

of the Irish kings in a wonderful way. Miss Landelle is, of course, surrounded by a dozen or more adorers. Mesdames Windsor and Longworth, in two arm-chairs, sit and converse, and the former lady is everything that is gracious and condescending—an empress with the imperial purple and tiara laid aside. And the band plays, and the bay glitters, and "Youth is at the prow, and pleasure at the helm," and it is a day long to be remembered in the picnic-ian annals of Baymouth.

An hour and a half brings them to Fishhawk Island. It is not a pretty name; but the island is a pretty place—large, tree-shaded, with dim green woodlands, and long, white, glistening beach, "for whispering lovers made." There is a lighthouse and one cottage—one only, the lighthouse keeper's—and this makes things romantic. It is a tiny cottage, nestling under an arm of the lighthouse; and the keeper himself, a grim, Robinson Crusoe sort of man, stands watching these airy roisterers land with dreamy and philosophical eyes.

"An agreeable place to come and be a hermit," says a voice in Reine's ears; "every inducement offered—perpetual solitude, profound loneliness, the ocean, the winds, and the sea-birds to accent the dreariness. Let me help you up this ascent, mademoiselle—the rocks are slippery."

It is Mr. Longworth. Beyond saying good morning, he has not addressed her before. She frowns slightly as he addresses her now, and her lips compress, but as without positive rudeness she cannot refuse, she is forced to accept the proffered help.

"Will you not like to go through the lighthouse?" he inquires, ignoring if he notices the frigidity. "One does not see a lighthouse every day, and the prevailing genius of the island is here to the left, chewing tobacco. Shall I ask him to guide us?"

"If you will, monsieur," Reine replies, his cordiality fairly suprising her into assenting.

A few days ago she vowed to hate him all his whole life along; now she is keeping her vow by taking his arm and doing as he tells her. As the incongru-

ity strikes her she frowns again, then relaxes into a half smile.

Mr. Longworth addresses himself to the monarch of all he surveys—

"Yes," that potentate says, "he is willin'. Thar ain't nothin' to see, but folks that comes allers does want to see it, specially ladies. Wall, yes, it is keinder lonesome. In winter now it's uncommon, and of a winter's night, when the wind's from the nor'rard, an' makes a clean sweep of this yere island an' the waves roar right up a'most over the place, it ain't noway cheerful. But I mostly takes it out in sleep all through the winter, and somehow don't mind. Wrecks, miss? Wall, sometimes, of course, it's the nater of things that there must be wrecks."

A weird picture rises before Reine. A tempestuous winter night, the winds howling over this "seagirt isle," the snow falling in blinding drifts, the lamp up yonder gleaming through the wild white darkness, the lighthouse keeper asleep before his fire, and some fated vessel driving on and on to her doom.

She goes through the lighthouse with Longworth and Robinson Crusoe, up, up the spiral stairs to the very top, where the big lamp sits like a cherub "up aloft," and the breeze nearly tears the coquettish little hat off her head. Then down, and through the tiny three-roomed cottage, all at sixes and sevens, speaking pathetically in every dusty chair, in every untidy household god, of the abject creature man sinks to when he tries housekeeping alone.

"You ought to have a wife, my friend," suggests Mr. Longworth, "to put things straight, and keep you company on howling winter nights."

"Wa-a-l," drawls doubtfully the philosopher, "I keinder don't know. Mar-ryin' to my mind is suthin' like dyin'—a man knows what he is, but he don't know whar he's going to. I never did sot much store by wimmin folks even when I was a young chap, an' tain't no use tryin', speriments at my time o' life. I guess I'll suffer right on as I be."

Reine laughs. Her coldness melts in spite of her. She has never been in so gracious a mood with her chosen enemy before. He takes advantage of it and shows her all the pretty lookouts, and miniature caves, and tiny inlets, and