

The next few moments were like hours of agony to Captain Barr.

One by one, amid the howling tempest, the darkness and the peril, the boys were led across the deck and dropped into the life-boat by the captain.

They huddled together in mute terror, blinded by the salt waves, not even noticing that Ned Darrow was among them.

Poor Professor Ballentine tried bravely to control his anxious emotions for the safety of his charges.

"Hold this line," called Ben Banks to Ned, as the last one of the passengers reached the life-boat.

He clambered again on deck to fling some provisions and water into the boat, not trusting to the apparent proximity of land.

At that moment the ship freed herself in a mighty swoop of the waves, and slid back into the sea.

Ned Darrow released the cable.

"Cling to the boat for your lives!" he cried to his terrified companions, as the waves, mountain-high, carried them shorewards.

Into the darkness and gloom of the night the sinking schooner and the life-boat separated, faded suddenly from view, on that wild waste of waters.

Captain and mate saw that the Neptune was fated. They lashed together a few boxes, launched the frail raft, and trusted themselves to the mercy of the angry waves.

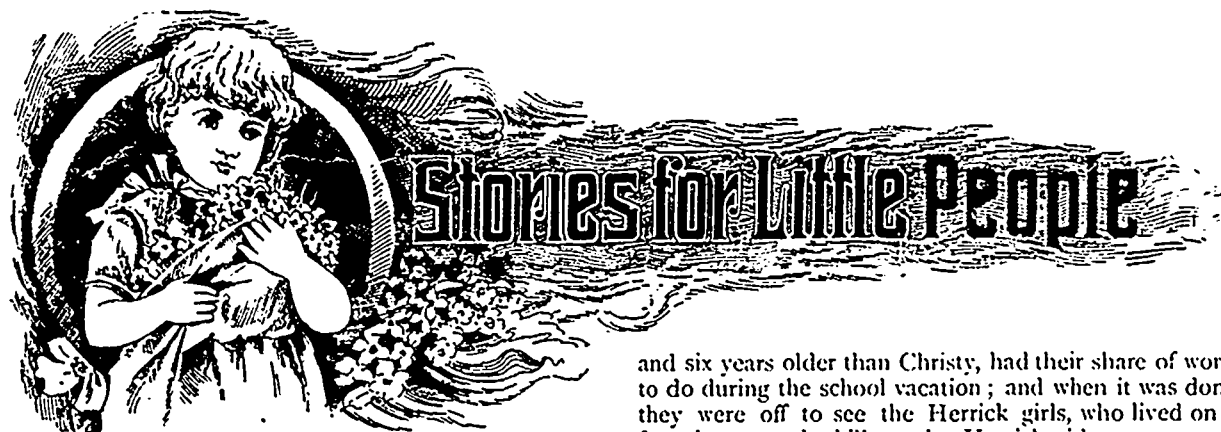
The Neptune drifted about two knots over a rocky bottom, came to a stand-still, and fell over on her side.

The storm abated as the hours wore on. The moon, sinking from sight beneath the horizon, gleamed through the breaking clouds.

The desolate coast showed no signs of life. The staunch old Neptune, stranded and dismantled, alone broke the monotony of the rugged scene.

And as the day dawned, only the shattered ship told of the wild experience of the night previous—a lonely wreck upon a lonelier shore.

(To be Continued.)



CHRISTY AND THE WHITE DOVE.

FANNIE M. JOHNSON.

CHIRSTY BROWN was often a rather lonely little fellow, though he was one of a large family. He was much younger than the others, and they always seemed to be so very, very busy.

It was only a year since the family had moved from the village to this large, beautiful Maplewood farm. There were sunny meadows through which a pretty, laughing river, breaking out from the dark woods above the farm, rippled between the green banks over the yellow sands and white pebbles. There was a lovely orchard, and pastures where berries grew ripe and sweet, and hills from whose summits many fair views were seen. Christy would have been perfectly contented and happy here if only there were some one who could stop to talk and play with him a little more.

The Browns were all very fond and proud of their new home. There was only one draw back—it was not wholly paid for; and all the grown-up members were trying their hardest to pay the balance of the debt. Father Brown and the boys were working on the farm from morning to night. Mother Brown and Sue were just as busy, making cheese, packing butter, canning fruits or preparing berries for market. They couldn't possibly stop to answer a little boy's questions. Even Delia and Julia, the twins, who were twelve years old

and six years older than Christy, had their share of work to do during the school vacation; and when it was done they were off to see the Herrick girls, who lived on a farm just over the hill, or the Herrick girls were over to see them. Either way, they seldom seemed willing to have Christy around. Delia and Julia would have been surprised and indignant if any one had said they were not fond of their little brother. Indeed, Julia sometimes proposed that they should take him along with them, as they often used to do when they lived in the village; but Delia was very prompt and decided about it.

"Now, you know, Julia Brown," she would say, "it would spoil all our fun. He's so little and chubby that he can't keep up, and we should have to keep stopping and waiting for him and helping him over all the fences, and the girls won't like it one bit if we are always and forever bringing a boy along." So Christy was usually left behind.

Christy was sitting out under the apple-tree near the sitting-room window one day just after dinner, and as the window was open he heard the twins talking about a picnic they were going to have with the Herrick girls and Katie Mayhew in the grove on the Herrick farm. He learned that Joe Herrick had put up a swing for them in which two could swing at once, and that there would be berries with sugar and cream, and real lemonade, and the twins were going to carry a sponge cake which mother had baked that morning.

In his honest little heart Christy couldn't realize that he was to be left out of so much pleasure. He was often disappointed nowadays, but his faith in his sisters always returned.

"I 'spect they forgot to tell me about it," he said. "But when they get ready to go, I'll go."

He remained under the apple-tree, waiting and expect-