

but for heaven's sake don't stop a minute longer, Miss."

"On my word, Ned," said Marie, slipping a coin into his hand. "And be here, sure, to take charge of *Fawn* when we return."

"Sartin, Miss."

Followed by Jessie, she stepped lightly into the superb little craft. It was tough as whalebone, light as a feather, varnished and cushioned, and buoyant as a cork upon the water, but obedient to every impulse of Marie's paddle.

The air was still and hot, and the water almost without a ripple, while sail-boats and a steamer were moored in the harbor.

"I don't see why Ned should be so fearsome," said Marie, as she dipped her paddle with Jessie facing her. "I must have skimmed this bay a score of times at least, and he was always encouraging instead of exacting until now."

"But you never went when a storm was brewing," returned Jessie. "People say that Ned's a true seaman, and only signals danger when he has good reason."

"That may be, but I've seen many storms in the islands; and it may be hours before this one comes. Ned's a dear old fellow, but getting a little bit fussy. Still, I always prepare for a swim when I go out canoeing, I think every girl should."

"What do you do?"

"Did I never tell you? Why, I wear tights under a loose skirt, and so fastened that I can throw everything else off in a