

August temperature already eighty in the shade; while the tall young man who couldn't swim, but who could run all right, loped lovingly at their heels.

CHAPTER II.

At the Roman House.

I didn't hurry to Rome myself. I felt that in the gooseberry role the flaxen-haired young Englishman with the envious eye would beat me to it, and score such a shining success that the Hero would appeal to the manageress for a change in the cast, or take the task of elimination into his own capable hands. And I knew that when Jimmy undertook to do that, it was the good-night sign for the other chap in one-two-three-you're-out style.

So I towed Jimmy's canoe to the boat-house, and chatted with the boat-livery keeper as he rowed alongside, towing the lately capsize skiff. He was a sturdy, florid little Britisher of still another type; so here I had three of them for my notes now, three separate sorts and shapes—all the latest spring styles; and the latest looked as interesting to me as I knew Jimmy to be. For Jimmy is an Englishman, too, with a cross of Scotch and a dash of Irish besides, topped off to perfection my being thoroughly Canadianized, westernized—betterized, in short. A thoroughbred; good-looking as Apollo, good-hearted as Colonel Sellers; clean-cut, clean-limbed, rejoicing in his muscle and exuberant in the sheer joy of being alive, and the finest all-around athlete in Canada; fine in his ideals; tender as a womanly woman with women and little ones; strenuous as Teddy Rosenfelt with men, and like Jim Bludso "an awkward man in a row."

My sturdy little friend, the boat-house man, said his name was Tommy Giggs, and that he had a horse livery as well, and also that he had the Government contract for the carriage of His Majesty's mails between Athens and Rome. He was garrulous and interesting. He said that the young lady who had just passed through such a thrilling experience in the water was Miss Bessie Moore, of Quebec, and that she and her mamma were guests at the Roman House. The tall, fair youth with the bad blue optic was Mr. Algernon Cholmondeley Potts, popularly known out of his unpopularity as "Dude"; Potts, Mr. Potts, was the local Johnnie, and correspondent of the *Limestone Snorer* and the *Brickville Snooze*; and an individual upon whom the florid and perspiring Mr. Giggs now poured his bottled ire.

"Fellow-country of yours, isn't he?" I remarked.

Giggs cocked a comical blue eye at me. "I ain't proud of it!" he said. "E's a type of young Englishman that ought to be kept at home for the good of this country. 'E's snobby and vain, and there isn't a

young chap between Athens and Rome that don't aboar 'im. Tries to lord it over me, too, 'e does! Fancy! 'E's told people 'e was eddicated at 'Arrow an' Hoxford. Hoxford! 'Im! Rich, I call it. As if I didn't remember 'im well enough w'en 'e used to run around barefooted in Puddleborough, w'en I used to drive in from Diddleby on market d'y. An' 'e's told 'em, too, that 'e's related to the Hearl of Casino, of Castlekards, in Kent. Fancy that! I wish they'd see 'ow 'e'd slobber over a lord! 'E's done nothin' lately but talk about the Duke. 'E's got 'is 'ead filled with a notion of goin' to Hottawa an' gettin' a Guvverment 'berth' an' gettin' in with the swells. 'E'd swell all right, till 'e'd bust."

"He wouldn't be the first to fill a Government berth and go bust," I said. "Are his people here?"

"Them? No! 'Is father was a little parson, with a living in Kent, in my time; and there was seven other little 'Pottses along with Algernon Chumley. The parson 'ad a sister, unmarried, living in Diddleby, well enough to do on account of 'er being a favorite niece of some rich aunt, an' this sister must have died an' left 'er brother the parson something, for now an' again Algernon gets a remittance from 'ome, just enough to let 'im know they 'aven't forgot 'im but dont want 'im back, an' not enough 'ardly to buy a steerage passage 'ome. An' they know 'e wouldn't go anything but fust class. Everybody 'ere knows 'ow much 'is remittance is, on account of them being money orders w'ich 'e 'as to cash at the post office, w'ich is run by a woman 'ere, you know. An' she tells. An' 'e blows in every blooming bob on 'is back."

"He'll need some new dry flannels after his dip," I said.

"'E's got 'em! Don't worry," said Mr. Giggs.

"Does he neither toil nor spin?" I inquired, as we reached the landing.

"'E spins yarns!" retorted Mr. Potts' biographer. "'E was a typewriter, or something, last season, for Old Man Green, the fruit grower 'ere, an' called 'imself Green's 'private secretary'. Fancy! *That's* Algernon Chumley Potts! It takes about ten real Englishmen," concluded Mr. Giggs, as he shipped his oars, "to wipe out the prejudice that 'as been created over 'ere by one cheap boulder like Potts. In Ontario, anyway. But they'll ship 'em off to Canada, just the same."

"He should go West," I said, stretching my legs on the landing, and eyeing Mr. Giggs' boathouse sign. "The real Englishmen would knock it out of him there."

"'Im! Not 'im! 'E don't want to work!" Giggs pulled the lately capsize skiff over the rollers of the float. "E's a sample of 'is style! Two planks sprung, a oar broke, an' a pair o' polished brass rowlocks gone. An' now I'll 'ave to keep