rather than pass the night there. His sister would undoubtedly keep her there after her arrival; and if he should return on the next day's boat he could intercept her, and his past hopes would be carried out by having the marriage take place at his sister's house. It was evidently an intervention of Providence; and, with inward exultation at being able to make the apparent misfortune turn so much in his favor, he went to make peace with the widow in hopes of somewhat diminishing the storm which he knew such a course of action as he intended to pursue would bring up in that quarter. His attempts at arbitration were fairly successful; for the widow had had her say without being contradicted, and prided herself on having won the fight. She therefore became quite lenient in her treatment of the defeated enemy, and Millard got through the evening far from unpleasantly. She was not over-curious regarding Millard's future plans, nor did she seem as anxious regarding her daughter's wellfare as Millard had expected. She made him comfortable over night, and allowed him to stroll out of the house after breakfast without even asking his destination. As soon as a turn in the road concealed him from view of Mrs. Acorn's windows, Millard made straight for the steamboat landing, where he found Captain Allen busied in preparation for his return trip. He quickly went aboard, and, descending to the cabin, took up his customary dark corner near the stove. In a short time the vessel left the pier, and started on her journey across the channel. Opposite to Millard sat a gentleman with a pale cast of countenance, reading a missionary tract. Occasionally his eyes left the book and peered into Millard's corner, as though he looked for recognition from the occupant. Millard was busy with his thoughts, and kept his eyes on the stove.

"Do I see my friend Mr. Millard Chace before me?" said the pale gentleman.

Millard started, and glanced at the speaker.

"I believe I was to have had the happiness of officiating in your behalf at the Widow Acorn's on yesterday, had not the steamer been unavoidably detained by the inclemency of the weather," continued the man pompously. "I am the Reverend Uriah Crowell."

"Oh, yes," said Millard; "how d' y' do? You air goin' for a trip ashore?"

"Yes," said the clergyman; "I have some little business in Wood's Holl, but intend to return by to-morrow. I was informed by Mrs. Acorn that I would have the pleasure of her daughter's company on the boat on my return. She informed me she had been suddenly called to the mainland. As you might say, I am commissioned by our good friend Mrs. Acorn to take Miss Ida in charge."

The Rev. Mr. Crowell rubbed his hands, and smiled benignantly at Millard, who wondered what plot the widow had instituted against Ida. The conversation turned to a discussion of the tract the reverend gentleman had been reading, and Millard made himself as agreeable as possible. They chatted for about half an hour, when a hurrying of feet and sound of voices shouting from the deck above attracted their attention, and they ascended to see the cause of the disturbance. When they reached the open air they saw Captain Allen standing in the bows of the boat, with an old speaking-trumpet in his hand. A short distance to leeward the "Island Home" was wallowing about in the trough of the sea, evidently unable to make headway. Captain Zeno could be seen on the upper deck, and he, too, held an enormous trumpet, through which he tried to make himself heard on board the neighboring boat.

"The wind's tew strong, and I can't git a durned thing he says," said Captain Allen, coming up to Millard and the Rev. Mr. Crowell; "but I reckon from appearances he's bust his shaft."

The boats approached nearer each other, and Captain Allen's conjecture was found to be correct. A boat was lowered and sent over to the "Island Home," where it was arranged