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POOR DOCUMENT

an ancient gold watch marked Claude; the work of some Dutch maker and probably the one worn by Latour's father. There were also half a dozen rough, uncut diamonds, forty or fifty native pearls and a gold signet ring. The other contents of the box consisted of papers and included Latour's patent as a baronet of Nova Scotia granted by Charles I. of England.

But the greatest interest was attached to the other box which was the jewel box of the Acadian heroine Lady Latour. I would like to be able to describe its contents which comprised a splendid assortment of precious stones set in fine gold but I lack the skill necessary for such an undertaking. What attracted me most in the whole collection was an antique ring set with three pearls of great size and purity which had once graced the hand of one of the noblest women in history. I expressed my admiration for this splendid jewel and Latour, without a word handed it to me, saying "it is yours."

There was great joy that night in the cabin of our little yacht, in which Latour's bequest was now safely deposited. There was some mirth too when soon after dark we heard a couple of boats filled with treasure seekers landing on the other side of the island. We could hear them plying pick and spade with great industry, and under cover of the sound we hoisted the sails and got up the anchor. We had hardly completed this when a shout given by one of the party who carried a lantern, gathered all the others round him. He had evidently found the place where we had been digging, and we could hear their excited cries as they communicated to each other the astounding news that some more successful money digger had forestalled them. A moment later they saw the white sails of our yacht, and made a rush for their boats. Whether they intended to board us, or were merely running off in terror we did not stop to inquire, but bore away with a favorable breeze, and soon Rocky Island was miles behind.

But little more remains to be told. Latour urged me to take a large share of the treasure, but I absolutely refused, an act of disinterestedness which I was able to perform with a better grace, because I had reason to believe that a more valuable treasure might be won. We deposited the treasure box encased in a brand new cover in a bank vault, and spent the summer cruising in our yacht on the river, It was the most enjoyable summer of my life, and Marie and I became fast friends, close companions and finally lovers, so that before our cruise was over she wore Lady Latour's jewel on one of her fingers as an engagement ring. Thus in spite of self-denial, I got a full half of Latour's treasure, for it was the marriage portion of my true wife Marie.

MALCOLM THACKERAY ROSS.

Her Interpretation.

He (after a long pause)—So you will give me no hope. I fear, Emma, my size has something to do with it. Speak; tell me if I am not right.

She—You are right. Mother told me I should never marry a man I couldn't look up to.—Time.

Browning in the Lake City.

"I understand Browning"——

"Do you?"

"Great Scott!"

"He understands Browning!"

"Come off!"

"I was about to say, gentleman," said the first speaker, calm and unruffled, "that I understand Browning is much admired in Chicago. Permit me also to suggest in the kindliest of spirit that you go and macerate your heads, intellectually and collectively."—Chicago Tribune.

A Great Favor.

Old Gentleman (to daughter)—And so you have promised to marry young Sampson?

Daughter—Yes, papa, and the day is set, and the minister selected, and we are to go to Europe.

Old Gentleman (timidly)—My dear, I have a great favor to ask of you.

Daughter—What is it, papa?

Old Gentleman—If I'm not asking too much, would you mind sending me cards to the wedding?—New York Sun.

Time Allowance.

Eight o'clock a. m. Mrs. Popinjay—Where are going, Angelina?

Angelina—Only just around the corner to match this piece of silk, mamma.

Mrs. Popinjay—All right. I'll tell Bridget not to have supper until 7 o'clock. —Burlington Free Press.

Safe Only Between the Sheets.

Father (returned from business)—Well, has Tommy met with any serious accident today?

Mother—No, but (anxiously) it is a full hour yet before his bed time.—New York Sun.

Different Kind of Fire.

Smith—What! moving again, Jones?

Jones (gloomily)—Yes.

Smith—Had a fire in the house?

Jones—No; a fire out of the house.—Boston Courier.

An Unprofitable Hotel Country.

"I wouldn't care to run a hotel on the planet Uranus." said a hotel man.

"Why not?"

"Because one day is eighty-four times as long as a day on earth."—Hotel Mail.

CHILDHOOD'S TROUBLES.

A LETTER FROM THE REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The Distresses of Early Rising, of Hunger, of Going to School, Etc.—Give Children Something to Eat Whenever They Are Hungry—The Juvenile Bully.

In his absence from Brooklyn on a vacation, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., substitutes the following letter on "The Troubles of Little Folks" for this week's talk to his church and congregation:

We wrote for a paper some years ago an article insisting that people stay in bed till they get rested, and that only those can be expected to rise early who go to bed early. Several parents tell us that since our article on that subject they have more trouble than ever in getting their boys up in the morning in time for breakfast. Boys, how can you do so? You ought to be spanked. You ought to get up when the rising bell rings. Early worms, etc. You ought to do as your fathers and mothers did when they were boys and girls. Their parents never had any trouble with them. When in the old farmhouse your grandfather used to knock on the door of your prospective father, he, the last—your father in prospective—would at the first tap on the door fling the bed covers against the wall and give one leap into the middle of the floor, crying: "Yes, father, I am glad you called me so early." And your mother—that is, your prospective mother—used to spurn the pillow at the first call of your grandmother and cry out: "Only too glad to come, dear mother, at your first call. Do not trouble yourself to call again;" and before the grandmother had got down stairs your mother prospective was putting the back comb through her coiled ringlets. What a pity it is the world has so degenerated. Boys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. In these days we have to come to your door. At our first call you make no answer. We have to come in and shake you. Then you say, "Yes;" but do not act. We go down stairs, and, not hearing any stir overhead, we cry, "Are you up?" "Yes," you reply, easing your conscience by saying softly, "Yes, up stairs." And we call again, and start breakfast without you, and you come down, offering headache or a lame knee or a cold as an apology. You know your headache and cold, and everything else, will be gone as soon as breakfast is over and the present emergency has ceased. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Why are you not affected by your father's and mother's early example? As we remember them what pinks of perfection they were. One reason why we should like to go back and live over again our boyhood days, is that we would like to show you how persons should act in the matter of early rising. Ah, we see that would disarrange the ancestral line, and so it would not be best for us to go back to boyhood. We must content ourselves by reading the present generation this practical lecture on the way we used to do. Now, boys, that will do for this time. Run off to your fun. Put in practice, very early to-morrow morning, what we have said. Meanwhile let us, old and young, reflect upon the fact that more important than this question of getting up early is the question as to what we do after we get up. We know persons who might better have lain abed all day, and every day. The more they did the worse for the world. We wish that they might have slept over. But if we are going to do something for God and the world worth doing, then we will ring the morning bell now, all up and down through the halls and parlors and bedrooms. Awake! thou that sleepest. Come, it is time to get up.

But, all pleasantry aside, I feel sorry for children. How many of them are pushed and jostled and slapped and snubbed and jerked about, and told they are the worst children in all the world, when the probability is that they are just as good as, perhaps better, than their parents were at that age. And the children who are best treated have it hard enough.

We have such a large measure with which to take up annoyances and griefs that when we scoop into it the troubles of children they seem very insignificant. To break a kite string or lose a top or have the head knocked off a china doll seems nothing to us, but the event is great to children. It is high time that we learned that the trials of the youngsters are as great to them as ours are to us.

In the long catalogue of children's woes leg ache stands very prominent. After running, racing, climbing and jumping all day long this is one of the worst troubles. We remember it now, the rolling and tossing to get asleep and the half cry of distress of which no one but ourselves seemed to have any appreciation. All active children have the leg ache at nightfall. Blessed the mother whose entertaining story or the stroke of whose soft hand silences and soothes and cures!

Hunger is another of the boyhood and girlhood distresses. There may be plenty in the pantry, and yet the children half the time starved. Parents with a capacity to swallow a half pound of beefsteak, and the usual accompaniments, do not understand why, midforenoon or midafternoon, children should be hungry. It is cruel to keep little ones faint and exhausted for lack of food because the dining hour has not come. All the doctors and dietarians to the contrary notwithstanding, whenever your children are hungry, whether it be the hour of 9, 10 or 11 a. m., or 2, 3 or 4 p. m., give them something to eat.

One of the worst of childhood griefs is subjection to bullies. They are to be found in every school and on every street; the boys who knock your hat down over your eyes and chuck you under the chin, calling you "bub," and steal your cap and trip you up for the fun of seeing you fall down, and dare you fight, you 10 years, they 14. We have vivid remembrance of one such bully and our sufferings at his hand, and we now declare, minister or no minister, if we ever meet him again he had better look out! There is nothing more exasperating to us than to see large boys imposing on small ones. Let schoolmasters give such young Herods the rattan in liberal measure. But alas for the lads who have, year after year, to submit to the ruffian impositions! To be chased and pulled and mauled, and be able to do nothing in return but bite your lip and clinch your fist and wish you were a foot taller.

Going to school is among the hardships of children. The pills of knowledge are now sugar coated, and schoolhouses are sometimes made attractive with music and flowers and pictures, and teachers who understand and practice the law of kindness. In such cases children are glad when the school hour comes. Not so with many; not so with us in boyhood. We shiver to think of it. A mile and a half through snow banks a little crusted, so that every step broke through, our big sister pulling us along by the tippet, ears tingling with cold, feet half frozen; and all for what we could then see no use in, the learning to read and write and cipher. No cards with marks of good behavior, no medals to hang around the neck, nothing on earth to encourage but going up head occasionally, and a box of the ears if we missed more frequently. Our sympathies go out for all those who, contrary to their wishes, are obliged to go to school.

But we cannot enumerate the troubles of children. We suspect that they need more rewards and fewer punishments, more apples and less switch, more sympathy and less spank. While we console their mishaps they would unconsciously relieve ours. If, instead of standing so much on our dignity we would get down on all fours and let our children get astride of us, imagining they were a-horseback, probably some of our manhood troubles would fall off at the moment the youngsters got on.

Black Listing in Germany.

Not very long ago an officer who has retired with distinction from the German service settled in Cassel. He had married an attractive and wealthy lady, had several grown up daughters, took pains to make his house agreeable to his brother officers stationed in the neighborhood, and soon acquired the reputation of being one of the most agreeable of hosts. On one occasion his wife gave a large ball. The day before a deputation of officers from the garrison waited upon him with the request that they might see him alone. As he entered the large drawing room he detected immediately by the formal attitude of his visitors that they had come under orders. He was not kept long in suspense. The officers of the neighboring garrisons had been "ordered" by their superiors, never mind who, to cease visiting his house or to have any social intercourse with him.

"Give me a reason!" asked the amazed man.

The reason he received was that it had reached the ears of the government that he had at the last election voted for a d—d Liberal!

If the plague had suddenly struck the home of this German retired officer, the effect could hardly have been more disastrous. He, his wife and daughters at once dropped to social insignificance. No officer thereafter darkened their door, no entertainment could be given—there was no one to entertain. Had they been ordered into exile by the emperor we should have said he was a tyrant. They were, however, subject to persecution which, in the eyes of Germans at least, had more terror to them than banishment. And yet the Germans say they live under a constitution, and even pity the poor Russians who have none.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Eyesight of Students.

The student is, if not wisely directed, pretty sure to destroy some part of himself while educating himself. The eyes are most liable to damage. The other senses are not only not proportionately taxed, but are not taxed enough to sustain their functional power. So it happens that civilization, in its highest forms, attacks our sense organs—one by overwork, the other by underwork. The sense of smell is already largely aborted, and the sense of hearing is inferior to that of savage life, while that of sight is notably poor among scholars. How very poor it is comparatively, we do not realize. The ideal eye is so very rare that it hardly serves for comparison.

The eye responds to demands more readily than any other organ, laboring more hours than any other organ with reasonable care. The proper use of the eyes, however, is understood by very few students. They cannot work continuously with light falling directly on the retina. The light should come over the shoulder upon the book, while the back is turned against the rays. By night there is nothing so good as a low, flat oil lamp, with a green glass reflector or shade, that rises only a few inches over the book. The eye will then receive directly only a soft, diffused green light. By twilight, that is increasing or decreasing light, the eyes should never be used. Five minutes strained use of this organ will do more damage than unlimited use.—M. Maurice, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

An Oddity in Scarf Pins.

"A fancy for oddities in scarf pins has ever been a mania with me," said Seymour Kisch, the other day," and the one that pleases me most, I have just discovered, was liable to prove too expensive. I don't mean that the article itself was high priced, for I was never given to wearing diamonds or costly jewelry of any kind, and the one I speak of as suiting me best only cost a dollar, but it was the repeated purchases I was compelled to make that made me weary. This pet pin was the perfect imitation of a fly, and I wore it all spring without having the slightest trouble, but the moment warm weather came on I found I was liable to be bothered. It invariably cost me a dollar note to stop on the street and talk with a friend, for sure as guns he would take a cane or umbrella and give that fly a clip that would knock him galley west, invariably saying "Shoo fly" as he hit it. As I said, before fly time there was no trouble, for people then naturally knew it was a dummy, and even when it grew warm I did not mind a fly or two a week, for I was really mashed on it, and disliked to give it up; but during the hot days of the convention I got a dose that sickened me, and one day I met so many people I knew, and all of them seemed to have the same hankering to "shoo fly," that I lost seventeen of the little beasts that cost me $17, and I had to give it up."—Chicago Herald.

So Much the Worse.

"I understood you to say, sir, that I was was lying under a mistake," said one angry man to another.

"I did say so. Those were my exact words."

"But I was not lying under a mistake, sir—there was no mistake in the matter."

"So much the worse for you, then," answered the other, coolly, and as the angry man saw how he had committed himself he looked angrier than ever.—Detroit Free Press.

Mistake in the Maker.

Some car builder, who will be punished hereafter if not here, is turning out railroad coaches so constructed that when the windows are up the bottom sash boards come exactly across the line of vision, so that no one except a child can see out of doors without either standing up or closing the windows.—New York Sun.

Political Log Rolling.

Says a Saginaw moralizer: "There is certain to be some log rolling during a political campaign. If now and then a boom breaks, what does it matter? Enough good timber is always left standing."

Summer vegetables should be cooked on the same day they are gathered, if possible. The secret of retaining the green color of vegetables is said to be in keeping them uncovered while cooking.

Sprinkling salt on the tops and at the bottom of garden walls is said to keep snails from climbing up or down.

If you use powder, always wash it off before going to bed.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

KIT GRALE.

By JAMES T. McKAY.

[Copyright.]

[CONTINUED.]

Kit went in, found him sitting, crouched down, with his head in his hands. She roused him, told him she had discharged Stubbs, tried to excite his anger against the wretch—anything to make him shake off this ominous lethargy.

"It ain't no use, Kit," he said. "I can't reap the wheat alone, and it wouldn't be no good if I could. They'd sell us out in a week or two, anyway."

"No, they won't, father; they can't," she said. "I got Bell Cleary to ask her brother, and he says it'll be some time before they can sell us out, and we can pay it off at any time before. We must hope for the best, father. You know you promised me you'd try; for my sake, father, for my sake!"

She saw Stubbs, through the window, sneaking away across the orchard, with his hand to his head. Poor Kit! true, tried heart! What should she do? What could she do? She had almost cried aloud in her extremity. She turned to hide the tremor in her lips, the blinding tears, the bitter sob that would rise.

Prate of true love—manly devotion—love of knight for lady! Give that slight girl a visible foe—steel capped warrior in shirt of mail—give her charger and lance in rest—for this stolid old man's sake, she would ride you a tilt with the best, charge with all the fire of Bayard in her heart and cheek, and glory in the mad career, though the knight were Amedis himself! But this unseen enemy, this horrible phantom that crept upon her father, step by step—how could she battle that? She did not care for poverty—only for him. If she could have saved him, she would have bidden them sell, and laughed them to scorn. The world was wide, hers were deft hands and a stout heart. But how to save him—how to save him? She could see no hope for the future; she shuddered when she looked ahead. But she saw that the present duty was to keep him in action. For her to see was to do.

"Come, father," she said. Her voice was clear and cheery—noble hypocrisy! "Come, father, we mustn't let that fellow get the best of us. We'll show him we can do without him. We'll cut the wheat in spite of him. I'll drive and you'll pull off."

"It ain't no use, Kit, girl," he said, gloomily. But he got up and went with her, as he always did now. They harnessed the horses and drove them up the hill and over to the wheat field beyond. It was the 19th of July, raw and cloudy, strangely cold for the season. The field had been partly cut, and the reaper stood in the swath. Everything went wrong. The oil was so thick in the can that it would not run; the new horse, Robert, a young black, was unused to the clatter of the machine, and it was all Kit could do to make him and old brown pull together. Grale sat behind to throw off the sheaves. The grain was dripping wet. It clogged on the platform, would not go off straight. He tried a little while, but his heart was not in it. He saw behind him a line of tumbled bundles that no one could bind. He gave it up.

"Hold on, Kit," he called. "I can't do it."

She saw he could not; then she despaired. She sat still in the driver's seat, her face turned away. She knew not where to look or what to think. Her lips trembled, her heart sank to heaven. What should she do! what should she do! But she would not let him see. She would not give up yet.

"Father," she said, "this is my debt, not yours. I'll go and see Mr. Wyckel myself. Don't fear, father, I'll get the loan renewed—we'll come out all right yet. Come, father, let's go home. I'll go over to Hilbury in the Foam, take the 8 o'clock train, stop over night with Cousin 'Manda, and come up on the boat to-morrow night."

"Don't leave me, Kit," he pleaded. "It ain't no use. He's a hard man—a hard man."

But she saw no other resource. So she reasoned with him, and he yielded to her, as he always did finally.

He helped her launch the Foam, and watched it glide away down the harbor toward the light.

IV.

The wind was fresh from the east; she had to beat out all the way to the light. The tide was past the full, the ebb setting out strongly helped her on. Coming to the inlet finally, the wind was dead ahead, and the tide running out swift as a mill race. Running for the middle of the passage she put the Foam up straight into the wind, drew the sail fore and aft and drifted out slowly on the tide, in the teeth of the fresh breeze. The light keeper gave her a "goodday" as she passed; his great black Newfoundland bounded and barked on the shore, then plunged in and swam off to the boat. They all knew and liked Kit. She patted the dripping head that looked at her so friendly out of the waves. But she drove him off.

"Off, Tower, off, sir! I've no time for play. Poor boy, you'd help me if you could!"

She put the helm to starboard, slipped the sheet, then, bringing the boat up close to the wind, stood off half a mile on the port tack. Going about then, she ran down straight for the other inlet, worked through slowly against the ebb, and then went bowling on up Hilbury harbor, with a stiff breeze on the port beam.

Coming to the head of the harbor, she tied up her boat to the landing place, letting the sail fly out. A strange boat lay close by, with "Bess Maynard" painted on the stern. Kit bought a few groceries at the shop near by, engaged Clif Crackel to take the Foam back home, and then walked up the road.

By this time it was half-past 1. Hearing voices, she looked forward. Two men sat on a bench by the door of Mark Callowell's little shop; she knew them both. The great unwieldy, red faced and jolly looking fellow on the right was Capt. Tacitus Marlin. Few in Hilbury, however, knew him by that name. He had somehow got the nickname of "Whaler," and it stuck to him as such things will. Everybody in Hilbury called him Cap'n Tass or Cap'n Tass Whaler. He had lived there all his life, off and on, until a couple of years back, becoming too unwieldy for active life, he had gone to live with his married son, across the sound. Kit had known him as long as she could remember, and the old fellow had always been fond of the daring, wayward child. She went up to him now, and held out her hand.

"How do you do, Cap'n Tass?" she said.

He took his pipe from his mouth, stared a minute, then got up and gave her both his great paws.

"Shirks an' finbacks!" he said, shaking with a great inward laugh. "If it ain't little Kit gone an' growed a woman! How d'ye do, Kit? How d'ye do? Y'r lookin' thin, little un. That'll never do. Ye didn't never used to look thin, when you used to cut up 'round the old Kingfisher. What a wild un you was, though, Kit! Glad to see ye, anyhow; glad to see ye."

She had eaten nothing since morning, little then. She felt faint. She would go in and buy some biscuits. She passed in. The two men went on with their talk. Kit could hear every word.

"Seen this here, Cap'n Tass?" It was Potter's voice.

"What? That poster? No, hain't looked at it partickler. Let's see. 'Thousan' dollars reward.' Hello! Guess I hev seen it. Got over here, eh, has it? Let's hear it, Tom, an' I'll tell ye 'bout it."

"'One thousand reward. The above reward will be paid by the subscriber to any person who shall give such information as shall lead to the discovery of the schooner Onward, which was sunk by the steamer Ticonderoga, in a fog, on the morning of the 12th of March last, supposed at the time to be about four miles off Clerken light, bearing S. E. half E. Information must be given personally to Garrett Ingram, High street, Rutherby.'"

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Marlin. "Ho, ho, ho! That's the stunnin'est joke I ever see. Ho, ho, ho! Ain't it a good un, Tom? I never told ye, did I? Well, look here. I could take that there thousand if I liked, an' I won't hev it. I know where to put my finger on that schooner, but I won't. Know why? 'Cause if I make one thousan' out of it Gat Ingram'll make ten. An' ruther'n that I'd give a thousan' to keep him from findin' her. Me an' Gat Ingram ain't no frien's, we ain't. He sarved me a scaly trick on the banks once that I'll never forgive him. But that's a good un, that is—'off Clerken light, four mile sou'east half east.' Haw, haw, haw! The fact is, Tom, they didn't nary one on 'em know where they was—the fog was so thick. I was out in the Bess that same arternoon, takin' a look at things, ye know. I cruised roun' a little an', takin' 'count of wind an' tide, an' the pint where the Ticonderogy run ashore, I made up my mind the schooner wasn't sunk 'off Clerken light, sou'east half east.' I waited till dead low water, an' then run the Bess down where I thought was about the spot. Well, sir, ye wouldn't believe it, but I wasn't twenty foot out o' the line. It was more luck than anything, I've allus said, but, howsever, it was her an' no mistake. I didn't let on to nobody, though. Says I, I'll let 'em hunt for her awhile, then I'll get fifty dollars out of 'em for showin' where she lays. I put my mark on to her, ye see. Well, they scratched roun', dragged high and low, an' never got near her. I went out an' watched 'em every day. Scratch away, my hearties, says I; time-by I'll put in my oar. Well, I'd just about made up my mind to speak to the company that owned her, when I heerd how Gat Ingram had bought out their right in her on a spec. He offered fifty dollars reward right away, an' he's been huntin' fur her ever since. The reward's been a growin' bigger 'n bigger till it's got to what ye see. But it'll grow to ten thousan' afore Tass Marlin shows Gat Ingram where the schooner lays in eighteen fathom at dead low water."

Kit had heard every word. She listened intently, unconscious of all else. There was hope in the words, only a faint gleam, a merest chance, but still hope, hope! The shopman was speaking to her. She started, she had not heard him.

"Your crackers, miss. Ten cents."

She paid him and passed out.

"Cap'n Tass, will you walk with me?" she said. "I want to speak to you."

"I ain't just built for walkin', Kit, he said. But he got up and came with her. She led him down along the water side.

"Cap'n Tass," she began, "I heard you speaking about the Onward. Don't you mean to show them where she is?"

He shook his head, gravely. "No, Kit, I can't do it. I've had all my dealin's along of Gat Ingram. He don't deserve it, Kit, no more he don't."

"You oughtn't to bear malice, Cap'n Tass. It isn't like you. 'Tisn't Christian."

"Well, I d'know, Kit. That's what my Jane says, an' she reads me a piece out o' the Book where it says how's a man 'l oughter cut up to a feller same's he'd be done by. An' I know tarnal well how I'd be done by if Gat Ingram was to hev the doin' on't. Leastways I can't do it, and ther' ain't no use jawin' about it. It goes agin me to say no to ye, Kit, it allus did. An' ye've got enough to fret ye, anyway 'thout that. I've heerd how ye've come through the hards, little un, an' I'm sorry 'nough—ye know I'd be sorry fur ye, Kit. Lord knows I'd help ye if I could! Poor Jack! I know'd him afore you was born, Kit—afore George Gladwin was drowned on Gull reef. Never see two fellers take to'ther like them. Jack never got right over it—never been the same man since, though it's twenty-one year. Lord, how time flies, Kit! 'Pears sometimes it just flinders. It's a queer world—mighty queer. D'ye think I could help ye, little un? Poor Kit! Poor Kit!"

And he laid his big hand kindly on her head, and looked pityingly into her thin worn face. They were standing apart, in the shade of a tall old tree. She looked in his face and spoke—there was a gleam of hope in her eyes, a tremor of eagerness in her words. She told him the sad story, their troubles, her father's gloom, her own anxiety, her terrible fears.

"I feel there's no hope from the lawyer," she finished. "He's a hard, merciless man. And I can't go back without some help. Oh, I can't—I can't! I'm afraid, Cap'n Tass, I'm afraid. You know what I mean, I can't say it—it's too horrible. Oh, Cap'n Tass, you can help me, you can save him, if you will. Will you do it? Will you? Will you?"

"How can I, girl? Tell me how?"

She grasped his arm in her eagerness. Her face flushed hot. Her heart beat hard. There is help, there is hope, it cried; he will, he can't refuse. She could hardly speak the words, between fear and hope.

"Tell me how I can find the schooner!"

"Tell me how I can find the schooner!"

He shrank as if she had struck him. He had not guessed her meaning—it took him by surprise. He sat down on a log, took off his cap, wiped his wet forehead, looked at her doubtingly a minute, then he spoke

"I'm taken all aback, Kit. I dun' know what to say. I can't do it—it's too much, it's too hard. You didn't ought to ask me, Kit, it ain't right. I can't put money in that man's pocket—he don't deserve it. Ye wouldn't ask me if ye knowed. Tain't like ye, girl, tain't like ye. Ask me anything else—I can't do that. What's more, I dun' know't I could find her now. She may 'a heeled over, tides may 'a shifted her, she may 'a settled deeper, somebody may 'a run over her and broke off her topm'st."

"Cap'n Tass," she said, pleading, as for her life. "Cap'n Tass, remember your old messmate. Do ye think John Grale would have let his pride stand in the way, if you were in deadly peril and he could save you by any means? Are you going to send me back to him to see him going day by day, till one day we'll miss him, and God knows what we'll find?" She shuddered and wrung her hands. "Oh, Cap'n Tass, you won't, you can't!"

He stood up before her, rubbed his forehead thoughtfully a minute, then threw his handkerchief into his cap and put it on tight. There was settled purpose in his face and gesture.

"God forgive me!" he said. "I didn't look at it so. Poor Jack! Poor Jack! We'll save him yet, Kit, you an' me—we'll save him yet. There's no time to spare. We'll go now. It is low water at four fifteen. We'll need our time. Go down to the Bess, Kit, and wait for me."

He went over to the house where he was staying. Kit unfurled the Bess' sail, run it up and set it taut. Then Marlin came down with a jug of water and a brown paper parcel, a shawl and a couple of coats over his arm. He stowed them under the deck, forward, and threw off the line. The boat drifted off, swayed round before the wind.

"Take the tiller, Kit," he said. "This is your cruise. You're cap'n, I'm only pilot."

The wind had hauled into the southeast, still veering southward. The clouds had cleared away, the sun shone bright and warm. The breeze was fresh, the boat filled away before it, went bowling down the harbor with the wind on her starboard quarter. The green hills dropped behind—dark woods, houses here and there, projecting points and little shaded coves. Kit steered, old Tass trimmed sheet.

No trouble in the inlet now, wind and tide astern. Kit sees the light on the bar, the long reach of water stretching away toward home. She wonders how things are getting on there. The worrying thought frets her sorely.

"Let her stan' close for Goose Neck P'int, Kit," says Tass, and trims sheet a little closer.

On, across the broad bay, breezily now along the shore of the point; then the neck drops behind; they are clear of the land. The boat rises and falls on the tumbling waves of the open sound.

"Luff, Kit, luff a little. There, steady, keep her so," says Marlin. "Run your eye along the line o' the keel. Ye see that white spire on the north shore, east of the little village, on the hill, with the woods behind it? Keep her nose to that meetin' house."

The wind veered steadily round through the southern quarter, blowing fresh and steady. On went the Bess before it, crowding ahead dancingly, making way swiftly, drawing the northern shore on nearer and plainer.

They ran in to within a couple of miles of the shore; the wind very nearly west, the sky clear.

"Hard a-port!" called Marlin, then. "Let her go about."

The boom swayed over, Tass slipped the sheet.

"So, Kit—keep her there. Square afore the wind."

They ran down the coast a mile or so.

"Port again, Kit—hard a-port—there! P'int her up a leetle more—steady—so-o-o! You see Goose light, Kit? Keep her nose square for the tower. It's nigh onto dead low tide now. We keep the line 'tween the church an' the light, an' if we're lucky we'll sight about four foot o' yeller spare. Ther' ain't much of any drift, an' I think we'll hit it. Ther' ain't no need to look out till that 'ere clump o' cedars on the rocky p'int there to the west, bears square abeam to wind'ard. Area clear, Kit?"

They held on half a mile or so, on the same course, sailing close on the wind. Then the cedars drew on, gradually, until they stood off right abreast.

"Now then," Tass sung out, "hold her steady an' keep your eyes about-ye."

On they foamed, straight for the light, four keen eyes searching intently. But they saw no spar. Only the tumbling waves, seething, sunlit and tipped with foam. On they went. Kit's heart sank. No mast in sight on either hand. Presently Marlin turned.

"Luff, Kit," he said, "hard a-lee! Put her about. We missed her that time. Guess she must 'a fell off to loo'ard, sailin' so clus to the wind. We'll hev a better chance afore it. Now, then, full fur the spire, an' don't let her fall off, Kit—if anything, luff her a p'int."

The boat jibbed round, and filled away before the wind on the port quarter. Again they searched keenly, anxiously. They saw no spar; on they foamed. Kit's heart weighed like lead, and full of fear. The clump of cedars drew on only too swiftly. Another quarter of a mile, and they will be abreast! She stood up in her excitement, strained her sharp eyes—oh, how eagerly! She forgot the helm one moment; the boat's head fell away to lee. Tass did not notice. Suddenly he saw.

"Luff, Kit," he shouted—"hard a-lee! Hard, I say! you're off the course three p'ints."

She seized the tiller, but she did not luff. She jammed it hard to port. Her face was radiant as an angel's. She laughed and pointed east.

"Hurrah!" she cried—"hurrah! hurrah! The mast! the mast!"

Sure enough, there it was, the tip of a mast two feet above the tide. Never was a sight more joyful to heart of man than these two feet of wave washed spar in Kit's glad eyes that day!

They ran alongside. The tide was rising now; the waves washed over it every time. It was somewhat out of the line between light and spire. It was deeper in the water, too. But for Kit's momentary forgetfulness they must have gone by and missed it. It was hit or miss, the simplest accident decided—chance, providence, fate, what you will. Marlin tore a shred of old muslin—tied it to the mast.

"It'll help us next time, Kit," he said. "Now for Rutherby!—fifteen mile to wind'ard. Wind west, half no'the, an' pretty fresh. Put her about, Kit—hard a-lee—clts on the wind—there! Head her fur Kensel P'int. A long leg an' a short un."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Framing of Pictures.

The proper framing of pictures is an art in itself, and one that is seldom carried out harmoniously. Fortunately the days of gigantic gilt inclosures of the most florid description have passed; but there are still picture owners who make as near an approach as they can to hanging a frame and putting in a picture by way of finish. A frame should be, like a carpet or wall paper, merely a background; and the pretty fashion of inserting pictures in the walls in panel fashion, with a narrow molding by way of frame, is one that gains ground with all true lovers of art.—Ella Rodman Church in Woman.

Keeps Pegging Away.

"Pa," inquired a little boy, "does Satan ever go to Europe for a summer vacation?"

"No, son," replied the old gentleman, "Satan stays at home and attends to business."—New York Sun.