

I had not seen for a long while, and I wanted to consult it. I could not find this book on any of the shelves or in any corner of my library. I called in Barhara, who told me that she had "long ago" removed a lot of old books and magazines and "things" that seemed to be of no use, to the attic; they were all in a certain box, quite safe; should she go for the book I wanted? No, I would rather go myself and see what she had stowed away.

So I repaired to the attic, and began to turn out the box, which contained many valuable volumes that wise Barhara thought were of no use because they were not perused daily. Near the bottom I came across a shabby little writing case that I remembered I used to carry many years ago when travelling. I sat down on a near-by box to open the case, with a feeling that I was going to find something of more than ordinary interest. As I spread out the case upon my knee there lay revealed to view a little green glove; a tiny little glove, of a fashion of bye-gone days; not one of your three or four-buttoned gloves; not one reaching to the elbow; but a little, one-buttoned glove, that fastened about the wrist.

As I gazed upon this glove, which I had not seen for nearly twenty-five years, I fell into a dream, and in fancy went back to that day, so long ago, when I picked it up from under the rock by the sea-side, where she and I had been sitting, and where I wandered back the next morning to bid a last farewell to the scene. The tide in the meantime had been in and out again, and it was a sorry, dragged little