

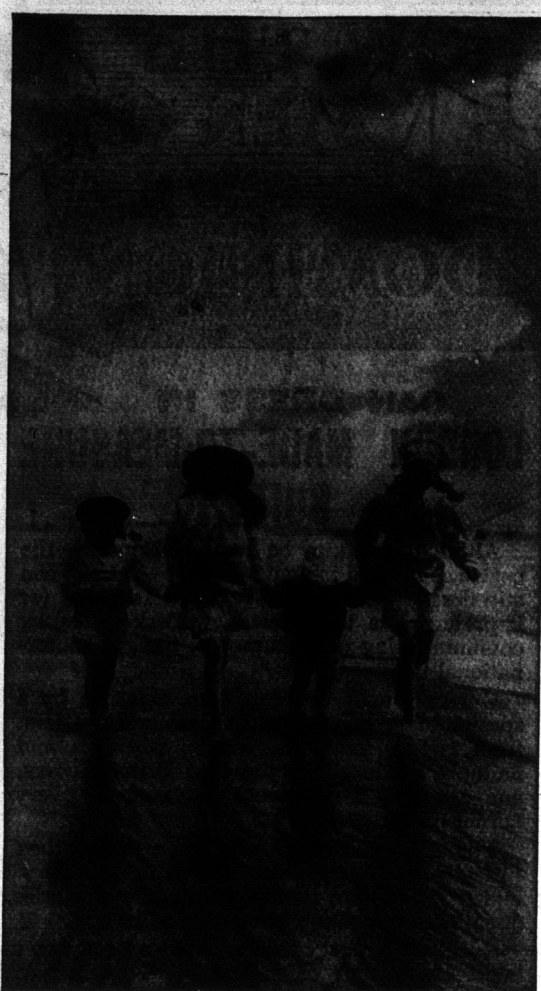
"Nymphs of the
Ocean."

Negative taken on

"Wellington"

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rounded her. Moving her hands, with
lazily closed eyes, she realized that
they were in big thick sleeves of heavy
cloth. Her head was on something soft
and warm. After a moment's delicious-
ly irresponsible speculation she opened
her eyes—full on David's bending face.

As he saw her awake a flush crept up
his storm-beaten cheeks; his eyes be-
came deprecatory. "Drink this—
Martha," he whispered, holding a cup of
steaming soup to her. Their eyes met
over the cup as she drank with eager
hunger. Somehow no one came very
near. "Oh, how good," Martha whis-
pered back—"I'm so hungry, David!"

"I know it, dear," he said huskily.
"Are you warm now?" He touched the
clothes about her and his hands trem-
bled.

"Yes," she breathed, smiling content-
edly into his tender eyes. It was so
good, so heavenly good, to lie there and
feel David close over her, taking care
of her, petting her! She would not
come back to reality yet—not—quite—
yet. She turned her head on David's
sweater, and saw that she was wrapped
bodily in his coat.

"You saved my life, David?" she
said, softly, after a pause.

David swallowed hard in silence. He
had nothing to say.

"And Amy—the sweet murmur went
on, a little brokenly, "She is all safe,
and not hurt—I tried not to let her
get hurt, David—for you?"

David took both her hands in one

swift shaking grasp, as he bent to her:

"What do I care for her if you are
safe?" he whispered, if you had been
hurt—if you had been hurt, Martha!"

"Why—David—"

"When you fell," David said, "I—
I could have killed her! It seemed to
me I should never get hold of you—and
—there wouldn't be anything left in the
world for me—if—" his voice broke and
sank, "if you were gone."

Martha's hands, clasped in his, sank
against her breasts, to still her hurried
breathing.

"You're all the world to me," David
pleaded, "I didn't know it till I saw you
—there—in the water—oh, I love you,
Martha, I love you!" Martha lay and
looked at him with wide, wonder-dewed
eyes; her lips quivered, and her pale
cheeks flushed deeper and deeper, like
a sweet rose opening.

"I'm going to take care of you," he
whispered, "It'll kill me if you don't let
me, I've got to have you for mine!"
Will you, Martha?"

"Oh," the girl breathed softly, trem-
ulously, her eyes fluttered and fell un-
der his demanding gaze. But their
sweetness sent the blood pounding
through David's veins, hot and strong.

And so the storm passed by. When
the waters went down, they told Mar-
tha how they had found her father.
And it was well for her that happiness
had come to her with the morning, for
the shock was softened to her by the
strong clasp of David's tender arm.



Ranching in Alberta

A Skilful Woman, or Sarah Seymour's Verdict.

By Mrs. W. O. Anstey

When Frank Davis, and I were mar-
ried, I felt very sure of two things: that
I loved him with all my heart, and that
nothing could ever make me lose faith in
him, or doubt his love for me. During
the first three years of our married life
my faith never wavered.

When we had been married about three
and a half years, however, the telegraph
operator, an elderly gentleman, and an
old friend of ours who lived near us, was
sent to a larger settlement, and a young
girl was sent to "Sprucey Valley" to take
his place.

The first I heard of her was one evening
about a week after her arrival, when Frank
came back from the office full of praise
of "the little Operator." Her beauty, her
wit, her kindly obliging manner was his
topic of conversation for several days.

"I am awfully sorry, Annie," he said to
me one day, "that you cannot call upon
Miss Brewster, she is such a dear little
thing that I am sure you will like her, but
could you not send her an invitation to tea
some evening? It must be very dull for
her down there at Russell's every night
after being shut up in the office all day."

"Why certainly," I replied "I should
have proposed doing so long ago had I
thought she would enjoy visiting with
two old married folk like us."

"Oh, she will enjoy it alright" said
Frank; when would you like for her to
come? Would tomorrow evening be too
soon?"

"No," I replied, "tomorrow will be as

good a time as any, if she can make it
convenient to come, but I do not know
what amusement to provide; there's those
picture puzzles of course, but—is she
musical?" "Indeed she is," cried Frank,
"I heard her lamenting only yesterday
that there being no instrument at her
boarding house, she has no chance to
practice. I came very near asking her
to come here and practice whenever she
wished, but thought that under the cir-
cumstances perhaps you would not like
it."

"Oh, but indeed I should," I cried
eagerly, for I was passionately fond of
music. "Oh, I am sure I shall enjoy it
very much, and indeed I have heard so
much of the 'Little Operator' from you
that I quite long to meet her, and if she
will come to tea with us tomorrow evening
I shall be delighted."

So it was arranged, the next evening
Miss Brewster came to tea, and I was fain
to confess that Frank was right—she was
a "dear little girl."

No one could find fault with her face or
figure and I am sure her dress was ex-
quisite, showing both good sense and good
taste, while her manner seemed all that
could be desired.

She was all life and spirits, and a real
little chatter-box, she told us all about
herself, and her family that evening, and
so great was her vivacity, that she would
break off in the middle of a pathetic tale
about "poor papa," or "poor mamma,"
to relate some incident that would set us