

finished reading and handed the sheet back to me. "I guess you'll have all the excitement you care for now. Well, I don't envy you. If I am to be parboiled by the sun, I much prefer to have it done in this city than in that heathenish country."

I did not venture any reply to this sally, and Phil returned to his couch, while I threw on my coat and prepared to go out. As I opened the door and stepped out into the hallway, Phil called me.

"What do you want?" I asked, turning back.

"Why, I was going to say," he drawled, "there's one consolation—they don't have 'closed' signs on the saloons there on Sundays."

I shut the door with a bang and hurried to the office of the managing editor of the *Scooper*. In less than an hour I was back with my instructions and a letter of credit to a Havana banking firm.

The remainder of the evening and the greater part of that night were spent in packing my trunk and writing notes to my friends, explaining my sudden departure. Then, fatigued by my exertions, I retired to rest.

Promptly at ten the next morning I stepped on board the *Antilla*, together with Phil, who had accompanied me to the wharf to see me off. He stayed by me till the last moment, and then, with a hearty shake and a "goodspeed," he hurried down the gang-plank and disappeared in the immense crowd on the wharf. A few minutes later the plank was hauled in, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs, the shouts of goodbye, and the hoarse blasts of the steam whistles, the great ship moved grandly away from the pier.

I stood leaning over the rail, watching the fast-receding shore until the objects thereon began to fade and take on a dull, hazy, indistinct appearance. Then I turned to a contemplation of my fellow travelers.

The first one I noticed as I turned round produced a decided impression upon me. That one was a girl of about nineteen years of age. She seemed very tall, with raven hair, and eyes dark as Egypt's darkest night—eyes which haunted my dreams for a month afterward.

Her complexion was an olive brown, and I at once judged her to be of Spanish descent. Her form was supremely graceful—almost voluptuous—in its lines, and this, together with small and