

has not been a breath of wind since we started. How is Mr. Willet ? ”

“ Still confined to his bed, sir.”

Something like a frown passed over Lathom's face, but he made no remark. Lieutenant Willet's continued attacks of indisposition were becoming somewhat too frequent to please his superior, who surmised, correctly enough, that they were largely brought about by Mr. Willet's inherent laziness and aversion to any exercise not immediately connected with the performance of his military duties.

“ There, Russ ; you may go now,” said Helen to the dog, as she saw Captain Lathom coming towards her. He was walking slowly and somewhat wearily, for he was quite as tired as his boat's crew, with the long day on the river under a fierce sun.

The dog shot off from Helen's side, and in another instant was leaping upon his master, uttering short, sharp barks of delight, and then running round him in circles.

“ Well, Russ, old fellow, how are you ? Now, there, that will do, and don't make such a noise.”

At the top of the rise he caught sight of Helen standing by the side of the path. “ Is that you, Helen ? ” he asked.

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Mrs. Lathom quite well ? ” He never said “ Your mistress ” to her when he spoke of his wife, and for this simple consideration she was not ungrateful.

“ She has been complaining of the heat, sir, and says she has not been feeling well all day, sir.”

Lathom nodded. “ It has been a terribly hot day, indeed.” He paused a moment or two. “ Do you not want to go down to the boat, Helen ? ”