

and new faces—a desire which, as yet, I had not had the opportunity to gratify. Little wonder, then, that to be settled down in a city with the humdrum job of collecting locals was fast becoming unbearable to me. I felt that something must happen and happen soon. It did, but in a way totally unexpected.

Phil had rolled over on the couch, and turned his face to the wall. Seeing that further conversation in that direction would be useless, I buried myself in dreamy contemplation of the clouds of fragrant smoke arising from my cigar. A few minutes later, I threw the short squib out the window, and was just about to propose a stroll to Phil when a knock sounded at the door. I hastily rose and answered the summons.

“A message for Mr. Rothwell,” said the blue-coated urchin who had rapped, and as that was my name I paid the charges and signed the receipt. As soon as the door closed on the retreating form of the messenger boy, I tore open the envelope and drew out the enclosed sheet. It read:

“MR. DONALD ROTHWELL,

“632 V— ST., NEW YORK CITY.

“Barton down with fever. You will take his place. Sail tomorrow at 10:30 on the Antilla. Report for orders at 8:00 this evening.

“JAS. L. CARTER, Man. Ed.”

I confess that I was actually dumfounded by this news, and to make sure that I wasn't dreaming I read it over. No; there it was, plain as day. Barton, a correspondent on the Cuban staff, was down with the yellow fever, and I had been chosen to take his place. I had longed for something new to occur, and now it had, with a vengeance.

A grunt from the couch caused me to glance in that direction. Chartley was regarding me with a look which indicated a mixture of surprise and curiosity.

“What's the matter now?” he asked, with more animation than I dreamed he could possess.

“Matter?” I cried. “Read that, and you'll know what it is.” And I thrust the yellow sheet into his hands.

With exasperating slowness he raised himself to a sitting posture, felt for his eye-glasses, and, having found them, proceeded to clean and adjust them. Then, with the same cool deliberation, he crossed over to the window and read the message.

“Something did turn up, after all, didn't it?” he said, as he