

placed passionate rebellion, utter indifference more hopeless than active dislike. She never avoids him, she talks to him and of him quite freely, but with a serene composure that should be the most exasperating thing on earth to a lover.

A lover in no sense of the word does Mr. Longworth appear. Perhaps the role of sighing swain is not consistent with editorial dignity. They meet they part, they talk they walk, they sail they ride, they dance they laugh together; and the more they see of each other the further off all idea of tender sentiment seems. And yet, somehow—the wish being father to the thought—Miss Harriott cannot get it out of her head that Reine is the one. She has learned to love very dearly the girl with the brown, earnest eyes and thoughtful face—there are times when she doubts, distrusts, almost dislikes Marie.

The summer days pass pleasantly in Baymouth; there are perpetual picnics and excursions by land and sea, moonlight sails down the bay, boating parties, strawberry festivals, and all the innoxious dissipation that goes to make up the gaiety even of a large country town. The ladies Landelle are in request everywhere. Every masculine heart over fifteen in Baymouth beats rapturously with love for Marie, and those sweet fitting smiles of hers are bestowed with perfect and maddening impartiality upon all. Two proposals have been made and rejected, rejected very gently, but so decidedly, that one despairing youth fled from the home of his boyhood, and rushed with his anguish upon him to the uttermost wilds of Montana.

Among these stricken deer perhaps none were further or more hopelessly gone than poor Frank Dexter. The middle of June finds him still lingering in Baymouth, unable to tear himself from the side of his enchantress, unable to pay that visit, so long deferred, to his southern home. Letters full of impatience and expostulation come weekly from his mother, commanding, exhorting, entreating his return; but Frank cannot go. The yacht is his excuse—the yacht already making a brave show in her dock; but love, not

schooners, holds Dexter. He fears his fate too much to put it to the touch, he is furiously jealous of every other aspirant, and Longworth he fears and hates with an intensity that has something quite fratricidal in it.

"Longworth," he says, gloomily, one evening—Byronic gloom and misanthropy sit permanently on Mr. Dexter's brow of late—"is this beastly story they are circulating through Baymouth true?"

"What beastly story?" inquires Mr. Longworth, lazily, leaning back in the boat.

The cousins are out in a boat, Frank is rowing, and it is a lazy July twilight. They are not often together of late, Mr. Dexter shunning Mr. Longworth as though he were a walking pestilence; but on this occasion he has pressed for his company on purpose to "have it out." The editor reclines in the stern, steering, smoking, looking lazy, placid, and happy.

"You must have heard," says Frank, with a short growl; "beastliest scandal I believe ever was invented. It's about you and"—Mr. Dexter pauses with a gulp, as if the words choked him—"the Misses Landelle."

"What about me and the Misses Landelle? Mind what you're about, Baby; here's a tug boat coming."

"They say that Mrs. Windsor has offered you your choice, and they've consented, and are only waiting for you to throw the handkerchief. It's too diabolical. I can't believe it!"

"Disbelieve it then."

"But is it true?"

"I told you to mind what you were about!" cries Longworth, starting up and holding the rudder hard; "do you want the tug to run into us and send us to the bottom?"

"By heaven, Longworth, if this infernal story is true, I don't care much if she does!" passionately exclaims Mr. Dexter.

"Don't you, dear boy? But I flatter myself I'm of some service to king and country, and don't want to see the bottom of Baymouth Bay to-night, at least. Now, what was it you were saying? Oh, about the Mesdemoiselles Landelle. Did you inveigle me out here