

I don't know. There was really no reason why he should not get rich in time.

Well, we went all over that house and we praised everything so much that the oyster-man's wife was delighted, and when we had some stewed oysters afterward, —eating them at a little table under a tree near by,—I believe that she picked out the very largest oysters she had, to stew for us. When we had finished our supper and had paid for it, and were going down to take our little boat again,—for we had rowed up the river,—Euphemia stopped and looked around her. Then she clasped her hands and exclaimed in an ecstatic undertone—

“We must have a canal-boat !”

And she never swerved from that determination.

After I had seriously thought over the matter, I could see no good reason against adopting this plan. It would certainly be a cheap method of living, and it would really be housekeeping. I grew more and more in favour of it. After what the oyster-man had done, what might not we do? *He* had never written a book on housekeeping, nor, in all probability, had he considered the matter, philosophically, for one moment in all his life.

But it was not an easy thing to find a canal-boat. There were none advertised for rent—at least, not for housekeeping purposes.