

would be all the better for the weaker part of creation generally if other men were more like him. While the various opinions were still in course of expression, the sound of the luncheon bell cleared the deck of the passengers, with two exceptions. One was the impetuous young man. The other was a middle-aged traveller, with a grizzled beard and a penetrating eye, who had silently observed the proceedings, and who now took the opportunity of introducing himself to the hero of the moment.

'Are you not going to take any luncheon?' he asked.

'No, sir. Among the people I have lived with we don't eat at intervals of three or four hours, all day long.'

'Will you excuse me,' pursued the other, 'if I own I should like to know *what* people you have been living with? My name is Hethcote; I was associated, at one time of my life, with a college devoted to the training of young men. From what I have seen and heard this morning, I fancy you have not been educated on any of the recognised systems that are popular at the present day. Am I right?'

The excitable young man suddenly became the picture of resignation, and answered in a formula of words as if he was repeating a lesson.

'I am Claude-Amelius-Goldenheart. Aged twenty-one. Son, and only child, of the late Claude Goldenheart, of Shedfield Heath, Buckinghamshire, England. I have been brought up by the Primitive Christian Socialists, at Tadmor Community, State of Illinois. I have inherited an income of five hundred a year. And I am now, with the approval of the Community, going to London to see life.'

Mr. Hethcote received this copious flow of information, in some doubt whether he had been made the victim of coarse raillery, or whether he had merely heard a quaint statement of facts. Claude-Amelius-Goldenheart saw that he had produced an unfavourable impression, and hastened to set himself right.

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'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'I am not making game of you, as you seem to suppose. We are taught to be courteous to everybody, in our Community. The truth is, there seems to be something odd about me (I'm sure I don't know what), which makes people whom I meet on my travels curious to know who I am. If you'll please to remember, it's a long way from Illinois to New York, and curious strangers are not scarce on the journey. When one is obliged to keep on saying the same thing over and over again, a form saves a deal of trouble. I have made a form for myself—which is respectfully at the disposal of any person who does me the honour to wish for my acquaintance. Will that do, sir? Very well, then, shake hands, to show you're satisfied.'

Mr. Hethcote shook hands, more than satisfied. He found it impossible to resist the bright honest brown eyes, the simple winning cordial manner of the young fellow with the quaint formula and the strange name. 'Come, Mr. Goldenheart,' he said, leading the way to a seat on deck, 'let us sit down comfortably, and have a talk.'

'Anything you like, sir—but don't call me Mr. Goldenheart.'

'Why not?'

'Well, it sounds formal. And, besides, you're old enough to be my father; it's *my* duty to call *you* Mister—or Sir, as we say to our elders at Tadmor. I have left all my friends behind me at the Community—and I feel lonely out here on this big ocean, among strangers. Do me a kindness, sir. Call me by my Christian name; and give me a friendly slap on the back if you find we get along smoothly in the course of the day.'

'Which of your names shall it be?' Mr. Hethcote asked, humouring this odd lad. 'Claude?'

'No. Not Claude. The Primitive