

shore—this medicine is all nonsense." She took the powder from Cousin Lizzie's hand, walked deliberately to the window, and scattered it to the four winds of heaven. Then putting on her bonnet, she merely said; "I am going to see if Bessie Lee will go to the sea-shore with me on Saturday."

Off she went, leaving Lizzie in a state of amaze; she was convinced the fever must be at its height, or Aunt Patty never would have dared bid defiance to the good doctor, who had always had unlimited sway over her, and she waited her return with some anxiety; but the shades of evening were closing round before Aunt Patty made her appearance; her excitement had a little worn off.

"I am so annoyed," she said. "Bessie Lee will not go with me unless I am willing to go to Bender's and I don't like it; I wish to go to the Rockland House; but Tom Lee insists that Bender's is the best place, there is not so much show and fashion there, but everything neat and nice, and the situation beautiful; but I do wish I had not said anything to Bessie about it. The Harts and Horns were at Bender's last year, and I went to see them; they spoke well enough of the place though the rooms were small; but Tom says they have built a new house, and he will get our rooms in that. What do you think, Lizzie? I do wish you would speak," added she impatiently, "and not sit there, as if you did not care a pin about it."

"I was thinking what arrangement you could make," said Lizzie, very quietly; "I am sorry to have you go to Bender's, but as you have spoken to Bessie about it, I think you must go with her; besides Uncle Dick will like it better; he will feel more at his ease there, than under the restraint of a fashionable house like the Rockland. I think you had better decide to go to Bender's."

"I must let Tom know in the morning, as he will go down and engage our rooms. Why, Lizzie, the very determination to go has quite restored my strength and spirits."

Uncle Dick soon came home; he looked very grave as Aunt Patty unfolded her plans; he could not understand why people wished to leave their comfortable houses, nicely furnished, to go to those sea-shore hovels. It was always hotter there than any where else; it was the paradise of musquitoes, and flies, and in short there was no comfort. But for once Aunt Patty's will was the strongest, and he consented to go down with her on Saturday, remain over Sunday, then return home and perhaps go down two or three times while she remained. Aunt Patty, highly delighted, regained all her animation; a message was despatched to Tom Lee, and a note to the doctor, to inform him of her sudden recovery and determination.

The next day many persons were in, and, unfortunately for Aunt Patty's serenity, several who had been at Bender's the previous summer, and all seemed reluctant, when they found Aunt Patty had really engaged rooms there, to say anything about the place. One said

"Oh! if you have rooms in the new house, and carry your own sheets, you will be very comfortable." Another,

"If you like fish, you can do very well for a week or so." A third,

"If you are fond of music, Mrs. Bender will give you as much as you like;" but no one spoke at all enthusiastically. At night Tom Lee came out with fine accounts; he had secured the best rooms in the new house; there were very few persons there now, and for a great wonder, no ladies; but there would be quite a large party the next week.

Saturday morning was dark and foggy. Uncle Dick strongly protested against going on such a black looking day, but Aunt Patty was firm, so the necessary arrangements for meeting at the boat were made. Soon after breakfast the packing began; Aunt Patty's trunk was filled with books, dresses, caps, and all the appurtenances of a three weeks wardrobe; then came Uncle Dick's valise, and in it were deposited Sunday coats, shaving apparatus, snow white linen, and all the necessary paraphernalia. Long consultations were held with Bessie Lee, as to what would be needed, and what not. Cousin Lizzie's fingers were here, there and every where, arranging all things, for Aunt Patty's mind was too much occupied to allow her to do much. At three o'clock up to the door drew the "No Monopoly," the little "buss" with the big name, and the pair of meek looking horses, who looked as if fully sensible they were at each and every one's beck and call; trunk and valise were placed upon the top, and then in lumbered Aunt Patty, with a big book in one hand, a big bag in the other, a shawl on each arm, her wild eyes gleaming with pleasure and her ample figure shrouded in a neat black travelling dress. Cousin Lizzie followed her, and they went for Bessie Lee; she stood at her own door, her sweet face peeping out from under the prettiest of English cottages, her large basket in her hand; she was eagerly watching for the summons. She gave one kiss to the dear mother and sister, who watched with loving looks her graceful form, and she sprang in as Cousin Lizzie jumped out. One crack of the whip, one wave of the white kerchief, and they were gone.

It was a mizzling day; the clouds hung like a leaden pall over the city, shrouding all in misty gloom, through which it seemed impossible the