

to sell your mother out, you had better see the sheriff pretty soon. There'll be some costs, and fees, and so forth, that you'll have to pay, you know."

"All right," laughed Will, happily. "I guess I can manage. I'm pretty rich now, you know."

The boys stood at the garden gate with their arms linked to their mother's and listened to the wagon as it clattered away. Then the rushing of the flood tide, washing up to their dikes, attracted their attention.

The tide's coming in for us, dear boys," said Mrs. Carter. "How lovely the creek sounds to-night! Surely God has been very good to us, and the prospect, that was so dark a while ago, has become very bright and happy."

"Fifteen hundred dollars' worth of new marsh at least," said Will, joyously, "and no debt on the farm, no foreclosure, no sheriff's sale! You, muz, and Ted, I verily believe I'll have to sell you out after all, to keep you from getting too big!"