

entertainments I ever witnessed. And it brought the conviction that Harry Dawson recounted true history when he told us what followed on his blowing that blast with the whistle.

His eyes were upon that fleet of sea-gulls; he saw them sink into a wave valley, and before they came into sight again, a flapping of wings was discernible, and two of the gulls separated from the rest and flew over the waves. Harry's heart gave a great bounce, and he blew another long note. The two gulls wheeled in a circle over his head, and again he blew the whistle. Then they narrowed the circle into a descending spiral, until they alighted on the sand, and walked about, looking at him.

"I nearly died of delight," were Harry's words.

He took up a couple of sandwiches and picked out the ham and threw it to the gulls. They gulped it down, mustard and all, and they came closer and chuckled. Harry gave them the meat from all the sandwiches, and they gobbled it all down.

They waited about while he ate the bread. He fed them with bits of bun, but they said "Thank you," they had had enough.

The other gulls were flying round with wailing cries, making a great clamor, as if asking the precocious pair what they meant by such intimacy with a human boy. And the pair answered in gull-language. They seemed to thank Harry, and say how glad they were to see him again, and sorry they could not stay longer. Then they flapped, and rose on their strong wings, and joined their companions, and called a final "Good-bye," and flew right away, and Harry saw them no more.

It might have been the tingle of the salt in the wind that made Harry's eyes water as he walked back.

After tea he wrote a long letter to Mr. Fields, and the next day the Dawson family left Rocksands, and went home.

(The End.)