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ness, with a shuddering fear of what
might next befall.

"He locked me in," said Harry,
looking round for him. "Did he tell
you that no one was in the house? He
lied. He knew that I was there.
Surely he must be mad!" And, as he
turned a seeking eye around, he dis-
covered Margaret, who had just risen
to her feet, and he sprang towards
her, forgetting all questions, past dan-
ger, and possible treachery.

"Margaret, my Margaret!" he cried.
"I have come back poor and home-
less—have you forgotten me?"

"How could I forget you?" she
said. "And what is it to me if you
are homeless and penniless? You are
safe, thank God; and, oh! Harry,
Harry, you must never leave me
again!"

Practically he never did. He gave
up the sea after this last experience,
and settled down in his native place,
with Margaret for his wife, and his
father's business as a means of liveli-
hood. A careful search of the ruins
of the old inn revealed the means
which had been used to make it burn,
and it was plain, therefore, that
Nicholas Hallard, even if he had
claimed the insurance, would never
have received a penny of it; but
Nicholas was nowhere to be found.
With Harry's appearance, he knew
that it was useless to try and conceal
his guilt, and he had stolen away, un-
der cover of the darkness, either to
seek his fortune in another land, or
to die miserably of hunger and desti-
tution, as an outcast, ashamed to
show his face. But Harry and Mar-
garet lived and flourished, and in the
fulness of time were able to purchase
the land upon which the inn had once
stood, and build for themselves a lit-
tle cottage, which, in common with
their neighbors, they usually designat-
ed the "Fleetwood Arms."

TEDDY'S QUERY.

One brother was tall and slim,
The other chubby and short—
Teddy sat looking at them one night,
Apparently lost in thought.

"Mamma," he asked at length,
"Which would you like the best,—
For me to grow north and south, like
Tom,
Or like Willie, from east to west?"

LOST AND FOUND.

What! Lost your temper, did you say?
Well dear, I shouldn't mind it,
It isn't such a dreadful loss—
Pray, do not try to find it.

It drove the dimples all away,
And wrinkled up your forehead,
And changed a pretty, smiling face
To one—well, simply horrid.

It put in flight the cheery words,
The laughter and the singing,
And clouds upon a shining sky
It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,
Make your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
And lose it—never, never.

Do your little bit right, and influence
will in time back you up.—Selected.

It is as bad for a man to think that
he can know nothing as to think
he knows it all.—Henry George.

In the past Art was an integral
part of life; now it is an extra, and
charged for accordingly.—Herkomer.

To change and change is life, to
move and never rest;—
Nor what we are, but what we hope
is best.

—Russell Lowell.



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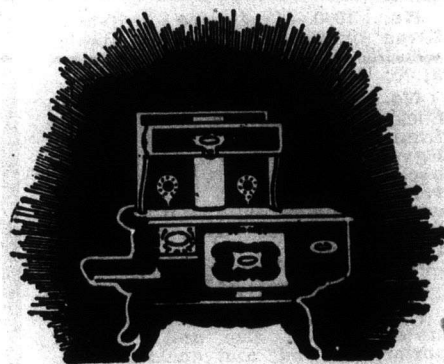
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