

It was our boarder's night out (when he was detained in town by his business), and Pomona was sitting up to let him in. This was necessary, for our front-door (or main-hatchway) had no night-latch, but was fastened by means of a bolt. Euphemia and I used to sit up for him, but that was earlier in the season, when it was pleasant to be out on deck until quite a late hour. But Pomona never objected to sitting (or getting) up late, and so we allowed this weekly duty to devolve on her.

On this particular night I was very tired and sleepy, and soon after I got into bed I dropped into a delightful slumber. But it was not long before I was awakened by the fact that—

"Sa rah did not flinch but grasped the heated iron in her un injured hand and when the rascal bid an imperial approach she thrust the lurid poker in his—"

"My conscience!" said I to Euphemia, "can't that girl be stopped?"

"You wouldn't have her sit there and do nothing, would you?" said she.

"No; but she needn't read out that way."

"She can't read any other way," said Euphemia, drowsily.

"Yell after yell resounded as he wildly sprang—"

"I can't stand that, and I won't," said I