

ed that they did not hail from England. Jim and I watched them glide down the Canal while we lit fresh cigars. After awhile I said:

"I wonder who they are?"

"Eh," said Jim, starting, "who?"

I often thought during the trip that Jim's mind was far away; he seemed to be thinking of something or someone. I began to suspect that he was in love with a certain little girl we knew in Dorset.

"Why, those ladies to be sure," I replied. "Of whom do you suppose I am speaking?"

"Oh, true; why don't you look in the hotel register if you want to know?"

"I wonder what their nationality is?" I said, "I don't think they are from our sea-girt Isle, but English is their language, and they are people of culture."

After another silence I said: "Jim, did you notice those girls? They are good-looking; one in particular is very pretty."

"I did not notice them particularly," said Jim; "they are ladies, and their mother is a fine woman."

"Oh, Jim!" I exclaimed, "you're a donkey; come, let us get a gondola and go out and hear the music."

"All right," answered Jim. "We had better get overcoats lest it should turn chilly; and I say, Harry, don't fall in love right away."

"Fall in love, indeed," I said, "and why not, pray? I believe you're in love, Jim, old fellow, and I think Dorsetshire would have more charms for you than the Bride of the Adriatic." Jim did not ans-