

"Quite, father," said Ruth, with a beaming, ruddy countenance, "and, since my home will be on your estate, there will be no grief at having to leave you and mother." As she spoke and turned to look at her mother the tears came to her eyes, as if to belie her words, but they were tears of joy, and as her father took her hand and placed it in the sailor's broad palm, her measure of joy was complete, for tears of happiness so filled her eyes that she could scarcely see her beloved John.

Her hearing also seemed at fault, she could but indistinctly hear her father say something about "blessing and good fortune," when everyone present sent forth such rousing cheers that they made the old rafters ring again.

Rupert and Bernard seized their sister and congratulated her, while Belton, who would not relinquish the hand he had secured, gave her a hearty salute before the whole company as if to bind the troth, and then gallantly led the blushing maid back to her mother.

It was late that night when the merry party broke up, but when it did happiness was in every heart.

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When May came round there was again joy in Fowey—double joy indeed, for on May-day the bells rang out their merriest peals, as on that day Ruth Doone became Mrs. Belton, and Anneta Bedford, Mrs. Doone—a Doone lost and a Doone gained.

The whole town was *en fête*, and every vessel and boat in the harbour put forth its best display of bunting in honour of the occasion, while all who chose to come were invited to a field near Mr. Doone's house, where tables were spread, bonfires lighted, and dancing kept up to a late hour.

Trereen was for his services placed in a small farm, and Bernard promoted to be Mr. Doone's factotum, a house