herself in finding them again. When the eventful morning arrived she arose early and worked hard, putting the finishing touches on herself and her surroundings, and began to wonder two hours before the boat was due why Millard did not come. Mrs. Acorn was driven frantic by being asked the same question over and over again, and made a few caustic remarks about her daughter being old enough to know better than to act like a two-months'-old kitten. "The steamer leaves the Hole at half-past 'leven," said Mrs. Acorn, glancing at the clock, whose hands pointed to a few minutes after ten. Ida went upstairs and tried to busy herself with her wedding gown. When she came down again her mother had left the house, and she turned to the presents for consolation. They embraced all sorts of household articles from towels and bed-sheets to glass toothpick holders. She had seven of the latter, Nantucketers evidently thinking these recent additions to the stock of the village store quite elaborate enough to be posed about the house as bric-a-brac, if not in use on the table, and giving her a quantity for the purpose.

Eleven o'clock finally arrived, and Mrs. Acorn returned home. "Ida," she said, as she came in the door, "I've bin over to Cap'n Zeno's, and he ain't goin' to th' Hole to-day. The weather outside is tew pesky rough. What's more," she continued, as her daughter opened her lips to speak, "he nor I don't believe Cap'n Allen will try t'come over to th' island to-day. The trip ain't safe. I hev sent word to Parson Crowell not to come over onless you go an' tell him. Most of th' folks know the boat won't run, an' they consequentially hain't likely to expect a weddin'."

After delivering this speech Mrs. Acorn gathered up a pile of pieces of wedding-cake, which she had wrapped up in ruled note paper, carefully pinned at each end, and retired to the pantry.

The effect of the news on Ida was twofold; she knew that Millard was, and always would be, true to her, and that the wedding was postponed through no fault of his; but at the same time it was postponed, which meant another day of anxiety and restlessness, and probably a considerable confusion in the wedding arrangements. Ida's temperament was not one to battle successfully with confusion of any kind; and while she was not calm before, the news excited her to such a degree that her duty, under the circumstances, was far from clear. "I oughter go to him, Ma," she said; "I really oughter. Mill is probably expectin' me. He hes reasoned out an' calc'lated that 'es he couldn't git here that I'll git there; an' if he hes reasoned so, he certain won't move till I come."

"Ida Acorn," said a voice from the pantry, "ef you go chasin' roun' th' country arter Millard Chace or eny other man, be he off-islander er otherwise, you ain't got the sense of decency I thought ye hed." The abrupt closing of the cupboard door finished these remarks, and Mrs. Acorn went on with her work inside, meanwhile making mental comments on the "furriner," as she called him.

To Ida, however, the matter appeared in a different light. She knew her lover's peculiarities much better than her mother, and she knew, moreover, that Captain Zeno would run his boat from the island to the shore when Captain Allen and his steamer would not dare to leave the mainland. Exactly what Millard expected her to do from his position at the Holl she did not know; but that he expected something she was quite sure, and the only course open to her troubled mind seemed to be to take the morning's boat across. The day passed, and by evening the conviction that Millard was waiting for her gained ground. By morning she had decided to go, and a little before boat-time she left the house without stopping to inform her mother of her intentions, and with a small satchel in her hand took her way to the steamer's wharf. Captain Zeno was standing on the pier talking to some of the Nantucketers.