

## CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. Consisting merely of Introductory Matter . . . . .	5
II. My Quarters, where you will become acquainted with Old Jack Randolph, my most Intimate Friend, and one who divides with me the Honor of being the Hero of my Story . . . . .	6
III. "Macrorie—old Chap—I'm—going—to—be—married!!!" . . . . .	9
IV. "It's—the—the Widow! It's Mrs.—Finnimore!!!" . . . . .	10
V. "Fact, my Boy—it is as I say.—There's another Lady in the Case, and this last is the Worst Scrape of all!" . . . . .	12
VI. "I implored her to run away with me, and have a Private Marriage, leaving the rest to Fate. And I solemnly assured her that, if she refused, I would blow my Brains out on her Door-steps.—There, now! What do you think of that?" . . . . .	15
VII. Crossing the St. Lawrence.—The Storm and the Break-up.—A Wonderful Adventure.—A Struggle for Life.—Who is she?—The Ice-ridge.—Fly for your Life! . . . . .	17
VIII. I fly back, and send the Doctor to the Rescue.—Return to the Spot.—Flight of the Bird.—Perplexity, Astonishment, Wonder, and Despair.—"Pas un Mot, Monsieur!" . . . . .	27
IX. By one's own Fireside.—The Comforts of a Bachelor.—Chewing the Cud of Sweet and Bitter Fancy.—A Discovery full of Mortification and Embarrassment.—Jack Randolph again.—News from the Seat of War . . . . .	30
X. Berton's?—Best Place in the Town.—Girls always glad to see a Fellow.—Plenty of Chat, and Lots of Fun.—No End of Larks, you know, and all that Sort of Thing . . . . .	34
XI. "Macrorie, my Boy, have you been to Anderson's yet?"—"No."—"Well, then, I want you to attend to that Business of the Stone, to-morrow. Don't forget the Size—Four Feet by Eighteen Inches; and nothing but the Name and Date. The Time's come at last. There's no Place for me but the Cold Grave, where the Pensive Passer-by may drop a Tear over the Mournful Fate of Jack Randolph. Amen. R. I. P." . . . . .	36
XII. My Adventures rehearsed to Jack Randolph.—"My dear Fellow, you don't say so!"—"Pon my Life, yes."—"By Jove! Old Chap, how close you've been! You must have no End of Secrets. And what's become of the Lady? Who is she?" . . . . .	40
XIII. "Advertising!!!" . . . . .	43