

"If you think you can do any better, come and take my place," retorted Yubbitts, sulkily; "these are very awkward oars indeed."

"Oh! never mind," laughed Mr. Douglas, "Come now; once more, there we go: capital—but try and keep time and don't break my back with your oar. Good: there we go." And, in fact, the boat was making considerable headway now that Yubbitts was "getting into the way of it," though his manipulation of his oar was eccentric to say the least of it. He was extremely careful, however, to avoid catching any more crabs, and his oar swept through the air after every stroke describing a graceful arc fully three feet and a half above the water; moreover his time was exceedingly irregular as Mr. Douglas found to his cost, for many were the thumps he received on his back from the handle of Yubbitts' oar. The Island was reached in due time, and the party disembarking, wended their way to Hanlan's Hotel, where Mr. Douglas soon espied the oarsman himself seated in an easy chair on the verandah, puffing a cigar, and looking very well contented with himself and things in general.

"Ha, good morning, Ned," exclaimed Mr. Douglas, shaking hands with the doughty sculler, who returned the salute with

"Good morning Mr. Douglas; it's quite a considerable time since I saw you over here. Well, I hope?"

"Quite well, thanks, Mr. Hanlan; this is my daughter and these are some friends of mine recently out from the Old Country."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, gentlemen," said the champion, "take seats. Would you like anything this morning, Mr. Douglas, or these gentlemen?"

"Well, a glass of ale would not be amiss," returned Mr. Douglas. "What do you say, Mr. Yubbitts?"

"I'm parched," replied that worthy, "a gallon will scarcely quench my thirst. Certainly, some beer by all means."

And Bramley having stated his preference for some "malt," Mr. Hanlan beckoned to a bar-tender who was standing at one of the doors of the hotel, and ordered the desired refreshments, which were soon produced and paid for by Mr. Douglas, whilst the champion gazed absently across the water.

"I should like to know, Mr. Hanlan," said Yubbitts, as he drank off his beer at a draught and gave the empty glass to the bar-tender to be refilled, "I should like to know how you feel before a race. Nervous a little, I suppose, eh?"

"Well, no; I can't say I do feel nervous," replied Hanlan; "in fact I can hardly tell you how I *do* feel. You see I am not much of a talker; I talk with the oars; not with my mouth."

"Ah! very different from that fellow Courtney," said Mr. Douglas; "he seems to do just the opposite."

"Yes, indeed," assented Hanlan. "Courtney is no gentleman; he is a boat cutter and a tea-poisoner: in fact he is a fraud."

"Well, it looks like it," said Yubbitts. "Now, I suppose Ross is a good man, eh?"

"Ross, gentlemen," replied the champion, "is the best man I ever rowed against. I said so after the last race I had with him and I stick to it. I never rowed a harder race than the last I rowed against Ross."

"You get away with our English oarsmen in fine style, Mr. Hanlan," remarked Bramley; "I did think Elliot would have given you some trouble."

"Elliot is the best man I ever rowed against, sir," said the great sculler. "I said in my speech after the race that it was the hardest I ever rowed in my life, and it was."

Bramley seemed a little surprised at hearing this speech, but, supposing it was made to flatter him, as an Englishman, he merely continued,—

"And Laycock and Trickett. Why, Trickett was considered invincible before he met you, Mr. Hanlan."

"Trickett, sir," replied Hanlan, "is a good man; a first-rate man, but Laycock is a better. I consider the race I rowed against Laycock as the hardest I ever rowed in my life, and I think Laycock the best man I ever rowed against. But, there,"—puffing his cigar, "I am talking more than I generally do. I am no speaker, gentlemen, I talk with the oars."

"What about Beach?" enquired Mr. Douglas, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Beach, why he's very good," replied Hanlan; "the best man I ever met."

"Dear me," said Crinkle, aside, to Coddleby, "all Mr. Hanlan's antagonists appear to have been the best men he ever rowed against. It's very strange."

"Coddleby made no answer, but merely smiled.

Presently Mr. Hanlan, rising, remarked,—

"I must say good morning to you, gentlemen, as I have to go into the city," and bowing to the party he disappeared in to his hotel.

"What a delightful breeze there is from the lake, is there not Miss Douglas?" said Bramley, to which remark the young lady assented. "Suppose we take a stroll along the island."

(To be continued.)



SOCIETY NOTE.

She—I hope to see you at my Five O'clock next Tuesday, Mr. Swellman.

He—I hope to be there, Mrs. Silverbill. *Er*—by the way, what hour?

She—O, four o'clock, sharp.

A LADY who suffered agonies from toothache, but shrank notwithstanding from having the offending molars extracted, timidly rang the bell at the door of a well-known dentist. A servant in livery answered the summons, and said: "Dr. — is not in." The lady (very much relieved): "Oh! how fortunate!"