

one of the dimes my sister and I earn by hard work shall go for this poison which is destroying as good a father and as accomplished a gentleman as ever lived! I shall go and ask Judge Blakely if this is an honest debt; if it is credible that you gave ten pints of whiskey to one man, as a prescription! Your druggist license is in some danger to-day!"

There was nothing childlike in Faith now: this was a woman, wounded and insulted, rousing in defence of her home and her kin. The druggist trembled before the wrath that blazed in the big gray eyes. Here was not a person to intimidate, but to placate. The man began to hesitate: "I didn't understand it, you see. Of course it is all a mistake, and you may make sure, miss, that I'll never sell him another drop. We'll let it go at that."

Faith went out with her father. She felt that it was her duty to the community to complain of the druggist, but then it would bring her unhappy home into just that much more notoriety, and now that the immediate excitement was over she felt abashed, and as if she wanted not vengeance but a hiding-place.

"Is this," said her father, with a voice shaking with rage, "a proper line of conduct for a young lady? What will people think of you when you usurp authority over your father and threaten druggists and make yourself so conspicuous?"

"They will think that I am my father's daughter, and am doing the best I can," said Faith bitterly.

"You are a rash and undutiful girl, and I have a mind never to go home where you are any more!" cried Kemp.

"Where will you go, then?" asked Faith, still angry.

"Into the sea — if I want to," shouted her father.

"Then you will not see Hugh when he comes home. And what about Letty? Letty has not done

anything. Come—suppose you wait for me at the first milestone, and I will go and see if there are any papers for you at the school, and then we will go home and go to work, both of us."

"I won't go with you," said Kemp sullenly, "nor forgive you."

"Yes, you must, father. See now; if you cannot like me for myself, you will put up with me for Letty's sake, and for our dear mother's sake. Besides, you do like me sometimes, and you like to read Latin to me. Let us make friends and go home, and let us keep this secret and not bother Letty. Suppose we find some *arbutus* for her as we go over the hill. It is early in April, but the spring is early this year."

Finally they patched up a peace and went home together.

There remained yet in the village a source of liquor supply, of which Faith knew nothing, neither did Kiah Kibble. It was a low little den in the outskirts, kept by a negro, and frequented by the lowest class of negroes and whites who could not buy drink elsewhere. Hitherto father had not fallen low enough to go there; the former gentleman and scholar had yet enough native refinement to shrink from a resort so foul. But when liquor was to be had nowhere else, the overmastering passion drove him even to that fiendish place.

There would be some weeks of quiet and peace, and then an outbreak. Faith grew more moody, and longed more intensely for summer, that she might have the comfort that nature yields to hearts that love her well. Letty looked at Faith pitifully, and up to the limit of her small strength wandered with her on the beach and on the dunes, making out-of-door time pay by getting flowers, leaves, mosses, seaweeds, shells, to afford designs for her work. When work was slack Faith and Letty arranged for themselves a new industry, collecting