

"And what, may I ask, do you intend to do with this—this Richard Grove, when you get there? Will you take him into your Robinson Crusoe castle, and nurse him until he gets well, as that enterprising canoe-builder did Friday's father?"

"No, I think not. There is an old lady on the island who is never so happy as when she has some one to nurse. I think we'll consign him to her."

"Then there is another habitation on the island beside yours?" said Drummond, looking up with more interest than he had yet manifested.

"Yes; old Mrs. Tom; a distant connection of our family, I believe. And, by the way, Drummond, there is a pretty little girl in the case. I suppose that will interest you more than the old woman."

"Pretty girls are an old story by this time," said Drummond, with a yawn.

"Yes, with such a renowned lady-killer as you, no doubt."

"I never did see but one girl in the world worth the trouble of loving," said Drummond, looking thoughtfully into the water.

"Ah! what a paragon she must have been. May I ask what quarter of the globe has the honor of containing so peerless a beauty?"

"I never said she was a beauty, *mon ami*. But never mind that. When do you expect to be ready for sea again?"

"As soon as possible—in a few weeks, perhaps—for I fear we'll all soon get tired of the loneliness of the place."

"You ought to be pretty well accustomed to its loneliness by this time."

"Not I, faith. It's now three years since I have been there."

"Is it possible? I thought you Campbells were too much attached to your ancestral home to desert it so long as that."

"Well, it's a dreary place, and I have such an attachment for a wild, exciting life, that I positively could not endure it. I should die of stagnation. As for Sybil, my wild, impulsive sister, she would now as soon think of entering a convent as passing her life there."