
THE PRECIOUS STOCKING

aim, and he threw the ball so that it lodged out of Winslow's reach, some distance to one side.

At this unlucky throw Marie hastened to the large rock again, and returned at once with the leg of a stocking which had already been partly sacrificed. She gave one end of it to her father to hold, and with deft fingers began to wind up another ball of the strong homespun yarn. This was ready in a few minutes, and Pierre took the ball, and standing at some distance away from the cliff, threw it upward to within easy reach of Winslow, who soon had hold of it.

Tying a small stone to the end of the yarn, Winslow let it down the side of the ledge to Pierre, holding the ball carefully. When the end came to the old man's hand, and he had drawn out enough of it to serve, Winslow then held the upper end of the length with his mouth, and, still retaining the ball, unrolled it and let down a loop of the string, till Pierre had three lengths to which to attach the rope.

"Now let me see what I can do with the rope when I get it up here," said Winslow.

Pierre now spoke. "I see but one place where you can fasten the rope. That is a little beyond where you got the water. It looks like a corner of stone which this loop I have made will slip over."

Winslow could see the place, and moved forward to it.

"You see, sir, that the rock of the shelf is bare and firm there, so that when you slip off the rock you are on now to come down the rope you are not