

"I would not sit so calmly," said a young married lad, "and see Clarice Grantly carry off my husband by storm."

"Pooh!" said another, "Mrs. Winter is very well entertained, don't be a goose, my dear, they are a sensible couple."

If they were a sensible couple, Mr. Clifton Stanley's opinion was at fault. He sought out Clarice later in the evening, and remarked:

"I want to say something to you."

She flashed an inquiring look from under her long lashes.

"It is for the peace of two people. You are certainly thoughtless; you can never intend to monopolize so much of Mr. Winter's attention."

"Has she been telling you her woes?" asked Clarice, laughing.

"Of course not. I speak from my own observation."

"Then your observation should show you that I am not the cause of any want of peace between them, besides," shrugging her shoulders, "how can I help it if a man is attentive?"

With her laughing face, she looked like some sprite, in her dusky beauty; but Clifton Stanley knew her to-night, as he had never known her before. He turned away with a distant bow to Mr. Winter, who just then approached.

That night, Clarice Grantly taking down her hair before her glass, laughingly said to the image of herself: "He would like me to stop flirting. I might as well try to stop breathing. I will flirt; and I'll bring Clinton Stanley to my feet, too."

The days rolled on, and brought little change. The sea air hardly seemed beneficial to Mrs. Winter; she was losing her fresh color, and her taste for society was waning. Clifton Stanley was growing morbid and gloomy, too. When he conveniently could he cut Mr. Winter direct. On one such occasion, the latter remarked to a friend: "What's the matter with Stanley? I never can make him out."

"Flirtation with Miss Grantly!" Mr. Winter's eyes were opened. Stanley was a man for whom he had the highest respect. Not for the world would he have injured him.

Mr. Winter walked down to the beach alone. "Flirtation with Miss Grantly!" It had been marked then, and his wife was utterly indifferent. He wondered, bitterly, if this life was always to last.

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"Let us hurry down to the beach. There's a storm coming up, and they say there's a boat out, with a man in it."

The words startled a number of loungers in the parlor and balcony. Eager for novelty, ladies and gentlemen hurriedly attired themselves, and hastened down to the beach.

The low, moaning noise of the sea had increased to a roar; great, black clouds were fast gathering, and the waves came dashing and foaming, far up on the beach. They could see the boat, tossed and buffeted about by the waters.

"The wind is blowing inland," said one, "she ought to drift ashore."

"She will capsize in a moment," said another, "what madness to venture out to-day!"

"Does any one know who it is?" asked Clifton Stanley.

"Winter," they say, "he was the only one who went out."

A sudden cry rang out, "Did you say it was my husband?"

"I think we can save him," said Stanley. "I am going to take a boat. Who will go with me?"

"Oh, it's foolhardy, Stanley; we can do nothing. See, over she goes, at last."

"Are you men?" exclaimed Clifton Stanley. "Come, my friends, this is wasting time. Who'll go with me?"

Seeing him determined, one or two others volunteered, and the anxious crowd on shore watched them put off.

Straining every effort; now riding on the crest of a wave, now sinking, while the mass of water threatened to overpower them, the little crew bravely made their way.

Among the spectators on shore were two conscience-stricken women; Mrs. Winter, pacing wildly up and down, and Clarice Grantly, standing with livid face and clasped hands.

"They've got him! they've got him! hurrah! they're coming back!"

There were moments that seemed hours of anxious waiting; some moments of terrible despair, before the brave deliverers landed, and lifted their unconscious burden from the boat.

They found themselves suddenly exalted into heroes,—they were courageous young men.

Late in the afternoon, Clarice Grantly, standing in the reception room, saw Mrs. Winter pass. She called to her, "How is your husband now?"