## MY NEPHEW，WILLIE TANNER．

Bert Tanner stood on the bill among the group of men who had gathered bout the one store of the fishing settle． ment．It was early apring on the Maine coast，and the ice was atill in the Reach． The group were watching the movements of a coot hunter on an ieland a mile from the mainland．There was a look of un－ easiness on Bert＇p face as he watched the tigure crawling among the rocks，and he occasionally cast furtive glances at the faces of the othere，as though expecting them to hear eomething that he could not，for Bert was quite deaf．
Bert was asid to be only＂half－bright＂ by the natives．He was a silent fellow who never in any way Bhowed resent． ment at the rude practical jokes played upon him or the broad jeets made at his expense．He refueed to fish or to lob－ eter，but epent his time prowling over the selands after coot，wild duck，and other sea birde that came in．On the rare occasions when he spoke it was either of his shot－gun or＂my nephew， Willia Tanner，＇as he proudly called him． ＇What seems to be ailin＇on you， Bert？＂some one shouted in Berl＇s ear， noting his reetleeseness．Bert only look－ ed foolish and shook hie head．A tharp explanation broke from one of the men． Bert heard it，and a look of fear camu into his vacant blue eyes as he stared into their faces．，A cracking sound of eeveral seconde＇duration was Leard． This was followed by shorter，sharper sounds．The broad expanese of glitter－ ing ice between the island and the main land began to move alowly，ripping and tearing itself loose from the shore with a noise like a succession of pistol－shota． The hunter on the island had grasped the situation as quickly as the group on the hill．The watchers saw him，gun in hand，bound over the rouks to the shore． They saw him hesitate，and then jump from the shore upon a cake of ice that was drifting slowly by．The men watched breathleesly．There was a ailly grin of terror on Bert＇s face．The hunter jumped from cake to cake，dritting a lit－ tie，then gatheriug himeelf for another leap when the opportuLity came．
＂Ef he slips off one o＇them chunke he＇s done fer，＂suid one of the group．
Slowly the hunter was making bis perilous way to the main sheet of iep；a leap or two more and he would reach it． The mase was moving ewifter，for the wiod had freenened from the weet，driv－ ing it out to ees．The hunter had fbeen driftiog upon one cake for a minute or eo，watching his chance to get on the main ice．They eaw the gap widen in－ stead of close．The hunter threw his gun ahead of him，where it fell upon the main ice；then they anw him remove his coat and throw it after the gua．They watched him gather himself together for a mighty leap，and their hearts atood still．He ross in the air and apparently landed upon the ice in onfety．A riog． ing shout went up from the luaty lunge of the fiahermen．It was followed by a ebrill ery of despair from over the ice． A chunk of the main ice had broken a－ way and the hunter had fallien through the flesure，diesppeariog in the black water beneath．
Bert gave a frenzied cry like that of an animal in pain．＂lt＇s my nephew， Willie Tanner！＂he shrieked．
They ran down the ateup hill to the shore，but Bert outetripped them all． His thick－soled，olumsy boote，run over at both heole and hard from salt water， soemed to have wing．At the water＇s edge the othera atopped and looked heel－ tatingly in esech other＇s faces．Bert did not atop．Muttering between his teeth， ＂My nephew，Willie Tunner，＂hie eyee grown dark with a deaperate purpose， be leaped upon the neareat cake，and with one high bound atter another eached the broad aheot of solid ice．
The boy atruggling in the wator had managed to get his flagere over the edge

It the main ice．Numb with cold and half unconscious，he clung to the ice with the deaperation of a drowning man．The ice was pounding and grind－ ing about him，threatening each moment to cruah him and carry him under the great masa．When Bert had gained his footing upon the solid ice he ran swiftly oo the dark object elinging to the edge． He pulled him out of the water and tried to stand bim on his feet，but he sank down in a limp heap．Willie Tanner was only a half－grown boy，but he was not a light load at any time；now he was a dead weight．Bert seemed to have superhuman strength given him，for he picked Willie up as it he had been a child and rao with him to the other edge The weatijer beaten faces of the men on the shore blanched as they saw Bert teady himself for the first jump on the moving ice cakes．He fell with his burden as he landed，for his old boots and the weight he was carrying made it almost imposeible for him to keep bie looting．The cake tipped and sank d epep into the water．The procese was epeated，and then，au the epace between the cakee grew wider，Bert jumped with eckless desperation．At last there was only water between the man crouching with his burden on the ice and the hore．The men looking on were help－ less，for there was not a boat withic two milee，They know Bert could not swim， and the whole mases was moving so rapidly out to eea that they had to walk quickly to keep abreast of the two on the ice． Bert looked around helplessly；then he began to pull off his boote．He drew the unconacious boy to the edge nearest the shore and let himself down into the water on the opposite side，clinging to gaeps from the first shock，he began to read water．Slowly，inch by inch，the strange raft with ita paseenger neared the shore．Once Bert was able to touch bottom，hands were eagerly stretched out to help htm，but he did not let go until the cake grated upon the beach． He dropped weakly to hie knees at the water＇s edge．Some started to lifth him out he shook them off．
＂＇Tend to my nephew，Willie Tanner，＇ be gaaped．More than one pair of eyes filled with teare as after a momentie reat the foolish hero，wearing his usual fool． oh grin，ataggered up the hill towardn ome，as though to eocape the ridicule he felt must surely follow his action．－ aroline Lookhart in December Lippin－ cotts．

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There is a little coolnese between年保 and Anna，ien＇t there？ Yes，his cousin Hortenee from Boston．

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