

man made from time to time upon human life in general and many other things.

Examination of the *Lydia's* hulk by experts developed that the Captain's judgment had been right about the effects of the explosion. She was much less damaged than at first she had appeared to be. The concussion had spent most of its force in the centre of the ship, and its impulse had been upward. The *Lydia's* bottom planking had not been so much as started. It was when the examination of her condition had been completed and this cheerful announcement had been made that a plan was born in Norah's mind which, afterwards, bore much pleasurable fruit.

"We are rich now, aren't we, Henry?" she asked one day while she and her husband were walking toward the house after an inspection of the ship.

"Yes, dear," said Parton. "Rich enough to let us do nearly what we please for the balance of our days and still have something over for the Captain and for Lyddy."

"I am glad you spoke of that," she said. "I had thought of it; but I am glad you spoke of it."

A moment later she questioned him again.

"Could the *Lydia* be rebuilt so that she would be sea-worthy?" was her query.

"She might be. Her upperworks are gone, but her hull is quite as stanch as ever. Why?" asked Parton.

"I have a plan," she said. "The old ship is the dearest thing in all the world to our old friends, except, perhaps, ourselves. We owe them much."

"We do, indeed!" said Parton, heartily.