

She, this time, did press my hand, and warmly; and, as she disappeared in the darkness of the "lower region," I raised my voice, and said "I shall be down as soon as I have finished my pipe. Good night!" (This, because I saw one of the ship's mates hovering near). Little sleep did I get that night, what with thinking over this adventure, if such it may be called, and the dampness of my "dewy couch," my eye-lids refused their functions altogether, and at daylight, when my friend the purser vacated his nest, I shunted myself in "all standing," and there remained oblivious to the call of Time, as sounded by the thousand and one clocks of London, until long after the vessel's sides had made discordant music against the piles and fenders of the Irongate Wharf, London Bridge. On turning out, I met the stewardess, who, after a good look, asked me, "If I was the gentleman as slept on the deck?" I answered, "I thought I was," and she thereupon handed me a carefully-folded note, wherein, on opening, I read:

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness and consideration, and though curiosity does not seem to be a component part of your constitution (I felt a slight twinge as I read *that*), I feel inclined to give you an outline of the cause that made me your cabin companion; it is not likely we shall ever meet again, yet I would rather you should *not* think altogether unfavourably of me. Call at the Charing Cross Post Office to-morrow, for a letter addressed to *you* there."

Me, there. "Egad! she has the advantage of me *there*, anyway," I mentally exclaimed. However, sure enough "to-morrow" I did find a letter addressed to *me* at the Charing Cross Post Office, and over a pint of sherry and a sandwich, at the British Hotel, Cockspur street, I read it. Of course, I am not going to tell you, dear reader, *what* I read, further than saying, it was a romantic (of course) story of a love-sick young lady's escapade; she having, in a moment of rage, at some real or imaginary infidelity on the part of her lover (who had been travelling with herself, her brother, and her parents, through Norway) dismissed the faithless swain; and he, having sworn to return home and "list for a soger," or some other tomfoolery, she, repenting of her hastiness, boned a suit of her small brother's clothes, and followed; and—that's all. I never saw her again

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