

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

"Wall, I guess the Lord has about concluded to give Randy her freedom."

This remark was made by Mrs. Yates the other morning, as we sat in the tent, each of us with a handful of pea-pods in her apron and each shelling peas with different degrees of alacrity. Maria Jane was doing most of the work, for we were still very red and moist and palpitating from rowing in our dory on Salt Pond. We had set up a dory the day before and, naturally, we wanted to use it, even though the wind was southwest and the sun scorching. It was hard, however, to come back to the tent and know that we couldn't have any dinner until we had prepared it. Fortunately Maria Jane dropped in at this moment, vigorous and alert as ever. She said that Marsh was pretty tired; she left him trying to rest, and took hold energetically in the matter of shelling peas.

"Didn't you know," she went on in answer to our questions, "that Mr. Rankin ain't well? He ain't. I don't know's I'm cailed upon to make believe I'm sorry, for I ain't, one grain. He's one of them kind that's always pleasant and smilin'—never says a cross word. But he will have his own way if he cuts yer heart out all the time and sees it a-bleedin', and he'll be just as soft, and you'd be sure to think 'twas you that was the wretch, and likely's not you'd beg his pardon, seein's he was so gentle. In the end you'll find out he's done jest what he kalkilated on doin' all the time. When you plead with him, and cry and groan and agonize, as it were, he'll smile and say: 'Sho, now don't get excited.' I guess there wouldn't none of us git excited if we were as sure of our own way as that man's always been. But he ain't got no bad habits. You can't put your finger on a thing he's done. For all that, I believe he killed his first wife. And I sh'd think she'd ben glad of it. Yes, he jest killed her a-bein' so pleasant and so cussed. She never had her own way in a thing. They say she was as delikit as she could be, and she was a perfect picter to look at. I remember when she was married, and 'peared as a bride. I was a little tot, and set with my mother two seats behind where they sot. I reck'lect ex-

actly how I felt and what I thought when they walked in slow along the broad aisle, she holding on to his arm. I didn't look at him at all, but I stared at her all the service. I was blacker even than I am now, and she was like a white rose, I thought. She hadn't had good health, and she'd had a spell a few months before of 'bleedin' at the lungs, but they said she' got over that and was well. She had on that fust Sundav a purple velvet bunnit with a long white feather. I c'n see jest how the plume lay along over the velvet. Isot and stared and stared. I knew I never could be so interestin' as to wear a purple bunnit with a white feather 'n bleed at the lungs."

Maria Jane took a large handful of pea-pods from the tin pan and was silent for a time reviewing those days. The hot wind fluttered the tent; there was the sound of talk and high laughter from a small sailboat that was gliding by so near as to seem to be almost on the sands below the bluff. How hot it was! It is only when the wind is in some other quarter than the south or west that it is cool on this coast, notwithstanding the hotel advertisements. And in summer, if you will notice, the wind is usually either in the south or west, or between those two points, and then it is at the hottest. Then, also, there is constant danger that the ma'sh will send forth its mysterious, hellish odor. I am choosing this latter adjective advisedly. The word infernal is not sufficiently strong, as you would say yourself if you had ever happened to be here when, as the natives say, "the ma'sh was a smellin'."

Nevertheless, we were glad to be in a tent on the South Shore. The life was free and charming. The people thus far had a constant interest for us. We felt that it would be a long time yet before we should be tired of their different phases of character. Also now, and for almost two months more, there would be the kaleidoscope of fashionable life to watch at a distance. This movement of gayety was just far enough away to amuse without fatiguing. If some unutterably fascinating belle came to us for a glass of water we could examine her more nearly, while she examined us.

Just now we had also a visit to which to look forward, or we did have until we heard Maria Jane's words this morning. When Randy Rankin had