

was staying. From the first there seemed to be a strange incompatibility between this man and myself. Though we frequently conversed, and never disagreed, on politics, agriculture or the weather probabilities, still I felt a certain distaste for the man, and was aware that the feeling was returned. But he was a smug citizen, well thought of in the community; a man who kept up the respectabilities, and had an air of intelligence. For some reason which I could not grasp, he seemed to dread that harm would come to me on the shore, and was always proposing trips to other resorts.

The hotel stood almost directly above the mouth of the cave I have mentioned. It was a quiet place, and the good people of the neighborhood were proud of the fact that it was not licensed to sell spirituous liquors.

The tongue of slander had whispered that some of the boys from the sawmill three miles away had procured liquor from the virtuous innkeeper; but repeated visits of constables had failed to unearth a single bottle; and Mr. Knowling stood in high esteem as one whose reputation has triumphed over the base attacks of falsehood. If the mill boys were drunk, they must have obtained their whisky from some other source. They themselves could not be induced to disclose any information on the matter. One person alone was not satisfied with the proofs of my host's innocence. That person was the widow Macey; a woman of austere temperance principles, as Knowling casually told me, but who had her own reasons for casting suspicion on his business, as she kept a small boarding house herself. She succeeded in plaguing poor Knowling with the repeated inconvenience of showing some constable from St. John through the various apartments of his hotel. These visits were always brief, but frequently the constable needed a meal, so that his coming was not an unmixed evil.

As the delight of the seaside became a more sober enjoyment with me, I began to spend my afternoons sitting or lying on the great rocks at the cave's mouth, conning over some favorite book. Even one who is not an irresponsible ne'er-do-well of the Rip Van Winkle type, may fall asleep in the restful haunts of nature; and I more than once enjoyed a few minutes' nap. One day I lay thus for hours, and only awoke at dusk, to hear the click of an approaching motor boat. As I stood up to watch the little craft come to