ship's captain-dead and silent

forever-was he her father? She could not

think that. He would not have left her on

fant. At least he must have known her

mother or something about her. And he was dead—like the poor unknown ship

Now she was to take with love a new

name. Could she take it? Yes. Love

accepts love unasking, unthinking.

The old man seemed to guess he

thoughts.
"Haven't I been a good father to you

silent forever.

with the broken name-

the wreck to die alone, even if only an in

Except the broken name-board."

'And you never learned the name of the

whole, and we climbed up into it. I was

and pretty a day as ever you see.

That night it shifted to the west'ard and

never come ashore."

him again. "Dear father !"

her baby.'

was found.'

"Not a soul escaped?"

some hotel on the mainland."

"But the wreck, father?"

CHAPTER III-Continued.

The young girl came along the path looking bright and handsome as if pleased with When she and all the world. reached the door she quietly stooped and kissed the old man on his bronzed and wrinkled forehead.
"Sam has decided to stay at home this

trip, father.' That's why you're so smilin' round the

"Yes. I'm very glad. It's so pleasant

to have him at home,"
"Who's took Sam's place?"
"I do not know. I'm not exactly sure that he has not sailed; yet I feel sure from what he said that he meant to stay at home this trip, if he could find a sub-

"Haven't seen anything of that Mister Yedstick to-day. Seemed to be powerful interested in whalin' and things. Kinder clever sort o' man, and seems to want to know 'bout things.

"It must be nearly supper time, father Are you ready for it?" Oh, I'm ready. Suppose it's gettin' long to'rds 6 o'clock."

She entered the house, and in a few colored girls, children 'bout 6 and 7 years old." moments returned and found the old man still seated in his big chair and the blond giant his son standing before him, apparently wrapped in deep thought.
"Oh, Sam! I thought you would stay at home. 1 set a plate for you. Come

supper's ready." The young man looked ather and smiled and then said to his father,—
"I can afford it by that time, and it is

better to fix a day than to drift along not knowing exactly the bearings o' things."
"Mebby you're right, Sam. Mebby you're right."

What it the Cape Cod turkey, cooked in one of the most charming styles in which that gracious bird ever appears, formed the staple of that simple meal? What if the tea was green and the bread yellow with saleratus? When love's around the board the plainest fare's a feast. For the old man there was the peace and contentment of a secure and quiet home with his two children beside him. There was the son, a man worthy of him. There was the latecome daughter, as dear as any child of his heart. For the young people it was enough that they were together at home and all the world shut out. The simple meal finished, the Captain

went off up the tower to trim and light his magnificent lamp, that its light might en-lighten the home-comer and all that went down to the sea in ships in those waters. As for the lovers, it was enough that it was the gloaming. He, with curious skill born of a fishing schooner's cabin, helped her put away the supper things, and she, with homely tact, made the housewifely task a bit of lovers' sport. Then they sat in the cool of the evening and watched the twinkling lights in the town and the summer village along the beach. There was a faint sound of music from the hotel, and the sleepy waves that broke in a tinkling murmur on the rocks behind the house seemed to make a solemn obligato to their vows. Together since childhood their love in a quiet, happy way had grown up like a plant in summer weather, knowing nothing divin't go to bed that night, and bout day of storms or the strength that comes from light me and Tom Larkin and Jack Hatha them. The sea, save for the slow, smooth rollers, was quiet, and the two-fathom buoy True, there was an area depression at the hotel, but, unfortunately,

Capt. Breeze Johnson found much to do in the light-house tower, and did not diskicked it open, and there in a berth in the turb them till nearly 8 o'clock. As he ob-served to himself, "Sparkin's generally most comfortable if old folks keep away. It ain't often that Sam's at home with Mai, and, as he says, "it's 'bout time we got the bearin's o' things."

there is now signal service in lovers' skies

As for other interruptions, there were none. Nobody from the hotel came near the light, to the lovers' great satisfaction. "I guess, Mai, he got wind of my being Half an hour later Breeze Johnson sal

before a smouldering fire of driftwood, that in its curious fashion had sent long green and yellow flames up the big chimney. He had lighted the fire himself, though it was hardly needed. "I like it, Mai. It sets me a-thinking

to see those old sticks from some wreck aburnin'. Where's Sam?" "He said he would go down and see Capt. Glass about painting his boat. Sam's been so busy with Mr. Manning his

boat hasn't been put in the water yet, and he may want to go for bluefish by and 'It's strange, Mai, how that driftwood always comes ashore."

"Everything comes ashore, father-at "It does, Mai, I've noticed it often. Even the wrecks that is abandoned and

"I suppose the land attracts them."
"Mebby it does. Shouldn't wonder.
I've seen wrecks that didn't seem to be proper wrecks anyway, ships that just

left adrift comes to land at last."

accord-He paused, and sat thoughtfully looking into the dying fire, as if heaitating on the brink of some secret. He shook his head thoughtfully, but said nothing. It may have been the silence in the room

the thought-compelling fire, and the sug-gestion of wrecks and storms it held out in its livid green flames. It may have been the secret love and gratitude in her heart. Something drew her to the old man, and with her arms about his neck she kissed his thin gray hair.

"What is it, girl? Sam been scoldin' "No; Sam loves me. It is those green fires. Why do they always blaze from the "It's wreck-wood. I suspect it's the old copper in it that burns that way, or the salt from the sea."

"That salt burns yellow, father, but those green fires seem to cry out, if flames ever speak except to hiss, about some mem-

ory they would keep green. Tell me about it father. Tell me about it again. "Tell you what, Mai?" "About the wreck." "You've heard it more'n forty times."

"I know it. You see, Sam—Sam loves me, and if I only knew I could love him more. No, I don't mean that——"

TO THE AMERICAN

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH SIRS.—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and 'the second bottle completely cured me. MISS A. A. DOWNEY, Manotic, Ont.

She had never thought of this question before in all her life. Her girlhood had been so peaceful and happy it had never come into her heart to think of it. She was his daughter by the adoption of love and care. She had never thought to ask

"No. Mai: I never did. We didn't think of it. You were only a baby, mother was took sick and died, and there were so many things to think of I took you as a little girl just sent out o' heaven for me to love, and I didn't do anything. I s'pose we ought to have done something bout it, but we were plain folks, and we didn't think. It wasn't just right." "It's no matter now, tather. Sam does

"You mean you wish you knew who you "No, Sam does not care. He loves you, "Yes. It is that. That's the only and I guess he's contented. I be, so long thing that ever makes me unhappy; and it as you stay near me."

seems so unfair to Sam to come to him Then they fell into silence for a few noments. The old man was twice tempted "It ain't much to tell. Lemme see. It's to speak, but did not. There was more to tell-something he had never mentioned to any one, except to his dead wife, and she had asked him to keep it always a secret, "Yes. Seventeen years come this September—the 10th it was—when we had that southeast gale. It had blowed hard all night, and the morning broke wild with the surf breakin all over the point. Luke and he had promised her.

Mother was right," he said in his heart. "It would break the girl's heart if she knew it. Its best she should never know." "And the buoy marks the spot, father? "Yes, deary. Governm't put the two-fathoms buoy just six fathoms east by south of the place were the ship went down."

Somers was light keeper at the time, and he often told me how the salt spray drove in that windy and sp'iled a new carpet his wife just paid 70 cents a yard for. I was livin' with mother in the same house Capt. That night there came in from the sea Glass has now, and 'bout noon we got the news of the wreck on the beach. Anyway, one of those series of long mysterious rollers that hint of storms far off on the we all stood on the shore and did what we open ocean. The stars sparkled and could. It was 'fore the day of the Life Savin' Service, and all we had was a whale boat Deacon Smith brought over on his quivered as if anxious to speak, and the vast shaft of light from the tower searches round and round the horizon, but found hay-riggip'. It was awful to see those poor nothing. And the buoy moaned and moaned to itself in the dark—moaned for critters swept away before we could get at gers, and the colored stewardess, and two

the dead secret of the sea.

Mademoiselle Louise Rochet burst upon the hotel at breakfast the next morning in a new and more bewildering costume. Breakfast cakes were neglected and coffee grew cold that feminine eyes might mark, examine, and mentally digest its minutest details. The breakfast-room had not been closed an hour befere the natural result appeared. There was a timid knock at Mademoiselle's door and the maid opened

to a young girl.
"Could 1 see Mademoiselle Rochet?" Mademoiselle would see the young miss With some diffidence the girl made her errand known. Was this Mademoisell Louise Rochet of Fifth avenue—late of Paris? Yes. Was there any service "I'm comin' to that. Well, after the people got ashore, and those that was drowned laid out in Seth Glass's fish-house, Mademoiselle could offer? Yes. Mother, that is, Mrs. Van Houton, had a robe There was to be a hop that night at the hotel. Could Mademoiselle examine it with perhaps a view to its improvement?

Mademoiselle seemed to think for an instant. Should she continue her character of fashionable New York dressmaker or play the lady of leisure? Which would poverty in Paris.

Van Houton with pleasure." "Our room is No. 65, this floor, and

thank you kindly, mademoiselle. Mother will be greatly pleased, I'm sure." No man has yet been able to understand the process of reasoning by which the feminine mind reaches certain results. Mlle. Rochet had not been seen except at supper and breakfast, and yet it was known to more than half the people in the house that a certain valuable order of mind had arrived. The born dress-maker had appear ed. The genius for draping had shed its beneficent light upon them. The masculine mind falls back on the safe proposition that as the waist is gored so is the skirt inclined -and stops. The feminine mind knows better and goes farther. Draping is a mystery, a matter only for superior minds. Within another hour the peasant maid at M'lle Rochet's door had four times informed anxious inquirers that M'lle Rochet was engaged at room 65. Thither the pilgrims went to see, admire and discuss. Mrs. Van Houton had secured the prize, but was

willing that friends should witness her suc-Mademoiselle gazed thoughtfully at robes, suggested, lightly touched the fabrics here and there, and it was done. Genius when really great rarely works with its hands in this fine art. It suggests, and other and perhaps lower minds buy materials, direct the hands in needlework, and wear the result with conscious pride. In twenty minutes Mrs. Van Houton's robes had been passed upon, and Mademoiselle, with a mental note of the value of her services, was led away to see other robes As she examined and commented on dress she measured women. She soon found just what she wanted—a society woman with an unruly member. In this lady's dress M'lle found much to admire. She politely declined further orders. She would be obliged to stay with the madame in No. 206 till certain very important changes were made. She might even be obliged to lo a little stitching herself, as there was no one present with sufficient skill to do the work. This was, indeed, unexpected condescension, and my lady of No. 206 was proud, flattered, happy and talkative. The door was closed to all visitors, and genius and its patron sat down together over the momentous affair. Seven distinct headaches at once developed in the hotel, and their poor owners declared they would not be well enough to attend the hop that

"Mademoiselle had many patrons among society ladies in New York?"
"Yes, very many, the wives of senators judges and others."

"Indeed! Not the wife of Judge

Danellia or Judge Chote?" "No. There was one, perhaps madame may know her; Madame Gearing."
"Oh! you mean Judge Gearing, of the Superior Court. She was a Rochelle, married a Mr. Yardstickie, and he died. She must be past forty now, but well preserved." "I designed two habits for her."

"And I dare say they were not bad." "I assure Madame they were magnifi cent. Madame, the Judge's wife, Mrs. Gearing you call her, was greatly pleased— charmed. Madame may have observed her habits.

"Well, no. I'm not very well acquainted with Mrs. Gearing. My Milly has met her "Has she a son? He must still be an infant. "No. It was by her first husband. Milly

admires him very much. He's lived abroad some time, studied in Paris, was rather wild there, but of course is quite reformed "Will Mademoiselle the daughter per nit me to examine her robes? It is possible

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fall for her, and then, if Mademoiselle can design a dress for her we shall be glad."
"Americans are so strange. What is it "The best,—the best that could be. But, father, did you never make search for any ship with a name having those to come out ?"

"Milly's a debutante, She is now a oung lady, and can receive calls from oung gentlemen.",
"The Judge's son call on her and she so

oung!"
"Well, no: I couldn't permit that. Of course here at the beach young people must

meet in a social way."
"Then the son of the Judge is not what you call attentive to the daughter ?"
"You're mistaken about that. Young Mr. Royal Yardstickie is not the son of Judge Gearing. He is the son of the Judge's wife. She hasn't anything, but of course the young man will come in for a share of the Judge's wealth. As for his attentions to Milly, we couldn't allow it—at any rate not till Milly is older, and not unless she was very anxious to marry him."

Mademoiselle seemed to find something deeply interesting in the robe she held upon her lap. There were hard lines about her handsome mouth and a momentary flash in her black eyes, which the voluble patron mistook for the light of genius or the sign of deep thought.
"I think, on the whole, you had better

look at one of Milly's dresses. I want her to look well at the hop to night. As it is Saturday, there will be a good many of the younger men down to spend Sunday. Mademoiselle, with the sweetest smile maginable, continued her search for inform-

"It will also please young Mr. Yard-stickie. All young girls wish to appear well before those who admire them."
"Oh, it's not at all for him. If I thought he was seriously attentive, Milly would not leave her room to-night. We could hardly approve of any attentions just now, after the young man has lost his heart over some ommonplace creature at the light."
"The light! What is the light?"

'Hedgefence Light-House." "Oh, the maritime light. I undertand. Do women trim such lamps in this

country ?" "Dear, no. There's a light-house keeper -a man. Every one is remarking on Mr. Yardstickie's very great interest in such things. He goes over to the light every day, and twice he has been seen in the village with her. I'm sure it's a blessing ne went off yesterday on Mr. Manning's yacht, as he will not be at the hop to-night. I haven't a doubt he would disgrace himself by bringing the girl with him. should never recognize her, if he did."

"Was that a yacht—the beautiful ressel we passed in the steamboat last evening?" "I dare say. Mr. Manning's yacht sailed yesterday. I think Milly said it was only for a few days. She knows somebody who knows the Boylstons, and they are friends

of the Mannings." After a pause, as if in deep thought, Mademoiselle came to the conclusion that nothing more need be done to the robe. be the best character in which to appear when she met him? She thought of his pride, but only to smile in the control of his pride, but only to smile in the control of his pride. pride, but only to smile in a curious way at the thought. He had cared nothing for her feelings; why should she consider his? business brought money, and and Mademoiselle was charmed to meet brought it more easily and abundantly than her. She suggested this and that, and she had ever dreamed in the days of her said the robe was already nearly perfect. Just a touch, and it would be magnificent. With scarcely a perceptible hesitation she said, sweetly, "I shall receive Madame with voluble gratitude. Milly would be the best-dressed girl at the hop.

On Mademoiselle's return to her room the peasant maid had a most unhappy quarter of an hour. Mademoiselle was unlovely. Some characters are like certain apples—a little tart. Mademoiselle was nore than sub-acid: she was sharp and bitter, and the reason therefor was not plain to the poor little maid. All she could do was to assist her mistress into another ravishing robe, that she might go to dinner n a becoming costume.

To the people in the big dining-room Mademoiselle was the picture of sweetness and light. Two gentle young things who carressed their tender moustaches after soup declared she was a brunette

angel.
"Rich? I should say!" "Dressmaker?" "Ah, yes. Pity. With all that money feller might do very well. See?" "Yes. Social rules forbid.

"Hop to-night?" "Nothing better to do. Know feller snows her? "Sister does."

"Might ask her to present me Lots fun. "Sister wouldn't. Girls so strange." "Mean to get it."
"What? Introduction to La Rochet?"

"Horrid audacious, but must have fun. f Yardstickie were here, be all right." 'Why? Does he know her?" "Guess not. But he'd bring it round. Royal can do anything like that. Great

"Sister says she worked for his mother. Must know her. Oh!" "What's matter? Burn mouth?"
"No. Idea. Recollect funny thing,
Paris last winter. Met Royal with lady.

Girl like that, tall, brunette—very French. Everywhere with him. Can't tell what reminds me of her.' 'Can't be same?" "Ah! Awful idea! It does look like

Foolish idea. Dressmaker. knows too much. "No. Can't be. That girl was poor. Royal paid bills like little man "Great folly. Got over it?"

"Yes. Royal's cured. No money now. Very sad, you know." "Hop to-night?"

"Yes. Smoke now." The half-holliday had brought a great company to the hotel, and the little world on the sand gave itself up to out-door pleasure. Mademoiselle would also get out and take the air by the water, for the day has become sultry. Besides, she must think. The unexpected had happened. She had hoped to find him, to confront him in the hotel, and openly to demand recogni-tion. Months and months had passed since she had seen him, and she felt a certain melancholy pity for herself in finding in her disappointment how much she had wished to meet him publicly and to humiliate him in some striking and dramatic scene that would satisfy her sense of justice—and the picturesque. He would fall on his knees, and she would pour out her wrath—no, he wouldn't do that. He would wince, perpaps, but would hold his head erect through it all. What folly to think of what might be! She had learned much since she had reached America. She had learned more at this place. He had already strayed into some net. She must examine

weapon in her hands. Mademoiselle's appearance on the beach did not attract special attention. She was lressed with what might be called elegant plainness. Her manners were ladylike and reserved, and, while many bestowed a passing glance upon her costume, none heeded "Milly? Oh, Milly's young. She only came out this spring, and her things don't matter down here. There's nobody here of any consequence. We shall receive this

the net. Perhaps it might prove another

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exciting comment. Lovers there were intervals along the way, and now and then she met a party of children paddling and wading with white and shining legs in the creamy surf. Love and play are too absorbing to notice grief, particularly if it passes with serene face and robed in the passes with serene face and robed in the latest style. She saw the lovers with a feeling of envy. She watched the children

with a sigh. She came to the big yellow boulder and sat down to look over the sea, and think. The white tower, the little house planted almost in the surf, the wide sea, the soft, warm sky, and the white mountainous clouds in the west, all appeared to her to rest-to rest and think. There was only a slight ripple on the water, yet the surf slowly thundered and boomed at her feet, the dying waves of some distant storm. So it seemed that her life had become—serene and fair, yet moved by slow heartbeats of far-off sorrow.

There was a shadow on the water. She looked to the west. The sun had disappeared behind one of the alpine heights cumulus, leaving a faint glow of red on the sky beyond the irregular line of vivid silver that touched the edge of the cloud. Could it be forebodings of a storm? Was it a vague hint of more rain—more tears, per-haps lightning—in her stormy life?

The surf was most irregular in its pulsations. Three closely successive waves would advance, and, booming, break, and rush up the shingly slope, and then the beach would scream as the white water ran back. Then all would be quiet for a little space. It was in one of these pauses that there came to her ear a dreary cry like a moan. The color left her handsome face, and see looked far and wide over the sea. There was nothing, and the surf roared and screame again. Once more she heard it. It made her heart beat fast, she knew not why She had read of the mysterious sounds of the sea, of the moan heard on the ocean before great storms. What did it mean? Why did she hear it? It was almost human in its faint sighing-fitful, half heard-yet felt, like a pain in the heart. She wrapped her light cloak about her and shivered. sea was purple under the western clouds, blue in the east, with splendid splashes of green over the shoals. There was a faint nurmur of music and laughter from the hotel. At her feet rose the chirp of a cricket. Peace everywhere, save for that noaning from the sea.

"O, if it would only speak plainly. It means so much and says so little. Ah there is a man coming." The approach of any human being seemed a comfort, and she sat still, looking towards the hotel to where a tall, plainly dressed man came slowly along the path.



"IT'S THE TWO-FATHOM BUOY." She sat at a loss to understand why her pulse had raced with such speed. Could this strange, unearthly voice be a cry from the unknown bidding her pause? Was it a real voice? Did she hear it all? Was it only a cry picked out by her heart from the mass of the sonorous thunder on the beach, as a sea shell picks out a tone from the roar of the sea? She would ask this man if he too heard the sound. As he came nearer she felt in a sense safe. His face bespoke a man of simple, unaffected life and honest heart. His blue eyes looked into hers for an instant only, and in that quick glance she felt she could trust him. thought there came also a regretful instant of pity for herself that she must look at anyone to see if he be indeed a man.

"Good evening, miss." He spoke pleasantly and naturally, much as a man at home might welcome a strang-er. She guessed at once that he was the keeper of the light-house. She rose from the yellow stone on which she sat, and then saw that it was the stepping-stone to the stile and that she blocked the way.

"Beg pardon. I did not see I was "All right, marm. No consequence. I'd rather hopped over the fence than had a lady rise.

"I beg pardon, sir, for detaining you, but could you explain that strange sound from the sea? I do not understand why t should be. "It's the two-fathom buoy."

"Buoy?"

"Yes. Whistling buoy. Beacon, you know. Always makes that noise when there is a sea on. Warning for boats mak-

ing this port."

"Ah! I comprehend. Marrime signal for vessels—to warn against wreek."

"Yes, marm. Sounds kinder dismal in pleasant weather, but it's powerful pretty music if you're steering by dead reckoning and a thick fog coming up or driving snow hiding the light."

Here was a politeness unknown in France. She saw from his unaffected manner that it was the genuine courtesy of kindliness and respect, and not a pretended gallantry. For an instant the novelty of such a remark confused her, precisely as she had been con-fused in New York the day she landed there when a stranger rose and silently gave her a seat in a street car. At that in stant the faint moan from the sea came

wreck by that sound?" "Can't tell, marm. Mebby a great many. mebby none at all. Anyway, it may yet save some life from going to smash; and so by hearing the thing whistling in the dark it will pay to let it whistle all the time, even if it does sound kinder forlorn to folks safe on shore."

"The sea is so sad. So many wrecks are here. Oh, pardon me; I should not detain the hotel with Mai. Nothing particular to do. Glad to show strangers over the

light."
With an instinctive grasp at the fact that through this simple and transparent nature she might obtain some information of value, she smiled sweetly and said— "I am a stranger in America."

"So I see, marm."
"I have heard much of American politeness. I am quite alone; yet, if it be possi-ble, I shall greatly admire to see the lighthouse. My home is Paris, where we not such things."
"Come right in. Guess father's round

"Are not the ladies of your house at

"No; Mai's gone to the hotel It's no matter. Ladies often come over from the hotel alone. I've shown kundreds of em round the place.

She had the wit to see that from a Parisian standpoint she could not possibly accept the invitation, yet in America it might be allowable. The situation would give her a wholly novel experience—that of unembarrassed and unaffected talk with a man of sense whose natural politeness was as delightful as it was sincere. She laughed to he self as if it were a kind of child-like pleasure she had not had since she had played with Mignon and Pierre in the streets of Rouben. She would give herself up for the moment to an innocent

enjoyment.

More than an hour passed in inspecting the light. The old captain took her in charge and seemed pleased with her beauty and gayety. After all had been seen, the young man escorted her to the stile, that she might take the path back to the hotel. She seemed to linger a moment, and, in the delightful disregard of the value of time that seashore people often show, the young man appeared perfectly willing to wait and talk with the handsome and vivacious stranger.

"And all this is to prevent people from being lost in wrecks?"
"Bout the size of it, marm. For all that, there's been many a wreck along this shore in my day. Why, some years ago there was a wreck right opposite the place where the hotel stands now. More'n twenty people were lost just about where those people are bathing on the beach."

"And they are laughining and playing just where men and women have died. How dreadful it all is!" "Lor'! that was nearly twenty years ago. I was only a small chap, but I remember the storm, and how father and the men all went down to the beach to help

"Then some were saved? Tell me about it. Such things are so strange to me. I never saw the sea till last winter. It fascinates me. It is so beautiful—and

cruel." 'Tain't much to tell. The steamer struck 'bout a hundred yards from the beach. Some of her people tried to get ashore in their boats, but they were soon swamped and lost. Then the men on the beach put out a whale-boat and saved four passengers, and the stewardess and two colored girls, mites of things not more than four years old. I remember seeing the girls, for they lost all their friends, and ome of our folks took 'em in and brought 'em up, and they grew up here."

"Colored children! what are they?"

"People of color-negroes. I guess they are slaves in Savannah, where they came from. You'd never know it, though, for they were 'most white, and quite pretty girls. They went to school with the other children, and I remember we boys were quite well 'quainted with them."

"Then not all that you call people of

color are black?'
'No, marm. There's some is no darker than any dark-complected white folks; no darker than you be." Mademoiselle showed a brilliant set of

teeth in a merry laugh.

"No offence, marm. They grew up to quite likely girls, and were treated just like other folks. There's some as thinks they are different, but I kinder guess humans is

humans." In a sense her mission to the light had failed. Yet she had obtained some in formation that might prove of value in the future. The snowy cumulus in the west had begun to change color and assume a threatening aspect. She had best return to the hotel. With a few pleasant words of the hotel thanks, she walked away along the path over the sand hills, leaving the blond giant

gazing after her.
"Well, that ain't Mai's style; and I'm glad of it. Pretty as a picture, but I don't

elieve that kind will wash." Mademoiselle had barely time to reach the hotel before the sudden darkness of the storm spread over the sea. People were hurrying towards the house from every direc-tion, and the broad piezza was crowded with pleasure seekers driving in like a fleet of little boats making port in stress of weather. Just at the top of the broad stairs leading to the piazza Mademoiselle met two adies con ing slowly down, as if hesitating about facing the storm.

Mai, dear, you must stay. Wait till the storm is over. See, it will rain presently." Mademoiselle's dress unaccountably met

with some mishap just there, and she paused to adjust the difficulty.
"No, deary; father will miss me. Besides, you know I'm afraid of storms since I was a child, and somehow the light seems safer than the hotel."

"That's because you're such a child of the "I know it. I came from the sea, and storms always frighten me. I have my water-proof. I'll not need your umbrella.

At that instant a vivid flash of lightning seemed to make an illuminated photograph of sea and sky, and a deafening crash shook the whole building. There was a moment's confusion among the people, and then some

"The music-stand has been struck." "Beg pardon, Mademoiselle, your friend has fainted." Mademoiselle Rochet seemed the only one who retained presence of mind, The young girl by her side had fainted at the terrible crash, and would have fallen had not she caught her. A moment later she was laid on a sofa in the hotel parlor. Mademoiselle, among others, offered such

help as she could. "Thank you, Mademoiselle Rochet. My friend will soon recover. It is a constitu-tional dread of lightning. She had some strange experience in a storm when an intant. You are very kind. Ik You are very kind. I know what to

Half an hour later Mai Johnson slowly opened her eyes in a quiet room in the "Do you feel better, dear?"

"Has the storm passed?"
"Yes. It was very short. It's clearing away, and the sun is going down behind eep-red clouds."
"Who was she, dear?" "Who ?"

"That person. I felt her come near me, and my heart grew so cold. And then I seemed to hear the sea roar just as I sometimes do in my dreams—an awful sound, as if everything I loved and cored for was breaking to pieces."

"Say no more, dear. I've sent for Sam.
You'll be all right after a little supper, and
then you can go home and dress for the
hop to-night. You remember you promised

'Yes, I remember. I cannot go." "Why not?"
"I hardly know. She might be there."

"How strange you are, Mai! Who might be there?"
"I do not know. That woman. The lightning lit up her face, and I saw it as plain as day. Forgive me, deary; I couldn't go; I couldn't meet her again."

"Why, you never saw her before?"

"No, never. I don't even know her nama"
"Why, it's only a fashionable dress

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maker who are Everybody in the her wonderful di out to me. Her "It's very sil somehow I cann up now. I must me, deary; 1 counight. She—the

maker who

Mademoiselle the house, was in was much intere for there were m new dress that v Mademoiselle The hop was n

The advance people to Wilson full. A few day noon boat broug the Holl, and tro rapidly in a ligh was a man abou massive frame abundant hair much youngerbeauty, though dress the man w man rich, almos her was a matte to him only a co "Very sorry, taken. Can giv cottages."
"We shall wa wife, one for my parlor. By the here?"

"No, sir; not stickie still keer away on Mr. Ma The Judge see turbed at the in the hotel clerk, the register in s "Will you go Judge?"
The Judge m
seemed to be and the clerk turned to welc The Judge ar planked path t of the hotel, ar new quarters. opened the room when Mrs. Jud laying aside he just a shade of 'I'm surprise down to the las "He is not h yacht with son "Poor boy! delicate. The on the vacht w "That's all the least obje

his room at the matters." "Judge, Roy excuse him could he do if room taken die of exposur place to lay hi a sufferer af Paris." I was assistan morning, and miles from co and was organ choir-rehearsa next town-

"Don't, Jud bleed to think vouth. "Didn't hur "Yes, perha pleasant thing "Not at a the First Chu hearty a young any class."
"Well, at le now. It's not speak of it." "I'll not me has adjourned search of-ple "Why, no. come. I've r and I'll join wish you'd "All right. the beach and

Judge Geari

and crossed th

the beach.

himse f about already unlos door. Like I through a you dignity and co complained of ed for his prof ters would do he labored wit Besides, every The trunks wo waiting for hurrying thos doing their du pleasant to Ju



all its probab no longer tha cation that he had won a co He had marr able woman house with g was compa interesting. side, it had petty, irrita temporary. five years of hardly recog istence, exc was only according to the returned from an idler and