

harbor and sped over the sea towards the opposite shore.

Only one thing marred Trixie's satisfaction. By her side was a travelling companion, a neat little figure in trim tweed coat and skirt, with a sweet face covered by a serviceable sailor hat.

It was Helen Harcourt, the gentle girl who had come every day to share her studies in her Yorkshire home. Hearing the colonel's decision the Vicar of Woldham had settled to send his daughter to the same school with the girl he believed to be her closest friend. How little he knew! A strong bond of friendship had once united the two girls, it is true, but of late they had drifted apart. How could it be otherwise when they had scarcely a point in common?

Once settled down to work in Paris, Trixie and Helen saw comparatively little of each other. The younger of the two, Helen, was well ahead of her companion, and was placed in a higher class. Trixie found herself among younger girls, and the fact galled her to make the most of her opportunities.

But in one respect she was determined to have her own way, and her father had weakly yielded. The one subject so unreasonably disliked was left out of her course of study, and as German was not compulsory in the school Trixie held her own throughout.

A couple of years passed quickly away, Trixie had gained a superficial knowledge of a great many subjects, could chatter French with ease, and sing and play in showy, brilliant fashion, as well as making herself popular at school.

Meanwhile, Helen had quietly plodded on, using every opportunity she had, and when the time came for saying good-bye to school-life and to Paris, Helen was a well-read and accomplished girl, besides having conquered the difficulties of the dreaded German tongue.

Full of girlish anticipation and high hopes the two girls returned at last to England and took up the threads of life again in their quiet Yorkshire home. They were glad to get back to the old home, to the walks by the sea, and Trixie, accompanied by her dog, was a happy being now that schooldays were done.

CHAPTER II.

It was a stormy evening in late November. The gale which had raged off the northern coast all day increased in fury as the sun went down, and as the waves came rushing in with mountainous crests, bursting with a deadening roar among the rocks and booming like cannons among the gloomy caves along the shore.

The roaring of the wind was terrific, and the rain dashed in sheets against the window-pane as Trixie Crawford and her father settled themselves cosily in the snugest room in the house, and tried to forget the howling of the wind.

Over and over again the colonel had congratulated himself upon the success of his plan in sending Trixie abroad.

The old defiance of childish days seemed to be curbed and checked; she was ambitious and good-looking, her sparkling wit made her an interesting companion, and showy accomplishments led a good many of her acquaintances to regard her as a clever girl.

Of late Trixie had developed a taste for heroics, and indulged in reading stirring tales of brave deeds and records in the past.

Closing her book with a sigh, for the last page of some glorious record of valor and heroism was done, Trixie looked up with eyes aglow with enthusiasm.

'Oh, father, mustn't it be glorious to have the world think of you as a hero or a heroine! What wouldn't I give to do some great deed—something heroic and grand!'

A red spot of color glowed in the girl's cheeks at the glory of the thought.

Colonel Crawford was silent for a moment, as if he were surprised to hear such words from Trixie. Then there came back to him the memory of his own days of conflict and of victory—days on the battlefield, when quiet obedience in matters of trivial duty had often counted for valor, though perhaps never mentioned in despatches or rewarded with a hero's cross.

Sometimes he had fancied his training of

his daughter had been far from wise, and he was glad to hear her speak as she had done.

'Trixie, my child, all great deeds are made up of little deeds well done; remember that. The man who accomplishes each task and fulfils each duty faithfully is the man who is ready for the great opportunity of heroism when it comes. It is generally those who have quietly done their duty and won the earlier victories over self and passion who become the world's great heroes. The opportunity may come to another, but the neglect of daily heroism has been the neglect of daily preparation, and they are found wanting when the great chance of life comes at last.'

It was very seldom Colonel Crawford spoke like this, and his tones were so quiet that Trixie could not tell if he were speaking of his own experience of life or whether his words were directed to her as a personal rebuke.

At any rate, his words made her decidedly uncomfortable, and she resented them most keenly.

'Father, surely you do not consider a great deed has its foundation in trifles? Duty is a horrid word, it seems so full of drudgery—'

Trixie's sentence was broken off short, for just then the tempest smote the house with such terrific fury that the very foundations seemed to shake.

Then came a sudden lull in the storm, and clearly, distinctly, the sound of loud, hurried knocking at the hall door.

In a moment the housemaid appeared. 'Miss Trixie, one of the boatmen from the bay wants to speak to you.'

'To me!' And in a moment Trixie and her father were in the hall.

There stood one of the burly fishermen, breathless with haste and dripping wet.

'Oh, miss, it's an awful night, but will you come quick? It's to save life. You'll let her, sir, won't you? You're the only one we knows close to hand.'

'Come where? What do you mean?' said the colonel kindly. 'Explain yourself Holden.'

'Down to t' beach sir. There's a poor fellow come ashore in an overturned boat, and he talks furrin; we can't understand his jabber. He points this way and that to keep begging us to go somewhere, and points all ways to onst. We thinks there's more on 'em somewheres, but we've only one boat that we dare shove off to-night, and we want to know where to look; 'tis pitch dark and we've seen no flares. We know Miss Crawford has been out furrin, and she'll know his talk.'

A glowing pride filled Trixie's heart; here at last was an opportunity that would uplift her into the position of a heroine in the neighborhood.

But the colonel was speaking. 'My daughter has been abroad, but she cannot understand all languages; the thing is impossible! Can you give us no idea what country the fellow comes from?'

'Oh, it arn't no ways one of those outlandish ones,' said Holden reassuringly. 'Bill Peters says he knows the sound of his talk from shipping to Hamburg for a time or two; he's only a German, sir.'

Trixie turned ashy white and learned against the doorpost for support. Back to her memory came the words spoken in girlish passion in the garden, the grammar closed, flung down in anger, never to be opened again. For Trixie had had her own way, and kept her word.

'What is the matter?' cried the colonel. 'Surely you do not mean—' For in that moment of bewilderment at his daughter's evident distress there came back to him also sudden recollection of Trixie's defiance and hatred over the German lessons, and

the fact that he had allowed her to have her own way.

'It's no use my going.' Trixie was shedding angry tears, tears of shame, now. 'Why, oh, why did I have my own way? I haven't touched German since the day I defied Miss Clare. I was only beginning the language then—I don't know a word now.'

Then, as she realized the lives of men were in peril, her old jealousy of her school-fellow gave way, though there had been a coolness between the girls ever since and they rarely met after their homecoming.

'Send for Helen Harcourt; she can speak German well—she took pains. Don't lose a moment!'

There was nothing else to be done. Woldham Vicarage was a mile farther away, and while the colonel hurried there himself the sailor returned to the beach, in the vain hope of gleaming enough from the foreign sailor to warrant their launching the boat without delay.

But Trixie never forgot the look on her father's face as he turned to her for a moment before going out to face the storm:

'Your folly has cost you dear; it may cost the crew their lives. Your own thoughts will be punishment enough. Was I not right about the little things?'

As one in a horrible dream, Trixie saw him go out into the darkness of the tempest, then returning to the study where she had talked proudly of deeds of heroism a few moments before, she flung herself on the furry rug before the fire and burst into a passion of bitter, repentant ears.

CHAPTER III.

'Here she comes—Miss Helen! Now we shall know!'

The crowd round the boat-house parted in eager haste as a fragile girl came hurriedly along and entered the old cottage where beside the fire sat the shipwrecked sailor. He had exhausted every effort to tell them what he wished; now at last he had relapsed into silence—silence that might mean for his comrades even death.

Then, what was it—was he dreaming? Surely someone was speaking; the soft, musical tones of a girlish voice sounded in his own ears, and the words were in his own tongue!

Springing to his feet in wild excitement he poured forth a torrent of reply in answer to her questions:

'Where is your ship? Where shall the boat go to find the crew?'

'This way—that way' And again he pointed wildly to right and left.

'The vessel is torn to pieces on the wild North rocks, only the hind part fast. Others took a boat and drifted—drifted down far—that way—to the south. Our boat turned over. I alone was saved of them!'

Very rapidly Helen translated what he said to the boatmen. They managed to get a pretty fair idea of the location of the wreck. It was decided to go northwards first, and leave till afterwards the search for the remaining boat.

Twice, thrice the sturdy sailors were beaten back by the mountainous waves, and it seemed as if their stout craft must capsize even in sight of home.

But, at length, shaking itself free from water, the boat rose cork-like on the crest of a giant wave, and was borne away to sea, while from the shore there arose a ringing cheer.

Half an hour or more had been lost in fetching, Helen Harcourt. Would they be in time?

Night passed, and many spent the long hours waiting on the beach. With the dawn a speck on the wild waters was seen at last. It was the Woldham boat. A few moments' breathless suspense, a great sigh of relief, and then a ringing cheer, as, rising high on the crest of a wave, the boat ran safely ashore.

The men were saved. Not a moment too soon the brave rescuers had reached the fragment of wreck, still fast on the jagged North rocks. Not ten minutes after the last man was safely in the boat a huge wave tore the hulk from the reef. It slipped, and sank fathoms deep in the boiling sea.

Then, nothing daunted, the Woldham men had gone in search of the missing boat. There, too, they were but just in time.

Losing an oar, they had drifted danger-

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