

other people do not give you credit for this. Remember how your father was respected here. Try to act always as you would have done had he been alive, and you cannot go far wrong."

James had done his best, but he found it hard to get rid of his reputation for getting into mischief, and more than once, when falsely suspected, he grumbled that he might just as well have the fun of the thing, for he was sure to have the blame.

As Jim Walsham and his companions were chatting in the shade of a boat their conversation was abruptly broken off by the sight of a figure coming along the road. It was a tall figure, with a stiff military bearing; he was pushing before him a large box mounted on a framework supported by four wheels; low down, close to the ground, swung a large flat basket. In this, on a shawl spread over a thick bed of hay, sat a little girl some five years old.

"It is the sergeant," one of the boys exclaimed. "I wonder whether he has got a fresh set of views; the last were first-rate ones."

The sergeant gave a friendly nod to the boys as he passed, and then turning up the main street from the beach went along until he came to a shaded corner, and there stopped. The boys had all got up and followed him, and now stood looking on with interest at his proceedings. The little girl had climbed out of her basket as soon as he stopped, and after asking leave, trotted back along the street to the beach, and was soon at play among the seaweed and stones.

She was a singularly pretty child, with dark blue eyes, and brown hair with a touch of gold. Her print dress was spotlessly clean and neat; a huge flapping sun-bonnet shaded her face, whose expression was bright and winning.

"Well, boys," the sergeant said cheerfully, "how have you been getting on since I was here last? Nobody drowned, I hope, or come to any ill; not that we must grumble what-