

its return. It will be awkward for me, as you suggest, but I'll find the chap who lost it, anyway, and give him the facts. 'Truth is always best in the end,' he concluded sententiously, quoting the first line from Bessie Moore. And with that he turned, glowing, to the composition of his love letter. Nothing could worry him long now, and his pen ripped merrily away with the epistolary stenographic speed of that of a villain in a melodrama inditing the hero's doom. And I turned in, with a fading view of an enamored Hercules in pyjamas scrawling little lucubratory tendernesses to a girl who, no doubt, was thinking or dreaming of him in Rome, straight miles away across the moonlit fields.

CHAPTER XIX.

Farewell to Athens.

"Me for the races!"

It was Jimmy, ready for the matutinal dip, and big and radiant, who waked me again, while Old Sol winked at me through a window from over the harvest horizon. It was Thursday morning—Thor's Day—the day of things-to-be-did, of endurance and muscle and skill.

"I feel fit to wallop the field!" said Thor, striding about, and flicking a towel at my unprotected hide to expedite the execution of my temporary toilet. "It's only just turned five o'clock, and King's weather come up with the sun. I've ordered breakfast so that we may be under way by seven and leave this godless hamlet behind. The only thing I do leave behind with dubiety as to its ultimate fate," Jimmy added, tapping a rather bulky note envelope, sealed with wax, that lay on a bureau, "is this." 'This' was self-evidently the Strephonian post-midnight epistle to Chloe. "The post office doesn't open till nine o'clock," Jimmy went on, "and the postmaster is an old curmudgeon who turns out to be the father of the photographer's wife, the stout party addicted to gin of last evening's episode. So of course he gave me the deuce when I knocked him up just now, and I wasn't going to leave my letter there, for the Sky-blue Wrapper to open and read this time. And if I were to put it in the drop of the office of this hotel," he continued, shoving the package into a pocket as we left the room, "that nameless female, called by courtesy Miss Patterson, would pinch it, and it would never reach its destination after she had read it. If she couldn't swallow the homeopathic doses of my opinion of her I unloaded last night, she'd take convulsions over what I've written her down. I've hunted this blessed boat-house and my canoe," he concluded, as we reached the depository of our craft, "but can't find that locket. Of course, I don't trust a soul in this village. They're all

degenerate Athenians; and I believe that locket was priggd out of the pocket of the olive-greens at the hotel."

"It would easily enough slip out of a pocket, being round and smooth," I said. "Besides, the specific gravity of gold——"

The resounding splash of Jimmy's plunge off the float drowned my remark, and the lusty roar of satisfaction he gave on rising midway in the stream shook all the Athenian window-sashes in their frames.

"It isn't going to create any specific gravity in me!" he announced, as he sat on the edge of the float, and splashed his shapely legs in the clear running water. "I suppose there'll be a challenge to fight a duel, or an action for damages, when the chap who lost that locket in the first place learns that I've lost it again. I'll get a description from the cook of the boy who brought my olive-green panties in. She'll fake one, anyway, I suppose. And I'll pay the Dutch constable to try to hunt him up. And I'll put an ad up in the hotel office, offering a reward. And there isn't anything more I can do," Jimmy added, as he stood up for another plunge, "except hope and pray that the locket may turn up, or that the owner will be patient until it does."

Jimmy interviewed the cook, and with a description which he said was cooked up and that would have applied to ninety-nine boys out of a hundred in a village, he started Hans, properly primed, on the sleuthonian path of rigid inquiry. Hans remarked, with a shake of his big head, that between the Potts case of the previous evening and the trouble over the letter then, and the missing locket, things had never been as busy in his line in Athens since he took office. "Grimes vos gedding more vorse yet alretty," he gurgled gutturally, as he marked the first urchin afar from his own, and steered a cunningly circuitous course.

Then, ere we went to breakfast, Jimmy wrote his "lost" ad, offering in the terms of the *Snorer's* paragraph a "handsome reward," which he said cheerfully the original loser, being the owner, would have to pay anyway in the end. The "ad" complete, Jimmy applied to the clerk for paste. Mr. Bangs hunted behind the desk, scratched an ear, hesitated, then called the freckled boy, who was just coming on duty with barely opened eyes.

"Flight yourself up and ask Miss Patterson to give you the paste," he said. "I remember now she took it last night for something or other."

The boy departed, yawning, and in the course of time returned with the pot. Jimmy, with a grin, sniffed it, and with a triumphant "I told you so," applied the paste to the "ad" sheet and stuck it up on the outside wall by the main door.

"There's just one thing more I'd like this morning," he said, throwing down his