

"Will you please let down the gang-plank?"
We looked ashore, and there stood Pomona,
dripping from every pore.

Wespoke nowords, but lowered the gang-plank.
She came aboard.

"Good-night!" said the boarder, and he went
to bed.

"Pomona!" said I, "what have you been
doing?"

"I was a lookin' at the moon, sir, when pop!
the chair bounced, and out I went."

"You shouldn't do that," I said, sternly.
"Some day you'll be drowned. Take off your
wet things and go to bed."

"Yes, sma'am—sir, I mean," said she, as she
went down-stairs.

When I reached my room I lighted the lamp,
and found Euphemia still under the bed.

"Is it all right?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "There was no burglar.
Pomona fell out of the window."

"Did you get her a plaster?" asked Euphemia,
drowsily.

"No, she did not need one. She's all right
now. Were you worried about me, dear?"

"No, I trusted in you entirely, and I think I
dozed a little under the bed."

In one minute she was asleep.

The boarder and I did not make this matter a
subject of conversation afterward, but Euphemia