

"Hullo, Backstay!" said he on recognizing his valet at the door. "What do you want?"

"Tel'gam fer yer, sir."

"Nothing the matter, Gerizam?" enquired Miss Boyd, who had followed him out.

"No, my dear, only a wire from my esteemed friend, Captain James."

"We'll go and meet the Captain, to-morrow, Backstay," said the skipper turning to his man.

"Send your man into the kitchen, and he shall have refreshment, then he can walk home with you, Gerizam."

"A very good idea, my dear. Will you kindly show him the way?"

"Yes," she replied. "Come on, Backstay."

"Thank ye, mum."

To his unbounded delight he was introduced to a charming maid. "More luck!" he commented, as he gazed at the rosy-faced, smiling girl.

"Now, May," said the kind hostess to her maid, "make Backstay as comfortable as you can."

Miss Boyd was a lady who enjoy-

ed making everyone happy. In Backstay's case she hit a bull's-eye.

"What would you like?" enquired the maid as her mistress left the room.

"Ter 'ave yer good opinion, my dear."

The girl blushed. "What would you like to have to eat?"

"Anythink yer likes ter give me," answered Backstay, making himself decidedly at home, as all sailors do in a very short space of time no matter where they be.

"I rather like your man, Backstay," said Miss Boyd to his master on returning to the drawing-room.

"He seems so grateful for any little thing you do for him."

"Do you call introducing him to a pretty maid and giving him a good feed, little things?" asked the Captain, and the ladies laughed merrily at the remark.

"Well, Backstay, how did you get on in the kitchen?" inquired Gray, as he and the sailor were walking home.

"Tip-top, sir."

"Do you like this country life?"

"So far, first-class, sir," replied Backstay.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)



Jonas, photo.

Awa-awa-roa Bay, Waiheke.