

IT WAS GOD'S STORM.

The wind blew strong and salty from the bay across the shore at the sun went down, and long twilight gathered. It was not a quiet sunset, but it was beautiful. On the doorstep of one of the cottages along the shore sat Therese, praying that she might die. She sat there with her brown little hands clasped, her eyes dry and flashing, and two little red spots burned on her cheeks. It had been hours since she had spoken to any one, and her father had at last left off coaxing and scolding and questioning.

He talked about himself to Eleanor a good deal more than ever that evening, and when he went home he was well started toward being a very disagreeable young man. Otto had done enough certainly to deserve to lose his sweet heart altogether, and no doubt that is what would have been if something had not happened that brought him to himself. Fortunately, however, something did happen. There came a great storm one night, and in the morning when the clouds began to scatter and the waves began to subside the people on the shore saw that during the night a huge coasting vessel had drifted upon the sand bar. She was caught there fast enough, but it did not appear that she had suffered any serious damage. When it grew calm enough, the captain of the vessel sent a boat ashore and offered large pay to men that would come out and help throw enough of the cargo overboard to lighten the ship and release her from the bar. There were plenty who were willing to go. They went out that day and returned at night to their homes.

There was another day's work before them. Then it was hoped the vessel would clear of the bar. "Hush!" said the father. "Have you no heart?" Then he went out to where the daughter was sitting on the doorstep. "Come, little maid," he said, "let us walk to the chair and back before we have our supper." The chair was a great boulder that stood out away down the shore near the water's edge. It had stood there into the shape of a huge settee. Therese sat very still for a moment after the father spoke, but she put his big hand gently on her arm, and presently she rose to go with him, mutely conformed. "Where are you going?" called the mother after them. "The supper is ready and waiting." "Then it will have to wait," called back the father. "Come, little maid."

They walked down the shore in silence until they reached the chair. Therese climbed up into her favorite place, and her father stood by her resting his gray head on her knee. "Fine ladies are fickle," he said. "I do not want him that way," she said. "I must leave her father. I do not hate him, for he comes to him with her ways that only wicked people know. But I will not have her send him back to me." Therese was very quiet when she came back with her father, but she was about the house after supper was over, helping her mother as she was used to do. When she went to bed that night, her eyes were still dry, but she pressed her hands to her forehead for the wicked things that she had thought. For the first few weeks after she came with her mother to stay at the old farm-house near the shore she and Eleanor had chattered gaily with Eleanor's Southern friend. She was used to being amused and entertained, and there was nobody at the farm-house to entertain her. On the other hand, she was called upon part of the time to amuse or try to amuse her mother, who was in perpetual ill-health. Her mother enjoyed being in ill-health, but she enjoyed it in a melancholy way that needed some one to see her suffer and pity her quite often. It was with great joy, therefore, that Eleanor discovered that there was in the neighborhood a young man who was good looking, who was intelligent above his class and who had curly hair. She made his acquaintance down by the shore where he was fixing up an old boat. Her hat blew off into the water, and he fished it out of her, and they both laughed to see the way it was drowned. She put it on, and the salt water ran down over her cheeks, and that made them laugh again. It was a very limited neighborhood, and it was easy to get acquainted. Eleanor went back to the farm-house and told her mother that she had discovered a type. They talked it over together and enjoyed the idea and decided that it was very fortunate. When they discovered a few days later that the type could sing curious little Swedish ballads quite acceptably, and that after the day's work was done he wore clothes that were really presentable, they were even more pleased. Eleanor managed to see a good deal of her discovery, and after awhile she induced him to come to the house. It was not long before his coming there was quite the usual thing. The two women flattered the young man outrageously, and pretty soon Otto began to think that he was considerable of a fellow. It was then that he began to neglect Therese. When he did not neglect her, he patronized her, and that hurt her even worse. But Therese was an independent little thing, and she would not stand that. So she had their quarrel, and Otto said that he was not coming to see her any more until she was sorry that she had talked so to him. He meant to punish her. It was the only side of his patronizing. Therese said very well, and that was the reason she sat on the doorstep wishing that she could die. Perhaps the worst thing that he did was when he told Eleanor about all this. She listened to him just a little startled, and then she laughed and pretended to give him good advice, while all the time he knew by her tone that she was laughing at him and his story. That made him desperately hard on Therese, for, singularly enough, he began to think that she had done a monstrously clever thing in getting him to fall in love with her.

aggregate tonnage of 184,582 tons, were lost in that period. Of this total 216 vessels, with a tonnage of 99,282, were sailing ships, the remainder being steam tonnage. The merchant marine of Great Britain would, from these returns appear to be considerably better equipped than that of other nations, as in only one instance is the percentage of tonnage lost to tonnage owned. In the case of Great Britain, and in this instance, that of Holland, the total tonnage owned is but 442,071 tons, which is too small an amount to allow of a fair average being deducted from the returns of one quarter only. But a total of 6,227 steamships, with a gross tonnage of 9,028,255 tons, Great Britain lost 31 vessels, aggregating 43,454 tons, a percentage of 50 on the total tonnage owned, and 48 on the tonnage. The only other large owners of steam tonnage—namely, Germany, France, the United States, and the British colonies, lost a much larger percentage than this, France being by far the worst, as her losses were 13 per cent of the vessels owned, and 1.15 of her tonnage. The most fruitful source of loss has, as usual, been wreck, which was accountable for the destruction of no less than 40 vessels out of a total of 77. Collisions were responsible for the loss of 14 vessels, while seven foundered. Coming to sailing tonnage, one is struck by the large number of boats belonging to the British colonies included in the losses under this head. Of a total of 1,678 vessels, with a tonnage of 708,149, the British colonies lost 36 ships, aggregating 14,520 tons, a percentage of 2.14 tons as compared with the total tonnage owned, and of 2.05 as compared with the total tonnage. Of a total of 708,149, the British colonies lost 36 ships, aggregating 14,520 tons, a percentage of 2.14 tons as compared with the total tonnage owned, and of 2.05 as compared with the total tonnage. Of a total of 708,149, the British colonies lost 36 ships, aggregating 14,520 tons, a percentage of 2.14 tons as compared with the total tonnage owned, and of 2.05 as compared with the total tonnage.

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