

THREE GIRLS UNDER CANVAS.

CHAPTER I.

We were sitting in Eileen's room discussing where we should go for our six weeks' outing. There were three of us—Amy, in the arm-chair; Eileen on the hearthrug; and I, sitting bolt upright, knitting. The clock had just struck three.

"Girls," I broke in, "I'm positive the canoe trip around the Island will be the best after all. There are so many difficulties in the way of the other amusements—chaperones, propriety, etc., that I, for one, shall vote for the sea voyage."

"Of course, if we went to Seattle, or Tacoma, we would stand a better chance of—of meeting with agreeable people," said Eileen.

Yes, I knew what that meant—conquests for Ei