

and there along the beach. Children were romping in the gardens, playing and laughing. It was the seaside season, and the town was on the way to becoming a popular summer resort. The drowsy little fishing port for three months in the year was turned into joy and laughter. A small pleasure steamer took visitors who wished for a sail around the coast. A pier was being built, which they expected to have completed in a few weeks. Mr. Weldon was one of the new councillors. He felt proud of the seaport as he stood on the front steps and watched the happy people and noted the great improvements that had sprung up all around.

"There will be no finer seaside resort in England soon," he said, turning to the housekeeper.

"Who would have thought that such a quiet place could have woke up so?" she said.

He glanced towards the house on the cliff. Already a row of buildings was springing up near to the house.

Her eyes followed his.

"We'll have close neighbors ere long," she said, nodding her head towards the house.

"By gad, you will. It has been a busy year with the builders. They are all to be boarding-houses. A good investment, too."

The sun sank. The lights from the gas lamps along the esplanade suddenly lit up all