At about the same time in the evening, in a room on the upper floor, — a charming dormer-windowed room, looking over the harbor, — is the man of whom Miss Isabel Clay has just been speaking. He has drawn his chair to the window and is sitting astride it, with a cigar between his teeth, looking at the cold eastern sky. It is a coincidence, but he, too, is talking to himself, between the whiffs of smoking.

"Gad! that was a pretty woman I saw coming out from dinner. She looked surprised when I looked at her. I suppose it must have been this beard; it is a terror, to tell the truth." Hereupon he disengages it and throws it upon the bed. "But there is one good thing about it,—no one will recognize me in it, and that's what I want. That confounded jackass of a Thompkyns might have shut the story up about the bay mare. He must have known it would make it infernally hot for me at Saratoga, even if she beat. As it is, I am five thousand dollars out, and the governor politely declines to advance the necessary tin. Of course the best thing I could do was to disappear from the scene until father gets reconciled to the five thousand by my absence from his side. He'll want me back before long to take care of him. The joke of the matter is, here I am in the character of a seedy philosopher, fooling every one by whole-sale. Of course I couldn't come here, except incog, because asthmatic old Mrs. Wheeler would let the governor know immediately. I'll risk her finding me out in these whiskers and eye-glasses. Ah! that pretty little girl will take off the dulness a bit; I must cultivate her acquaintance in the morning."

The following is a conversation which took place the next week, between Miss Isabel Clay and her maid, Miss Mary Dunlap. Miss Clay is bolstered up in bed and is looking very white and interesting.

Miss Dunlap: "There, there now, Miss Isabel, lie still and rest; goodness knows you've been through enough to-day."

Miss Clay: "But, Dunlap, how can I keep still? Was n't it just the most providential thing that Mr. Johnson was on the rocks as the boat capsized? How could I have been saved if he had not been there? And then he was 'so gentle and so kind' about it; I know I did n't faint till I was on dry land. While his arm supported me I never could have fainted, it was only when I lay on the grass that I lost myself. And to think that it should have been Mr. Johnson, too; why, all the week I have been teasing him about Bacteria and botany and every horrid thing, till he has been driven almost wild; and yet he ran just as fast to save me when he saw me in the water."

Miss Dunlap: "I s'pose he thought you were drowning, Miss Isabel."

Miss Clay: "Drowning, Dunlap. Of course he did; but I should think that would have been the thing he would wish most devotedly for. Oh! he is such a kind man, though he is so queer."

Miss Dunlap: "Law, Miss Isabel, you do talk to him all the time, though."

Miss Clay, pondering: "Do I, Dunlap? Yes, I suppose I do; but there is nothing else to do here. I really don't believe he is so very knowing, after all. He tells very funny stories sometimes."

This last is uttered in a sleepy tone, and soon after the patient drops asleep.

I give an extract from a letter from Mr. Johnson, otherwise Mr. Benjamin Southern, to Mr. Silas Thompkyns at Saratoga.

"Do you know, Tommie, I hardly care at present whether the governor gives in sooner or later; I think I hope he'll give in later, of the two, providing he gives in at last... . . . There is a tremendously pretty girl here, apparently in perfect health. All the rest of the boarders are infernally slow, what with their colds and their baths and their walks. But Miss Clay — I wonder if she can be the Miss Clay you told me about; though that can't be, for she was from Boston and this one is from somewhere else, I can't just make out where. Then that one was rich, if I remember what you said, and this one is as poor as a church mouse, and goes about in a shabby brown dress, and daubs the rocks,—on paper, of course I mean. She takes me for a professor of natural science or something of