

"And wet, too," I added, sotto voce. But low, as I had said it she caught the words.

"If you pretend to have any regard for my feelings, don't ever say anything of that sort again," she said, looking very stern.

"I won't," I said, penitently enough.

And thus was harmony restored.

"By the way," I said, after a few moments of silence, "I have discovered something peculiar about this spot."

"Have you, indeed?" she commented, not pausing in her work.

"You don't seem a bit curious," I said, reproachfully.

"Oh, but I am though," she said. "What is it?" And she smiled up at me bewitchingly.

"It is an oracle," said I.

"An oracle," she repeated.

"Well, then, a horoscope, or whatever you call it. However, its name's not so important. Make three rapid circles in the water with the ring finger of your left hand, wait until the ripples subside and you will see the face of the one who loves you best."

She laughed. "How superstitious you are, Jack," she said.

"It is not superstition," I contradicted. "It is truth. Try it and see for yourself."

"You'll laugh at me if I do," she said, half persuaded to make the attempt.

"No, upon my honor I sha'n't," I replied, solemnly.

She leaned again over the gunwale. I arose and peered over her shoulder. Three times her slender finger cut the placid surface of the little bay. Then as the gentle ripples died away I caught the reflection of Bess' winsome face mirrored beside my own. One instant she gazed, then turned and buried her burning face in her hands.

"Oh, *you*," she cried.

"Wasn't it all true?" I said, laughing.

"Oh, Jack, how could you?"

"'All's fair in love,'" I quoted.

"But it wasn't all true," she asserted. "I'm not the one who loves you best."

"Who does, then, if not you?" I asked, disappointedly.

"I'm sure I don't know. Maybe Miss Aileen," she answered, referring to another girl of my acquaintance.