

IN BOHEMIA.

FEO. I am glad you think so. I feel well, indeed. I have had a true holiday time.

JUL. That is good news. Dear old Niagara! Somehow I thought you would enjoy it. I hope you had pleasant company.

FEO. [*Blushing slightly.*] Most pleasant—Mr. Laing Vincent and his two children.

JUL. [*With a half-suppressed smile.*] Ah, I see. And they made themselves agreeable?

FEO. Very much so, indeed. We were at the same hotel, so naturally saw a great deal of one another. The children got quite fond of me.

JUL. I don't doubt it.—[*Aside.*] And some one else did, too, or I am much mistaken.—[*Aloud.*] But joking apart, you do look wonderfully well—so much better than when I left you.

FEO. I am not surprised. Each day I spent there seemed to have its own store of brightness and interest, and to be like some lovely fairy tale. Ah, me! how full the cup of life can be at some periods; how empty at others.

JUL. You have expressed a truth, dear, we women know too well. But tell me some of your adventures—let me play some part in your story, if only as a listener.

FEO. I must tell you, then, that upon one occasion Mr. Vincent saved my life. We were on Goat Island—you know that lovely wild place. During our ram-