

THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF.

build there a fairly decent dwelling. But the adventurous fisherman died, and for years the house was vacant, and ultimately fell into decay. The foundation work, which had been done under government supervision, was, however, excellent. It had attracted the notice of Captain Price, the short, strongly-built, broad-shouldered seaman who, on the evening on which our story opens, had climbed the winding road that led to the "old lighthouse." He was in his early and vigorous prime, but it could not be said that he was handsome. His features betokened strength of character, but they were not cast in classic mould. His face was redeemed from commonplace, however, by the look of alert intelligence and comprehending sympathy that occasionally flashed from his fine blue eyes.

Perhaps the homeliness of the worthy captain's face was emphasized on this occasion by contrast with that of a very beautiful girl of about twenty summers who was standing near him.

Together they looked out over the sea from the green plateau at the top of the cliff, in the midst of which the old house stood. Here an attempt at a garden had been made, and a few gnarled old fruit-trees, of picturesque appearance, told of the horticulture of a bygone day. By the side of the half-ruined house stood a