thing, it is probable that she might as well have addressed the empty air.

Eustis and Tilton were to take them to the Casino after tea, and until they came there was nothing especially interesting to do.

And so let us leave them for a time, and transfer our attention to the two fellows, who certainly had every reason to consider themselves fortunate. We won't interrupt them at their meal, as the particularities connected with their methods of eating or their tastes would hardly interest us. And so we find them seated on the rail of the hotel piazza, smoking their cigars,—forming a picture of lazy content.

"Harry," said Eustis, after he had watched the blue clouds of smoke roll hither and thither in the light breeze for a while, "Bessie Carleton worries me. Until a day or two ago she was awfully pleasant and agreeable, but lately she's changed completely, and acts as if she thought me the most objectionable creature she could very well be thrown into contact with. Of course, a girl has a perfect right to like a man or not, as she pleases. What puzzles me is, what I've done to bring about this change. I know she isn't particularly interested in anybody else—she never seems to have any preferences at all for that matter—and yet she is certainly tired of me. What do you think about it?"

"Bert, my boy, girls are peculiar," answered his companion, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "There's no more use in trying to gauge their reasons for doing things than there is in inquiring into the moral principles that govern the actions of that June bug. One reason for this change which you say has taken place in Miss Carleton's bearing towards you, may be that she doesn't intend that anybody else—she never seems to have any preferences at all, for that matter—and yet she is certainly tired of me. What do you think about it?"

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