

The owner of the dog with the impetuosity of three and twenty, instantly comes to the rescue of beauty in distress.

"Hi! I say you! drop that, will you!" he cries, authoritatively, and the porter yields at once to the imperious masculine voice what he has scorned to yield to the frantic feminine. "Don't you want your luggage taken on board the tender?" inquires the young American gentleman, for such his accent proclaims him to be, lifting his hat to the young person who stands, and appears greatly exercised over the fate of the black box.

"Thanks, monsieur," the young lady who has been talking French responds in perfect English, but with a musical accent, "this is the second time that stupid man has tried to carry it off whether or no. Oh, yes, we want our luggage to go on board, but the captain, our very good friend, has told us to wait here until he comes."

"I see him coming now," says the second young lady, who has a very sweet voice, and much fainter accent than the first. "Look yonder, Petite. Ah! he has stopped to speak to the stout lady, but he is coming back for us."

"Small black box, large black box, one portmanteau, a bag, and a bonnet-box," says the first, rapidly and concisely, taking the inventory of her belongings. "Yes, everything is here. *Ma foi*, how I wish we were on board, and out of this jostling, noisy throng."

"Yes, it is very cold," replies the young lady called Marie, and she draws a large shawl she wears closer about her, and shivers in the raw wind.

They are dressed alike, in travelling suits of dark gray tweed, and are apparently sisters. Mr. "F. D.," resuming his easy position against the back of the cab, looks at them critically, and on the whole approvingly, while they wait for their very good friend, the captain. He can look with perfect ease, for they are not looking at him—have apparently forgotten his proximity and existence.

The one addressed as Marie interests him most, for the good reason that he cannot see her, so thick is the mask of black lace she wears strapped across her hat and face. But the voice is peculiarly

sweet, the braided hair under the hat is a lovely gold bronze, and the form is so shapely, so graceful, that even the heavy disguising shawl cannot wholly conceal it. She stands up presently, and he sees that she is tall—divinely tall, he says to himself, and no doubt divinely fair. In a general way he approves of tall, fair young women. The other is a little person, about eighteen, perhaps, with a dark olive face, with no especial claim to beauty, except the claim of two large brilliant brown eyes. Even if he had not heard her speak he would have set her down as a French girl—her nationality is patent in her face.

The captain, brown-faced, burly, and genial, makes his way to where they await him with some difficulty, for his friends besiege him on all sides.

"Well, my little ladies," is his greeting, "ready, are you, and waiting? Here, my man!" A porter approaches, and touches his cap. "Bear a hand here with these bags and boxes, and look sharp. Now, young ladies"—here he presents an elbow to the right and left—"I'll take you under my wing, and consign you to the tender mercies of the tender."

It is a mild joke, but he laughs at it and goes off with his fair freight. The owner of the sweet voice never looked back, but the owner of the pretty dark eyes casts one farewell glance and slight smile backward to the gentleman who came to the rescue of the black box. Mr. "F. D." lifts his hat, sees them vanish, and busies himself for the first time about his dog and his trunk.

Presently they are all on board the tender, and puffing down the stream to where, big, and quiet, and powerful, the *Hesperia* awaits her passengers. The number is very large; There is hardly standing room on the little tender's deck. It is rough, and raw, and cold, and supremely miserable. To make matters worse, a drizzling rain begins to fall, and umbrellas are unfurled, and ladies crouch under such shelter as they can find, and everybody looks blue, and sea-sick by anticipation.

The Newfoundland and his master hoist no umbrellas; they stand and look, on the whole, as if they rather enjoyed the misery of those about them,