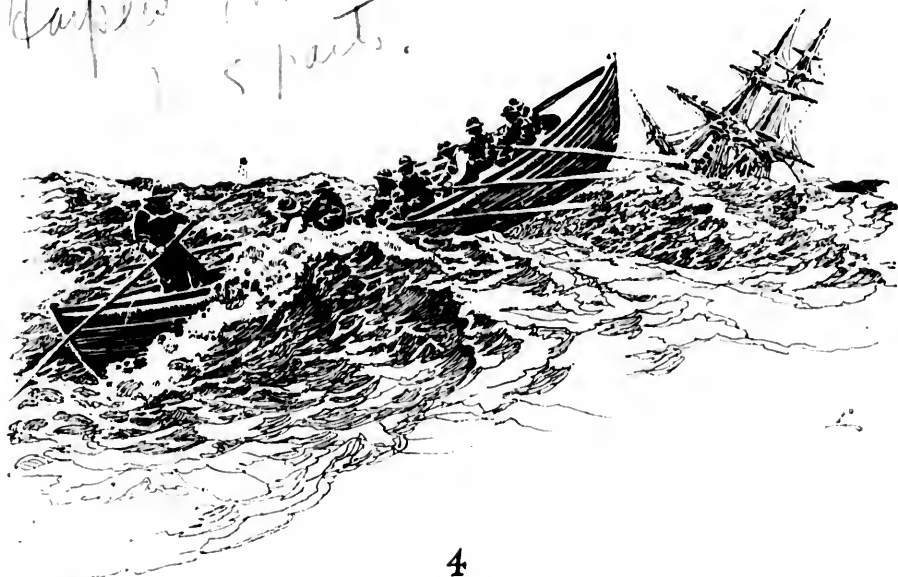


Haplow 1745-6  
s parts.



4

**F**ARLY in the morning the light-house-keeper and his granddaughter went out for a walk along the beach. The girl had just come down on a visit from the town, and she was curious to see the wreck on the beach she had noticed the evening before. The wind was blowing, and the air was full of the ceaseless monotone of the breakers, that at each recurrent burst sent a frothy sheet of water sliding up across the sand. The old light-house-keeper walked limpingly with his cane. He had been wounded in the knee in the battle of Bennington in the Revolution, and the government had given him the post of light-keeper. When they reached the wreck they stopped, and stood looking at it for a while. "'Polly Ann,'" read the young girl; and then, looking at the figure-head, "I suppose that is a likeness of somebody." "Ay, ay," says the old man, "the *Polly Ann*. She was an unlucky craft, they do say. She went ashore here in a gale last October, and two of the crew was drowned." Then he looked at the figure-head, squinting in the bright light as he did so. "'Tis like enough," said he, "that that be the likeness of the daughter of the owner." "I wonder who carved it?" said the girl. "'Tis very well done."

