

their arrival that her fancy had conjured up—a few logs thrown out in the water, their descent thereupon, and welcome by swarms of half-clad savages dancing around, their tomahawks in hand.

With an amiable interest in the affairs of every one with whom she came in contact, the Irish lady gazed attentively at a custom-house official near her with whom a Halifax maiden was reasoning, vainly endeavoring to persuade him that there was nothing dutiable in her half a dozen open trunks, which looked suspiciously like containing a wedding trousseau.

Mrs. Macartney at intervals took a hand in the argument, and looking sympathetically at a heap of new kid gloves that the officer had just drawn from some hidden recess, she remarked in a wheedling voice: "What's the good of being under the English flag if one is so particular about bits of things like that. Come now, officer, let them pass. I'm sure the duty on them is a mere trifle."

"Thirty-five per cent," he said, throwing up his head to look at her.

Her thoughts reverted to herself and she exclaimed: "Faith, I'll be ruined! Have I got to pay you that for the privilege of covering my hands in cold weather?"

"Yes'm," he said smartly, "that is if your gloves have not been worn." Then fixing her with his appraising eye, as if he gathered from her comfort-