

get by them keen eyes of Zenobia? Not for a minute!

"Ah!" says she, pattin' me sort of casual on one cheek as she comes down to breakfast.

That's all; but she not only takes in the shave, but the best blue serge suit I've put on, and the birthday tie, and the Sunday shoes. I only grins sheepish and slides out as soon as I can.

You see, accordin' to my plans, I wouldn't have gone near that steamer for any sum you could name. That being the case, it was odd I should call up the pier and find out if the boat was on time at Quarantine. Also it was some strange the way I opened up on Piddie.

"Say, Mr. Piddie," says I, "any prospects of an outside run for me to-day?"

"Not in the least," says he. "I suppose, though, you would like a chance to waste some of the company's time on the street?"

"Me?" says I. "Why, I'd hate it. I was only afraid I'd have to go, with all this inside work to be done."

"Humph!" says he. "You needn't fear. I shall see that nothing of the sort happens."

"Ah, you're a bird, you are!" says I.

"Perhaps," says Piddie.

"Then climb a tree and twitter," says I; for it made me grouchy to think I'd let a bone-head like him get a rise out of me.