

ionable clothes were all that a stay in Clenton would demand. Mrs. Brown would think my old muslin beautiful, and of the very latest fashion; Clenton rocks would soon damage any but the strongest boots, and sea air is proverbial for fading one's most treasured gowns.

Packing over, I wrote to my old friend Mrs. Brown, and told her to expect me in time for tea—scones and brown bread and butter, with one of her hen's new-laid eggs—at 4.30 on the following day. Then I wrote a note to my guardian and told him that I need not trouble him until the last fortnight or so of my holiday, and all was ready.

'After all,' I said, with half a sigh, 'There are some advantages in not having dear home folks counting the days to one's arrival. Who would miss the joys of independence?'

Nobody answered me; my little Bee clock ticked away at the same rate as ever, so I concluded that my sentiment was approved, and ran down to propound my plans.

The next day I stepped out of the train on to the little platform at Clenton, pointed out my modest possessions to the porter, and set out to walk the short distance to Rose Cottage. Delicious whiffs of sea air reached me at every turn of the road, the birds sang joyously, and the sun shone with a radiance which did not trouble the pedestrian in shady lanes as in the streets so happily left behind.

My destination was soon reached, and there stood dear old 'Granny Brown,' as the children called her, with welcome wrinkles all over her ample form.

'Well, well,' she exclaimed, then kissed me. 'Who'd a' thought to have you here again, dearie? And what put it into your head to come to Rose Cottage? But there—you look fair done up. What have they been doing to you, my poor bairn? But you mustn't say a word till you've had a dish o' tea. It does my old heart good to set eyes on ye once more.'

Talking thus, she took me up to the bedroom I remembered so well.

'How clean it all is, Mrs. Brown! Do you "spring-clean" every week? And oh, what a delicious smell of lavender!' And I buried my face in the sheets.

After tea, needless to say, I hurried away to the beach, which was only a few minutes' walk, and then, at last, I could stand and watch the waves creeping up the shore, and hear the noise that the pebbles make as they are drawn back by the recoil; I could sit on the rocks, as I had often longed to do of late, and study the small aquaria to be found in each little pool left by the tide.

That night I slept as one can do by the sea, after a long, hot day, with a mind at rest in the thought that there were many happy days and restful nights to follow. Mrs. Brown's third knock roused me from my slumbers the next morning, and I hastened to dress and get out and away to the sea. After that the songs of the birds awakened me every morning, and through the open casement came the swish of the waves; the roses peeped in, and looked reproachfully at me lying there in bed, until I could no longer resist this unanimous invitation, and would go out and ramble on the shore till breakfast-time. When books and paint-brushes palled, I found refreshing company in the shape of Mrs. Brown's three little grandchildren, 'My son Jim's little folk,' as she proudly informed me. Jim was Mrs. Brown's only son, the pride and joy of her life, a fine, tall young fisherman, with a dear little wife to whom he was the best of husbands. Jack, who promised to be just such another as his father; Molly, of the

flaxen curls and sparkling eyes, and little Fanny, a sturdy mite of three, were very entertaining companions when I could persuade them to leave their play and talk to me.

Their favorite game was 'horses,' Jack being, of course, the driver, Molly and Fanny his two willing steeds. Jack handled the 'ribbons' with a professional air worthy of the stage-coachman handed down to fame by Washington Irving, Molly and Fanny prancing along in front in fine style.

One day we woke to find a grey sky and leaden sea in place of the royal weather that we had had hitherto, but it kept fair, so instead of taking my books to my usual nook on the beach, I determined to have a good walk and explore the shore a mile or two north of Clenton, where I had heard there was a cave and some curious rocks.

Unheeding the grey sky, and inured to cold winds like true fisher-folk, I found my three little friends at their usual game on the shore, and stood awhile to watch them. 'Miss Hayes, Miss Hayes,' cried Molly, 'do come and be a horsey, too! Jack says we're a dreadful handful to-day, we will shy so, and he's going to get a longer whip.' I declined Miss Molly's invitation, feeling that, alas! my 'horsey' days were over, and enjoying their keen enjoyment, bright color and untiring limbs. Molly made a pretty picture with her hair blown about by the wind and her blue eyes sparkling with glee.

As I walked on rapidly, enjoying a battle with the wind, I could hear their shouts and merry laughter growing fainter in the distance, and they quickly faded out of my sight.

I soon found the cave, where I sheltered awhile from the wind, and discovered many treasures of the sea in the warm, dry sand with which the floor was strewn. Evidently the sea, which is slowly receding from that coast, had long since abandoned this little spot, and I reflected that if caught by the tide in such a pretty summer parlor, one might have a much worse place in which to spend a few hours imprisoned.

This thought reminded me that the tide was now coming in, and that if I wished to reach the Clenton beach by the path on the shore I had better not delay my return. True enough, I found I could accomplish this but had I waited ten minutes longer it might have been no easy task. Just as I was congratulating myself thus I raised my eyes and saw, on some rocks which run out into the sea, a sight which made me hold my breath and strain my eyes in fear. Surely those were the forms of my little friends, and, if not already surrounded by the tide, they soon would be.

At this moment their danger dawned upon them, for I could see them start up, and then a piteous cry broke upon my ears. I ran towards them as fast as I could, and saw, to my horror, that an ever-widening channel ran between them and the beach. I was just in time to call to Jack, and prevent the brave little fellow venturing into the stream with Fanny in his arms. Fanny was no light weight, and Jack was only eight years of age, so he would soon have been overpowered. Moreover, between their little island, on which was my favorite seat, and the dry land, there was now a stretch of water no less than twenty feet in width; it was swirling round them, and I remembered, also, that there was a deep hollow at this point of the beach, so that, with a rough sea on, I, too, would be unable to stand the rush of water, and rescue the three before it got too deep.

It only remained, then, for me to hasten for help; but it was hard, indeed, to hear

their piteous cries behind me as I turned and ran up the beach.

Jim Brown's cottage was between the shore and his mother's, and hardly had I gone a dozen steps along the road when I saw him emerge from his garden-gate. Before I could speak—for I was literally out of breath, and could only beckon frantically—he called out: 'Good-day, Miss Hayes. Hast seen aught of my three chicks? They have forgotten all about their tea, I warrant, playing on the beach. But,' as he came up and saw my anxious look, 'are you in trouble? What is it?' Then I gasped out, 'Come quickly, get your boat, your little ones are safe, but there is no time to lose. The Black Rocks!' He grasped the situation at once, and rushed away without a word. I ran back to encourage the poor little ones in their perilous position.

Molly was sitting on the highest portion of the rock, with little Fanny on her knee, clinging to her in terror, Molly holding her close like a little mother. Jack was standing at their side, waving his jacket and watching for help. With difficulty I made my voice heard above the rush of wind and waves, and shouted that help was coming, that they would be saved in time.

In an incredibly short period we saw the boat advancing rapidly under Jim's strong strokes, in spite of the heavy sea, and the three terrified children were soon lifted from their post of danger, and put into the bottom of the boat. A quarter of an hour later and all would have been over, but I cannot dwell on that. As I carried little Fanny home, and Jim strode along with a little cold hand in each of his, I could not but rejoice in the thought that the poor mother and grandmother had been spared any suspense or knowledge of the danger which had so nearly deprived them of their three treasures.

What rejoicing there was that evening as we all met in Jim's cosy little kitchen, and before we parted for the night we crept into the room where the children slept, and saw Molly and Fanny cling to one another in a fond embrace, each with her lips parted in a smile. But on little Jack's eyelashes there were traces of tears (though none had he shed before), and truly our own were wet also to see it.

My holidays came all too soon to an end, but I left with a promise to 'come again another year,' and each summer now sees me at Clenton, for I shall never tire of its peace and beauty. No longer, alas! does dear 'Granny' await me with her smile of welcome, but I still find a very warm reception at Rose Cottage, for there Jim now lives with his wife and 'bairnies three' (big bairnies now), having enlarged the cottage to suit his requirements. The same little bedroom is mine as of yore, and goes by my name, being kept for me as was that of the prophet of old, and the dear little casement is more than ever encircled and overrun by the

Rose, rose, and clematis,
which
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss.
—London 'S.S. Times.'

I know a man who after smoking for many years began to turn blue in the face and later a cancer settled in his throat. Everything was done to prolong his life a little and after many attempts a silver tube was inserted in his stomach and he was fed with liquid food through this tube, and after having been kept alive in this manner for two years the cancer spread and went toward his windpipe and about two weeks later he died of suffocation.—Union Signal.