

shoulder, and burst into another paroxysm of tears.

Charlie said nothing; but, as he looked down at her his face grew strangely stern and a hard, cold look stole over it which was rarely seen on that usually calm and open countenance.

By degrees her sobs ceased, and she laid still for a few seconds, then she raised her head, and putting her arms around Charlie's neck said, in a singularly calm and deliberate tone:

"You need never be afraid of my leaving you now; I shall stay with you always, for I shall never get married now."

"I hope not. I want you to be with me always; but, I suppose it is only natural you should marry some time."

"Not now. There was only one being for whose sake I could ever have left mamma and you, and he is dead. You may smile, Charlie, and think this is only a girl's fancy, but it is true; I feel that I shall never love any man now, but you, and none enough to marry him."

"And you would have married Harry?"

"Yes, that I would, when we were old enough."

"Then I am glad he is dead! Yes," he continued savagely starting up, and pushing her slightly back from him by the movement, "I'm glad he's dead, and I'd rather see you dead too, than to think you should live to be the wife of a cold-blooded, hard-hearted thing like that, who deserted his mother when she was dying out of fear for his own safety; and who was selfish and heartless to the core."

All the latent strength of the young man's character blazed up, and all the bitterness of a naturally sweet nature was found out in these few words. No one knew so well as Mamie the force of the passions which burnt under her brother's usually placid stolidity, and she stood for a moment half frightened, looking at him in amazement. While they were still looking into each other's eyes, hurried steps were heard on the gravel outside the window, and a man's voice cried out:

"Massa Charles, Massa Charles! op'n de do' quick fur God-a-mity sake."

Brother and sister hurried to the door, and both started at sight of the burthen the men bore.

"It's Massa Harry," said Mingo, "he ain't dead."

"Not dead! Thank Heaven for that," exclaimed Mamie bending over the limp figure of the one snatched from the grave, and imprinting a kiss on his cold, clammy forehead.

The boy opened his eyes for a moment, and gazed into the bright blue orbs shining down on him brimful of love and tenderness; and then the shadow of a smile flitted across his lips and he whispered:

"Not quite, Mamie; death almost had me, and I scarcely cared whether he did or not, but I will try to live now, for your sake."

"Live Harry, live for me." She threw her arms around him, and pressed him to her heart, while with the help of the negroes he was taken into the house.

Charlie Morton stood a little apart watching the scene, with a dark frown on his brow, but he neither spoke, nor offered to interfere.

SCENE III.

IN THE WASTE OF WATERS.

Under Mrs. Morton's experienced care, and Mamie's gentle nursing, Harry Griffith soon recovered health and strength; indeed it is one of the peculiarities of cholera that recovery is almost as rapid in proportion as the disease, and if death does not come quickly it does not come at all, and recovery is neither long nor doubtful. In a few days he was able to walk about the house, and would even try short strolls in the garden supported by Mamie's loving arm. She had watched over him with tender solicitude the first night and day of his rescue from the grave, when he seemed to be sinking under the reaction on the nervous system consequent on the immense shock he had received; and even now when there seemed no danger of a relapse, she still kept a watchful eye on his every movement, as if fearing without her care some evil might happen to him. Charlie seemed to have lapsed into his normal condition of easy going quietness, and altho' he sometimes showed signs of jealousy at Mamie's attention to Harry, he kept a good control over himself, and there was no further outbreak between brother and sister. Mamie could not fail to notice, however, that a feeling of strangeness was growing up between them, which had never been known before, and it grieved her deeply to think that the playmate of their childhood should be the one to cause the only estrangement she had ever had with her brother. She loved Charlie as truly and deeply as ever; but a love of a different nature seemed to have suddenly been called to life within her, and almost frightened her at its strength and intensity. She had always loved Harry Griffith, with a girlish love for the companion she had known almost all her life; but since his recovery from the grave her love had turned to the love of a

woman, and she felt that she could give up brother, home, friends, everything for his sake. She did not anticipate having to do this, however; she knew her brother too well to think he would long resist her pleadings where he knew her happiness to be at stake; yet his terrible earnestness on the night Harry was brought to the house; his fierce angry manner, and his quiet, almost sullen, behavior since, made her anxious and uneasy; and she watched over Harry as if she thought it was not safe to leave him alone with her brother.

A month passed; not altogether happily, for the joy of Harry's constant presence was marred by the thought that she would soon be parted from him, and that she would not see him again for years, perhaps never again in this world. The late Mr. Griffith's affairs had been settled sufficiently to show that Harry was quite destitute; after the debts against the estate were paid, there would scarcely be enough left to pay Harry's expenses to Toronto where he had an uncle, who had sometime before his father's death offered to take him. It was not a brilliant prospect for him, poor lad, but it was the only one, and he built airy castles of his rapid success in that El Dorado of his imagination, Canada, where it seemed to him hard work was the only requisite, to acquire a rapid fortune.

Charlie seemed to thaw a little after it was known that Harry was to go away, and his manner towards him was kinder and more like his school days than it had been of late. He talked more in his old style to Mamie too, but the feeling of dislike to any thought of love between his sister and Harry had not died away, and he took an opportunity of speaking to Mamie about it.

"Child," he said, one evening about a week before Harry was to sail, "come and sit by me, I want to talk to you seriously."

She nestled close to his side, and he took her hand in his and caressed it softly while he spoke.

"Mamie, I don't believe I ever said a harsh or unkind word to you in my life, until the other night; and I wouldn't then, only I was angry, and scarcely knew what I was saying. I am sorry for it now; try to forget that I was ever unkind to you. You know you are all the world to me, and it has made me sorry ever since to think that you and I should come so near a quarrel," he paused for a moment, then lifted her face and gently kissed her.

"Don't mind it, boy," she answered, throwing one arm round his neck, "I knew you didn't mean it; I'll forget all about it."

"But I did mean some of it, Mamie, and I don't wish you to forget all about it; only forget that I spoke crossly to you."

The arm was withdrawn from his neck but the hand was left in his, and he continued to pet and caress it.

"And about Harry?" she asked presently.

"I meant what I said about him," he answered, very seriously; "it appears foolish," he continued, speaking more playfully, "for you and I to talk about this matter, as if you and Harry were grown up, instead of being scarcely more than children; but, you know, Mamie, how much I love you, and I can't help being anxious to prevent you forming any attachment now which may bring pain to you in after life. So don't be angry with me, child, but try to think that what I say to you is for your good. Harry Griffith will make a bad man, and I don't want your future linked with his in any way."

"But I love him, Charlie."

"That is only boy and girl love, child, and you will soon get over it if you try."

"I don't think so, Charlie; it seems to me that my life is bound beyond all power of severance to Harry's, and as we grow older, we shall only be linked closer and closer together. No," she continued after a pause, looking steadily before her into vacancy, and speaking half to herself in a dreamy kind of way, "I know I can never forget him, and I don't think it possible that I can ever cease to love him; even if he was to die I should still love his memory."

"Well, I'm glad he's going away," said Charlie presently, "and I hope he will never come back."

"Yes he will, he'll come back for me, by and by when he has made a fortune. Charlie," she said suddenly looking up at her brother, "what has made you take such a dislike to Harry so suddenly; you were school-fellows, and always great friends, almost brothers, why do you change your mind all of a sudden and think him everything that is bad?"

"I don't know exactly what it is," he answered slowly, "I was always friendly with Harry, but we never had much in common; he is selfish, bad-tempered and cruel, and I never knew how heartless he was until he deserted his mother when she was dying of cholera, and had no one near her to cheer her last moments. A boy who would do that can never make a good man, and I should be sorry that my little sister should have anything to do with him."

"But, Charlie, suppose he makes a good man? I know he is good now, altho' he ought not to have deserted his mother; suppose he turns out a good, good man, what then?"

"Then I shall be very glad of it," he said kissing her forehead tenderly, "but we had better wait until then; it is a bad plan to count your chickens before they are hatched."

"But you wouldn't object then, 'Charlie'?" she persisted nestling up to him, "if he was a good, good man, you wouldn't mind my marrying him, some day when we are all ever so much older?"

"I will wait until that day, child, before I give any consent; but, somehow, I hope I will never be asked to do that, for unless Harry is made of very different stuff from what I think he is, I should never give it."

"I should be so sorry for that," she said softly, "it would be so hard to have to choose between you."

"I hope you will never have to do that; but if you did which would you choose?"

"I don't know exactly now; but I think—I think it would be Harry."

Ten days after Harry Griffith sailed for New York in the good ship *Gazelle*, laden with sugar and molasses; the Captain, who did not usually take passengers, taking Harry as a favor, as he had been well acquainted with his father.

"You'll have to rough it a bit, my boy," he said, "but it will do you good; lots of fresh sea air, and plenty of salt-junk and hard tack, will put any quantity of fish on your bones; and I will land you in New York as fat as a pig."

Harry did not show much regret at leaving the island, except at parting with Mamie. He was of a proud, ambitious nature, and had already learned to value success above all things. His father had been an easy-tempered, good-natured man who had all his life been the victim of every one who had professed friendship for him, for the sake of getting assistance from him. The very essence of truth and honesty himself, he believed all men to be the same; indeed, his favorite maxim was, "Believe every man honest until you find him a rogue," and acting on this maxim he had found more rogues in the world than in his simplicity he thought it contained. He was fond of saying, what many other people say and think: that there are not nearly so many rascals in the world as the croakers would have us believe; and that there were no such villains in real life as authors told us of in books. He had undoubting faith in the world's honesty; and as disaster after disaster befell him, caused by his implicit confidence in so-called friends who were untrustworthy, he became disheartened, despondent, and at last, when an old school-fellow and bosom friend ran away leaving him responsible for debts which would swallow up nearly all the remnant of his once large fortune, he appeared fairly broken-hearted and said the world was a great deal worse than he had ever thought it was, and he did not care how soon he left it. He soon left; the cholera came and ended all his troubles.

A greater contrast to the father than the son could scarcely have been found. Suspicious, crafty, jealous of the success of others, selfish and ambitious, careless of what means he used to gain his purpose, Harry Griffith before he had reached the age of fifteen had gained for himself the reputation of having "an old head upon young shoulders," and the wisacrees used to prophecy: "He'll never make a fool of himself like his father." Perhaps not, he had great capacity for good or evil, but it needed a strong will to keep him in the right course, and he had no one now to guide him but himself. His father's easy nature, and many misfortunes had served as a lesson to him, and he used to say, bitterly: "Believe every man to be a rogue until you prove him honest, and then don't trust him if you can help it." A poor opinion of human nature for a boy to have, but he had passed through a severe school; he had seen his father go steadily round by round down the social ladder through no fault of his own, except his credulity, dragged down by the men who called themselves his friends, and who betrayed and ruined him, and then laughed at him for his folly in being duped so easily.

Oh, you may laugh at this if you please, and say such people only exist in books; I tell you there are hundreds and thousands of them walking the earth to-day, shaking hands with their victims, coaxing, cajoling, flattering them, until the last dollar has been gained from them; the last favor granted, and then when impending ruin stares the unhappy victim in the face, and the crash of falling fortune rattles in his ears, these quondam friends will be the first to turn from him, and will say, wisely: "I told you so, I knew it must come sometime."

Harry Griffith had seen this; he had seen his father almost heart-broken, and, boy as he was, it had bred hard and bitter thoughts of the world in him; thoughts that the great game of life was not a game of chance, but one of skill, and that he who could play best, or pack the cards most skillfully had the best chance of winning. He had loved his father

dearly, as children will generally love a pure-minded, affectionate parent, who never was harsh but always kind and indulgent; and his death was a bitter grief to him. During the few weeks he was at Mrs. Morton's the memory of his father seldom left his mind, and he vowed to himself again and again that he would "get even with the world;" for what, or in what way he never paused to consider, he felt, somehow, that the world had done him a great wrong, and he determined to right himself. How he was to do it, gave him little thought; youth is very hopeful, and castles in the air are cheap to build, as the material never gives out, and the workmen never strike for higher wages. Somehow, he was determined to succeed; and his hopes were high, and his spirits nothing daunted as he bade farewell to the land of his birth, and prepared to seek his fortune in another country.

"Good-bye, Mamie," he said, holding her in his arms while she sobbed on his shoulder as if her heart would break, "don't cry that way, I shall be back again before you think I am gone; and I shall bring a fortune for you, and then we shall all be happy."

"Oh, Harry, I wish you did not have to go; I feel as if I shall never see you again."

"Not see me again, no such luck; I shall be back in five years; and mind, I shall come back for you, and you only; for but for your sake I should never care to set foot on this island again. So keep up your spirits, write to me often, and don't get any foolish notions in your head about my not coming back, I've said 'I will,' and when I say that I mean it, and I'm hard to beat."

He sailed that night, and the voyage went pleasantly and smoothly enough for the first few days.

Past St. Lucia, well to windward of the island, passing Guadeloupe in the daytime, so that a good view could be obtained of the smoke-capped volcano of Souffriere, towering five thousand feet above the sea, and so running gently along the inside margin of the windward isles they reached St. Thomas on the fifth day out, and passed out into the broad Atlantic, steering for the American coast.

The winds were light and variable, and the passage promised to be a long and uneventful one; but on the twelfth day out, just as they were about the latitude of Cape Hatteras, the glass began to fall, and fell so steadily all day that altho' the wind had died away, and it was almost a dead calm at sundown, the Captain's face wore an anxious look as he ordered sail shortened, and everything stowed away as snugly as could be.

It was almost midnight when the hurricane struck them in all its fury; the wind had been moaning in fitful puffs for some time before, and the sea had answered with a hollow moan, as if it knew it was about to be shaken from its calm repose, and protested against the liberty. The clouds had been banking up, and now the last ray of moonlight was obscured, and after a brief pause, and a few preliminary drops as a warning, the storm broke in all its fury; the wind came with one grand rush and roar driving the rain before it with such fury that it seemed to have no time to form into drops but came down in straight lines.

The blast struck the noble little barque as if striving to bury her beneath the waters in its fury; but she struggled gallantly, and rose from its first embrace, quivering in every part, but intact, and boldly held her own against its fury. Again and again the fierce blast assailed her; again and again the angry billows came leaping toward her as if they regarded her as the cause of their disquietude, and sought to bury her beneath their depths, but still the little barque held out, and as hour after hour had passed, and no leak was discovered, altho' both the fore and the main masts had been carried away, hopes began to be entertained that she would weather the gale.

The darkness was intense and only by the frequent and vivid flashes of lightning could any glimpse be caught of the forward part of the vessel.

Suddenly there was a slight lull in the storm; a short pause as if the armies of the elements were reforming for another and a fiercer attack on the devoted little barque; then in that lull arose a sound more terrible than the roar of the elements, a sound reverberating with terrible distinctness within a dozen yards of the doomed barque, "Ship ahoy!" Ere the helmsman could change the course of the vessel, a dazzling flash of lightning revealed to the startled crew the huge black form of an ocean steamer bearing down, in another moment she had struck the devoted little barque amidships, cutting her in two; there was a terrible crashing, grinding sound, a momentary check to the steamer, and then she drifted swiftly away, as the storm again broke over the spot where the barque had lately proudly floated, and which was now strewn with the debris of the wreck, and the forms of frantic, despairing men struggling madly for life in the tumultuous water.