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air of proud superiority about him, as though he were "somebody," and knew it. His complexion was fair as a lady's, and would have been effeminate but for the dark, bold eyes and his dashing air generally. There was something particularly winning in his handsome face, especially when he smiled, that lit up his whole countenance with new beauty. Yet, with all, there was a certain faithless expression about the finely formed mouth that would have led a close observer to hesitate before trusting him too far. This, reader, was Mr. Willard Drummond, a young half-American, half-Parisian, and heir to one of the finest estates in the Old Dominion. The last five years he had passed in Paris, and when he was thinking of returning home he had encountered Campbell and his sister. Fond of luxury and ease as the young patrician was, he gave up all, after that, for the attraction he discovered on board the schooner Evening Star. And Captain Campbell, pleased with his new friend, invited him to cross the ocean with him, and spend a few weeks with him in his ancestral home, whither he was obliged to stop while some repairs were being made in his vessel, which invitation Willard Drummond, nothing loth, accepted.

"Well, Campbell, how is that patient of yours this evening?" inquired Drummond, after a pause.

"Don't know," replied Captain Campbell, carelessly; "I haven't seen him since morning. Sibyl is with him now."

"By the way, where did you pick him up? He was not one of your crew, I understand."

"No; I met him in Liverpool. He came to me one day, and asked me to take him home. I replied that I had no accommodations, and would much rather not be troubled with passengers. However, he pleaded so hard for me to