

he started to wade into deep water, but as soon as the water came up to his chest, his feet refused to stay under him; backwards, sideways, to the front, they would persist in rising to the surface. In his evolutions to keep his balance, a drop of water splashed into his eye. Then Perkins began to dance. It seemed as if acid could not produce a more stinging pain. But the circumstance gave him an idea, and he ran back to the bath house for his handkerchief, which he pinned inside his bathing suit at the shoulder.

Hardly was he back in the water when Mr. and Mrs. Jaimeson appeared. A suppressed murmur went through the crowd of bathers. Everyone was looking at them. What arms the man had, and what a physique! But far more attractive was the woman at his side. Her dark skin, her strikingly beautiful face and figure, attired in the tastiest of bathing suits, were the source of generous comment and admiration. How she swam! One who has watched the average woman try to swim would have gazed with wonder on her supple form as she seemed to glide through the water, with scarcely perceptible effort. Jaimeson did not swim so smoothly. His powerful arms churned the water to foam in his vain effort to keep up with her, while she looked back with a playful, teasing laugh. But as her face was turned Jaimeson awkwardly splashed a few drops into her eyes. She stopped, and then uttered a piteous little scream as the brine took effect. Up came those little hands, but she drew them away quickly. Jaimeson was at her side instantly, trying with his big hands to wipe the fire from her eyes, but their fingers only brought ten times as much water to her eyes as had splashed in. She pushed him away frantically, and stood wringing her hands in apparently the most excruciating pain. Jaimeson stood helpless, with a look of despairing agony, for he knew he had caused this suffering to her whom he loved so dearly.

Perkins, who was only a few feet away, was amused, but this was exactly the opportunity he had been waiting for. Quickly rushing to her side he applied his dry handkerchief. Her eyes were shut tightly, but she put her arms around his neck and fell back so that he was obliged to throw his arm around her waist to support her.

"Oh, that makes them feel so much better, dear!" she said.

Perkins' breath was almost taken away. He realized the mistake she had made, yet the moment was delicious. The trust-