

course of time, a number of small Brands came to howl and tumble about the cottage, they naturally gravitated towards the scullery, which then virtually became the nursery, with a stout old seaman, of the name of Ogilvy, usually acting the part of head nurse. His duties were onerous, by reason of the strength of constitution, lungs, and muscles of the young Brands, whose ungovernable desire to play with that dangerous element from which heat is evolved, undoubtedly qualified them for the honorary title of Fire-Brands.

With the proceeds of the jewel-case Ruby bought a little coasting-vessel, with which he made frequent and successful voyages. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," no doubt, for Minnie grew fonder of Ruby every time he went away, and every time he came back. Things prospered with our hero, and you may be sure that he did not forget his old friends of the lighthouse. On the contrary, he and his wife became frequent visitors at the signal-tower, and the families of the lighthouse-keepers felt almost as much at home in "the cottage" as they did in their own houses. And each keeper, on returning from his six weeks' spell on the rock to take his two weeks' spell at the signal-tower, invariably made it his first business, *after* kissing his wife and children, to go up to the Brands and smoke a pipe in the scullery with that eccentric old sea-faring nursery maid of the name of Ogilvy.

In time Ruby found it convenient to build a top flat on the cottage, and above this a small turret, which overlooked the opposite houses, and commanded a view of the sea. This tower the captain converted into a point of look-out, and a summer smoking-room,—and many a time and oft, in the years that followed, did he and Ruby climb up there about night-fall, to smoke the pipe of peace, with Minnie beside them, and to watch the bright flashing of