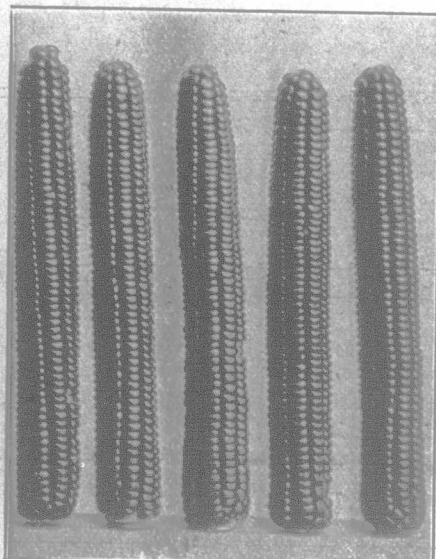


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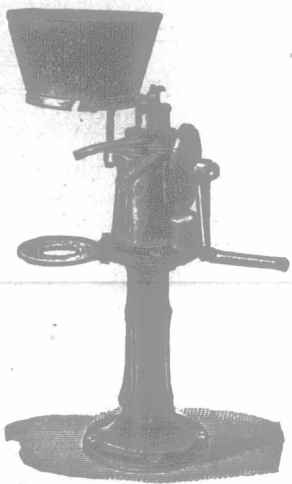
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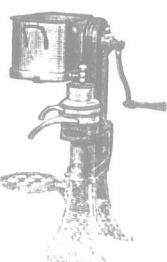
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off as if it meant to let her go, free, but only to repeat the ruthless sport. "I couldn't; I've got to take care of the baby." He turned the glass upon a dark spot, far out where the heavy sky seemed likely to drop upon, the heavy, white-capped sea. The dark spot was his father, in the old scow, looking after his lobster pots. "It will be a good while before he gets in, and something might happen to the baby," he continued, as if addressing a persistent accuser. "Anyhow, it's going to be worse before it is better," and his unaided sailor vision sagely swept sea and sky. "I don't know as ever I risked the 'Petrel' in such a sea."

Luella, meanwhile, had been having a stiffish pull to, the Landing. What with the wind and the baby's yellow nightgown she was more than once tempted to turn back. But when one has not had a good time since one can remember, it is not easy to turn back from a rug bee at the liveliest house at the Landing, and as for going empty-handed, surely we all have a right to our proper pride. About getting home, —well, the wind in that region had a way of going down with the sun. Anyway, Mylon always said that "you'd never go anywhere if you bothered about how you'd get home."

Lorenzo Hamor saw her from the house and ran down to the slip and pulled her boat in. She cast a resentful glance at the jaunty spick-and-span little "Sea Foam," riding there safely at her moorings, and she could not force herself to be very civil to Lorenzo, although she did not turn her back upon him and refuse to speak, as Mylon had done.

The Hamor house was the most imposing one in all the region. It was large and had once been painted white, with green blinds, and still showed some traces of this ambitious art, although the wind and the weather had, for a long time, been proving the superiority of their soft gray pigments. It had a fence of a decorative pattern and a garden walk bordered with seashells. The family had been prosperous in the old days of foreign voyages from the Landing, but were now no better off than their neighbors.

The road upon which the old house stood was grassy now, and the school-house was in the middle of it, a little farther from the shore. It had been moved from its former site on account of a difference of opinion—opinions were apt to be strong at the Landing—and a compromise and the coming in of the mackerel had left it so far on the way to its proposed goal. It had stood there for twenty years—there was never any great hurry about things at the Landing—and there were Landing boys and girls, who, on their journeys into the world found it not in accordance with the fitness of things that school-houses should be set anywhere except on rollers in the middle of the street.

In the room where the great rug frame was spread, Luella drew proudly from her pocket the torn flag and the yellow nightgown, the gay colors which were so greatly in demand.

Lorenzo caught at the flag as she shook it out. "Why—why, it's the 'Petrel's' flag!" he stammered. "Does Mylon know?"

"He said he didn't care what became of it," said Luella. "It's red, white and blue. I thought it would be pretty for the rug."

"It seems too bad, but if it is only a rag, and Mylon is willing," said Viola Hamor, with some eagerness.

"It can be mended," said Lorenzo. He took it into his hands, and the color came hotly into his bronzed face, and the Adam's apple quivered in his lean, boyish throat. "Just let me have it!"

"It needs a strip of red silk," said Lorenzo, reflectively. Suddenly he caught at his red necktie and pulled it out of the bow. Lorenzo was much dressed for the occasion. "I'll mend the red stripe with this, it's just the shade. You girls can darn the white stripes," and he carried the flag off without waiting for Luella's consent.

The girls were both somewhat consoled to find that there was enough of the baby's nightgown to make a sunflower in the very middle of the rug. They had been suffering for yellow, Viola said.

Luella suddenly caught sight of

Lorenzo's mysteriously beckoning finger, and went out to the kitchen where he was mending the flag.

"Look here, I want you to tell Mylon that the chance I got was just as much for him as for me," Lorenzo said hoarsely. "Share and share alike in work, and boats, and wages. The 'Sea Foam' for the passengers, the 'Petrel' for the baggage. I made that agreement with the company when they offered me the job. I never thought of such a thing anyhow when I had the 'Sea Foam' built. I only meant to take the summer folks out sailing. But Mylon made up his mind right away that 'twas a put-up job and wouldn't let me tell him. You just tell him to run this flag up on the 'Petrel' if it's all right and he agrees."

"It—it didn't seem a bit like you, Lorenzo!" stammered Luella, with a great throb of thankfulness at her heart.

It was while the company was at supper that little Archibald Hamor, came running in, with his chubby face so pale that he looked all freckles, like a tiger lily. "The 'Sea Foam' is stolen or blown away!" he cried. "Uncle Steve Hawkey thinks he saw her off Dead Man's Point."

There was a rush from the table, Lorenzo first, his face white and set. By the time the girls reached the shore he was off in his rowboat in search of the "Sea Foam."

The baby's wails greeted Luella's ears as she sped homeward from their own slip. There was a queer bundle in the middle of the living-room floor. Mylon had enveloped the baby in a blanket, cutting a round hole for his head, and tying the folds together at his feet with a stout rope. He was now trying, with one hand, to untie the rope. "Don't cut it, it's part of the 'Petrel's' sheet!" he cried, as Luella seized a knife to liberate the shrieking baby. "I had to go out, and it was late and cold and the baby's nightgown wasn't under the pillow," he explained gruffly.

Luella was conscience-stricken. She resolved, then and there, never to say a word about the hole in the blanket. She produced the flag and poured forth the comforting story of Lorenzo's fidelity and his message. "But, oh, Mylon, the 'Sea Foam'!" she added, with a depressing recollection, as she still struggled with the rope. "See! it unties. Why, Mylon, you have but one hand! Oh, how dreadfully the other is cut, and your clothes are wet, dripping wet! You poor boy—"

"'Twas only the boat hook; it slipped and cut me a little. 'Twas a little rough outside," said Mylon.

"Rough! I should think so! What did you go out for?" cried Luella. "And oh, Mylon! the 'Sea Foam' got adrift. Lorenzo has gone out, but they say he'll never find a timber of her."

"He'll find her safely anchored in the shelter of 'Great Gull,'" said Mylon, as hoarsely as if he had a bad cold.

Even then one couldn't be sure what might happen, Mylon was so "cranky." But before the next night Luella, discreetly silent, saw the mended flag flying from the "Petrel's" mast.—The Wellspring.

The Ivory Snuff Box.

By Arnold Fredericks.

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Chapter XVI.

THE LIGHT CONE.

When Richard Duvall first opened his eyes, he saw nothing but a blinding glare of light that hurt and bewildered him with its singular and brilliant intensity. He at once closed his eyes again, unable to bear the irritation which was thus caused him. It was not exactly pain that he felt, but an intense discomfort, such as one experiences when looking directly at the brilliant rays of the sun.

After a few moments spent in futile attempts to cover his eyes with his hand, only to discover that his arms were tightly bound, he thought to secure relief by turning his face to one side, so that his vision might seek the soft darkness which seemed to lie on every side of him.

In this effort he was equally unsuccessful. His head, his neck, his whole body, were rigid, immovable. He could not stir an inch in any direction.