

CHAPTER XIV.

And now the day of our departure had come. We did not want to go; we had had such an enjoyable week.

The morning broke clear and calm, with a good stiff breeze blowing. Mr. Truckle was going to sail us over and come back with a neighbor. Mrs. Truckle came down to the landing, and stood there bare-headed, with the corner of her apron still in her hand. Her face was wreathed in its broadest amiability, and her happy chuckle gurgled up and down, and vibrated so, that it made her broad expansive bosom tremble like a jelly. Silas Truckle took his seat in the boat and waited patiently, while we stowed away all our belongings, and when we got