

kiss you where you stand, and the ship's parson is nursing the first sensation of sea-sickness right at the end of the boat—and as for marrying first and courting afterwards, why, as we say at home—there are worse things than that same.'

A few minutes' silence, and the sun, who had been blushing for some time, discreetly hid his face at a turn of the river—'How dusk it's got all at once, Tom,' and Evelyn looked up in Tom's face. 'I didn't tease you, did I, Tom?'

That's always been an open question between them—but Tom maintained that he was justified by the terms of his threat.

THE END