

and the sun's rays fell on the ripening fruit.

Ju found Etty sitting, busy with her needle, on the bent trunk of an old apple-tree, while Martin worked industriously at a hammock he was netting.

"This is something for Etty to rest herself in under the trees; it will be better than always sitting on that old trunk," he said as Ju appeared.

"Yes, but that must only be for lazy hours, Martin; I could not work lying in there, could I? The tree-trunk or the grass must do for work-a-day times. Now where are my scissors? Slipped down again, I suppose."

"It seems to me," said Ju awkwardly, and apparently addressing himself to the tree-top, "that Miss Etty ought to have a chair and table when she's at work down here, and if she'd use it I'd like to make her one." Ju's face was very red, but having made his proposal he appeared relieved and brought his eyes earthward again.

"It would be very good of you, but I couldn't think of giving you so much trouble," answered Etty gratefully. "I ought to bring a chair down with me, but I can't bring more than the two children and my work at one journey, and I suppose I am too lazy to go back again."

"I should like to do it," said Ju, again addressing the tree-tops; "one that you could have down here always."

"It's a capital thought, Ju," said Martin; "it is just the thing Etty wants; her thimble and cotton are always slipping away into the grass, and then these two rascals"—making a dash at the children—"run off with them." The little ones, with whom Martin was now on very intimate terms, rushed at him, ready for a romp, and screamed with mingled delight and terror as he swung them aloft in his strong arms.

"Now be off with you to your play," he said as he set them down; "and you, Ju, sit down and spin a yarn while Etty and I work."

The talk drifted to the various places of interest they had visited, and Martin enlarged on the beauties of Madeira, and of the wonderful ride he had taken with Mr. Massey to the Grand Curral. "I was unhappy enough about you

that day, Ju," he said; "I whistled, hoping you would hear me and answer, till I could whistle no more."

"I did hear you," said Ju, in a low voice.

"You heard me and you didn't make any answer or come to me!" exclaimed Martin. "Ju, was it all a pack of lies you told the captain when he questioned you? Did you desert after all?"

"Yes, I deserted," replied Ju in a queer whisper, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Then you were a scoundrel!" cried Martin hotly, and he slung down the hammock and walked away. Martin had had from boyhood the strongest sense of duty, which his years of service had only quickened and strengthened; to him the man or boy who could desert from Her Majesty's service was beyond measure despicable and worthy of any punishment. He strode off, a perfect tumult of feelings raging within him; he had for a long time felt sure that there was a mystery about the disappearance, but that Ju should now confess that he had wilfully deserted his ship was a terrible blow. He felt that he never wished to see or speak to him again.

Etty started to her feet, and Ju, his arms clasped about his knees and his head bowed forward, still sat on the grass looking the picture of misery.

"He's done with me now," he said at length; "he won't speak to me again."

"Oh, but he must, he must," cried Etty, the tears springing to her eyes; and then she ran across the orchard to where Martin stood looking with angry eyes over the hedge.

"Martin," she said, laying a persuasive hand on his arm, "come back; don't be hard on him—hear what he has to say."

"I don't wish to speak to him," replied Martin; "he's a disgrace to the service; he'd better go."

"Oh, Martin!" pleaded Etty, "come back with me. Think how young he was then—only a boy; he wouldn't understand."

"He understood well enough," said Martin grimly. "Etty, it is you who don't understand."

"Oh yes I do, Martin, I know how you feel, but at any rate he did nothing