ting into Newport; did the regulation thing in just scraping over the mud spit on the end of Rose Island while going in.

"Well, I forgot to say 'twas the night before the Fourth,' and we found Thames Street decorated up 'to beat the band' for some parade or other, and the crackers had evidently been placed on sale early. We had 'grub' on shore, and stayed there till about nine o'clock, and then came to the conclusion that we could see the show better from the water, after all, so we went on board.

"The fog was clearing now. Once more aboard, we thought we'd wake things up a little. It's funny what a gang on a little yacht can do when they get started; why, from absolute quiet, broken only by the thrumming of a banjo or so, we got them yelling back and forth from one craft to another, blowing bugles and firing cannon, until at last even the Sultana turned on the incandescents on her foreyard, and the Conqueror lighted her string from stem to stern, and both blew their whistles and sirens for a quarter of an hour.

"It died down after a while, though, and we took to the dingey and proceeded to 'do the harbor!' It was worth the trouble, for everybody was on deck, and we got lots of applause for our mandolin, banjo, and guitar trios, with which we serenaded cats and forty footers alike.

"But the fun of it all was yet to come. We rounded an old black fisherman, and lo! close by was a schooner yacht, bright from stem to stern, and under a canopy amidsthips they were having a dance. We pulled a bit nearer, and simultaneously there broke forth from the gang: 'Oh, I don't know;' 'Pretty fair;' for, fellows, there was a bevy of as pretty girls as you ever saw, all dancing together, and not a sight of a man about except the old skipper and his crew, sitting on the catheads for'ad, pulling their pipes.

"'Gad, but I wish we could get into the dance!' ejaculated Bainbridge.

"'Get up nearer!' urged Stowe.

"'Get into it? Get into it? We've got to!' said Vane, 'and we will! It's a crying shame for fruit like this to spoil,' he added, gallantly, and by this time we were alongside. We stretched our necks to get a better view, and Ned, apparently unable to control himself, dropped the forward oars and jumped up on the thwart to get his head above the railing. But the old dingey was too cranky to stand it, and we, taken unawares, couldn't right her, and in came a couple of barrelfuls of water, and over went Vane, working suit and all, into the drink. Up rose a yell, and in the confusion we could see a score of horror-stricken feminine heads over the railing, and hear the volley of sympathetic cries and shouts of encouragement as Vane rose to the surface. Somehow he couldn't seem to get to the boat, and in a second Bainbridge went in after him; and just as the skipper came to the side with a lantern we could see that Phil had reached him, and was supporting him.

"'He can't swim!' called Phil, between gasps. 'Get a rope!'

"'A rope!' we yelled, and in a moment the skipper passed a line over the quarter; Phil had made it fast, and the crew drew him on deck.

"As we climbed aboard we found Vane pretty far gone, and with the help of the girls got some brandy and towels and rubbed the boy until he came to; the girls meanwhile asking all manner of questions as to how it happened.

"As soon as Vane recovered a little he motioned toward the group of young women, and though he did not speak he seemed to wish to communicate with the matron, who stood among her charges.

"She came forward with anxious solicitude, and knelt beside him.

"'Poor fellow!' sighed one of the girls, 'I suppose he thinks he's going to die, and wants her to send some word to his mother.'

"We watched the two, Vane and his attendant, as they whispered together, and were