

a sharp hey out for 'is next remittance from 'ome. The only w'y I can make 'im pay up," added Giggs, closing one eye tight, "is to talk of Puddleborough an' 'is fat uncle, 'is mother's brother, wot kept a little green grocery, y' know. Well, I 'ope Miss Moore 'as rumbled Mr. Algy Potts's style now, 'im that can't swim a stroke. And I do 'ope," he concluded, fervently, as he ran out a pair of trucks on which to take the canoes over the portage leading to the mill, "I do 'ope that if 'e goes sticking 'is oar in up at the 'otel, your big friend 'll knock 'is bloomin' block off."

"He'll do it," I said. "He's a real Englishman, you know."

"O, I spotted 'im," said Giggs. "University man, too. But Lor', 'ow they do 'finish' 'em in this country. Well, Potts thinks 'e's pretty 'andy with 'is dooks, so per'aps your friend can give 'im a lesson in the manly hart. Potts is strong enough. 'E certainly can row an' run a bit. 'E learned to scull 'ere, in my boats."

I found Jimmy on the veranda of the Roman House, smoking a cigar, and amusing himself by reading a poster which announced that a 'garden party' would be held that evening on the lawn of the rectory of Sweet's in aid of the organ fund. I stretched myself in an easy chair and asked how about the health of the fair rescuee.

"Fine!" Jimmy said, with enthusiasm. "She'll be down presently, and I'll introduce you." He looked happy, happy as a woman who beats another to it at a bargain counter; and he spoke with such a proprietary air that I grinned as I asked if he had yet to endure the ordeal of receiving the gratitude of the young lady's mamma.

His face grew as properly and profoundly grave as that of a fledgling M.D. over his first case of influenza. He informed me earnestly that Mrs. Moore was taking her customary morning drive, and he earnestly hoped that no Roman rustic would intercept her with a sensational account of the affair of her daughter's dip, as she was of a delicate constitution and a highly nervous temperament, he said.

"Pretty solicitous about the elder lady, too, eh?" I remarked.

His handsome face jumped back from grave to gay, and he showed his milk-white teeth in a sunny smile. "Why, they are quite old friends of mine, old chap!" he said blithely. "Come! I've been as dry, ever since we sighted that church spire, as that dusty road there. But I've saved up my thirst and waited for you." And he led the way to the bar.

"I brought the canoes down to the mill", I said, as Jimmy ordered bottled beer. "So that whenever you're ready to start—"

"Indefatigable Brooks!" he cried, but looking at the beer. "We'll have dinner here, you know."

"Why", I protested, "we were to dine

at Athens, and push right on from there in order to get into camp at the meet to-morrow night."

"Are the Athenian ladies or the beauties of the Thousand Isles fairer than the ladies of Rome?" he said, laughing, and drinking his ale. Jimmy's laugh is infectious, and good to hear. It even cracked the ice of the pale and blasé countenance of Gus, the bartender of the Roman House.

"But", I insisted, "Rule Ten of the Racing Rules—"

"Bother the Racing Rules!" cried Jimmy. "After that sun, this beer's a treat; but I'll drink to the health of Sir James Whitney just the same. May his shadow never grow less!"

In the momentary silence that followed there came to our ears from the veranda a ripple of girlish laughter, the laughter of the particular Roman lady that Jimmy had in mind. And I saw, as I drifted with the current of things, in Jimmy's wake, that athletic ambition was going to be a bad betting proposition with Bessie Moore in the books.

She was an amazingly nice-looking girl, slender and tallish and straight, and distinctly pretty and fresh-coloured—fresh as a wild rose with the dew on it. Her complexion had the bloom of an early peach; her hair was dusky dark, and her eyes large and brown, with a glance that was at once modest and direct. She had carriage and distinction, too; and ingenue though she was, she had changed into the colours of our Club. She wore a white piqué and Yale blue yachting suit, just as if she were throwing a dare at the old bay beyond, now that a real live sailorman like Jimmy had come into port. And she looked, of course, more fetching than before, because her new rig had starch in it and didn't cling to her the way wet fur sticks to a kitten. Even her hair didn't seem to have suffered, as Chumley Potts' had; so I concluded she must have thought of it, like a woman, and kept her head, like a little man, when she upset.

She didn't give me time or chance, when Jimmy introduced me, to butt in with my little cut-and-dried I-hope-you-are-none-the-worse et cetera piece. She gave me her hand, slim and firm, with a dazzling smile for a premium, and said that I must have thought her very ungracious in not thanking me at the time for having paddled so hard on her behalf, but that her surprise at seeing Mr. Carew must be her excuse.

We sat on the veranda overlooking the main street, and talked. Bessie said:

"I know I screamed dreadfully—until the water got in my mouth. Did you really recognize my voice?"

"I did," said Jimmy solemnly. I am a good deal of a liar myself. But I was comforted, because it was an excuse for my having been beaten out by such a wide margin in the race on the bay.