

"Why, Hetty! what's the matter, my girlie?" he said, touched by her genuine grief.

But Hetty only sobbed the harder.

"Come, girlie, don't take on so, don't be foolish. We must all part some day or other," he murmured, in a half-hearted kind of way.

"Oh, I cannot help it—I cannot," she sobbed, rising and drying her eyes; "I never cared before who came or went, it was always the same, but you're so different someway. I—" and here she broke down and wept again—this time on his shoulder. For his heart was young and tender, and remorse for his thoughtlessness constrained him to put his arm about her waist. Then, to console the poor thing, he took her pretty dimpled chin between his finger and thumb, and kissed her quivering ruby lips.

That night the moon rose full and glorious, and Arbuckle and Ramsay lay talking before they went to sleep—Ned describing to his friend the bad quarter of an hour he had parting with the barmaid.

"And don't you go flirting with her after I'm gone, Ramsay, or maybe she'll fall in love with you too," he wound up with late wisdom.

"No danger. Where shall I write to you?"

"Oh, to *Poste-restante*, Melbourne; but I'll write to you to Edinburgh—to be called for—from Port Said. I think I'll get ashore there for a few weeks. Well, good night, old fellow; I won't wake you in the morning. Take care of yourself till I come back."

"Good-night, and good luck, Ned. *Bon voyage!*"

And they each turned over and went to sleep, little dreaming that this was an eternal farewell.