

AN IDYL OF BAR HARBOR.

The tall postman with the sad eye, who was engaged to the cook we had last fall, has just given the following note to my maid:

"NEWPORT, May 10.

"DEAREST MADGE: I know you will forgive me for having left your dear letter five whole days unanswered, when you will see by this that you are the first to whom I break the news of what has transformed me from a girl into a woman, for I am in love, Madge, and I am to marry him sometime next month, and his name is Reginald Dallas—have you ever heard of him, dear? He is a Southerner—was born in New Orleans and his people live there, but Reg has been for some years in Boston, though he says when we are married he will settle in New York to please me. What more shall I tell you, dear, except that I am the proudest, happiest woman in the world, and I am dying to hear from you.

FLORRIE,

"P. S.—I forgot to tell you how handsome he is—he has the most perfect face I ever saw and his voice is music. Do write me at once, dear.

"P. S. again—Reg has just come. He met you once—at Bar Harbor, I think he said. How glad I am you know him, for you can congratulate me, truly.

P."

You do not know what a shock that note was to me, for Florrie is the dearest little girl I know, and she was seventeen only last year. Know Reg Dallas! Yes, I had that honor once. I might, too, have had the honor of becoming Mrs. Dallas had I chosen to commit that romantic but unenviable huri-kori. And now Florrie!—I wonder her foolish mother could dream of such a thing. Ah, well.

Reg Dallas is just the type to be adored by a school-girl—just the man to be shunned by a young woman who has learned her anthropological A B C's, as a clever Cambridge girl said of him at Mount Desert that year. He has almost perfect features—a straight nose, a broad, low brow, a mouth firm and clear cut, eyes of dark brown, with jetty lashes and brow; crisp black hair, rippling in little waves; very white, strong teeth, but a chin which to me expressed weakness and irresolution. That chin was my beacon warning. The eye may be trained at a mirror—we girls know that—so, too, may the mouth; but the chin is there and no art can change it. I have never seen a strong man with a weak, pointed, under-sized chin, nor a weak man with a chin which was massive and square. Why it is, I leave to deliciously vague but interesting Mr. Herron-Allen; but he, I believe, reads characters in the wrinkles and bumps of the hands alone. I only know it is so.

Mr. Dallas was very chivalrous to me from the first moment I met him. Dear, fussy old Mrs. Dragomon presented him and explained to mamma that he was one of the ineffable "first families," and had some money and all that, but mamma happened to know that everybody from Louisiana whose ancestors owned a negro before the war is a "first family," and calmly refused to go into hysterics; but had no objection to Mr. Dallas accompanying me to Rodick's, where Lulu Randolph was to make up the Dutch buckboard party going to Great Head and Somerville next day. Before we got fairly out of our grounds Mr. Dallas began to work on my feelings with his low, tropical voice. He asked me if I had ever been Norway. I replied that I had not. He said he had been there once only, killing salmon in the Glommen, which he said was a river. Then he paused, gazed at me intently, averted his eyes, drew a long, lingering breath, and said, with a far-away look: "I am glad—very glad I went to Norway."

"Why?" I asked, wondering how that long trip for a few miserable fishes, which I am sure could have been purchased much more reasonable in any market on this side, could possibly have even the remotest connection with me.

"Because," he replied, with another dreamy glance, "I else would have found it impossible to name a simile for your eyes."

Was not this nicely calculated to make one's pulse thrill? To meet a "dark young man in white flannels," as the gypsies say, one minute, and next to have him calmly relate that he is glad he went to Norway to find a simile for your eyes, is just one degree short of a moral earthquake. But somehow I didn't thrill, although I know I flushed, and it made me tingle with inward rage to see he noticed the silly hectic and misconstrued it as a symptom that I was pleased. I was profoundly puzzled, and I was annoyed, but I contained myself.

"Well, and what is the simile, Mr. Dallas?" I inquired, after a moment's silence, for those horrible Joneses were gadding by.

"That arm of the sea running up between the granite walls guarding it from the tempest," he replied, searching my face again: "clear, cold, blue and gray commingling, infinite depth