

the cards, cut, change places, and take a new deal; and Lucy and I was partners again.

"What do you think of Miss Snare?" said she. "Some folks," (layin' great stress upon the *some*, as if they were plaguey few) "actilly do say she is very handsome."

"Well, she warn't behind the door when beauty was given out, that's a fact."

"She is not the girl," said she, "to be behind the door at no time," and she looked wicked. "The babes in the woods lost their way, didn't they?" and she laughed like anythin'.

"Well," said I, "you are apt to lose your way, and go round and round in the woods when you are too busy, talkin', to mind turnin's. Supposin' I row you over to the island; come let's see what sort of a place that is. They say Captain Hooft Hoogstraten is goin' to build there."

"What story is that," said she, and she stopt a minit and coloured up, as she looked inquirinly into my face. "What story is that Eunice has been tellin' you of me? I should like to hear it, for I don't know what it means."

"Nor I either," said I, "I only heard you a sparrin' a little, and that's the jibe she gave you. You heard as much as I did. When I walk with young ladies I generally talk to them of themselves and not of others. I wouldn't let any one speak agin you, Lucy; if they did, they would only lower themselves. It's nateral if she did feel kinder jealous of you; two splendiferous galls, like you two, are like two candles."

"How is that?" said she.

"Why, one will light a whole room as clear as day; fetch the second in, and it takes half the power of the other off and don't make things much brighter arter all."

"That's no reason why one should be blowed out," said she.

"No, dear; but if one should go out of itself, you aint left in the dark."

"Oh! that would scare a body dreadfully, wouldn't it?" said she, and she larfed as if the idea was not so very frightful arter all. "So you like two strings to your bow, do you?" she said.

"I haven't one yet," said I, "I wish I had. Now you have three; there is Mr. Hooft Hoogstraten, what a thunderin' hard name he has got."

"Neither he nor his name is anythin' to me," and she spoke with an angry air; but I went on.

"There is Hoogstraten, or whatever it is, and the Captain and me; and you are so hard to please, you want to keep us all."

"What flirts all you men are," said she. "But oh, my sakes! aint that tree lovely? just one mass of flowers. Hold me up please,