

an' take it?' sez th' crowd, laughin'. There was seven of 'em, counting Potts. 'Don't be a fool!' sez Bob, pullin' the boat around. 'They're just boozy enough to play rough 'ouse.' An' I see that quick enough w'en they pelted stones at us, seein' us row away. It was rich, Potts puttin' up that Yankee flag an' 'im such a rabid pro-Britisher an' never losin' a chance to rap at it in print. 'Those chaps 'll see through 'im after a bit,' I sez to Bob, 'an' then it'll be 'is turn.' I was so rippin' mad, leavin' my good boat there, an' seein' Potts swiggin' bottled beer with that bunch o' savages, an' me an' Bob fair gaspin' for a glass, it bein' so 'ot, that I rowed up to Gannannock to see the bobbies there an' 'ear wot I could do. But there wasn't nothink we could do excep' drown our defeat in beer, an' that took some time. So that was 'ow I missed the other races, an' w'y the Commodore's launch 'ad such a time 'untin' me up. 'Owever,' concluded Giggs viciously, and setting Bob a more strenuous stroke by way of a safety valve for his emotion, 'Potts 'll 'ang 'imself with a bit more rope. The bobbies at Gannannock gave us good news. There's more than Bob an' me lookin' for Potts. A photographer at Athens, an' a little Irisher this end o' Gannannock Lake, are after 'im 'ot foot. They've took out warrants for Potts' arrest for aggravated assault. A county constable an' the Gannannock blue-coats is waitin' for 'im to come across, an' that Dutch constable at Athens, Hans, wired 'e was comin' down on the Stop-an'-Carry-One. So it's only a matter o' time before we get Algernon Chumley Potts. But I wonder wot 'is father, the little parson in Kent, would say? Ow, my!'

A rakish, white yacht, following the steamboat channel, drew swiftly ahead of us to starboard, and the singing of a clear and rich soprano voice and a subdued bass, to the accompaniment of a guitar, came silverly over the furlong of still and moonlit river that lay between.

"There goes that party I drove down this mornin' in my stage," said Giggs. "That's Cap'n Andrews, late of 'Is Majesty's Army, singin' with the Duchess o' Downeast, as they call 'er. Miss 'elen Blazer, I think 'er right name is. Beauty, too. Wot you call a peach. They're goin' to dine at the Inn. It'll be quite gay there, with Mr. Carew's party an' all. But it *does* seem too bad that Miss Moore an' 'er mar should be goin' down the river just w'en Mr. Carew's goin' *hup*." Giggs, chuckling to himself as though over some subtle reflection, glanced over his shoulder as the white yacht gave a shrill salute to a big three-deck side-wheeler churning her way down channel. "They're on board 'er, the ladies are—Miss Moore an' 'er mar," he informed me, with a lateral nod at the big boat, whose saloons were ablaze with electric light, while from her

bridge deck came the seductive music of a string orchestra playing a Strauss waltz. "Oh, I s'pose you didn't know Miss Moore an' 'er mar left Rome this mornin'," Mr. Brooks," he added, pausing for a moment on his oars. "They got word hearily at the Roman 'Ouse that the *Fairy Queen* 'ad broke down near Wishville, an' there wouldn't be no boat callin' on Saturday at Rome. I got word they would be goin' over in the stage to Athens, with their luggage, to take the Stop-an'-Carry-One to Gannannock an' take the big boat down the St. Lawrence for Quebec. I 'adn't quite made up my mind about drivin' down to Gannannock to see the races, so I let my man drive the ladies over to Athens; Miss Moore shakin' 'ands w'en she said good-bye, sayin' wot a good time she 'ad on account of my 'avin' such good boats, an' 'ow sorry she was about Number Seven, though she was sure Mr. Potts would bring it back, w'ich I wasn't, not 'avin' such a Christian spirit, an' being a kind of a doubting Thomas, as you may say. But beautiful she is, Miss Moore, I mean, an' a perfect lady! Well, I 'adn't got my mind made up yet about the races w'en back comes my man, an' 'e 'ad the stage full hup with a party from Red 'Orse Lake, w'ich, it seems, 'ad intended to drive down to Gannannock in Athenian 'Ouse rigs. But Miss Patterson there,—per'aps you met 'er—who's in charge of the 'ouse, got on 'er 'igh 'orse with this American lady that's in the party—the Duchess o' Downeast—an' w'ile she was at it, my man drives back from the station with the stage empty; an' Gannon, a lawyer of Gannannock, bought 'im up at five dollars a 'ead, right under Miss Patterson's nose, to drive the party down to the races. An' w'ile Gus was attending to the wants of the party in the stage, standin' outside o' the Roman 'Ouse, the mornin' bein' breezy but 'ot, my man told me a bit o' the gossip 'e 'ad 'eard at Athens about Potts the night before, an' about 'im goin' down Red 'Orse Lake. I 'adn't time to 'ear more as the party was in a 'urry to get away, but I saw at once wot Potts's little game was: w'ich was to get down to the races an' make mischief there if 'e could for Mr. Carew. An' seein' as 'ow I could go after my boat, an' wantin' to see Mr. Carew trim Weatherbee—w'ich 'e did, I'm 'appy to say—an' feelin' I'd like to apologize to Mr. Carew for 'avin' took that new purser on the *Queen* for 'im at the garden party at Sweet's the night afore, w'ich I 'eard all about w'en I got back to Rome last night—an' seein' I could 'ave business an' pleasure combined, as you may say, I took the reins myself an' took Bob 'ere along on the seat, 'avin' the warrant w'ich I'd took out hearily for Potts, an' drove the party down; 'earin' all about your bet this morning with Cap'n Andrews in Red 'Orse Lake, an' a