## EDITH YORKE

CHAPTER I .- CONTINUED.

He leaned back sgainst the house, with his hands in his pookets, and stared at the clay bank before him. Edith looked at him, but said nothing. Presently he turned cound-denly that she started. "Girl," he said, never do you ridicule a man who has been drinking, no matter what he does! You may hate him, or be afraid of him, but never daugh at him! You might as well look down into hell and laugh! Do you know what it is to be in the power of rum? It is to have serpents twining round you and binding you hand and foot. I've gone through the streets up there with devils on my back, pushing me down; wild beasts tearing my vitals, reptiles examing round me, the earth raising up and quaking under my feet, and a horror in my soul that no words can describe, and the men and women and children have laughed at me. Perhaps they were such shallow fools that they didn't know; but I tell you, and you know now. Don't you ever dare to laugh at a drunkard !"

"I never will!" Edith cried out, in an agony of terror and pity. "O you poor man!
I didn't know it was so awful. O you poor man !'

Mr. Bowan had stopped, gasping for breath and, with this patched sleeve, wiped off the perspiration that was streaming down his Edith tore off her little calico apron with such haste as to break the strings. Mere, take this !? she said, reaching it out

He took it with a shaking hand and wiped his face sgain; wiped his eyes again and again, breathing heavily.

"Couldn't you be saved?" she asked, in s whisper. "Isn't there any way for you to get out of it?"

"No!" he said, and gave her back her apron. "No; and I wish that I were dead!"
Don't say that!" the child entreated. "It swicked; and perhaps you will die if you :Exy it."

The drunkard raised his trembling hands, and looked upward. "I wish to God that I were dead!" he repeated.

Edith shrank back into the room. She was too much terrified to listen to any more. But after a moment he called her name, and she leaned out again. His face was calmer, and his voice more quiet. "Don't tell her what I have been talking about," he said modding toward the room. "I would sconer tear my tongue out by the roots than say mnything to her."

"I won't tell," Edith promised. \*Supper's ready," Mrs. Rowan announced seeming towards the window. She had heard her husbands voice in conversation with Edith, and wondered greatly what was going

Mr. Rowan turned away, with a look of irritation, at sound of her timid voice, walked round the house, and came sulkily in to his gapper.

Their meals had always been comfortless and silent; but now Edith tried to talk, at Birst with Mrs. Rowan; but when she saw that the woman's tremulous replies, as if she adid not dare to speak in her husband's presence, were bringing an uglier frown to his face, and that he wis changing from sullen to savage, she addressed her remarks and questions to him. Mr. Rowan was a surveyor, and a good one, when he was sober, and he was a man of some general information and reading. When he could be got to talk, one was surprised to find in him the ruins of a gentleman. Now his answers were surly enough, but they were intelligent, and the child, no longer looking at him from the out- struck in desperately. side, questioned him fearlessly, and kept up a sort of conversation till they rose from | was not decided; so she brought out the pack

table. It was Mr. Rowan's custom to go out immediately after supper and not come home till late in the evening, when he would stagger in, sometimes stupid, sometimes furious with liquor. But to-night he lingered about sparks from her eyes. Then he took the when he had left the table, lighted his pipe, cards, shuffled them, and began to play. kicked the fire, wound up the clock and cursed It for stopping, and finally, as if ashamed of holding it upside down, so as to bide the proposal even while making it, said to Mith, "Come, get the checker-board, and see If you can best me."

She was quick-witted enough, or sensitive enough, not to show any surprise, but quietly brought out the board, and arranged the chairs and stand. It was a square of board, rough at the edges, planed on one side, and marked off in checks with red chalk. The men were bits of tanned leather, one side white, the other aide black. She placed them, smiled, ped her book, turned her face away quickly, and said, "Now, I'm ready!"

Mrs. Rowan's cheeks began to redden up with excitement as she went about clearing I think; I'm tired." the table and washing the dishes, but she said nothing. She had even tact enough to ige away into the bedroom, when her work was done, and leave the two to play out their game unwatched. There she sat in the falling dusk, her hands clasped on her knees, Historing to every sound, expecting every moment to hear her husband go out. The three curtains in the room were rolled up to the wary tops of the windows, and, in their piaces, three pictures seemed to hang on the smoky walls, and illumine the place. One was a high clay bank, ats raw front ruddy with evening light, its top crowned with a bush burning like that of Horeb. The second was a bill covered with spruce-trees, nothing else, from the little cone, not a foot high, to the towering spire that pierced the sky. Some faint rose refisetions yet warmed their sombre shadows, and mach sharp top was slivered with the coming The third window showed a moonlight. deserted ship-yard, with the skeleton of a bark standing on the stocks. The shining ziver beyond seemed to flow through its ribs. and all about it the ground was covered with bright yellow chips and shavings. Above tt, in the tender green of the south-western thirst are gnawing at his vitals. The sky, a cloud-bark freighted with crimson drunkard's body, already singed by light sailed off southward, losing its treasure the near flames of the bottomless pit, light sailed off southward, losing its treasure as it went. These strong, rich lights, meeting and crossing in the room, showed clearly the woman's nervous face full of suspense, the very attitude, too, showing suspense, as mhe only half sat on the side of the bed, ready to start up at a sound. After a while she got up sortly, and went to the fireplace to listen. All was still in the other room, but she heard distinctly the crackling of the fire. What had come over him? What did it mean?

Presently there was a slight movement, and Edith's voice spoke out brightly: "Oh! I've got another king. Now I have a

rchance!" The listener trembled with doubt and fear. Her husband was actually sitting at home, and playing checkers with Edith, instead of going out to get dronk! He could not mean to go, or he would have gone at once. She longed to go and assure herself, to sit down in the room with him, but could scarcely find courage to do so. She held her breath as she went toward the door, and her hand faltered on the latch. But at last she cummoned reselution, and went out.

The lamp was lighted, the checker-board

Edith's chamber was the little dark attic, which was reached by a steep stairway at one side of the fireplace.

"I was in bed, wide awake, and it was plich dark. You know you put the cover over the skylight when it rained the other day, and it has not been taken off. Well, instead of shutting my eyes, I kept them he muttered, "or a cup of strong black wide open," and looked straight into the coffee! I wender if I could get either of em dark. I've heard that you can see anywhere?" spirits so, and so I thought I might see my the day. mamma. Pretty soon there was a great hole in the dark, like a whirlpool, and after a minute there was a little light down at the bottom of it. I kept on looking, just as if I were looking down into a deep well, and then there came colors in clouds in the sky. Some were red, others pink, others blue, and all colors. Sometimes there would be a pattern of colors, just like figures in a carpet only they were blocks, not flowers. I didn't dream it. I saw it as plainly as I see the fire this minute. What do you suppose it was,

He had listened with interest, and did not appear to find anything surprising in the re-

"I don't know much about optics," he answered; "but I suppose there is a scientific reason for this, whether it is known or not. I've seen those colors—that is, I did when I was a child; and De Quincey, in his Upium Confessions, tells the same story. I don't believe that grown people are likely to see them for the reason that they shut their eyes, and their minds are more occupied. You have to stere a good while into the dark, and wait what comes, and not think much of anything.

"Yes," said Edith." But what do you guees it is?"

Mr. Rowan leahed back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head; and considered the matter a moment, some fixer in telligence than often showed there kindling behind his bloated face.

" I should guess it might be this," he said. "Though the place appears at first to be dark, there are really some particles of lightsthere. And since there are too few of them to keep up a connection in their perfect state, and divide into their colors, and make the clouds slighting her son to make any other reply to you saw. I don't know why particles of light should not separate, when they have a great deal to do, and not much to do it with. Air does."

"But what made them move?" Edith asked. "They were never still."

"Perhaps they were alive."
She stared with scintillating eyes.

Mr. Rewan gave a short, silent laugh. He knew that the child was only questioning in order to keep him. "No reason why not," he said. "According to Sir Humphry Davy, and some other folks, I believe, heat isn't caloric, but repulsive motion. "It isn't matter, but it moves, goes where nothing else can, passes through stone and fron, and can't be stopped and can't be seen. Now, a something that is not matter and yet is powerful enough to overcome metter, must be spirit. Heat is the soul of light; and if heat is spirit, light is alive. Voila tout!

He had forgotten himself a moment in the pleasure of puzzling his questioner; but catching his wife looking at him with an expression of astonishment, he came back to the present. The smile died out of his face, and the frown came back.

"Don't you want to play solitaire?" Edith

He made a slight motion of dissent, but it of soiled cards, and laid them before him. There was a moment of hesitation, during which the heart of the wife throbbed tumuituously, and the nerves of the child tingled with an excitement that seemed to snan in Mrs. Rowan opened a book, her face, cried quietly behind the page. Her husband saw that she was crying, cast a savage glance at her, and seemed about to fling the cards down; but Edith made some remark on the game, leaned toward him, and laid ber hand lightly on his arm. It was the first time in all their acquaintance that she had voluntarily touched him. At the same time she reached her foot, and pushed Mrs. Bowan's under the table. Mrs. Bowan dropand said with an effort of self-control rare for her: " Why, its nine o'cock ! I'll go to bed,

Nobody answering, or objecting, she went away, and left her husband still over his cards. "Isn't it about your bedtime?" he said pre-

sently to Edith. She got up slowly, unwilling to go, yet not daring to stay. Oh! if she were but wise enough to know the best thing that could be said—something would strengthen his resolution, and keep him in. It was not yet too late for him to go out : for. when every safe and pitiful door is closed, and slumber seals all merciful eyes, the beacon of the grogshop shines on through the night, and tells that the way to perdition still is open, and the eyes of the rumseller yet on the watch.

" How glad I shall be when Dick comes home!" she said. "Then I hope we can all go away from here, and wipe out, and begin

She could not have said better, but, if she had known, she could have done better. What he needed was not an appeal to his sentiments, but physical help. Words make but little impression on a man while the torments of a burning, infernal needed attending to at once; his soul was crushed and helpless under the rules of it. If an older, wiser head and hand had been there, started up the failing fire, and made some strong, bitter draught for him to drink, it might have done good. But the child did not know, and the sole help she could give was an appeal to his heart.

It is as true of the finest and loftlest natures, as of the perverted, that they cannot always conquer the evil one by spiritual means alone. Only spirits can do that. And often the tempter must laugh to see the physical needs, which were made to play about our feet like children, unnoticed when the soul speaks, starved till they become demone whose clamorous voices drawn the

spirit's fainting cries. But this man's demon was indulgence, and not denial. He was not hovering on the brink of ruin, he was at the bottom, and striving to rise, and he could not endure that any eye should look upon his struggles.

"D-you! will you go to bed?" he cried out fiercely.

Edith started back, and, without another

were talking over the slackening game. Edith Before closing the trapdoor, she looked down come, and were the neighbors welcoming sat by her husband's side, leaned back in her had a good head for a child of her age, but once, and saw Mr. Rowan tearing and twished a good head for a child of her age, but once, and saw Mr. Rowan tearing and twished had been playing with. In her haste, Edith had left the outer door only half alive. Edith lay on the kitchen-

rue rates of the orphaned childhood had gone long ago. The glare of the world had scorched it up before it had fairly taken root. That there might be help and comfort in the church of his fathers never entered his mind. "Drink! drink!" that was his sole thought. "If I only had some oplum!"

The day was lightly dawning when he staggered to the window, tore down the paper curtain, and looked out for some sign of life. At the wharf opposite lay a vessel that had come up the evening before, and he knew by the smoke that the cook was getting break-

fast there. "I'll go over and see if I can get some coffee or oplum," he muttered, and pulled his hat on as he went out the door.'

" I'll ask for nothing but coffee or opium," he protested to himself, as he shut the door softly after him. Alas! alas!

## CHAPIER II.

WIPING OUT AND BEGINNING ANEW. The next morning was a gloomy one for the two who had nursed that trembling hope overnight, but they did not say much about it. Mre. Bowan's isce showed the lassitude of long endurance. Edith's disappointment was polgnant. She was no longer a lookeron merely, but an actor. The man had confided in her, had tacitly asked her sympathy. and his failure gave her a pang. She cast about in her thoughts what she should do, having a mind to put her own young shoulder to the wheel. Should she go in search of him and give him one of those scoldings which he had acknowledged his need of? Should she lead him home and protect him from stones?

Hadn't I better go up to to the post-

office ?" she asked, after breakast. "I haven't been there this good while, and there might

such a request. Besides, the village boys might be hooting her hushand through the streets, and, if they were, she would like to know it. So Edith prepared herself, and went ont.

The ship-yard was full of business at this hour, and two men were at work close to the road, shaving a piece of timber. Edith looked at them, and hesitated. "I've a good mind to," she thought. She had never gone into the ship-yard when the men were there, and had never asked any one a question concerning Mr. Rowan. But now it was changed, and she felt responsible. "Have you seen Mr. Rowan anywhere, this morning?" she asked, going up to the man nearest her.

He drew the shave slowly to him, slipped off a long curl of amber-colored wood from the blade, then looked up to see who spoke. "Mr. Rowan!" he repeated, as if he had never heard the name before. "Oh! Dick, you mean. No, I haven't seen him this morning. He may be lying round behind the timbers somewhere.'

The child's eyes sparkled. Child though she was, she knew that the drunkard was more worthy of the title of gentleman than this man was, for he was rude and harsh only when he suffered.

"Little girl," the other called out as she turned away, "vour father is over there on board of the Annie Lorine. I saw him lying there half an hour ago, and I guess he hasn't stirred since."

"He isu't my father!" she flashed out. The two burst into a rude laugh, which effectually checked the thanks she would have given for their information. She turned hastily away, and went up the road to the village.

Mrs. Rowan finished her work, and sat down in the west window to watch. She was too anxious and discourgaed to knit, even, and so did not discover the tight little strip of work around the stocking-heel. It was em ployment enough to look out for Edith; not that she expected a letter, but because she wanted company. She was conscious of some strength in the child, on which she leaned at times. As for Dick, she had little hope of good news from him, if any. She had no part in Edith's rose-colored expectations. Dick in peril from storm, foe, or sin; Dick dying untended in foreign lands; Dick sinking down in cold, salt seas-these were the mother's fancies.

After half an hour, a figure appeared over the hills between the house and the village. Mrs. Rowan watched it absently, and with a slight sense of relief. But soon she noticed that the child was running. It was not like Edith to run. She was noticeably quict, and even dignified in her manners. Could she have seen or heard anything of Mr. Rowan at the village? The heart of the wife began to flutter feebly. Was he lying in the street? or engaged in a drunken quarrel? She leaned back in her chair, feeling sick, and tried to gather strength for whatever might come to

Edith was near the house, now running a few steps, then walking, to gather bresth, and she held her arm above her head, and swung

it, and in her hand was a letter ! Away went all thought of her husband. In two minutes Mrs. Rowan had the letter in her hand, had torn it open, and she and Edith were both bending over it, and reading it together. It had been lying in the post-office a week. It came from New York, and in a week from the date of it Dick would be at home! He was on board the ship Halcyon, Captain Cary, and they were to come down to Seaton, and load with lumber as soon as their East Indian freight should be disposed of. He had met Captain Cary in Calcutta, Dick wrote, and, having done him a service there, had been taken on board his ship, and now was second mate. Next voyage he would sail as first mate. The captain was his triend, would do anything for him, and owned hali the ship, Major Cleveland owning the other half; so Dick's fortune was made. But, he added, they must get out of that town. He had a month to spare, and should take them all away. Let them be ready to start on

short notice.

Having read this joyful letter through once they began at the first word and read it all through again, dwelling here and there with exclamations of delight, stopped every minute by a large tear that splashed down from Mrs. Bowan's eyes, or a yellow avalanche of Edith's troublesome hair tumbling down as she bent engerly over the letter. How many times they read the letter would be hard to say; still harder to say how many times they might have read it, had there been no interruption. A crowd of men were approaching their door-close upon them, and darkening the

her opponent was an excellent player, and she could not interest him long. She was all the stayed there the whole night fighting a jar, and now heavy test came tramping in trying every line to keep him, though and desperately with such wespongasthe had—a made a new task as Mrs. Rowan came in remarkable in the hill the hill the hill the hill the hill the stayed there the whole night fighting ajar, and now heavy test came tramping in without any leave belog asked; the inner made a new task as Mrs. Rowan came in remarkable in the hill the hill the hill the hill the stayed there the whole night fighting ajar, and now heavy test came tramping in without any leave belog asked; the inner made and or was pushed open, and not Dick, but Dick's father was brought in and laid on the floor. This was not the first, time he had been brought home, but never before had he come with such a retinue and in such silence, gone long ago. The glare of the world and never before had these men taken off their hats to Mrs. Rowan.

"We've sent for the doctor, ma'am," one of them said; "but I guess it's no use." """
"I wouldn't bave ordered him off, if I hadn't thought he was steady enough to go," said another, who looked very pale. "The captain was expected aboard every minute, and it would be as much as my life is worth if he found a man drunk there." "He slipped on a plank, and fell," some one

explained.

Their talk was, to the bewildered woman, ilke sounds heard in a dream. So were Edith's passionate words as she ordered the men away. The one who had refused the dead man any better title than "Dick" was just coming in at the door, staring right voice. Then there was a step that and left, not too pitiful even then to be paused near her. She put her hair back curious regarding the place he was in. "Go out!" she said, pushing the door in his face.

Some way, still in a dream, they were got rid of, all but two. Then the doctor came, and looked, and nodded his decision-"All over!"

A dream! a dream! The bedroom was set in order, the silent sleeper laid out there, every stranger sent out of the house and looked out, and then Mrs. Rowan woke up. it was a terrible awaken-

Madame Swetchine comments upon the fact that the thought of death is more terrible in an arid existence than in the extremes of joy and sorrow. It is true not only of those who die, but of the survivors. We go out more willingly on a difficult journey when we have been warmed and fed; we send our loved ones out with less pain when they have been thus fortified. It is the same, in a greater degree, when the journey is that one from which the traveller never returns. It hope. adds a terrible pang to bereavement when we think that our lost one has never been happy; how much more terrible if he has never been honored!

Of her husband's future Mrs. Rowan refused disliked being left alone, and she had no expectation of a fetter. But it seemed like allow no one to come pear or mean to be allowed to b save Edith. Those who came with offers of help and sympathy she ordered away. "Go!" to do, 1'll help you about." she cried. "I want nothing of you! I and mine have been a byword to you for years. Your help comes too late!"

She locked them out and pulled the curcome to the door through the whole day, no places, and the captain seated, oars in hand, one gained admittance or saw a sign of life Dick went back to the house, and stayed time. They only knew that it was still day by the rays of sunlight that came in through only took the cars, and silently guld-holes in the paper curtains, and pointed ed their boat out into the channel. across the rooms like long fingers. When The banks on either side were a solid blackthere was a knock at the door, they started, lifted their faces, and listened nervously till the knocking ceased, as if afraid that some one might force an entrance. One would have fancled, from their expression, that savages or wild beasts were seeking to enter. They never once looked out, nor knew who came.

Still less were they aware of Major Cleaveland standing in his cupola, apy-glass in hand, looking down the bay to see if that cloud of canvas coming up over the horizon was the good ship "Halcyon" coming home off down the river road.

The "Haloyon" was the largest vessel that

had ever been built at Scaton, and as its launching had been an event in the town, so its first arrival was an incident to take note of. When Major Cleaveland drove faces turned toward him. down to the wharf where Mr. Rowan had that morning lost his life, more than a hundred persons were assembled coming. He stepped over to the Bowars door, and knocked twice, once with his knuckles, and again with his whip-handle, but received no answer. "I would force the door, but that Dick is coming," he said. "It is a shame to let the poor soul shut herself up aloge."

Soon, while the crowd watched, around the near curve of the river, where a wooded point pushed out, appeared the tip, then the whole of a bowsprit garlanded with green wreaths, then the leaning lady in her gilded robes, with a bird just escaping from her hand, then the ship rode gracefully into sight on the incoming tide.

A ringing shout welcomed her, and a shout

from all hands on board answered back. Foremost of the little group on the deck stood a man of gigantic stature. His hair was coarse and black, he wore an enormous black beard, and his face, though scarcely middle-aged, was rough and scarred by the weather. Everybody knew Captain Cary, a sailor worthy of the old days of the Vikings, broad-shouldered, as strong as a lion, with a laugh that made the glasses ring when he sat at table. He was a plain, simple man, but grand in his simplicity. By his side stood youth of twenty, who looked slight in comparison, though he was really manly and well grown. He had sea-blue eyes, quick, longlashed, and as bright as diamonds; his face was finely moulded, ruddy, and spirited; his hair, that glistened in the sun-light, was chestnut-brown. A gallant lad he was, the ideal sailor boy. But his expression was defiant, rather than pleased, and he did not join in the hurrahs. The welcoming applause was not for him, he well knew. They were no friends of his who crowded the wharf. He had some bitter recollections of slight or injury connected with nearly every one of them. But he was no longer in their power, and that gave him freedom and ease in meeting them. The time had gone by when he could look upon these country folks as final judges in any matter whatever, or as of any great consequence to him. He had seen the world, had won friends, had proved that he could do something, that he thing. was somebody. He was not ashamed of himself by any means, was young Dick Rowan. Still it was no pleasure to him to sufferings which had not yet lost their sting. All this shouting and rejoloing was as the

idle wind to the mourners across the way. Their tears of intrusion set at rest, since no one had attempted to force an entrance to the knocking at the door. Both had fallen into a sort of stupor, induced by the exhaustion of been the daily tormenting fear of their lives. There was no longer any need to tremble when come in frenzied with drink, and terrily them | proofs of ill-will." placed on the table beside it, and the two word, climbed the narrow stair to her attic. light before they looked up. " flad Dick with his ravings and violence. Mrs. Bowan

only half alive. Edith lay on the kitchen-floor, where she had thrown horself. In a pas-sion of weeping, her arms above her head, her face hidden, and her long half weiling her. The weeping was over, and she lay silent and motionless. Neither that shout-

denied. He tried the look, and, finding it up from the east.

fastened, knocked gently. There was no answer. He knocked loudly, and still comin Mrs. Bowan caught back the there was no reply. Then he set his captain's arm. "Don't cover him out of knee against the rickety panel, took sight without some word spoken over the knob in a strong grasp and wrench-him!" she implored. "He was once young, ed the door open. Stepping quickly into and ambitious, and kind, like you. He would the little entry, he looked to right have been a manif he hadn't had bad inck, and left, saw the girl lying, tace down, on the and then got into bad company. He was floor, and the woman sitting beside her dead, both as still as the dead.

Something like a dream came into the half-swoon, half-sleep in which Edith Yorke rassed. "I'm not much used to praying lay. She heard a slight cry, then a stifled ma'am," he said. "I'm a Methodist, but I'm sob, and words hurriedly spoken in a low not a church-member. If there was a Bible with one hand, and turned her face list. lessly. The curtain had been raised to let Bowan, kneeling on the sand-heap beside the in the light, and there stood a young man cooking down at her. His face was pale with lic," she oried. "I don't think much of the sudden shock of grief and distress, but a Catholics; but, if poor Dick had stood by his faint indication of a smile shone through as religion, he could have had a priest to say she looked up at him.

Her first glance was a blank one, her second flashed with delight. She sprang up as than nobody."

If electrified. "O Dick! O Dick! How glad | Captain Cary was a strict Methodist, and

I am " The world moved rightly at last! Order was coming out of chaos; for Dick had come home!

He shook hands with her rather awkwardly, somewhat embarrassed by the warmth of her welcome. "We're to go right off, he said. "Captain Cary will help

119.7 "Yes, Dick!" she replied, and asked no questions. He knew what was right. With him had come all help and strength and

The next morning, long before dawn, they started. A bont was ready at the wharf, and Captain Cary and Dick carried out the dead in a rude coffin that had been privately made on board the "Halcycn." "They shall

ily. "I'm your man. Whatever you want

So the watch on the "Halcyon" was conveniently deaf and blind. The boat was ready in the dark of morning, the coffin carried out to it, and Mrs. Bowan and Edith tains close, and, though people continued to | helped in after. When they were in their about the house. Inside sat the widow and there a little while. No questions were asked the child, scarcely aware of the passage of of him when he came away, bringing nothing with him, and he offered no explanation ness, and the sky was opaque and low, so that their forms were scarcely visible to each other as they sat there, Mrs. Rowan in the bows near her son, Edith beside Captain Oary, who loomed above her like a mountain

of help. Presently, as they floated around the point that stood between the village and the bay, a faint blush of light warmed the darkness through, and grew till the lowhung clouds sucked it up like a sponge and showed a crimson drapery over their heads. after her first voyage. Downstairs he it was too early for morning light, too fierce, came again, three stairs at a jump, as and, moreover, it came from the wrong diand, moreover, it came from the wrong dijoyful as a boy, in spite of his forty years, gave | rection. The east was before them; this directions for the best dinner that the town sanguinary aurora followed in their wake. It sides, and the sighing air became a frolic would afford, ordered his carriage, and drove shone angrily through the strip of woods, and sent a long, swift beam quivering over the water. This flery messenger shot like an arrow into the bost, and reddened Mrs. Rowan's hands, clasped on the edge of the coffin. By the light of it Dick saw all their

"The house was mine!" he said defiantly. The captain nodded approval, and Edith than a hundred persons were assembled leaned forward to whisper, "Yes, Dick!" there waiting for the ship, and others were But Mrs. Rowan said not a word, only sat looking steadily backward, the light in her face.

"I am glad of it!" sighed Edith to herself She had been thinking since they left the house how people would come and wander through it, and peer at everything, and know just how wretchedly they had lived. Now they could not, for it would all be burnt up. She sat and fancied the fire catching here and there in their poor little rooms, how the clock would tick till the last minute, even when its face was scorched and its glass shivered, and then fall with a sudden crash; how the flames would catch at given to wilful ringlets, but would curl when the bed on which the dead man had lain, the mean paper curtains, the chair she had sat in, Mrs. Rowan's little rooking-chair, at the table, where they had sat through so many dreary meals. The checker-board would go and the cards with which Mr. Rowan had played the night before, and the knitting-work with the puckered heel, and her apron that the drunkard had wiped his ghastly face with. The shelves in the little closet would heat, and blacken, and redden, and flame, and down would come their miserable store of dishes, rattling into the yawning cellar. Fire would gnaw at the celling, bite its way into the attic, burn up her books, creep to the bed where she had lain and seen rainbow colors in the dark, spread a sheet of flame over the whole, rise, and burst through the roof. She saw it all, She even faucied that each long-used at ticle of their scanty plenishing, worn away by human touch, constantly in the sight of human eyes, would perish with some human feeling, and send out a sharp cry after them. The crackling of flames was to her the cries of burning wood. But she was glad of it, for they were going to wine out and begin answ. There seemed to her something very grand and exceedingly proper in it all. When their boat glided from the

river into the bay, others besides them selves became aware of the conflagration, and the village bells rang out a tardy slarm. Dick day, shut down over a sea whose soft pulses laughed bitterly at the sound, but said no-

"They were sorry for you, Dick," the captain said. "I heard a good many speak of it.
They would have been glad to do your family see them, for it brought back the memory of any kindness. I don't blame you for coming off; but you mustn't think there was no kind feeling for you among the folks there.

"Kindness may come too late, captain," the young man answered. "I would have thanked them for it years ago, when I had house, they no longer took notice even of the nowhere to turn to, and hadn't a friend in the world; now I don't thank them, and I don't want their kindness. Even if I would long weeping, the silence and semi-darkness take it at last, neither they nor you have any of their rooms, and the removal of what had right to expect that I will run to take the hand that has struck me, so many blows the first time it is held out. I don't trust 'em. a step approached, lest some one should I want proofs of good-will when I've had

"Dick is right, captain," his mother inter- | poisons, is specific.

posed in a weary tone "You can't judge of such things if you haven't felt them. It's easier to huit a sore heart than a sound one." easter to nurr a sore mearit man a sound one."
Within an hour they reached one of those desolate little sandy islands with which the bay was studded, and now the faint spring dawn was breaking, and the heavy masses of silent and motionless. Neither that shout cloud lifting and contracting, pale reaches ing over on the wharf, nor Major Cleave-land's lond knocking with his whip hadle, had made the elightest impression on her.

But at sunset came one who would not be denied. He tried the look, and, finding it fastened, knocked contracting, pale reaches of sky visible between. By the cold glimber they scooped out a grave, and placed the coffin in it. The water washed the shore, and a chilly, sighing wind came as the property of the contracting of the heavy masses of cloud lifting and contracting, pale reaches of sky visible between. By the cold glimber of the shore, and a chilly, sighing wind came the shore, and a chilly, sighing wind came.

more wretched than we were. O, sir! don't cover him out of sight as if he were a dog,"

The sailor looked both pained and embarhere I would read a chapter, but—there isn't," Dick walked off a little way, turned his back, and stood looking at the water. Mrs. some word over him. I wouldn't have minded having a priest here. He'd be better

he felt that it would never answer to have the absence of a Catholic priest regretted. Something must be done. " I could sing a hymn, ma'am," he said hesitatingly; and, as no one objected, he straightened himself, dropped his spade, and sang, to the tune of the " Dead March in Saul,"

" Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb, Take this new treasure to thy trust, And give these sacred relics room To slumber in the silent dust.

singing the hymn through In a confined place the sailor's voice would have been too powerful, and, perhaps, would have sounded rough; but in open air, with no wall nearer than the distant hills, no ceiling but the sky, and with the complex low harmony of the ocean bearing it up and running through all its pauses, it was magnifi. cent. He sang slowly and solemnly, his arms folded, his face devoutly raised, and the clouds seemed to part before his voice.

When the hymn was ended, he remained a moment without motion or change of face, then stooped for his shovel, and began to fill in the grave.

While listening to him, Edith Yorke had stood in a solemn trance, looking far off seaward; but at sound of the dropping gravel, her quiet broke up, like ice in spring. She threw her arm, and her loose hair with it, up over her head, and sobbed behind that veil. But her tears were not for Mr. Rowan. Her soul had taken a wider range, and, without herself being aware of it, she was mourning for all the dead that ever had died or ever should die.

The first sunbeam that glanced scross the water showed a feather of smoke from a steamer that came up through the Narrows into the bay, and the row-boat, a lessening speck, making for the wharf. Twice a week, assengers and freight were taken and left at this wharf, three miles below the town.

## CHAPTER III.

DIEU DISPOSE.

The early morning of Mr. Rowan's burial had been heavy and dark; but as they left the island a shower of golden light broke through the clouds, the water sparkled on all breeze. Dick and the captain brightened and exchanged a few words in seamen's phrase complimenting the weather. Mrs. Rowan also roused herself, brushed the sand from her clothes, arranged the folds of her veil, and even smoothed her hair. The poor creature's vanity was dead, but at the prospect of meeting strangers it gave a slight post-mortem flicker. Out it went, though, the next instant, on the breath of a sigh. What did it matter how shalooked? But she glanced anxiously at

Edith. The child had put on her mother's red cape and drawn it up over her head, and she still held it there, one slim hand pulling the folds close together under her chin. That she might appear cutlantish did not trouble Edith. Indeed, she claimed the right to be so on account of her foreign blood. But when she noticed Mrs. Bowan's attention to her own toilet, and met her glance, she pushed the cape off her head, and, putting her arms up, began to smooth her hair and plait it into a long braid. It was rich, long hair, not in the mood. Now the wind blew little curls out about her face, and the risen sun steeped the tresses in a pale flame.

The braid finished, she tossed it back, and caught it lightly into a loop, the motion revealing a pair of round white arms, to which the hands and wrists looked like colored gauntlets. Then she unfolded her precious Indian relic of tarnished read and gold, and bound it straightly about her head, half-covering the forehead, so that the long, fringed ends hung behind, and a loose fold fell over

Beholding her in that guise, Captain Cary thought that she looked fitter for some orlental scene than for this crude corner of a crude land. "She might be a stolen child stained

with gypsy-wort," he said to himself. But she was Gypsy only in color. No wild fires burned in her face; her cool eyes looked out calm and observant; her mouth was gently closed. The very shape of her features expressed tranquility.

The sailor found himself much interested

in this little girl. Besides that her appearance pleased him, his good will had been bespoken; for on one of those days when their ship had lain becalmed in southern waters, Dick had told him all her story. Listening to it, half asleep, as to something that might be fact and might be fancy, all the scene about him had entwined itself with the history and with the heroine's character. The solid golden told of perfect repose; the wide-eyed, radiant night, which seemed every moment on the point of breaking into music far and near, a fine; clear music of countless sweet bells with almost human tongues they formed the hockground on which her image floated. Seeing her did not dis-pel but rather strengthened the illusion. Something golden in her hair, something tranquil in her face, something expectant in

her eyes—all were like. The rough giant of a sallor mused tenderly over this as he sent their boat forward with powerful strokes, and watched Edith Yorke bind on her Egyptian coiffure.

(To be continued.)

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY." for all scrofulous and virulent blood-