let Millard get married in his own way, without further trouble,—realizing that he had taken excellent care of himself and his own affairs in the past, and could probably do so in the future.

The morning for his departure came at last; and having satisfactorily adjusted his necktie, and completed his dressing, he ate his usual quantity of breakfast, which he prepared himself, and wrapping up well against the storm, started to the station for the north-bound train. He met with many wishes of good will as he passed through the town, and while waiting for the train talked with the station master on the probabilities of the Nantucket boat being able to run during such bad weather. He advanced careful and convincing reasoning in this matter as he did in all others, and the train finally carrying him away, he turned the discussion into a soliloquy, and figured the probabilities and possibilities for his own satisfaction. Occasionally his face would light up and break into a smile, but whether from thoughts of his approaching happiness, or a new consideration added to his train of reasoning, it would be hard to determine. The train stopped at Wood's Holl, and Millard alighted. The Nantucket boat lay at her moorings, and with a glance at the sky and a neighboring weather-vane, as final points in the argument, Millard quietly stepped aboard. The rest of the passengers crowded about the Captain, to see if the trip would be attempted; but Millard seemed to have settled the matter quite by himself, and sat down in a warm corner of the cabin.

"We'll go outside and have a look at it," said the Captain; and the little boat drew away from the pier and steamed down the harbor forthwith.

Millard's deductions were correct, as usual; and the question of starting having been decided, he turned his mind to thoughts of his approaching marriage. For quite awhile he sat silent and alone in the little cabin; the rest of the passengers were awaiting the Captain's verdict on deck. The boat reached the mouth of the harbor, and the Captain surveyed the path before him. One "look at it" was enough, and turning the boat's head back again he returned to quieter water. An immense sea was running outside. It would have been fatal to attempt to reach the island. The engines stopped as the boat slowed up at the pier, and Millard rushed on deck to see the cause of the delay. Wood's Holl was before him, and for the first time in his life a conclusion that he had adopted was proven glaringly wrong. However, he could easily remedy the fault by telegraphing. He walked along the shore to the office, where a notice informed the public that, owing to the severe storm, the line was broken at the Nantucket end, and no messages could be transmitted for several days. Millard's wedding day was not only postponed, but he was entirely cut off from communication with his intended wife. He sat down by the stove in the waiting room of the station to think what had best be done. The wedding could not go on without him in the first place; secondly, the wedding party would know that it was impossible for boats to cross to the island, and consequently would not expect him. It seemed very simple from this point of view; and as no logical being would think of arguing differently, everybody had evidently make the best of it until the Sound was navigable. For himself, he started out in quest of a place to spend the night at Wood's Holl.

Meanwhile everything was in a state of excitement at Nantucket. Ida and her mother had been running about the house since early the day before. Mrs. Acorn had been deep in pies and cakes, while Ida herself had arranged the simple gifts received as wedding presents over and over again, without the slightest idea that she had done it more than once. Ida had not the calmness of mind and body that characterized her lover. She was all impetuosity and stir, and ran about the house mislaying things, that she might busy