

from his ready pen, insisted on spending it on a pleasant holiday in this sea-washed town, he bearing all the expense. The protests of his friend were pooh-poohed away by the statement that he could soon grind out plenty more. His pen was like the magical mill which made the sea salt; he had only to say—"Pen, pen, grind away; grind some cash for me, I pray," and straightway it would begin and scratch, scratch, scratch to the extent of from one to five gold guineas or 5*g*. Money, he declared, burnt a hole in his pocket, and the inward satisfaction he felt in having his friend with him here, boarding at the hotel, made him feel he was the one to be most thankful. Perhaps it was this feeling which had that morning prompted him to buy a pretty, inexpensive little ring to bestow on Hetty, the handsome barmaid, with whom he had flirted very pleasantly for the past six weeks. It was in his pocket, but he did not like the idea of it now quite so well as he did when he had bought it a few hours back. True, he had done a little flirting, but so had Ramsay, his friend, and all the other good-looking fellows who occasionally lounged into the bar. They all admired Hetty. She had a pretty facê, fine complexion, dark brown hair, sharp blue eyes, and a tall, slim, lissome figure to boot. But that she should have singled *him* out of all the crowd of her admirers as the one particular object of her regard was annoying. However—it would soon be over now—she should have the little keepsake since he had bought it, and to-morrow—to-morrow he should be gone, never to come back or see her face again. What harm?

He got a fine opportunity for saying good-bye, and presenting his souvenir. The evening was soft and