

open, and it needed no second look to tell *what* lay beneath the carefully buttoned shirt-front. She had a slipper on one foot, but the other had released itself and played truant, as I have mentioned. Her stockings—Silk?—yes, sir—lay by her, in reach of her hand; her hair was a pretty head of hair enough, and curly, but cut short, and parted like a boy's, and—that's all, I think. A description of features would be improper, for many reasons. I carefully adjusted the curtains, pins and all, got noiselessly again into my crib, put out the light, and, with no end of queer feelings, and 'mid an exciting crowd of pretty Pages, Dorotheas, Rosalinds, and other breeched beauties, I slept soundly until morning.

But with morning came waking, and then came the unanswerable question, "How the Dickens was I to perform my ablutions with a lovely female in all probability watching the performance through an established slit in the curtain. Perhaps she wouldn't—then, perhaps, she would; and so, at last I said, "Hi! young gentleman (I had nigh said young lady), are you going to get up?"

I was answered with a very husky "No."

"Very good, then; I shall, for we never can get up together."

I certainly did hear the words, "Not exactly," and, I *thought*, a giggle. I said sharply, "What?"

"Nothing; I'm going to sleep." A sneeze, and something like a turn over—face to the *wall*.

So far, so good; and seeing there was no help for it, up I sat, and having screwed three parts of my legs into the entirety of my trousers, I slid out, and, starting at every splash as I gammoned a wash, I managed to get into my garments and out of the cabin, resolving I would never again invite any unknown young gentleman to share a night's lodging with me.

I was congratulating myself on the fineness of the weather, which made our arrival at London Bridge before nightfall a certainty, when a sudden stopping of the engine, and a few inquiries, convinced me that I was doomed to spend another night at sea, with the choice of the deck for my bed, or my boy-lady's companionship in the cabin below. The day passed, without sign of the young gentleman, until late in the evening, when, apparently unaware that anything had happened to impede our progress, up he came (I shall still call her "*he*;" ) the