

Blessington's Folly

character. I wouldn't go back on that girl who gave me her arm up from the shore for five millions. Just see if they happen to have some sort of sky-pilot aboard, who is qualified to tie a knot, will you, Mr. Wentworth. With luck we'll have a wedding to-night and sail for New York as soon as the wind blows out."

"Shake hands on that, Hiram Blizzard!" cried John B. Wentworth.

THE END