that sort, and is always trying to worm something out of me about everything I never heard of. This beard that you recommended me is the hatefullest thing,—it makes the sweat pour from me like a house afire,—a mixed simile, but never mind. She's very pretty, nevertheless, and serves to make this monotonous life bearable, so that I should be really sorry to leave it yet. I hauled her out of the water to-day, for the first time; I have been expecting to be called upon for this kindly office for some time. She persisted in going out in the rickety old hotel boat, alone; and she knows nothing about managing a craft. You may imagine I kept as near as possible on the rocks in case of an emergency.

"Don't let what I have said deter you from doing your best to bring the old gentleman round as soon as possible.

"Yours, B. S."

Another week passed. Miss Clay recovered from her shock, and grew daily in health and strength. The few days of languor and weakness were an excellent time for cementing her friendship for Mr. Johnson. The morning walks, when she leant upon his arm, were charming to both of them. In the mean time Mr. Southern had heard nothing from his friend Mr. Thompkins.

Miss Clay had retired to her boudoir, and before going to bed writes thus in her journal:

"Mr. Johnson is really a very interesting person, notwithstanding his funny looks and behavior. His description of the races at Saratoga was very interesting, this evening I can't believe he is what he seems to be. His appearance is far from being that of a man of the world, but his conversation, without being insipid, is well-bred and pleasing. His voice, too, has touching vibrations in its lower tones, and his glasses cannot conceal the brilliancy of his eyes. He is a man of whose acquaintance I should be proud anywhere. I think I will tell him to-morrow how I happen to be here and ask him to call on me in Boston."

Mr. Johnson, on his part, has taken his cigar to smoke by his window in the roof. The cool breeze from the water wafts the smoke into the chamber and makes the candle flutter and dance, keeping one ever in suspense lest it go out. But Benjamin Southern is not thinking of that, as his exclamations indicate.

"She sang that song divinely, to-night! Hang it, what if she is poor; I'd be willing to work hard for her; and if the old man doesn't like it, very well. If he wants to cut me off without a cent, he may and welcome. I'll do it! I'll tell her to-morrow just how I feel towards her, let the consequences be what they may. We can manage to scrape along somehow, I suppose. Whew! though, who's going to pay the five thousand! There's no use in talking, I must do it, and there's an end of the matter."

Upon that he went to bed and slept the proverbially sound sleep of the lover.

The next morning Mr. Southern and Miss Clay met at breakfast. Miss Clay was unusually bright and entertaining, but Mr. Southern's face was very glum; he looked as if he had made up his mind to do a very disagreeable duty. He began well, if this was the case.

"Miss Clay," said he, "if I may have a moment with you after breakfast, I have a little psychological problem which I would like to explain to you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Johnson; certainly!" said Miss Clay. "I, also, have something I wish to say to you."

"Indeed!" said he, surprised, "can it be possible!"

After breakfast they walked together along the pebbly shore. What was said on this occasion I have been unable to ascertain. They have always been reticent on the subject. What I can say, however, is that they came back looking very sober,—both of them. He handed her up-stairs with even greater deference than usual.

That evening, in the parlor, there was considerable tittering among the ladies over a bit of news that came from somewhere. It was said that Mr. Johnson and Miss Clay had made a match. It happened that this report was untrue at that time; but a little later in the evening, after the mail had come in, Mr. Johnson and