

Starting up, the bright starlight revealed to me the frightened physog of the young gentleman! This *was* rich.

"What are you sleeping here for?" said I.

"Are these your things?"

"Of course they are!"

"Then, I suppose you want them?"

"Of course I do; and I want you to go below."

"It is too hot."

"Nonsense! Better be hot there, than wet here."

"Oh, no! no!—*not again*."

The huskiness had entirely disappeared, and that "Not again," was spoken in such heart-broken tones, that my mind was made up on the instant.

"I say you *must* go below."

"*Must*, sir!" And his eyes shone out like rival stars to those above us, and I could see the dew on his eyelashes.

"Yes, as a certain pilot is reported to have said, 'This is no place for thee.'"

"Why not, pray? I suppose if I choose——"

"But allow me to say you *mustn't* suppose *or* choose in the present case." Seeing him about to make an angry rejoinder, I placed my hand gently on his arm, and taking his *right* hand in mine said, "This is no boy's hand, and no boy's ring!" He trembled, but did not speak. "Nobody on board suspects what I know—namely, your sex. Silence! Go below, sleep soundly, and rest assured I will not intrude upon you."

"Where will *you* sleep?"

"Here, in the bed *you* have warmed for me," I said, cheerfully.

I felt the slightest pressure of her hand (*her* now—the murder was out), and rising slowly, she looked with expressive eyes (over which the dew by this time had obtained quite an effect) right into mine, and said, "You won't betray me, or make fun of me?"

"My dear boy," (I feared some one might be within ear-shot) "trust me. What your reasons are for thus transmogrifying yourself I neither know nor care; tell me if you like, or leave it alone. You needn't thank me; any *gentleman* would have behaved as I have, but you might, for all the precaution *you* took, have fallen in with *something else*, and then you would have been in an awful fix. But there—Good night!"