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FOR SALE—CHEAP—

PEGGY PENGELLY.

Anyone who has been to Boscastle and realize something of the power can the perils of the sea.

Shipwrecked sailors who might swim to shore would in a stormy sea be dashed to pieces against the rocks etc they could obtain a footing.

One afternoon in winter, when the early dusk was beginning to fall, an old fisherman was walking along the bank of the Valency river, which, together with another stream, flows into the great Atlantic at this spot.

His companion, who had lagged behind to watch the fish in the clear, shallow stream, heard him, and in a leisurely manner began to climb the sloping ground towards him.

"There's a ship," she said, "a large one, and the wind is driving her towards the land."

"I thought I see'd her," he muttered. "And the wind is driving her towards the land," he repeated.

"Come along down, girl," said Pengelly, clutching her by the arm. "If the wind's towards us, and the Forrabury bells is sounding, there'll be work to be done ere night."

For high up above Boscastle stands Forrabury church, and its tower is silent, and above the missing bells there is a legend. A long time ago the dwellers in the hamlet besought the Lord of Botreaux, who lived in the castle, to give to their church a peal of bells, which should be equal to those at Tintagel.

"Thank God, though whining knave, on land. But thank, at sea, the steersman's captain." The captain's voice above the gale, "Thank the good ship and ready sail."

Uprose that gale! as if it heard The mighty Master's signal-word.

The death groans of his sinking ship. For the ship went down in sight of land, and all the crew were lost, except the pilot only, and he got safe to land on a plank to tell the sorrowful news.

The two were silent as they went towards home; the man was busy with thoughts of anticipated gain, the girl was only conscious of fear. Yet one could hardly associate the idea of fear with Peggy Pengelly—Peggy, who could manage a boat in the roughest sea, and could swim like a fish, and whose muscles were firm in the roughest limbs from many a climb and pull.

The darkness increased rapidly and in the valley evening had come already. The wind, too, had risen and was blowing a steady gale from the sea. Peggy knew that there was danger ahead for the ship that sailed outside the harbor.

Peggy entered the cottage with his grandchild. They lived alone, for his only son, Peggy's father, had made voyage after voyage to foreign parts (returning from time to time with presents for the little one, who was all his world now) till he made a journey from which he never came back.

When the men had gone she sat for a while in thought. She had much of old Pengelly's determination, and she was resolved to give no countenance to this unlawful deed. But was this enough?

Now, when they reached home, she wanted to ask him what were his plans, but she dared not. He went to his room and changed his clothes, appearing in those he usually wore in winter and which had already many a time made acquaintance with the salt water.

"Give over staring girl," he said roughly. "I have an errand. Git across to Joe Cornish and tell him I want spee' with him, and that right soon."

"Cornish is over to Minister," said Peggy. "I saw him drive off, and he told me he wouldn't be back till night."

"Then try Trevena," he said. "Yes, Trevena's the man. Stop, I'll go myself. And you, run along to widow Toms and ask her to lend me her old blind cow. Bring it along with you, and say I'll make it worth her while, and that before twelve hours are past. Be off with you at once."

Peggy dared not disobey him. But she paused with her hand on the latch. "You won't harm the cow?" "Not me. If harm comes to the critter it won't be all the world. I'll make it up to her, never fear."

that it had cost the vendor nothing—she wandered away down to the harbor and stood at a respectful distance from the knot of men who were gathered there in the hope of gleaning information. For who could tell what chances might come even to a woman by-and-by, and why should she be contented merely with what Pengelly might choose to give her.

Peggy led the cow, which had a piece of rope tied around its horns down the road towards her home. The creature was half blind and old, and seemed by no means desirous of taking this exercise, so their progress was not very speedy. When they arrived she found her grandfather and another man, a strong, red-haired fellow, the Trevena whom the former had gone to fetch, waiting for her at the door.

"Be quiet, girl," said Pengelly, his face white with wrath. "who taught you such canting talk? Your father died ere I had a hand in work of this kind, at least, he corrected himself, 'ere I started it. And, murder or no murder, stealing or no stealing, every man must look to himself in this world. Let me hear no more of such rubbish. Do you think I'll be preached at by a bit of a girl?"

Trevena who had come into the room, at least as far as the cow's rope permitted, gave a gruff assent. He was a well-meaning man, according to his lights, but he had a large family, and his parental instincts led him to despise no means of earning a livelihood, and his moral code was a very elementary one.

"Don't take on the rocks whether or no, and we do but lend a hand. If she's agoin' down it may be where we can give a bit of help to savin' some of the crew, and maybe some of the cargo."

When the men had gone she sat for a while in thought. She had much of old Pengelly's determination, and she was resolved to give no countenance to this unlawful deed. But was this enough? Could she not take a positive, instead of a merely negative attitude? Could she not in some way prevent it? But how?

"I saw a bird temporarily insane once, I believe. I had been wandering over the benches on the Wenatche divide after an unsuccessful pheasant hunt. Seeing a big red-headed woodpecker on a yellow pine, I let go my 22 caliber marlin as him and knocked him down. Going to pick him up, I saw the bird climb the tree from the ground, and when he was about ten feet up he began to peck as fast as he could and to screech like the dunce at the same time. He paid no attention to me, but kept on pecking and screeching in spite of my efforts to reach him. Finally he succeeded in getting him, but he still pecked and screeched. I couldn't imagine what was the matter until, after wringing his neck, I examined him, and found that he had simply scamped the skull, protruding a simple, conical, and the brain at first and a temporary insanity, so to speak.—Forest and Stream.

A MATTER OF JUSTICE.

IS THE WAY A YOUNG LADY OF NEW BRUNSWICK VIEWS IT.

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"Why can't I come with you?" Peggy asked. "I don't fear the storm, and it's close here."

"Because I won't have you," said Pengelly shortly. "There's things men can see as 'don't do lasses any good."

"I don't take on the rocks whether or no, and we do but lend a hand. If she's agoin' down it may be where we can give a bit of help to savin' some of the crew, and maybe some of the cargo."

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