

suddenly would grow as glum and unsociable as a Burmese idol. Women who had been delighted with him on one occasion left him with despairing perplexity or indignant pique at another. One could never be sure of him in company, for he never took the trouble to be complacent when he did not feel like it. Tipton used to say to him jokingly: "Jack, if you would only keep up steam, you would run away from us all with the women." But Cross-away would only smile under his mustache and hum:

"My heart s in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer"—

and then go on reading Napier's "Peninsular War." But after a time an incident occurred which in no small degree affected the relation of these young men to one another.

There came to Halifax one day a Mrs. Vermilye. She was a widow, though quite young—not over thirty at most—and beautiful. She had the air and look of a well-bred Frenchwoman, though she declared she was English. Nobody knew her, but letters which she casually showed from distinguished persons abroad, and her evident acquaintance with polite society, brought her recognition in the best society of Halifax. It was supposed that she was wealthy, but nobody knew about that, as Mrs. Vermilye never spoke of her finances. She soon became