

ENOCH CRANE

friend, a Miss Patricia Belford, lived with her now—a maiden lady of rare humor, a gentle voice, and continuous cheerfulness. And here it would not be amiss to state that Emma Ford had persuaded Ebner at last to relinquish his strenuous business career in New York and return to her plain native town in North Carolina, where he became a really successful dealer in simple real estate and a popular superintendent of the Sunday-school and local Lyceum. The firm of Atwater & Grimsby had moved up-town, away from the redolent lemons and bananas, and was now newly installed in Twenty-third Street, just opposite the National Academy of Design, Atwater selecting his bachelor quarters as far up as Forty-third Street. As for the *Seamaid*, she was still cruising, her arrival in Havana being cited only the week before as follows:

Havana—Cuba—Dec. 18th arrived the auxiliary schooner *Seamaid* with her owner Mr. J. Lamont and guests—all well.

Enoch read on through Alice's fascinating, playful wonderland, cradled by the lift and roll of the good ship.

Now and then a big sea caught her under its dead weight amidships, sent her staggering up under tons of water, and the swash scurrying down her scuppers.

The raw, wintry afternoon began to wane. Presently a sailor, whose duty it was to attend to the stateroom lights, lit Enoch's from the corridor, a fat sort of coach-candle, back of a round glass, close to