

now gathered round, and started at a run; for the news had brought almost all those gathered around the peep-show to the shore, the excitement of somebody being drowned being superior even to that of the peep-show to the great majority, though a few, who had no hope of obtaining the necessary pennies, had lingered behind and seized the opportunity for a gratuitous look through the glasses.

James ran up-stairs and changed his clothes without seeing his mother, and then, taking down one of his lesson-books, set to work, shrinking from the idea of going out again and being made a hero of. Half an hour later there was a knock at the front door, and a few minutes after his mother called him down. He ran down to the parlor, and there found the showman.

"Oh, I say," the boy broke out, "don't say anything more about it! I do hate being thanked, and there was nothing in swimming ten yards in a calm sea. Please don't say anything more about it. I would rather you hit me ever so much."

The sergeant smiled gravely, and Mrs. Walsham exclaimed:

"Why didn't you come in and tell me about it, Jim? I could not make out at first what Mr.—Mr.——"

"Sergeant Wilks, madam."

"What Sergeant Wilks meant when he said that he had called to tell me how grateful he felt to you for saving his little grandchild's life. I am proud of you, Jim."

"Oh, mother, don't!" the boy exclaimed. "It is horrid going on so. If I had swum out with a rope through the surf there might be something in it; but just to jump in at the edge of the water is not worth making a fuss about one way or the other."

"Not to you perhaps, young gentleman, but it is to me," the showman said. "The child is the light of my life, the