

Burnt Out.
I stand by the ashes of home /
With a desolate heart to-day /
For the gathered gear of this many a year /
Hoped for and toiled for and held so dear /
Is swept in a moment away.
And the hopes that were high on this rosy morn /
Are buried in dust and in night /
There's a dull, dead pain in my throbbing /
Brain /
Cry for patience, but all in vain, /
And wonder can this be right.
And the relics are dearer than ever before /
Of the friends I shall never behold, /
I think of them o'er till my heart is sore, /
Oh, the little boots that my baby wore, /
Can I tell you their worth in gold?
There were tresses of hair from the brows of the /
dead, /
Those treasures I cannot replace, /
So worthless to others, to me so dear, /
And the picture, watered with many a tear, /
Of my mother's dear old face.

AVENGED AT LAST.

A Story of Love and Daring.

By the author of "What He Cost Her,"
"Gwendoline's Harvest," and other
popular novels.

Stupefied amazement, wretchedness, despair, took each the other's place on Rupert's features as the girl went on; when she had finished, he lay with his white face blank, as though life and passion had left it together. Seriously alarmed, Mildred seized his cold hand, strove to warm it in her palms, the charm of her touch still worked; the life blood which had ebbed from his very lips, flowed slowly back, and in the rayless eyes a fierce and lurid light began to kindle. Twice his parched tongue essayed to utter something, but she could not catch its meaning; the third time he spoke plain. "Send me the waitress hither. Let her take your place, and lean above me with her lying smile. I want to whisper something in her ear. Send me that woman hither."

"Hush, hush! I hear her coming, Rue; be calm."

"Calm! with those words of doom still ringing in my ears? Calm—as if the tropic sea is calm, beneath whose waveless face the shark awaits the swimmer. Give her your chair, Mildred—you who love me not."

"You would not tell her, Rupert; that would be base indeed."

"Tell her—as; just one whisper in her ear. Then, afterwards you may tell her what you like. I have got some news for her to take to Pluto."

"Dear Rupert, for my sake, do her no harm," pleaded Mildred in an agony of terror. "When I said I loved you not, I meant, not yet!"

Revenge and cunning, which had held divided sway in the sick man's face, here abdicated together; hope for one moment sat there like a sun, and then was succeeded by suspicion.

"I do not believe you, Mildred Leigh," answered he fiercely; "nor will I unless you swear it!"

"Swear it?" echoed Mrs. Clyffard, entering the room. "Heyday, but I must look to this! My Mildred put upon her oath! When I was young, it was the man who swore, whereby, if troth was broken, he was perjured, but the lady was held blameless. There is no such courtesy in these days. Shame upon you, Rue!"

She stood beside the two, with one small hand on either's shoulder.

"It is not I who is to blame," said Rupert hoarsely. "Fair mother, will you not sit?"

"Nay," returned Mildred hastily; "you have not taken your brother yet. Let me tend you a little longer; Mrs. Clyffard has been your nurse all day."

"So, so," said the Lady of Clyffe with a silver laugh; "this is pushing us from our stools indeed! You tell me frankly what I am to expect, when Clyffe shall change its mistress. It was not troth that you were plighting then? The question is 'How soon?' Am I not right, dear Rupert?"

"Ah, I asked her that."

"And what was the reply?" quoth Mrs. Clyffard, pressing her hand with meaning against Mildred's shuddering flesh. "A month? I guessed it was a month. Come; since my modest Mildred will not answer you, I will answer for her. In a month, she shall be yours, Rupert."

"I must hear it from her own lips, good mother; you prophesy too smoothly."

Mrs. Clyffard's fair face darkened; matters were not, then, as they had seemed. Mildred had refused him, or procrastinated at least. The young girl's face was buried in her hands, but not to hide its blushes; it was as pale as marble.

Grace Clyffard's soft voice hardened; it was music still, but clear, incisive, as the clash of cymbals. "I do not pretend to be a prophet, Rupert; you wrong me there; but what I promise—that will come to pass. My niece shall be your wife; and as for her scruples about time, that is a maiden's way."

"From her own lips, I say," repeated Rupert hoarsely.

"Swear then, niece Mildred—I pray you find your voice—to wed the Clyffard within thirty days."

Never was deadly menace clothed so fair; never did spoken words convey more cruel meaning than was shot from those azure eyes.

Fear for Raymond's safety, threatened, as it seemed to her, in every tone of her aunt's voice; fear on her own account, which always overwhelmed her when brought face to face with Mrs. Clyffard; pity for Rupert, and terror as to what violence he might commit upon the instant, if she should answer "No"—for she had read murder in his eyes while ago—overcame the resolution which had hitherto supported Mildred. Keeping her face still covered, and murmuring a "God forgive me" to herself, she answered solemnly, "I swear."

"Swear what?" asked Mrs. Clyffard pitilessly.

"I swear to marry your step-son within thirty days."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CLOUD IN THE SUNSHINE.

Two years have passed since the event recorded in the last chapter. Our scene is no longer laid at Clyffe Hall, but far away in the south country; while the dwelling which is occupied by our *dramatis personae* is very unpretending. A little low-roofed cottage, set in a garden glowing with spring flowers, such as only flourish so early in a genial climate. The two French windows open on a tiny lawn, smooth as a boy's cheek, and in the centre rises a tall clump of Pampas grass, watered by a shapely

nymph of marble from a marble pitcher; the lawn is girt by a broad purple belt of fuchsia, beyond which lies the garden, not for show alone, but rich in vegetables and savory herbs; while around all this fairy demesne there runs a wavy wall of odoriferous tamarisk. A waving wall, I say, for though the cottage is nestled in the hollow of a chalk-hill, and the boisterous winds from north and east, which roar and revel on the downs above, can never reach it, it lies open to the south and west winds, whose soothing song scarce ceases the summer through. With them the swallow comes to nestle neath the eaves, with them the bee (whom on the tiny heights their violence will not permit to ply his thievish trade) to rob the flowers; but on a ledge of chalk, full in the noontday sun, stand three stout hives, for which the rent is paid in glittering comb, so that the winged thief is rified in his turn—a few frail trees, warped by their windy years to grow askant, keep off the westerling sun; but all the south is open. To those who sit within the cottage, the sloping garden and the sloping down beyond, are seen, and then the sea; but to one who from the window withdraws a pace or two, or lies upon his bed up-stairs, the eyes look straight down on the boundless blue of ocean. Ah, precious boom in sickness, to watch the shifting shadows of the clouds, the swirling eddies, the daily battles of the wind and tide; to mark the sea-gulls wheel or blown about by the fierce gusts; to see the glorious company of white-robed ships, which this or that fairy wind has just set free, pass by upon their distant errands, or to gaze upon the more homely toil which, in the little bay, the fishermen are plying; to contemplate the great waters, and those who make their business thereon. Then at night, how the sharp pain is dulled by the sea's monotonous undertone, that lullaby of everlasting rest, or overwhelmed and deadened by the majestic music of the storm!

But there is no sickness in this cottage now; the tall man sitting in the little balcony above the door-way, whose uncovered head almost touches the green roofing, is not bowed by it; nor is the graceful form of his young wife, although a year ago or so she blessed the sea, what time, after her blissful trouble, she lay awake long nights with her sweet babe beside her, sleepless, but in rest unspeakable. The baby girl, too, clinging to her mother's skirt, is well and blooming. And yet there is a shadow upon the young wife's brow, which even the sunshine of that tiny presence cannot erase, nor the blithe and the ringing tones of her husband's voice.

"What my pretty one!" quoth he, "a cloud upon thy brow upon our marriage morning. For shame! Come let me kiss it away, love. Not a word of quarrel have we had yet, though we be such old married folks; but I shall quarrel, and spoil our claim to the Dunmow ditch, if you do not smile to-day. No, not an April gleam like that, which leaves your heaven the darker, but a July brightness, that must last all day. Come, smile like my own Mildred."

"My dear, dear husband," answered Mildred, tenderly, "I know I am very foolish, very wrong. There cannot be, of course—there cannot be any real danger to us." She stooped down to her child, and drew her to her bosom, and held her there, and kissed and rocked her to and fro. "It is so long ago, and she has never tracked us yet; and we have taken no one into our confidence, so that neither by design nor carelessness can we ever be betrayed; and living here so far away from her, and under another name, we cannot but be safe—I have said to myself a thousand times; and yet, and yet—"

"Yet what, Mildred?"

"Well, nothing; you would only laugh at me. But to-day, of all the days in the year—the day when I would wish to feel no touch of gloom—a something—some presentiment of evil seems to cast its threatening shadow upon my soul. She will never cease to seek us out, Raymond, while life is in her; of that I am right sure. A wolf or a blood-hound could not be more stanch, more persistent for ill. When I think of her, I always think of that fell creature, tardy but sure as fate, which pursues the helpless hare whole days and nights, and at the last—no matter when that is—"

"My dear wife," interrupted Raymond, impatiently, "you are not complimentary to your Aunt Grace at all! The animal you describe is a creature of evil odor called a stoat; moreover, you do not take a high view of my own courage and ability to defend you and little Milly, in calling me a helpless hare. If I be so, and this vermin comes within kicking distance, I know this, she will find me uncommonly strong in the hind legs."

"Nay, dearest, while you are with us, I rarely have any fear; but when you leave the cottage even for an hour, and now you are going away to-morrow for two whole nights—ah, me, that will be terrible!"

"Why, what a coward has my Mildred become, who used to be so brave?"

"That was when I had only myself to take care of, but this little one, Raymond—what would my aunt not give to get her into her power? The babe-heiress of Clyffe! I would that we were what we seem to be here, and she but Milly Hepburn, with nothing to inherit, save this little house and ground. We have been happier here than ever we were elsewhere."

"That is very true, love; and I for my part should be well content to pass all my days here. But if poor Rupert dies—or worse, I will not sit down and let that woman usurp my rights, far less my child's. No, that I will not. I know, love, why you shudder. You deem that she would poison me and mine, rather than give up an inch of land, or yield one golden piece. But this poisoning is not so easy as one reads in the story-books. At Clyffe, indeed, she might have worked her wicked will without much hindrance, or perhaps even subsequent peril; but not so here. Moreover, she is not above the law. Her unscrupulous fingers cannot clutch what that bids her to deliver up, any more than they can reach us here to harm yourself, your child or me. I tell you we are safe, Mildred; and if there is a fear on either side, it should be upon Grace Clyffard's. Is she to storm and rave forever, and we to listen shuddering, because we too have chosen to marry?—Have I no cause to curse her in my turn; an alien from my home, and forced to keep in hiding like one escaped from prison? I think I am doing ill in this, wife. If there were no cowards, be sure there would be no tyrants in the world. The sum my poor father gave me

is high spent; I need the gold he told me with his own lips was left to me in his will. Why should I not claim my own?"

"Raymond, Raymond," cried the young wife passionately, "for Heaven's sake, be patient. Let us not bring the thunderbolt upon ourselves, even if we are fated not to escape it. Gold is indeed precious in Grace Clyffard's greedy eyes, and power, and the pride of station; but revenge is dearer to her than all. Be sure that on that day when we fled from Clyffe together, upon his very marriage morn, she registered a vow to pay us both."

"I should have thought my lady would have had enough of vows," returned Raymond grimly, "when you kept that oath she so wickedly extorted, to the letter—married her step-son within thirty days! Sweet perjurer! I can forgive poor Rupert's wrath at having missed his prize so narrowly—since he was but her tool, and never knew how cruelly she urged you—"

but as for her—Well, let her grind her dainty teeth. To think that after two long years of absence, the memory of this kite should still flutter my dove, though folded in my very arms! Your cheek is chilly, Mildred; are you cold?"

"Yes, a little cold, dear husband. The wind is rising in the west, as though for tempest. We shall have rough weather to-night."

"This like enough; and if bad weather sets in after this long calm, it will last, I fear. Come, let us have a walk together, while walk we may. Upon one's wedding day, a ramble arm-in-arm, Darby and Joan-like, is only fitting. Let us pay a visit to the good lieutenant and his wife."

"Aye, and take the dear child with us to see her god-parents," exclaimed Mildred, joyfully.

"You—deceitful—wicked—gypsy," returned her husband, shaking his finger in reproval; "to see her god-parents, indeed! You want to have her with us—this is all. I do believe you never feel your little treasure safe unless beneath your eyes. However, just as you like, love; tell Jane, then, to put her bonnet on."

"I had rather carry Milly myself, Raymond," returned Jane, "and it's such a very little way to the coast-guard station."

"Another white one! It is three miles if it is a yard. But then the walk is upon the cliff-top, is it not? a very dangerous pathway in a wind; and Jane is such a giddy girl, and can never be brought to understand that she carries so much more than her life's worth in her arms, when she has that precious child."

"Nay, Raymond, dear, I know you love it just as much as I do. How thankful you seemed to be when you were told your child was—"

"Ay, true," interrupted Raymond, hastily; "but that was very foolish of me. If he had chanced to be a boy, what then? He would have had a very different bringing up from that which has ruined so many a Clyffard. He would have been spared the curse which has fallen upon the eldest born of us for so many generations."

"And yet how glad you were that it was a girl, Raymond?"

"Was I? Well, perhaps I was; at all events I love our Milly. Come, button-mouth, give papa a kiss; then get you gone, you and your mother too, and wrap yourselves up warm, lest the rain should catch us before we can get home again."

With smiles and kisses he dismissed them both; then left alone in the veranda, he leaned upon the wooden rail that faced the lawn, and drew a letter from his pocket; the address ran thus: Mr. J. HEPBURN, Pampas Cottage, by Westport town. It was written in a cramped and vulgar hand, and in one corner was scrawled "Immediate," underlined three times. "How fortunate it was," soliloquized Raymond, "that I chanced to meet the postman in my walk this morning. Otherwise, this letter would have driven my wife wild with terror. She would neither have eaten nor slept till she had compelled me to flee once more from the wrath of this she-devil to some obscure hiding place, just as we have got reconciled to our little cottage here, and have begun to feel it 'home.' I will burrow no more, but fight it out above ground. The threatened peril is mysterious enough, but the warning puzzles me even more. What a hand my anonymous friend writes! All leaning the wrong way like those blown backward saplings yonder. It may be disguised, of course, but at the best I should say it was no gentleman's hand. I am not much of a critic, but the spelling, too, let alone the composition, appears rather faulty."

"Beware, Raymond Clyffard. The cat's eyes have found you out at last; find another hole for a little; and at once. There is danger lurking at your very door.—A TRUTH WELL-WISHER."

It is certainly very strange, and stranger that it comes when my poor wife has this nameless dread upon her. It can be no hoax, for nobody save those we have most cause to fear could have supplied the materials for it. The postmark is Westport only; therefore the writer cannot be very far off. But except the simple folks whom we are about to visit, what well-wisher have I about here, or indeed anywhere, alas? We are compelled to impose even upon these good people; to lead a life of deception, to exist humbly, furtively! What a fool was I to pass my word to Mildred that it should always be so until Rupert—! He thrust the letter into his bosom, as his young wife rejoined him, equipped for walking, and with the child in her arms.

"Well, you have been quick," said he. "What, Milly want a toss before she starts? Give her to me then, mamma. Nay, now I've got her I shall carry her myself; all strategies are fair in love, as in war, she is my lawful prize."

It was a fair picture—that stalwart father with the wee bairn cradled in one sheltering arm, and the other thrown around his wife protectingly; and yet there was something in his eyes besides their love: the fire that glows within the eagle's orbs what time she sees the fowler inch by inch descending from the crag upon her eyrie, axe in hand, to bear away her young.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PREVENTIVE STATION.

The path which led away from Pampas Cottage to the coast-guard station lay westward along the shore, and for a little distance after passing by the fishing hamlet, as Raymond had said, close to the cliff top, but soon descended, not to the beach, but through an intermediate belt of

rock and underwood between the cliff and the sea. Here, sheltered from the rising wind, and amid a verdant wilderness of thorn and hazel, it was easy to have imagined it was midsummer. The jack-daws slid in circles from the cliff; the wood-lark hanging in the sheltered air poured forth his love; the linnet whistled to his mate from the warm bush; and fitting from shrub to shrub, the tiny wren twittered his mate of thanks to God's own ear. At times, too, from a broad bank of briar, that, like a frieze, stood out from the white cliff, a hawk would shoot forth, noiseless and swift as light, and poise above the peaceful scene, like Satan watching our blameless Parents in their sleep; then shooting up above the down, would glen and poise again, despite the wind, and yet again would rise for broader view, to fall—a malignant star—and strike his innocent prey in some seeming sheltered homestead.

No homestead is, however, visible to human eye—no sign of the presence of man. The broken rocks, indeed, resemble often human architecture—here a fluted shaft, and there a column with its capital acanthus wreathed—but some grand throe of Nature has so strewed them there, who in her pangs can fashion things more beautiful than Art can mold in years of patient toil. The sea is sailless, save for one speck of white, which, like a pure soul passing to eternity, goes suddenly out on the horizon's verge.

"Is not this a very paradise, my Mildred?" exclaimed Raymond enthusiastically.

"It is indeed, dear Ray. May Heaven's angels guard us while we tarry in it." "Amen," answered Raymond gravely. "Not, however," added he, more cheerfully, "that I am aware of our needing any special guardian, other than what all mortals need against their spiritual foe. As for mortal enemies, never, surely, was a little house so girt about with defenders as is ours. The smugglers in the village would fight for you as resolutely as ever they fought for an anker of rum; while the good lieutenant and his twenty men here would draw their outlasses in your defence as gallantly as though you were the Inland Revenue herself. What a snug home they have yonder! Of all the comfortable-looking, ship-shape, spick-and-span residences that men can dwell in, I do think a preventive station is the most enviable."

The path had gradually risen until it brought them in sight of the tenement in question, a long low line of building, with a veranda in front of it, and a large garden, which extended to the sandy shore. They stood now at the look-out station, marked by a mast for signal-flags, and sheltered by a turf-bank from the wind, with the grass worn almost bare upon it in places where the man on duty was wont to lay his telescope—altogether a snug vantage-ground enough, and of course commanding a great expanse of view. The picturesque broken ground over which the three had come, upon one side; and on the other, a white curved bay, with the coast-guard boat high on the shining sand, and ready to be launched at a minute's notice; while in front the sea could be swept for scores of miles. But by far the most noticeable feature of "the Look-out" was certain carved wooden images stuck up on end, which gave to it the appearance of a spot dedicated to heathen rites. These idols, though representing the softer sex as often as the masculine, were by no means remarkable for personal beauty. Not one had been permitted to retain its entire complement of limbs, and if a lady had managed to preserve the aquiline of her nose she might consider herself a fortunate exception. These were figure-heads of vessels which the cruel waves had mutilated, when they cast the ships to which they belonged upon that long low reef to westward stretching far out to sea. Already, with the growing wind, the waters churned and foamed there in white malice; but in that comparative calm it was impossible to picture what wild work they made there during a storm. What hours of human agony had been witnessed by those pitiless cliffs, when, scudding before the gale, the helpless ships came on to their doom among the hissing breakers! What vain resolutions of repentance had they beheld in the white scared faces of whom Death was beckoning—what dumb resolve to meet the worst like men!

From Deadman's Reef no living man or woman ever yet came to land; nay, the bodies of the drowned which strewed the coast for days after a wreck could scarcely be called human, so bruised and mangled were they by the sharp and jagged rocks; but at a very low tide the reef was not without its attractions. Gold had been found there, and was found there still in old world or alien coins, guineas, moldores, dollars and doubloons; while it was even said that on a time when a ship from the Indies was there wrecked, the silver sand of Lucky Bay (so called in consequence) had been mingled with sparkling gold-dust, and that the ivory teeth of elephants glistened upon the bare brown beach. The little church-yard some four miles away, was three parts occupied with the bones thus cast on shore; most of them unknown, and buried in one mighty grave with a common headstone, *Sacred to the Memory of the Crew of that vessel, who perished in a storm off Dead-man's Reef, and then the date.* Nay, sometimes the very ship was nameless; her home-port and her destination alike unknown; and the part of the world she came from only guessed by her scattered and ownerless cargo. And yet, those who perished in her had relatives, and friends, and lovers, like the rest of us, and for long years were watched for, doubtless, and heaven importuned for them—not altogether, let us hope, in vain.

But it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and the coast population thereabouts were by no means averse to a south-west gale, and what it brought them. "Death is king, and *vivat* wrecks," was their motto; and many a cottage in the neighborhood of Lucky Bay was indebted for its most ambitious piece of furniture to the fury of the winds and waves. Such waifs were reckoned as gifts of Providence, and accepted by the simple folk with genuine thankfulness, much as a good harvest might be acknowledged by the pious elsewhere. In old times there had been ugly stories afloat of ships having been lured to their destruction by false lights, professing to be safety-beacons; but whether true or false, such matters belonged to the past only. Above the cliffs which looked down on the reef, there was now a little light-

house, which shot a fiery warning far out to sea; and this was served by a couple of men, who resided by turns with the coast-guard, there being only room for one lodger in this pocket Pharos. Thus, Lucky Bay was dedicated, as it were, to the protection of life as well as property, and seemed, at least to one of the three persons who were now looking down upon it, as the most desirable of human homes.

"How I wish that we lived here, dear Raymond, with those good kind Careys, watched night and day by trusty guardians, instead of in our lonely cottage, where, whenever you are absent, I feel so forlorn and unprotected. See, there is the lieutenant himself, and with a stranger too, as it seems; at least I never saw him about the station before."

"Perhaps he is some official visitor, or superintendent; Carey told me the other day that he was expecting some person of that kind. Look how he is pointing out to him the vegetable lions; I think I can hear him talking about those potatoes having been dibbled in by old Jacob, the lantern-keeper with his wooden leg; that's one of the old gentleman's stock stories. Ah, now he sees us. Look how he interrupts his talk, and breaks away from his visitor at once to come and bid you welcome; we may be sure therefore, that he is not the inspector."

Certainly, if such he was, Lieutenant Carey paid less respect than is usual in such cases to any official superior, striding away from him with rapid steps to meet the new-comers, and pouring forth, in a rich and powerful voice, a rain of welcome as he came.

"This is charming of you, Mrs. Hepburn; this is very friendly to walk so far to our poor home; and to bring your treasure with you too—my little godchild, Marion, Marion!" (here he raised his voice as though contending with some fancied strife of the elements) "come out, wife; here are the Hepburns." Then, as he and his visitors approached one another, he went on in what he honestly considered to be confidential tones, but which could be heard in a favorable wind about half a mile.

"I am so delighted to see you, Hepburn; always delighted, of course, but particularly so to-day. Here's a strange lubber come to stay with me from the Crown, of Westport-town, recommended by the landlord—a man whom one respects and to whom I am under obligations, but—just as though I kept a tavern like himself. My friend, Mr. Stevens," writes he, 'is exceedingly anxious to see the coast near Lucky Bay, and especially the Mermaid Cavern, during these spring tides; and there being no accommodation for himself nearer than this, and much more for his man (who remains here), I have ventured to ask you to give him a shake-down for a night or two.' That's just what the fellow writes, and here is this Mr. Stevens—a lubber, sir, a lubber—upon my hands. I have not an hour's time to spare, in expectation of this inspection. You must show him the Mermaid Cavern, Hepburn; you must show him the coast."

A stout, florid and, notwithstanding his present trouble, a very cheerful-looking man, was Lieutenant Carey, though he had been pitted by the small-pox in a manner which, he was wont himself to say, was no mere seeming. Though it was his way to be eloquent upon whatever annoyed him, he was by no means a repining character, otherwise finding himself a lieutenant still, after about forty years of sea service, he might perhaps have considered his own case a hard one, and Lucky Bay rather a misnomer as his place of residence. But, on the contrary, not only did he make the very best of his position, but entertained the visionary idea that it would be improved some day; that to have a post in the coast-guard was not another name for being put on the shelf; and that a day would come when he would sniff the incense of official favor, and be rear-admiral of half the colors of the rainbow before he died. It was a happy faith, and must have been shared in those evil days of favoritism by many another gallant seaman, or surely the Lords of Admiralty would have all met their doom at the hands of naval Bellinghams; grey-headed mates must have hanged themselves from the yard-arm, and shipless commanders taken to fresh water in despair from the top of Waterloo bridge. It was Lieutenant Carey's belief, in spite of some adverse evidence, that the Admiralty kept a favorable eye upon him. It was true, indeed, that there had been no indecent haste in promoting his protegee, but what they had said to themselves was this: "Whatever happens, we have John Carey in reserve; we know where to find him—we know where to lay our hands upon him; and by" (here they swore a little, as it was the fashion to do in those days, particularly when under the influence of friendly emotions)—"and by the Lord Harry, but some day we'll do it." That day was still indefinite, and being so, why, it might be any day. Therefore, Lieutenant Carey held himself constantly in readiness for promotion, kept his preventive station in an absolute flawless state of discipline and perfection; and could have exchanged it for the stern cabin of any vessel suitable for a young commander of four-and-fifty, at a moment's notice and with a good conscience. In the meantime, he indulged his imagination by putting such superior ships in commission that were likely to fall to his share at first, and in reading his own appointment thereto upon the quarter-deck to a crew that had flocked in hundreds to serve under his respected name. He had even concocted a little speech, very short and very pithy, to deliver under those precise circumstances; and pending their occurrence, had repeated it to Marion, his wife, about one hundred and forty times.

"Don't you think it will be the right sort of thing to say, Marion?" he would inquire; and after every repetition Mrs. Carey would gravely reply, "It couldn't be better, John." She took an immense interest in the alterations which he had determined to make in the cabin arrangements, which was the less to be wondered at since they had nothing but her own convenience and comfort in view; for in those days a sea captain in His Majesty's service was permitted to have his own board with him; and had it not been so, good John Carey's dream would have been robbed of half its pleasure. Marion had been the only daughter of his friend and co-religionist—for Carey was a Catholic, a circumstance which perhaps did not benefit his professional prospects in those days—

(Continued on seventh page.)