

from that of the rest; his dark blue pilot trousers were old and sea-stained, his hands and face were dyed brown with exposure to the sun and the salt water; but there was something in his manner and tone of voice which showed that a distinction existed. James Walsham was indeed the son of the late doctor of the village, who had died two years previously.

Dr. Walsham had been clever in his profession, but circumstances were against him. Sidmouth and its neighborhood were so healthy that his patients were few and far between, and when he died of injuries received from being thrown over his horse's head when the animal one night trod on a stone coming down the hill into Sidmouth, his widow and son were left almost penniless. Mrs. Walsham was fortunately an energetic woman, and a fortnight after her husband's death she went round among the tradesmen of the place and the farmers of the neighborhood, and announced her intention of opening a school for girls. She had received a good education, being the daughter of a clergyman, and she soon obtained enough pupils to enable her to pay her way and to keep up the pretty home in which her husband lived in the outskirts of Sidmouth.

If she would have taken boarders she could have obtained far higher terms, for good schools were scarce, but this she would not do, and her pupils all lived within distances where they could walk backward and forward to their homes. Her evenings she devoted to her son, and though the education which she was enabled to give him would be considered meagre indeed in these days of universal cramming, he learned as much as the average boy of the period.

He would have learned more had he followed her desires, and devoted the time when she was engaged in teaching to his books; but this he did not do; for a few hours in the day he would work vigorously at his lessons, the rest of his time he spent either on the sea-shore or in the boats