

across the water, but made no answer.

There was a pause, then she turned to him again suddenly.

"Where did you see her?" she said.

"Her? I beg your pardon! Oh! Miss Finch, you mean? I met her at the,—at the dance last night."

"Were you there," said Meg, eagerly, "how did you like it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well enough! How was it I did not see anything of you?"

"Because I wasn't there," she returned, grimly.

"But why weren't you?" laughing, "That is the point!"

"Father wouldn't let me," shortly.

"I didn't think you would mind much what he said!"

She looked at him quickly.

"That's some of what Moll Finch told you, I guess," she said a little bitterly, "but you see," with a laugh, "I couldn't help it. Dad kept too sharp an eye on the boats. He said if I wanted to go so awful bad I might swim. It didn't matter so much about me, but as long's he was keeper o' the Mern Light, the boats shouldn't be smashed up any more'n he could help!"

"He said that—to you!" said the stranger.

"He said that,—to me," she repeated mockingly, "but you needn't look so mad,—it's only his little way! I want to hear about last night, though! You didn't like it, eh? Why didn't you?"

"Because — Oh! I'll tell you some other time! By-the-by, when may I see the lighthouse—at any time, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, there's nothing to hinder, that I know of,—but I ain't there very often," said Meg, composedly.

"Are you not? What a calamity! Only I don't see that that would make much difference," coolly. "It is the lighthouse I want to see, and, I suppose" laughing, "you don't take the lighthouse with you when you go out!"

"Not often," she returned, drily, "you see it's too big for my pocket, and not—big enough,—for my heart, I suppose!"

He glanced at her curiously, to see how far she understood her metaphor, if metaphor it were, but she only looked back at him with a smile of childish simplicity, and continued:—

"I was in an awful hurry to get home about half-an-hour ago, though you wouldn't think it to look at me. I must go. Good-bye!" and before he could

offer any assistance, she had shoved off the boat, sprung into it, and with oars poised, nodded to him from a few yards away. About a quarter of a mile out she paused and looked up, shading her eyes from the sun. Already the manly figure was striding along the sand, and as the girl looked after it, she took up her oars with an unwonted sigh, and resumed her way.

Although Meg had not previously seen him, the English stranger—Frank Probyn by name—had made his appearance in Millersville several days before, and naturally the popular feeling had changed from limited curiosity to profound sensation on hearing from the elderly man-servant who accompanied him their intention of settling there for a time at least. General interest, also, was taken in the curious dwelling being put up for them. This building somewhat resembled a boat house, and consisted of two rooms, one of which overhung the water with a sort of balcony in front, while the other strongly resembled in size and otherwise a cook's galley, as indeed it was. For his master, Duffer, the man, seemed to have an unusual affection, and appeared to be no new acquisition in the family, for after his first reticence had vanished, he was found by his various interviewers only too ready to give any particulars concerning his master's former life. Nor did he fail to draw comparisons between the luxurious home they had left, and their present mode of living. Among other things, his master's family occupied a large share of his conversation, which it is unnecessary to state was eagerly listened to.

"That beautiful an' sweet she is—Mr. Frank's mother—as you would think she were a h'angel from the skies, i' stid o' a mortal woman,—and his father too,—a finer gentleman never stepped, only they can't never hit it off, him an' my master, more's the pity!"

On one point, however, he was silent, and that was concerning the cause of the last trouble between father and son. He allowed them, however, to understand that this had resulted in a violent quarrel, the total withdrawal of the young man's allowance, and the expressed wish on his father's part never again to see his face, unless he should return to his senses, and walk in the path pointed out to him.

For several days, Meg, contrary to her custom, stayed much in-doors, and, I fear, allowed her thoughts to dwell more than was exactly prudent upon the handsome