

MISS PETTICOATS

center, where, around the long table, the old salts had once made merry, was a great aquarium, in which swam many curious fishes and amphibians. The old place was brilliant with new lights and handsome with appropriate decorations. And there in the rear was Agatha's little cabin, looking just as it did when she had left it years ago for a grander but not a happier abiding-place. Only, over the door, worked out in lustrous little sea-shells, was the legend "MISS PETTICOATS." She learned afterward that it was the work of Hank, but why he had placed it there she could never find out. He would only say that he "kinder wanted it 'round."

The rushing in of old emotions, old memories, unsteadied the girl for the moment. The vision of the gentle sailor who had loved her as the core of his own heart filled her with tender melancholy. The ship whispered of his dear presence, and she could almost feel his blessing descending in this hour of her supreme happiness. For she was happy; the dreamy tinge of sadness, the half-suggested ache of regret, only intensified her present peace and joy.

In that hallowed spot they were married. To Agatha it seemed neither a strange nor an unusual thing when Harding brought forward a self-evident clergyman, whom he introduced as a college classmate who had come from a far-distant city to perform their marriage ceremony. Indeed, she would not have had it otherwise, for here every association was of purity and honor and truth, and those who surrounded her and wished her every joy in life were of the tested metal that makes humanity's armor strong.