

## JULIE.

Take a peep into the deck cabin of the ss.

"Minneapolis" (New York to Southampton) just under weigh. Pass over the untidiness, the appearance of very recent unpacking—hair brushes and hair nets, shoes, stockings, petticoats, bottles of manicure soap and boxes of *poudre d'amour*, skirts, blouses and all the paraphernalia of feminine luggage—and concentrate all your attention on a stout lady sitting on a cabin trunk wearing an air of Columbian excitement and a toilet jacket, who is brushing her hair, and upon a young woman who is lying in the top bunk in what may be described as mufti.

Don't concern yourself with the stout lady beyond noticing that there is humour in the many tiny lines round her eyes, and solid bullion in every flash of the diamonds on her fingers. Just look at the beautiful face of the young woman, and, in about an hour's time, jot down upon the tablets of your memory the fact that her hair gleams like a polished copper bed warmer, that her eyes are two round ponds filled with the reflection of a blue midsummer sky, that her teeth are as white and as regular as a company of infantry in ducks.

The former is down among the list of passengers as Mrs. Elinu Firkins Carryl, the latter as Miss Julie Leland Carryl of New York City. (There is a man in the United States Navy who would have described the latter on the list as the only girl in the world, and the former as a beast for taking her away. But that's another story.)

The engines are throbbing like a strong pulse, the spray splashes the glass of the port holes, and Mrs. Carryl begins again.

Mrs. Carryl (hard at work upon her nails

with a file): Yes, Julie. it's real wonderful! At last we are on our way to Europe.

Julie (with a gurgle of excitement): O, mama, isn't it fine? I—I feel all whirly, like a paper bag in a gale.

Mrs. Carryl: You don't know the years I devoted to trying to crowd your poor dear father into tripping us to the other side. But his one answer was. "Not till I've pouched six millions, Sadie." And, having pouched the six millions, he takes a trip to a place where trousers ain't regarded as necessary—poor old dear!

Julie (with tears streaming down her face): it makes me wish we hadn't come. Everything we are going to do he wanted to have done. It—it was very unkind to take him away.

Mrs. Carryl (showing great emotion): Ah, he was a star as well as a stripe, was my old man. "My passage is booked," he said, "free, gratis, and for nothing," he said "and there's no return ticket. But, with any luck, I'll not be far away from you and the girl when you stand in front of Nelson's monument," he said "and say that it don't come within streets of Washington's statue" he said.

Julie: And he will if he said so!

Mrs. Carryl (with a flush of pride): Father? I should say so. Did you ever know him not to do a thing he set his hand to? He spoke about you, too, Julie, very seriously.

Julie (softly). Did he, mama?

Mrs. Carryl (a tear dropping from the tip of her eagle nose): Some. "Say," said he, "keep a skinned eye on Julie," said he, twinkling "She's inherited all the artistic temperament the almighty dollar pushed out of me. She's moved as easy as a billiard ball. A lingering waltz, moonlight on the sea, a tale of a broken heart will bunker her every day of the week, and