

THE HOUSE ON THE CLIFF.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was setting at the close of a bright summer's day. Rarely had it looked upon a more beautiful or inspiring scene than it beheld in the neighborhood of the little seaboard town of Cliffgate. Away to the horizon spread the North Sea, its rolling waves crimsoned in the sunset. On one side a long, dark promontory of rugged rocks, stretching out to deep water. The tide had turned, and between it and the grey cliffs lay a golden bed of sand, studded with pools that glittered in the dying sunlight with a crimson like blood. A flock of sea-gulls, as if scared by some unseen person, left the cliffs with loud cries and darted seaward. The sounds echoed and re-echoed in and out of the rugged caves. Farther north lay piles of rocks and huge pebbles, intermixed with seaweed and numerous shells.

A house, half-hidden behind an enormous