

dressing gown. The older one now said "Girls, this is nonsense, it is only some one landing in the cove," but the tremor in her voice belied this calm assurance of prosaic incident.

"I am going to see, any way," broke forth number two, the "Jean D'Arc" of the party, as she tossed her flowing tresses over her shoulders. Her wilful, buoyant nature was stirred with the thought of a real adventure.

"If one of you girls stir out from this tent I'll light the lamp and rouse the camp," was the quick reply of the elder girl.

"Do," replied the former speaker with ill concealed raillery in her tone "and get our dear old papas and mammas and all our male guardians in a mad rush to the beach 'en deshabelle' to see your—farmer's boy returning from town. Well, I would not like to be in your shoes when they get back, that's all," and the girl laughed as she thought of the scene.

What conversation followed I was not told. It ended in the older one being persuaded to go with her two companions "just to the brow of the hill" overlooking the beach, where a few spruce bushes offered a safe observation point; from whence could be seen what was being enacted on the shore, tragedy or comedy.

Silently the three white robed figures stole with unshod feet towards the sheltering trees, two at least of them bubbling over with excitement. No sound from their little feet disturbed the slumbering camp, and in a very few moments they had traversed the one hundred yards which brought them to the suggested look-out. Here they heard distinctly the sound of oars, and the murmuring of voices, but it was too dark to see anything on the beach now some eighty yards below them; and listen they ever so intently they could hear nothing to enable them to determine the character of the midnight boatmen, but to the quick ear of "Jean" there were the sounds of many voices, hushed voices, and voices of command.

Some fifty yards further down the gradual slope to the shore was another thick clump of bushes, where the eager, adventurous spirit of the two younger girls urged a further advance. No use now the objections urged by their companion; indeed, they were feebly pressed, for interest in their quest had quickened