

chairs, and faded chintz cushions, the row of old tin utensils, and plain, cheap crockery in the glass-doored cupboard, and felt more at home.

"You know Aunt Emma said they were poor, too," said Draxy, answering her own unspoken thought, as well as her father's and mother's.

Reuben pushed his hair off his warm forehead, and sighed.

"I suppose we might go upstairs, mother," he said; "that's to be our house, as I understand it."

Draxy bounded at the words. With flying steps she ascended the stairs and opened the first door. She stood still on the threshold, unable to move from astonishment. It was still light enough to see the room.

"Oh, father, it's all fixed for a sitting-room! Father, dear, I told you!"

This was something they had not dreamed of. They had understood the offer to be merely of rooms in which they could live rent-free.

In a minute the door burst open, and a red-faced, white-haired old man, utterly out of breath, bounced into the room, and seizing Reuben by the hand gasped out, puffing between the words like a steam-engine:

"Wreck me, if this isn't a hard way to make port. Why, man, we've been looking for some hail from you for two weeks, till we began to think you'd given us the go-by altogether. Welcome to Melville Harbour, I say, welcome!" and he had shaken Reuben's hand, and kissed Jane and turned to Draxy all in a breath. At the first full sight of Draxy's face he started and felt dumb. He had never seen so beautiful a girl. He pulled out a red silk handkerchief and wiped his face nervously as she said, "Kiss me, too, uncle." Then Reuben began to say something about gratitude, and the old sailor exclaimed: "Now, wreck me if I have a word o' that. We're glad enough to get you all here; and as for the few things in the rooms, they're of no account anyhow."

Captain Melville and Reuben were friends before bed-time. Reuben's gentle simplicity and unworldliness, and patient demeanour, roused in the rough sailor a sympathy like that he had always felt for women. And to Reuben the hearty good cheer, and brisk, bluff sailor ways were infinitely winning and stimulating.

The next day Mrs. Melville came home. In a short time the little household had adjusted itself, and settled down into its routine of living. When, in a few days, the great car-load of the Millers' furniture arrived, Captain Melville insisted upon its all