

my face, and a voice said, "Why, what's the matter, Nellie? What are you crying for?"

It was Ned who had come into the room and caught me.

There was no good denying it; he had heard the sobbing; so, though I tried to choke it all back, I could not. He still held my hands. "Why, you silly little person, any one would think you had a real big trouble." Ay, so I had, Ned dear.

"Is your mother ill again, Nelly? Can I help you any way?"

What should I do? It was heaven to have him there by me, holding my two hands in his firm grasp; and yet I could not let him think—O, what should I do? Do? Just what I did; make an utter fool of myself, and begin crying again worse than ever.

"Poor little Nelly! There, Nelly, don't; tell me all about it. Poor little Nell, dear little Nell!" His hand went on my shoulder, gently round my neck, and Ned's lips just touched my hair. Ah, it was killing me; to sit there and make no sign, with my pulses throbbing and my heart boiling over with love for him!

I jumped up from my chair and ran out of the room, upstairs, until I reached Carrie's room, where I threw myself, panting and aching all over, on the door-mat.

The door opened and a moment later Carrie's arms were around me, and she had lifted me into an easy-chair by the fire-place.

"Why, Nelly, whatever made you scamper up here like that? Were you frightened of ghosts down below there, or had you a headache?"

Silly, good-hearted Carrie! Not a headache, dear, but such a weary heartache.

"It's very silly, Carrie; but you know I am very nervous, sometimes; I am sure a storm is coming up, and I feel all shaken, and have one of my headaches."

"Lie down on my bed, then, and you shall sleep here if you like."

I lay down, and Carrie sat by me until the tea bell rang; then, for I had not spoken, she thought I was asleep; and as the Captain was the model of punctuality, and expected his children to be so also, she left me and went down.

How the wind raged! It seemed as though it would beat in the window of Carrie's room! I could not lie there any longer. I would just scribble a line for her, and, getting my hat and shawl on my way, go home; so, softly I went down the stairs and out at the door into the wild, threatening night.

The wind eddied round me, and nearly took me off my feet, and I leaned against a low wall to take breath. A step came nearer, and the next moment Ned appeared.

"Carrie said you had gone home. How foolish of you, this wild night! You had far better stay till to-morrow."

Ah, was it fate, then? Was I not to get away from this man?

"I am quite well now; my headache is gone; indeed, I can get home."

"Well, Nelly, I shall come too. Fancy going out such a night as this. There'll be plenty of wrecks to-night, and the wreckers will have a busy day to-morrow. We are in for a real storm, and no mistake."

The wind was against us, and try how we would we could make but little progress. All my presentiments came back upon me. What if this were our last walk, this the last time I should see him!

"Trembling again, Nelly? If you were a fine lady I should say you were hysterical; as you are a sensible girl, I believe you are going to be ill."

"No, I am quite well; it's only a cold. More and more the wind blew, keener and more bitterly as we neared the cottage."

"Nearly home now, Nell, and I want to tell you something before I leave. I must not keep you out here, though. May I tell you to-morrow, dear?—What's that? A signal of distress! Again, again! Run in, child, run in! I must go and help, if help be possible. To-morrow, Nell, to-morrow!"

He almost forced me inside the house, put his arm round me, pressed kisses on my aching, burning brow, turned and ran down the cliff.

Mother came to the threshold, and, seeing me tottering, put her dear arms about me and pillowed my head on her breast.

"You have been walking too fast, darling; get your things off. That's a shot from some ship in distress. Poor things! God have mercy on them this wild night!"

How long we stood there I don't know. The storm came on in earnest; the sharp claps of thunder and the vivid flashes of lightning succeeded each other; down poured the rain in torrents. The flashes lit up the distance, and there, not far out, we could see a ship, and the innumerable black specks flitting about, poor things, in agony.

Louder and louder pealed the thunder. I could not rest there, so I broke away from mother and rushed down the cliff to Sea View. Had Ned not said he was going to help? Breathless, mad with love and terror, I reached the Captain's house.

"Ned, Ned!" I cried, when the door was opened.

"He is gone," answered Carrie's voice; "gone out in the lifeboat with the men."

"Gone!" And like a mad thing I flew on and on till I reached the beach.

"The lifeboat?" I asked of the crowd of

fisher-folk standing there, all called out by the signals of distress from the ship.

"She's gone out, lass. I'm most afeard she won't do no good."

"The Cap'n's son, he's gone in her!" cried one of the women.

I knew it, feared it, felt it! O, Ned, Ned, come back to me! More rain, more thunder. Ah, God help those brave fellows! The lightning flashed and showed the life-boat tossing about on the wild white waves.

"She'll never weather it! Yes, she will, God bless her!" Another flash. Where was the life-boat and her gallant crew? Ah, where? All eyes strained seaward, waiting for the next flash to light up the course of the white boat.

Where was she? The flash came; it showed the boat—keel upward!

O God, where was he—Ned, my darling?

My senses left me. I can not bring back one moment after that, until I woke to find myself in the little cottage, with mother's loving face looking over me.

Days passed, and still my mind wandered, and the scene of the beach was quite effaced from me until I heard old Guy Weeks' voice ask mother at the cottage door, "How be she to-day, neighbour?"

"Not much better, Guy, I fear."

"Ah, poor lass, she loved the Cap'n's son's my belief."

Then it all came back; and brought by my scream, mother returned to me. For many days I lingered between life and death: then in time mother told me the rest of that sad night's events.

How, when I broke from her, she had followed me to the Captain's house, thence on to the beach, where she had just caught sight of me when I ran back, like one whose feet had wings, up the steep cliff, and with one wail threw up my arms and leaped into the angry sea below. Mother flew down to the beach, implored and begged the men to go after me—but this fearful night would have shaken the courage of heroes. All looked away, and mother was nearly mad with agony, when old Guy Weeks came up to her.

"We'll go, neighbour, me and grandson Tom; and by God's help we'll bring your lass back again!"

And amid dangers of every kind they rounded the cliff, and made their way in their fragile boat to the place where I had thrown myself. There, then, they found me, bruised and shattered by the fall, washed upon a boulder of rock, utterly unconscious.

They put me in their boat and brought me back to mother, and there I lay for days and days, a fever raging within me and a prey to wild delirium. My hip was broken in the fall, and never more, the doctor said, should I walk the well-known road to the cottage door, where I had bid farewell to my heart's darling.

And he—brave, gallant Ned—he had been washed ashore with the others of the life-boat's crew; and all was mourning and misery at Sea View. O heaven, would that I had died and my bonnie sailor love had lived!

I lie here now, all day and all night, winter and summer, watching the plashing of those cruel waves on the shore, thinking always of Ned's "to-morrow." What would he have told me, my heart's treasure? Was it that he loved me? Ah, who shall know it ever?

Years have passed since this. Carrie, bright, loving Carrie, comes to see me often, and together we talk of him. She knows I loved him. How well I loved him God only knows.

I have a curly brown lock Carrie gave me. I kiss it and I love it—it is all I have of Ned.

Ah, did he love me?

A COIN OF EUCRATIDES.

There is a delightful zest about it, this finding of a unique coin, a bit of money which remains alone of the thousands which were made ages ago, which no one but the true numismatist can feel. The survival of the coins of the Greek and Roman periods appears, when one thinks about it, quite remarkable. It is the fate of the precious metals to change often in form, for eventually all the gold and silver goes to the melting-pot. Such discoveries, then, as have been made of old coins are due entirely to accidental hoardings, stowed away in the bowels of the earth, which time only, with the purest chance, brings to light. The military chest of some Consul, the Commander of a Greek or Roman army, might have been buried to escape capture, and thus there turns up most unexpectedly, some thousands of years afterwards, the gold and silver of a pagan Emperor. There may be yet slumbering in the bed of many a placid lake or swift river innumerable old coins which some day may be fished from the depths—coins worth a thousand times more than their weight in gold or silver.

Here is the true story of the rarest of all coins, and how a precious metal came to be the great numismatic triumph of the French collection. One evening in July, 1867, a French gentleman, an expert of the British Museum, was dining in London with General Fox, the son of Lord Holland. In the midst of the dinner-table talk, the numismatic enthusiast was addressed as follows by a gentleman present: "I am sorry you were not in town to-day, for I should have sent you a queer kind of a fellow (a glass of wine with you?) who says he came from Bokhara, and who pretends he has a rare (your very good health) coin." The numismatist was all attention.

"It was a gold coin, so he said, of some an-

cient King of India, and would weigh as much as twenty sovereigns, and was huge—as big as the palm of my hand."

The numismatist's heart was in his mouth.

"Sorry you seem so excited about it. It is my belief that the whole thing is a forgery. Just think of it! The shabby-looking fellow who was hawking the coin around had the impertinence to ask 5,000*l.* for it!"

The numismatist thought over it, and, as an expert, reasoned in this way over the story: "Forger he may be. Still there may be something in it. Issuers of spurious old coin never have brains enough to invent new forms; they always vamp up representations of certain well-known coins. Anyhow, it may be worth while for me to look it up as a numismatical monstrosity."

"The fellow," continued the informant, "seemed very much down on his luck. He told me that wherever he had been to show or sell his coin, the experts had kicked him out, declaring that his piece of money was a forgery."

A hope sprang up in the coin-collector's heart—an inkling that some great find was near at hand. Instinctively he rose from the dinner-table, determined to set out at once in search of the coin. Gen. Fox, the host, being himself the most enthusiastic of collectors, understanding what it was to have a fit of numismatic fever, excused his guest's further presence at the dinner. Out started the numismatist from Kensington, and posted as quick as a cab could take him to Islington, for at Islington he knew an Oriental who kept up communication with those curious waiifs from the East, who only turn up in the greatest city of the world. A trail was discovered in Islington itself, and soon the miserable lodgings of the man from Bokhara were found. The landlord of the house said, "The man you wish to see is just gone to bed. I know he has been trying to find you. Shall I call him down?"

"Yes, at once," cried the expert.

In a few minutes down came the man who had been kicked out by every coin-collector in London. With the help of the Oriental who acted as interpreter, the Bokhara man was told to show his coin. Then the Bokhara individual took off his queerly-cut coat, next his embroidered waistcoat, then his waistband, next his shirt, until there was nothing on him above the waist but his undershirt, and from under his arm-pit he drew out with great deliberation a dirty, sweat-begrimed leather case, which he laid slowly on a table. Presently the case was opened, and in an instant the eyes of the expert were dazzled with that peculiar soft, yellow sheen which only antique gold gives forth. It was, indeed, a prize. One glance alone was sufficient to show that it was a grand medallion, a unique coin, the chiefest, the rarest in the world. It had taken years of study on the part of the numismatist, a transmitted instinct, in fact, through some generations, for this expert to appreciate a rare coin at a single look.

Knowing that in dealing with Orientals an intending purchaser must exhibit no anxiety, the expert did not allow a muscle of his face to move.

It was the Bokhara man who took the gold coin and placed it in the numismatist's hand. If the recipient's hand had trembled in the least with excitement, the wily Oriental would have made a hard bargain. It was a supreme effort, for when the piece was touched only by the numismatist's fingers a thrill, something like an electric shock, tore up his arm.

Said the Bokhara man, through the interpreter, "That coin cost me dear. It has been sweated in man's blood—his heart blood. Seven of us found that piece of gold. We quarreled over it. That was natural. It was worth a fight. We fell on one another with knives and daggers. After a while, for it was hot work, five of the men rolled dead in the dust. Only two of us were left. The other man is still at Bokhara. He agreed that I should come to Europe to sell this bit of gold. Since it was found I have always carried it under my arm. There are, I understand, more skillful thieves in England than in Bokhara. They all say in London, those who have studied old golden money, that this coin is a forgery. I know better. Will you buy it, my Lord?" The expert looked at it again and satisfied himself as to its authenticity. It was an antique. More than that, it was a numismatic prodigy. Its weight was nearly five ounces, or twenty staters, and its value in gold about \$110.

On one side was the portrait of Eucratides, King of Bactria, who lived 185 B.C. The bust of the monarch was crowned with a helmet, ornamented with the horn and ear of the bull, a peculiar attribute of the kings of Bactria. On the reverse were the Dioscures, Castor and Pollux, galloping on horseback, with the legend in Greek, *ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΜΕΓΑΛΩΝ ΕΥΚΡΑΤΙΔΟΥ* (the great King Eucratides). There was a defect, something like a line running across the field of the piece. This defect was the glory of the coin. This showed the number of blows which were required to strike such a big piece. The die with which the coin had been stamped must have been broken after this piece was made. The numismatist was wild with joy, for certainly this piece was unique. It was the first, may be the last, of its kind, and there never would turn up in this world another piece of gold like it.

"Ask him what he wants for it," inquired the expert with concealed indifference. "It is worth something of course—its weight say, in gold." The Bokhara man's eyes twinkled—they were black, snaky eyes. "I will take 5,000*l.* for it, my lord, and nothing less," said the man, coolly, as he picked up the coin, slipped it into

the bag, and was about putting it under his arm.

Now came the moment of trial. The expert lighted a cigarette and smoked to calm his nerves. Then, blowing the smoke from his lips, he said: "I tell you what I will do. I will give you, right now, my check for 1,000*l.* for the piece. If the coin is not mine in twenty minutes I shall offer you 800*l.* for it, and so on until I get to 500*l.* If you don't close with me to-night, to-morrow I will not take it at any price."

"Twenty minutes passed," said the expert, "like an instant. The Bokhara man seemed immersed in deep thought. Then he turned on me suddenly," continued the expert, "pierced me through with his black eyes, and put the much-coveted coin in my hand, while his long, bird-like fingers were bent like talons to take the check. The coin was mine. I slept," said the expert, "with that coin under my pillow; that is, I tried to sleep, but so excited was I that I never closed my eyes that night."

The numismatist took the earliest conveyance across the English Channel. This medal was not for common collections. It was a piece for the French museum. The Emperor Louis Napoleon heard of it, as did the Minister of Instruction. M. Feuardent considered an offer of 30,000 francs for the medal as an imperative command that the coin should remain in France. So stay it did, and though 50,000 francs, just double what it cost, were offered for it. This coin of the Bactrian Eucratides is now the greatly prized ornament of the Cabinet des Médailles. To-day it lies in a glass case all by itself. There is a little handle coming out of the box which permits the public to turn the coin so that both sides of it can be seen.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It is dangerous to ask a woman idle questions when she is adding up a grocery bill.

A LONDON paper thinks that by residing in Europe an American girl can gradually "get rid of her war-whoop." American girls don't war whoops now.

"How nicely the corn pops," says a young man, who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded, demurely, "it's got over being green."

No young man in Rochester has any chance with the fair sex unless he can tell the names of several thousand stars, and is able to discover a new planet about once a month.

BONNETS are not worn in heathen lands. Hence churches are not popular there. It requires a new spring bonnet to develop the latent Christianity in a woman.

WHEN a lady by accident discovers that her photographer has put her picture in his showcase, she goes home and makes a terrible time over it, but doesn't order it to be taken out.

A touching story is told of a little New Haven child who, having received a "reward of merit" card from her teacher, held it up to the sky all the way home, that her dead father might see how good she had been.

IN the latest London novel two ladies are described as having "that air of affability about them that shows they regard themselves as women who soar superior to anything like an attempt made to sit upon them by other women."

A HIGH-SCHOOL girl in Des Moines the other day gave the following definition of spring: "When the gentle zephyrs make the wing on your hat stand straight up and all your scolding locks severally assert their individuality, then it is spring."

WHEN you see a window-blind with two slats disconnected from the rod which is intended to hold them in place, it is safe to conclude that there is a woman behind, and equally safe to wager that she isn't dressed and that the dishes are not washed.

A SCHOOL teacher who was taking down the names and ages of her pupils and the names of their parents at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

A CITIZEN went home from the caucus one night and asked his wife, "Did you commit an error or do anything out of character before we were married?" "Why, no! What makes you ask such a question?" "Oh, I didn't think you had, but I was nominated for a town office to-night, and I knew if you had it would all be out to-morrow."

A WOMAN may revel in silks and satins; she may make her beauty resplendent with diamonds and opals; she may attire herself in the most delicate of colors until she looks sweeter than the burst of dawn on paradise; but at the same time she will condescend to tie her hair up with the rag end of a pair of superannuated penny shoe-strings.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.