

OFF MONOMOY POINT.

By WILLIAM EARLE BALDWIN.

When Grosvenor left the bowling alley and walked down the beach, crunching his heels into the sand savagely, it was with a purpose to get away somewhere and think it all over.



It was with a purpose to get away somewhere and think it all over. Above the stars were brilliant and sent paths of light across the sea.

And now that Grosvenor coolly went over their interview he blamed himself for getting angry and saw that the way she had put it was very kind and very much in the right.

The boat was drifting, drifting. Of a sudden it grounded, and Grosvenor found himself longing for another look at her face, and so he roused himself and pulled back until he was at the mouth of the canal where the waters of the bay found an outlet to the sea.

Grosvenor shivered slightly, for there was a contrast in his position and that of those people he had left not long before. Inside the lamps shed a glow on the clean white walls of the room, glanced on the rolling balls and the polished surface of the alley.

The tide had turned and was carrying him through the canal now. The water washed against the sides of the passage and rolled small pebbles on the sand as it receded.

The problem was solved by the appearance of Grace Boardman, who instantly volunteered to take the letter over, and this she did and returned presently with the assurance that it was all right.

"Stoily, stoily," said Miss Eunice, over, and this she did and returned presently with the assurance that it was all right. "Thank you ever so much, my dear," said Miss Eunice.

trouble and suffering. And in his mind during it all there were a lingering doubt and a half faced feeling that he might stay and face it out and win her to him, after all.

The east is radiant now with a fierce glow like the intense gleaming of a furnace fire, and the beautiful carmine is shot here and there by long darts of gray black clouds.

Grace Boardman, who made much of having self command, was very much annoyed when Grosvenor left her as he did, and she wondered where he was going and why he had such a desperate look on his face when he went out of the door.

And so the bowling that evening was not altogether a success. The noise of the rolling balls and the falling pins made her nervous, and she slipped away unobserved and went over to the hotel. She was longing for some one to talk to and some one to confide in, and therefore when she met her aunt, Miss Eunice Westchester, at the door of the hotel she was very much pleased.

Miss Eunice was a very comfortable old lady—comfortable to look upon and comfortable to talk to, for she never made remarks about being old, and she never said that the young people were becoming altogether too self assertive.

Miss Eunice held a very important letter in her hand, and she was wondering how she was to get it to her brother, who was bowling. The hotel was a one horse place, and a messenger was quite out of the question.

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"Well, you are mistaken, that's all." And Grace Boardman went away in anger. And was it a wonder then that when young Grosvenor came back from Monomoy point on the following day Grace Boardman took pains to avoid seeing him, leaving him nothing to do but to wander disconsolately about the village?

know whether I did right or not tonight, I sent him away." "You sent him away?" reiterated the old lady. "And why?"

"Why?" repeated Grace Boardman passionately. "Why? Oh, dear, are you going to misunderstand me the way every one else does? How could I tell what to do? He came to me so unexpectedly, over there at the bowling alley, too, and every one was looking at us. Of course I didn't know what to do."

"Perhaps," said Miss Eunice, "if you tell me all about it, I may be better able to give you some advice—that is, of course, if that is what you want. Sometimes, I know, young people think they can get along very well without any advice, and more times than one they are quite right."

"The girl looked at Miss Eunice and then blushed. 'I don't suppose I need begin at the beginning?' " "Hardly," replied the old lady. "Nearly every one knows about that."

"I told him that I had not known him for very long and thought that he might have made a mistake. I said that he was making a great deal out of nothing, and that very likely his was a mere fancy, and that while I did not question his honesty in speaking as he had I felt sure that if he thought it over he would look at it as I did and conclude it was much too soon for anything of the sort."

"He's been there for 20 years," muttered the doctor. "Nearly 20 years," he repeated drearily. At times people would come in and out of the other room, which was the principal apartment of the grocery store, where the card players usually gathered.

"You don't take it seriously," she said. "It's not a matter to be taken seriously," replied the old lady.

"For this reason," explained Miss Eunice, "he'll come back to you and say that he is very sorry, and that he will go away and never see you again, and then you will find that you cannot let him go, and that will end it all."

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"Well," said the doctor reflectively, "I don't see what we are going to do for a fourth hand."

"You're just the man we want," said the deacon. "You're just the man we want," said the deacon. "Gents, this is Mr. Grosvenor," he called to Grosvenor. "From the hotel. Let me make you acquainted. He'll take the fourth hand, I think, so long as Eldridge has not turned up. Eh, boy?" And he turned on Grosvenor suddenly.

and he cared very little what he did until she returned. Then he would see her and have it settled once for all. "How is Mr. Billie today?" some one asked the doctor presently.

"Quite well," was the answer—"as well as could be expected." "Mr. Billie?" asked Grosvenor. "Who is Mr. Billie?"

"Have you never seen him?" returned the doctor. "Mr. Billie is the man who keeps the barber shop down there."

"Oh, yes, I know," cried Grosvenor. "Odd sort of a man." "Rather," agreed the doctor.

"I think, Mr. Grosvenor, you would like to hear about him," said the deacon reflectively. "So there is a little story about Mr. Billie?" said Grosvenor.

"He's an odd character," began the doctor. "I like odd characters myself. I rather fancy Mr. Billie, but he is getting old now and is a trifle cracked in his head."



"You're just the man we want," said the deacon. an leaving him and coming back—how he would like to kill her. Then he would laugh and say he loved her and couldn't kill her. It really made my blood run cold to feel the edge of the razor running over my neck, and I thought how easy it would be for him to turn his wrist and cut my throat. It's a thing to make one nervous to let a man like Mr. Billie have a razor so near one's throat. I have heard a good many similar complaints, and I think the overseers had better take action tonight."

"He's been there for 20 years," muttered the doctor. "Nearly 20 years," he repeated drearily. At times people would come in and out of the other room, which was the principal apartment of the grocery store, where the card players usually gathered.

The game was finished not too soon for Grosvenor, who had grown weary. When he went outside, it was about 5 o'clock, and there was yet an hour to kill before Grace Boardman would be back. Some way the young man found himself going toward Mr. Billie's shop.

"Well," said the doctor reflectively, "I don't see what we are going to do for a fourth hand." The person said nothing, but looked around a trifle uneasily as the door in the outer room opened. The doctor rubbed his hands together and gazed longingly at the pack of cards on the top of a dry goods box and sat down on a nail keg. A tall young fellow came in just then.

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