

It certainly spread to the not very clean faces of the twins when they got their breakfast without crying; for it, and no doubt the baby would have adopted the look, too, only he was only a few months old and took everything for granted.

The father had left for his far-away day's work before Eliza got down from her loft, but he came in for his share of surprise when he got home; for instead of a sloppy kitchen and a half-cooked supper, he found things quite tidy and comfy.

"Seems like you all bin havin' good luck to-day, Mistis," he said, cheerfully.

"It's that 'Liza," answered Mrs. Flynn. "I dunno what's come over the gal, she's been so spry to-day."

"How was it, kid?" asked her father, crumpling the girl's hair with a rough caress. "What's got in your bones?"

"It was cause it was the last Monday," Eliza answered, with a queer little three-cornered smile.

"The last what?" asked her father, sharply.

Then the little girl, sitting on a cricket round behind the stove, her favourite cozy corner, told about her Sunday night dream of a great, white angel coming and telling her she would have only one more Monday to live, and if she wanted her folks to miss her and be sorry she was gone, she'd better be extra nice that day.

"I knew 'twas nan' but a dream," said Eliza, "but I jest thought I'd make believe 'twas my last Monday and see how it felt."

"It felt pretty good to me," said Mrs. Flynn, but she looked a little anxiously at Eliza. She didn't like that dream, being ignorant and foolish about such things.

"Mother!" cried Eliza, eagerly, coming out from her "glory hole" behind the stove, "I'es both play it every Monday! Wouldn't it be fine?"

"Humph!" grunted the mother. She was thinking that if this was a "last Monday," she ought by rights to have scrubbed some of those clothes a little harder, and given them another rinsing. But Eliza went to bed tired and happy; she was sure, from the tone of those grunts, that her mother meant to join this new, delightful game of "the last Monday."—Elizabeth Preston Allan.

**BETTY.**

On one of the sandy beaches a young girl of fourteen had been working since early morning. Back and forth she walked, thrusting her long rake into the surf and drawing out masses of the shining ribbon-like weed. Her clothing was thin and patched, and was but slight protection against the wind, which was already sharp with approaching winter. On her head she wore a man's tarpaulin, while her feet were incased in heavy, unyielding rubber boots.

As the hours went by her piles of seaweed grew larger and larger. At last she stopped with a gesture of weariness.

"I guess there's two cords of it," she said, aloud. "Anyway, it's time I



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was getting grandfather's supper."

For some moments she stood gazing out over the dreary waste of water. In the distance were the sails of a few cod-fishers returning from Block Island. Beyond these, a long line of black smoke denoted the presence of an ocean steamer. But the girl scarcely noticed either; but her speculative eyes were scanning the masses of seaweed which rose and fell with the tide.

As she was turning away she caught sight of something among the seaweed. At first she thought it was a plank or piece of timber, and she waded deliberately into the water with her long rake. Anything that would make fuel would be well worth the saving. But as she reached out with her rake and drew it toward her, she found that it was a small box or chest.

It was very heavy, and required all her strength to draw it from the water and beyond reach of the surf.

While she was examining it, she heard the rumble of heavy wheels behind her. A moment later, a gruff voice called:

"Hullo, Betty! got any seaweed to sell?"

The girl pointed silently to the piles she had gathered. The man gazed at them critically.

"How much do you think there is?" he asked.

"Two cords. I've been all the morning gathering it."

The man put his hand in his pocket.

"How much?" he asked.

"Twenty cents a cord—that's what I got yesterday."

Apparently he thought it cheaper to buy the seaweed at that price than to gather it himself, for he paid the money without protest.

Then he caught sight of the box.

"Hullo! what's that?" he questioned, as he strode forward and tried to turn it over with his foot. "H'm—mighty heavy," he grumbled. "I'll be bound there's something in it."

He stooped down and examined it

more carefully. On one end was a name and address, which had been partly obliterated by the action of the waves. He scanned it curiously.

Then he grasped the lid of the box and gave it a sudden wrench. But it only resulted in turning the box over on the sand.

"Well, I'll take it home, and I'll be bound I can get it open with an ax," he said. "When did the thing wash up?"

"It didn't wash up," she answered. "I waded in and got it."

"H'm! then I suppose you claim it?" looking at her, furtively. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Send it to the owner."

"But you're the owner, Betty. Didn't you save it from the sea? Finding's keeping the world over. As for the other owner, he's likely been sleeping in the ocean this many a day. Now, see here," persuasively, "the box is good black walnut, and I'd like to have it. It'll make me a fine tool chest. Suppose I give you a dollar and call it square? That'll be worth more to you than the old box. What do you say?"

"The box isn't mine to sell," she replied, calmly. "I'm going to send it to the name that's on it."

"The more fool you, then!" he said, roughly. "Seems to me if I had a grandfather who needed things like yours I'd be more considerate about taking money. Ever been able to get him them specs yet?"

She closed her lips tightly, but he read an answer in the sudden tears which came into her eyes.

"That's it," he said, triumphantly, "the poor old man hasn't had any specs for a year, and can't read a newspaper, or even the Bible he dotes on. There's fine specs in Peace Dale for only two dollars, the very best. Now it doesn't seem right for an old man to go moping round day in and day, out, and his own flesh and blood not willing to help him. Don't get mad," as an angry flame came into her face; "maybe you ain't so much to blame, as I don't suppose you've had the money. But seeing how it is, I'm willing to make the box two dollars, just the price of the specs."

"You can make it two hundred, if you want to," she said, quickly; it doesn't make any difference. I can't let you have the box, for it isn't mine."

He laughed grimly. "All right, then; but you'd better be thinking it over. I'll be down again to-morrow, and I'll have the two-dollar bill all ready. You might ask the old man, to-night, if he'd like to have some specs, and see what he says. It isn't likely he'll want them very long."

Chuckling quietly to himself at the look which his last words had brought to her face, the man proceeded leisurely to his wagon and drove on to the first heap of seaweed.

The girl watched him with a dumb look of terror creeping into her face.

"What did he mean by that?" she whispered, piteously. "Grandfather is not sick, nor so very old. He is not going to die."

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For a moment her eyes rested doubtfully on the box at her feet, then she made a strong effort to control herself.

(To be continued.)