

down on the restless waves below,—yet oftener conversing with the grey-haired inhabitants, or listening to the many tales which they delighted to unravel of Q., when their feeble frames were vigorous and elastic, and their minds busy building golden edifices, which, invariably, went by with the merchant ships to Glidden, and left in Q., only the moth of desire.

As I sat one evening with old Rogers, the patriarch of the town, in the vine-covered porch of his cottage, casually I noticed a small tuft of most beautiful pinks growing just by the side of the porch.

"What lovely flowers!" I exclaimed, as old Rogers remarked my admiring gaze.

"Aye, that they are!" said he in reply, "the like of them could not be found in all the country round. They grew first on the crags yonder," he continued, after a long pause, pointing, at the same time, to the portion of the cliffs which rose highest and projected farthest into the sea, "Langthorne bore them here in his dead hand that terrible night; and ever since they have bloomed constantly."

"A sad tale it is, Sir," he went on, sighing and looking vacantly across the little grass plot in front of the cottage, as if the remembrance of "far off unhappy things" weighed heavily upon his mind.

"What? a tale, a sad tale connected with this little handful of blossoms?" said I, interrupting his reverie, my curiosity by this time thoroughly aroused by the words and manner of the old man.

Straightway I urged him to relate the romance, which time and chance had interwoven with the frail tendrils and delicate petals of the pinks; and presently he began in his odd, measured way.

"Q. was not always the dull town that you find it now; years ago, when I myself was young and ambitious, we thought to come to some importance," here the old man paused and sighed, "but somehow things have not gone well with us of late. But when we were a more prosperous people there was none more popular than young Langthorne. I remember well the frank-faced boy who came with his widowed mother to Q. Then they built a cottage in the outskirts of the town and appeared to live very comfortably upon some means which the lady had brought along with her. But as the boy ripened into the man, a change came; their circumstances were reduced, and young Langthorne was withdrawn from the school of the town to provide for his mother's and his own subsistence.

"He began active life immediately as a fisher; and succeeded remarkably well. I do believe he was the envy of half the young men in the place. But for all this he was the general favorite of young and old.

"About this time he was engaged to one of the finest girls of the town.

"May Montrey possessed all the excellent qualities of her lover; and, like him, was the recipient of universal admiration and respect. She held a small property in her own right, which together with the gains of Langthorne, would enable him to abandon the perilous occupation which he pursued. The time was near at hand when their marriage was to take place; an elegant cottage had been built

adjacent to which, if he the sea. A than that u blew out fr gold beneath musical lau the air. T excited little on the part Langthorne, wards spoke low the crov

"May we the old man. I could see l eyes sparklit as he sprang planted the i fiery bay; th a rocky head

"Happily, lowing days t ing marriage. little delicacy ing, awhile b and spoke ea said; 'would with her to the gate and wind.

"However was nearly br by heavy mas evening large whistled roun the next morn foot of the cr

"The peopl alarm felt for t the beach werc and seething w

"I hastened