



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Hostess.—NOW, DON'T STAY OUT HERE ALL THE EVENING.

Host.—WE'LL JOIN YOU IN TEN MINUTES.

Hostess.—MISS SCRECHY IS GOING TO SING, YOU KNOW.

Host.—O! WELL, SAY AN HOUR.

—N. Y. Life.

This ceremony was accordingly performed by Yubbits, who asked with a somewhat disappointed air, whether Miss Douglas was not to be one of the party

"Certainly she is," was the reply. "She's waiting for us in the carriage at the King Street entrance: here, boy, run and tell my coachman to drive around here, look sharp: and now, gentlemen, are you ready?"

All expressed themselves as being so, except Crinkle, who remained firm to his expressed determination to strike out for Rosedale and compose his poem, and nothing would induce him to join the yachting party. Accordingly, the carriage—a magnificent open barouche, drawn by a spangled pair of sleek, glossy chestnuts whose harness was brought to the highest state of polish and perfection, having been driven around to the York Street door, Messrs. Douglas, Bramley, Coddleby and Yubbits got in, the door being held open by a very imposing footman in plain livery, Mr. Yubbits presenting his friends by name to Miss Douglas who looked, if possible, fresher and more charming than ever, and the party drove rapidly away to Mr. Douglas' boat house, from which the yacht was lying at anchor at a distance of about fifty yards.

"There lies 'the *Elsie*, gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Douglas, pointing towards the beautiful schooner, "and a picture she is."

"She is indeed a beauty," said Yubbits, and in this opinion both his friends coincided, and rightly so.

The *Elsie* was a schooner yacht of forty tons; her hull, the lines of which approached as near perfection as it is possible to be, was painted black, and relieved by a narrow scarlet stripe all round. Her masts were exceedingly tall and taper, with a decided 'rake' ast, and her whole appearance pronounced her to be a very swift sailer, as indeed she was.

She was manned by a paid crew of five men, some of whom could be seen moving around on board, as our little party alighted from the carriage at the boat-house, Mr. Douglas having sent word to them at an early hour that he intended to make a short cruise that day, and for them to be in readiness.

"Ah! I see my fellows are on board," exclaimed Mr. Douglas, "that's good: and here's Chambers," as a fine looking young fellow with large dark eyes and crisp curly hair appeared at the door of the boat-house, dressed in a dark blue jersey, on the breast of which, in pink let ers was the name *Elsie*—and neatly fitting blue trousers and canvas slippers: a black glazed hat with blue ribbons, also bearing the name of the yacht, completed a costume which set off the wearer's straight athletic figure to much advantage.

"Good morning, Chambers," said Mr. Douglas, as the young man, who was the sailing master of the yacht, too