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HOW IT HAPPENED TO MARRY. "Well, have you forgotten your promise?"

"What promise?" said I, curiously. "I was leaving over the gunwale of the brig Ellen, watching the coast of Cuba grow more distinct as we sailed rapidly toward it while I smoked a cigar, which, after a long journey, was expiring within sight of its native land. I didn't feel at all like talking."

"You haven't paid your passage," he said. "What do you mean, Captain?" I replied. "I have your receipt."

"Well, well, don't get angry," he said. "I have your receipt, sure enough, but that is not all. Do you remember when I came across you in Calcutta, I asked you to tell me your story—what you are, and what's the matter, and all that? I took a fancy to you, and I promised to tell you all about it sometime on the voyage if I would take you. You are the first passenger I've carried this year, and you've got your sail-log and your story that's coming to thank you for that. We'll be ashore by four o'clock, and I can give you a half hour."

"We sail for Havana, and I have a Yankee's waiting to know, too."

"Not now, Captain," I answered. "If you must have my biography, I'll give it to you in a letter after we've landed, but you'll find it stupid enough."

"All right," said he; "that's settled," and he walked off.

It was not long before we entered the port of Havana. I hardly remember its appearance, for I was too much preoccupied with melancholy reflections to notice the view. I have an indistinct recollection of the narrow entrance of the harbor, with its fortresses—Mar and Putnam castles—on either hand, the cathedral looming up above the city, and that is all.

We were soon at anchor, and presently a custom-house officer came aboard and examined my luggage. I was ready to go ashore, and was about to get into a row-boat which had come alongside, when I was stopped by a tap on my arm. I turned, and there stood the Captain.

"You can't get rid of me that way," he said; "I will go with you. It is most too late to do anything on board to-night."

"I went ashore together, and walked to the nearest hotel, my companion leading the way. There was not much to arouse my curiosity in the town, for I had been in Spain, and if all had been novel I would not, in my frame of mind, have observed anything. I took the Captain into a small room opening into the hotel cafe, and called for wine and cigars. My friend was a short, weather-beaten man of fifty, with a grizzly beard and red face, but there was something sympathetic in his eye and manner that showed he would not be a bad companion to a stranger.

"Go on," said he, after he had taken down a glass of port to a swallow, and began to puff vigorously at a cigar. "Well, I'll tell me as I go. I might as well go back to the beginning. My father used to be a very rich man—one of the richest in New York. He was a widower for many years, and I was his only child. Of course, I always had my own way."

"Umph!" interposed the Captain. "I had seven brothers, and he gazed scornfully at the end of his cigar."

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"How many dollars?" the Captain asked, removing his cigar from his lips. "I forgot; not enough to produce over \$300 a year," I responded. "I had to work; there was no help for it. A rich uncle of mine, my mother's brother, offered to let me live with him. There was one thing, however, that I would not do for his wife and dead he had but one child, my cousin Henry, who was in business with him."

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"Why didn't you follow the sea?" said the Captain. "I don't suppose I thought of it, to tell the truth, but I should have liked it better. As it was, I lived like a dandy and yet never succeeded in doing anything well. I hated business; in fact, I liked other things very much better. I was rather fond of balls and that sort of thing. I suppose, when I had taken off mourning for my father, I gave more attention to them than to my work."

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