

intention of looking round for a few days more, came in a "bell-boy." "Telegram for you, sir; came yesterday." And the upshot of that was that I was to get on board the *Servia* to sail at seven o'clock the next morning, and come on to London as fast as steam could carry me. I thought this a very impolite way of leaving the great country, after all, and was in wonder whether, all things concerned, I could "hurry up the cakes." I managed to do so, however, and should say no more on the subject but that I desire to record a liberal act on the part of the White Star Company. And here the irresistible Mr. McKay of the "Burlington Line" comes to the front again. I have mentioned that at his suggestion I had taken a White Star ticket at Frisco, which (were I to leave by the Cunard on the morrow) would be lost. Very fortunately, Mr. McKeever, the agent of the London and Brazilian Bank in New York, undertook to see to the matter for me; and I am pleased to record that the White Star Company at once took back their ticket, deducting only a fair percentage from the price returned.

So, with the Fates thus pointing to the word "go," I proceeded to summon up all my forces and hustled and bustled about in such a way that I almost began to think I must be an American. My room was counter-ordered, my dinner was "through," and I drove down to sleep on board, bidding farewell to the good folk at the Fifth Avenue, who, I am quite sure, were highly delighted that I was not "killed."

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