

tower. A few seconds later all the fishermen saw the warm, yellow glare of the light streaming over the turbulent water.

Nancy was happy now, and her large eyes strained through the lantern of the tower to catch sight of the ship. She had not long to wait. Between the reef and the long stretch of eastern shore, a red light pulsed upon a wave, moving towards the harbour.

"Good!" the girl cried out, "she is midway in the channel and safe." Then she descended to the basement, where she brewed a cup of tea, and sat down to a supper of cold sea-fowl, and juicy, white bread of her own baking.

The sleeping rooms were upon the middle story, but the girl began to grow uneasy at the increasing violence of the hurricane, and would not go to bed. Taking a book, she went to the lantern and sat upon a box to read. The whistling of the wind around the glass and the dome of zinc, the booming of the sea against the rock, and the brawling of the waters around her produced such a tumultuous din that persons speaking in the tower would be unable to hear each other.

Then dawned a new terror; and she looked upon the floor with wide-opened eyes and blanched lips. Twice since its establishment, during winter gales, had the tower been swept off the rock. It is true the present structure was substantially built, and was firmly secured to long iron "stringers" bolted to the solid rock; yet the sea was already surging against the base of the tower, and