second place, a Randall will speak to a Carlow before a Carlow speaks to a Randall. In the third place, I'm going to keep the light.'

In a few days Carlow brought his family across and established them in the cottage at the foot of the tower. All the village turned out to see them go except the Randalls and their connections. They, men and boys, had gone off trawling early that morning; and the women and children had been forbidden to put their heads to the windows.

Notwithstanding his determination, Amos Randall never recovered the position, and five years later he died, an embittered man. His rival lived barely a year after him, and then the battle was fought over again between young Jed Carlow and Price Randall. Once more the Carlows were victorious, and another Jed Carlow became keeper of the Wolf Head Light.

For twenty-nine years, summer and winter alike, Jed Carlow climbed the tower stairs three times during the night to examine his lights, and many a night when tempests were raging he went up in the early dark and never came down till the angry morning was in the sky. He was a grave, silent man, never given to words, and his whole life was absorbed in his duty; and since no man can live for honor first without unconsciously influencing those about him, so it came about that a new attitude began to replace the old in his family; the honor was no longer in being keeper of the light, but in being worthy to be keeper of the light.

Next to Jed Carlow himself, the influence of the light was strongest upon his little granddaughter, Jess.

Her earliest memory was of being carried up in the great tower by her grandfather one spring twilight, and watching him light the lamps—five golden and five red—and wind the machinery that sent the alternating shafts of light across the wide waters. And the great excitement of all her childhood was the semi-annual visit of the inspector with the supplies for the light—stacks of red and white chimneys, bundles of wicks, doeskins for polishing the reflectors, and casks of ill-smelling oil. When upon her tenth birthday she was allowed to light the lamps herself, under her grandfather's watchful eyes, her small heart could hold no more rapture. From that hour the light was hers, its honor her honor, to be guarded with her life.

When Jess was thirteen, however, things changed. Her mother died, and the child was sent across to the mainland to school, and for four years she was at the lighthouse only in the summer. Then came the October when she was called home to follow her grandfather to his grave in the little burying-ground on Big Wolf. It was at her plea that they buried him in the corner touched by the ray of the light he had served all his life.

That night the girl begged her father to let her light the lamps alone.

'You may come in five minutes,' she said, 'only let me go up by myself.'

So at half-past 5 Jess climbed the long stairs alone. Her eyes were dim and her throat ached, but she fought back the tears. She was a daughter of the sea, and not given to easy emotions. Slowly she kindled the lamps and wound up the machinery. Then she stood waiting till a long golden beam touched the little gust-beaten graveyard on Wolf.

'I'll never forget, grandfather,' she whisepred; 'never! never!'

As she went down, she met her father going up, but she did not go back with him. She was busy getting supper when he came down. She baked a johnny-cake and some bacon and made tea, and when everything was ready she sat down opposite her father and pretended to eat. Presently she spoke.

'Whom are you going to get for an assistant?'

'I was calculating I'd try Tim Littlefield.'

Jess was silent for a moment.

'I'm not going back,' she said.

'Not going back!' her father echoed.

The girl looked at him gravely. She was a girl any father might be proud of, tall and brown and strong, with unflinching eyes.

'No,' she replied, 'I guess I've got all the education I need. I only stayed, anyway, because I knew mother would have wanted me to.' Her voice changed and thrilled with sudden passion. 'I hated it there. I'm not like them, dad—the other girls. I don't speak the same language or think the same thoughts. I can't breathe in their world. I'd rather be out here on the rocks, with the surf crashing about me. Oh, I'm made for this! I shan't be lonesome, with you and the light. There will be a thousand things to do. And I know mother would be willing—she wouldn't want you and Tim keeping house alone.'

'It doesn't seem right, Jess,' her father said, doubtfully. 'It's awfully cut off in winter, you know.'

'Yes, I know!' the girl cried, exultantly. 'Oh, dad, you are going to let me—you are!'

She had her will. Her father indeed understood better the ways of the sea than the uncharted ways of womankind. Tim Littlefield came over, a boat-load of provisions was brought from the mainland and packed away in the storeroom at the foot of the tower, and the little family settled down for the winter.

It came early that year and stayed late, gale after gale sweeping the coast. There were fearful nights when the glass about the light was thick with salt spray, dashed up by the wind and frozen—when the great tower itself trembled as if it might go at any moment, and no one of the three dared lie down.

It was a terrible life for a girl. Carlow never was a talker at best, and Tim Littlefield, after two months of it, had but one wish—to get away. Yet Jess never complained. Always there was the light.

And finally, by sullen degrees, the winter broke. One day Jess found a few grass-blades in a sheltered angle of the rocks. Slowly the winds retreated, and the terrible roar of the surf died away. Finally one morning the girl was awakened by the joyous carol of a song-sparrow. She threw open her window and listened, her dark eyes full of eagerness. The six months had been terrible, but they were past, and life, full, vivid, beautiful beyond words, was at the door.

The first day that the sea was quiet enough, Tim Littlefield rowed across to Big Wolf. Another man brought the boat back. 'Tim has made up his mind he's had about enough,' he said, looking curiously at the girl—her father was up in the tower cleaning the lamps.

Jess's eyes flashed. 'Let him go!' she exclaimed. 'Father and I aren't giving up.'

Jed Carlow's girl was living gloriously, absorbingly. She spent hours out on the rocks, or pulling with splendid strokes of her long arms across the water, for the sheer joy of it. Sometimes she went across to Big Wolf—she could go there almost any day now—and visited the neighbors Only three cottages she never entered, and when on Sunday the Randall families, with handsome young Richard Randall at their head, tramped into the little church, her steady brown eyes were always turned the other way.

Unfortunately, it is not so easy to manage one's ears, and people were always talking of young Richard—his strength and courage and cleverness.

However, nothing could spoil the glory of the summer. Tim Littlefield's place was not yet filled, but an assistant was not necessary at that season, when, in any emergency, help could be got easily.

Moreover, summer was Little Wolf's time 'at home.' There were many visitors—city people who sailed over from the mainland and climbed ledges in high-heeled shoes, and exclaimed over the barren rocks, and asked absurd questions about the light, and roved over the house and looked at Jess with curious eyes. These Jess hated, but she welcomed eagerly her aunt, who came over from the shore to spend a week with her, and the neighbors from Wolf.

So the golden days slipped by, and October came, and the next week the keeper declared he must find an assistant.

'We don't need an assistant yet,' Jess pleaded. 'Don't I know all about the light?'

Her father shook his head.

''Twouldn't be right,' he declared. 'Go back to the shore till spring. I'd feel easier to have you.'

But at that the girl's head was up instantly.

'I belong to the light. Haven't I belonged to it all my life? You couldn't tear me away—I'd stick to it like a limpet!'

So the matter was decided again, and that night a little moaning wind began to creep about the house, and in the morning a cold easterly rain was driving across the sea.

'We're in for three days of nasty weather, sure,' the keeper said.

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Over on Big Wolf the storm beat against the low windows of the cottages, and drove the smoke back down the chimneys, and made racing brooks of the paths. The men mended nets by the smoky fires. Everywhere they were mending nets—at Lot Maxwell's, at Peter Tibbet's, at the Tuckers', the Randalls'.