

melancholy mission, I would gladly omit or forget this part of the story, the thought of which even now fills me with unspeakable sorrow. My fears were only too sadly realized; all had perished and we found the four in a group together near the edge of the barren where they had fallen in their attempt to escape. Burnt beyond recognition, mother and daughter could only be distinguished by some remains of their clothes. The lovely face that had smiled on me so tenderly a few hours before, was now a blackened mass in which not a feature could be discerned. And this was all that was left of my darling Grace, my wife that was to be! It was many a long year before I got over the shock of that discovery.

We buried the Prentiss family together in the churchyard at Chatham and a handsome stone tells the sad story of their death. When this last duty was accomplished I felt that I could no longer live in a place where I had endured such misery. Nor did my sister attempt to detain me, for she felt that change of scene and active employment were the only medicines that would be of any benefit to me. So I kissed Mary and my sister farewell and went to sea.

Before my departure, however, I placed the few hundred dollars I possessed in a bank in Mary's name and told my sister to use them for the child's maintenance and education. To this sum was added the price received for the horses and cattle rescued from the fire and also the money realized from the sale of the farm, of which Mary was sole heir. This fund my sister never would touch, but constantly added to it, so that the end of the fourteen years I have spoken of, it had become a considerable sum and Mary was quite an heiress in a small way. And she was endowed