

best instead of at the station. We could not have had a finer day for our journey," he added, cheerfully, as he shook hands with Justin and with Britomarte.

For you see, Lieutenant Ethel was not one of those mistaken individuals who imagine that they must always continue to wear a long face for a bereaved friend. He had earnestly expressed his sympathy and heartily offered his services, and his action stood good for all time, and now he meant to be cheerful, and to try to cheer them.

They reached the station in good time.

Leaving Miss Conyers in the ladies' room, they went together to the office to prepare their tickets, and there Justin told the lieutenant of his dilemma.

"Draw on me, my dear fellow, for any amount in my possession. I have a hundred dollars in my pocket-book, and you are welcome to ninety of them," said the young man, cordially.

"Which would leave you just money enough to take you to Washington. No, thank you. Twenty dollars will answer my purpose if you will let me have the use of that sum until I get home," smiled Justin.

"I wish it was twenty thousand instead of twenty dollars, and that I were as able to give you the big sum as I am willing to lend you the little one," said the lieutenant, placing a note in Justin's hand. Justin thanked him, did not get the tickets for himself and for Britomarte.

Before leaving the hotel, Miss Conyers had placed her pocket-book containing thirty dollars in the hands of Justin, with the request that he would keep it to pay her travelling expenses until they should reach their journey's end, when he might return it. And Justin, to prevent, or rather to defer a dispute on the subject, had accepted the trust; but neither for her hotel bill nor for her railroad ticket had he touched her little hoard. He was resolved to return the pocket-book intact as he had received it.

Having secured their tickets and checked their baggage, they rejoined Britomarte and took her to the train, and found comfortable seats in the ladies' car, to which Britomarte's companionship admitted them both.

They were scarcely seated when the newsboys came into the car, crying the morning papers.

"Times, Herald, World, Tribune, &c.—Full particulars of the Battle of Gettysburg!—Capture of the Private B. A. Bourgeois!—Wonderful rescue of three shipwrecked passengers from a Desert Island!—Tribune, World, Herald, Times!"

"Now, who on earth could have put our adventure in?" exclaimed Justin, half-amused and half-annoyed at the circumstances.

Lieutenant Ethel blushed and then laughed, saying—

"I am afraid I am responsible for that, though I never supposed it would get into the papers. You see, yesterday I told the whole story of the cruise of the Xiphias to some friends and strangers that I met at dinner at the Aster House. I dare say there were some gentlemen of the press present, though I did not think so at the time."

"That accounts for it all, then," said Justin.

And they had bought half-a-dozen papers. And the train started.

They had a swift and pleasant run to Washington, where they arrived safely at seven o'clock in the evening.

On reaching the station, Lieutenant Ethel left the car first, to go and secure a carriage for his friends.

"Britomarte! my dear, dear Britomarte, you will come home with me to Erinnie! Don't wound me by refusing. Say that you will come," urged Justin, when he was left alone with Miss Conyers.

"No, no, not this evening, for the world! For this evening you and your sister should meet alone," she earnestly replied.

"To-morrow, then?" he inquired.

"Yes! to-morrow I will see Erinnie."

As every one was now leaving the cars, they arose from their seats and went out. Lieutenant Ethel met them with a carriage.

"Where, then, shall we take you to-night?" questioned Justin, as he handed Britomarte into her place.

She named the hotel where she wished to stop. And Justin gave the order to drive there.

On arriving at the hour, he took care to secure a good room for Miss Conyers; but not until he was on the point of taking leave of her did he hand her her pocket-book. And he was relieved to see that, without examination, she put it in her pocket.

Then he bade her good-night, and re-entered the carriage and drove to the house of that clerical friend to whom he had written to prepare Erinnie for his arrival. He did not leave his carriage, but his friend should detain him too long from his sister. He merely cast in a request that the Rev. Mr. Blake would come out and speak to him for a moment.

And when that gentleman came out, full of wonder and welcome and warm congratu-