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yet I find it difficult to believe that I could ever have been younger than sixteen. Would to Heaven that the light and color and fancy of childhood attended us to the end. 'Tis miserable to have to set sail out of a glowing horizon into the gray of middle sea, and thence onward yet to gloom. It is Byron, I think, who asks who would not be a boy again. Not I, for one unless I could remain so. If a man has to turn out, it is better he should get up at once and have done with it. I love a sweet dream as fondly as any, but since the awakening is inevitable, don't delay it say I; and then let the vision pass away for good. Who would live again through a mere pleasantry, knowing it to be such? For those who incline that way we build lunatic asylums. No, I wouldn't be a boy again. The opening of one's eyes upon the reality don't make it worth while, as the tailor says, when you offer him less for his coat than he can cut it for."

She listened to me with her cheek resting in her hand, her figure inclined, the swell of it methought gathering a particular beauty from the white of her arm on which the head reposed, her dark eyes fixed on me with a hint of mingled merriment and puzzled inquiry in their serene scrutiny. But when I ceased she changed her posture removed her eyes and with a careless look round said almost abruptly, as though the shift of mood in her was an effort rather than unconscious transition. "How are we to get away from this island, Mr. Musgrave? You have been a sailor—is there no remedy for people in our situation? I wonder what Alexander would suggest if he were here?"

I lighted my cheroot stolidly. There seemed to me something insincere, though I protest I don't know why I should have thought so, in her speaking of my cousin at that moment. I eyed her in silence a moment and then said. "I believe if Alexander were here he would take my view of our condition. There are plenty of trees, but we have no tools. Had we a chopper we might fell a trunk, and in the course of months, perhaps of years, succeed in hacking and hewing the timber into the aspect of a canoe. But then how to launch it? The trunk of a tree, even when shaped into a canoe, is not to be whipped under the arm as though it were the model of a boat, and carried to the water. I think if Alexander were here, Miss Grant, he would agree with me that our one chance lies in our making our presence known to a passing vessel; which reminds me," said I, rising and looking at my watch, "that it is about time I took a peep seaward, for it will be some hours now since I visited the hummock." I was walking to the steps.

"You do not ask me to join you," she said. I turned and noted a look in her, half wistful, half amused.
"Do pray join me," I cried; "I was afraid that the heat—"
"No," she interrupted; "I expect there will be nothing to see." I smiled at the coquettish feigning of gentle resentment in her manner of drawing aside the shawl that screened her room. She disappeared closing the drapery afresh, and I climbed through the opening into the sunshine.
My hat was wide-brimmed like that of a southern planter. It sheltered me as effectually as an umbrella, and under the shadow of it I paced leisurely toward the hummock, but plying perhaps with unnecessary vigor at my cigar, to certain thoughts of Miss Grant that rose in me as I advanced. "Pooh!" thought I, "what a madman must I be, situated as we are, to think of anything under this wide blue sky but our deliverance, and how to effect it!"

It chanced just then that, my eyes happening to turn toward the scattering of trees that came thinning out of the mass of the forest round to that part of the sand where I had met with the iron ring of the hatch, I spied, or seemed to spy, a human face peering at me from the midst of a huddle of leaves big enough to serve for the foliage of a cotton-tree. I stopped dead like a man transfixed, the cigar I was about to rise to my lips arrested midway, as though my arm had suddenly been blasted. The light rained in a blue dazzle betwixt me and the heavy-leaved bough, and the glare of it obliged me to blink, that on looking again I might make sure. Yet when I started afresh the face was gone. I hollowed my hands into the shape of a binocular glass to shelter and strengthen my sight, and gazed again, but there was nothing to be seen save the surface of green leaves which seemed to arch the solid bough they draped, as though each was of the weight of a giant banana.

All was still in the tree, though I watched it attentively. I had left my pistols in the kitchen, as I must call it, or I should certainly let fly at the branch, and taken my chances of a murdered man falling out of the foliage of it. Still thinking it impossible that my sight could have been deceived, I walked briskly toward the tree, and looking upward searched it as penetratingly as the greenery would permit; then seeing nothing saving a parrot or two, I walked a little further toward the forest, still gazing upward, but nothing answering in the least imaginable degree to the object, real or imaginary, that had confounded me, met my eye. I again strained my sight, sending glance after glance around, then returned to the open, and proceeded toward the hummock satisfied that what I had seen was a deceit of the imagination, though this notion did

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not help to soothe my secret perturber. Unless the man actually lived inside the trunk of the tree out of whose leaves he had peered, 'twas impossible if he were human to have escaped the searching gaze I had directed at the intermingling of boughs. I said to myself it was some illusion of the sight, some fantastic creation wrought by the trembling of the sand and the wide, blue brilliance of heaven and ocean upon the ball of the eye. And yet it was an apparition, too, to so fit the bewildering enigma of the bell-ringing, that spite of my declaring to myself that it was fancy, I was as uneasy as if I had been sure it was real.

However, on reaching the hummock my thoughts underwent a sudden and violent change, for on glancing leisurely along the sea-line, thinking of nothing but the man's face in the tree, I caught sight of a ship's canvas down in the south, like the point of the sea-fowl's pinion, projecting white as foam and lustrous as pearl above the horizon. I clapped my hands with the sudden transport the sight awakened in me, and without stopping to consider the distance at which the craft hung, I set fire to a pile of faggots. There was but the mildest breathing of air. The wood took some time to kindle, and then the smoke, darkening and fattening out in thickness to the green coating of leaves and grass with which I covered the faggots, went nobly straight up to a great height—a grand signal indeed, as I thought—where it lazily arched over plume-like and floated softly into the east. I stood watching for over three quarters of an hour, with my eyes thirsting for a sign of the growth of the sail, staring with such tormenting intensity, that again and again the vast plain of sea brimming out to the brassy azure of the sky, steeping to it streaked with silver lines of currents and turquoise-colored swaths, winding and dilating and melting into the richer hue of brine, would start as if to spin with gathering speed round and round, and I had to blind my sight with my hands to check the mighty waltz, the first reel of which was as sickening as a swoon to the brain. I was alone, and excited but little judgment, or I might have guessed that on that stagnant surface the sail might hover for hours apparently motionless. Yet it was certain that she had hove in sight since the morning, that is to say, since I had last viewed the sea, and either a faint breeze of wind had brought her to where she was, or she was a small vessel stemming the water to the propulsion of her sweeps or long oars.

The fire had burned out; the smoke drained dimly to the air off the smoldering embers, and was of no more use as a signal than the flourish of a handkerchief. Then, after waiting a little while, and watching as intently as the heat and glare of the giddy atmosphere would suffer, I could no longer doubt that the vessel was drawing down the slope into the southwest; whence, as there was no wind to propel her, it was certain she was being urged by oars. In that case it would be some small drogher or coasting craft.

As I approached our secret chamber, Miss Grant came out of the opening.
"You have been a long while looking at the sea, Mr. Musgrave," she exclaimed, smiling as if to the surprise and admiration with which I regarded her.
"I have been endeavoring to signal a ship," said I.
"A ship!" she cried, approaching me close, and staring at me.
"Yes," I answered; "she will have faded out by this time like the smoke of my fire. But no matter. The sight of her is a warrant of more to follow. All I have to do is to keep a bright lookout. We will be rescued yet, and soon, depend on it."

We strolled together to the shadow of the trees where our camp tools were, and seated ourselves. For a long time she talked of nothing but the ship, and I could see by the flush in her cheeks and the gathering light in her eyes, how useful to her spirits was the hope that my news of having sighted a vessel had brought with it.

"We ought to feel grateful to the crew of the 'Iron Crown,'" said she, "for having sent our baggage with us. Oh, Mr. Musgrave, how am I to express the refreshment of a complete change of apparel! It robs the island of half its terrors."
"Rather lucky," said I, dryly, "that I kicked up that iron ring, though it cost me a sprawl. Is not the privacy of a bed-chamber in such a place as this almost as nice as a change of clothes?"

"Well, I didn't like the idea, I confess," she replied, with a pretty shake of her head. "I don't like it much yet, I admit. Those tomb-like rooms are very well in the day; but when the long, dark night comes!" she added, with a slight shiver.
At this I involuntarily turned my eyes toward the forest with a glance aloft and at the trees beyond, thinking of the demonical white-whiskered old face, with its cairngorm eyes brilliant in the midst of its swartly countenance that had seemed to peer at me awhile gone. But I would not even hint at the possibility of such an apparition. I was still inclined to reckon it mere fancy; besides, I knew that even though I should vaguely refer to it as some optical delusion occasioned by a fantastic writhe of the caves to the folds of the hot blue air between, sleep would be murdered for her that night. Nevertheless I made up my mind that while the sun was still high to put my pistols in my

pockets and search the little forest afresh; for to speak honestly, the memory of the swart malignant countenance coming into my mind again rendered me secretly very uneasy, and I felt, when the night drew down and I was at rest in the profound stillness of the underground kitchen, that I should regret not having made again a careful investigation of the wood.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An agricultural paper tells us that the skunk will exterminate the potato bug. After this announcement, we have no little respect for the potato-bug.

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