

mysterious enough, heaven knows; but "the higher education" seems to have added an intense self-consciousness of their own intricacy. Where they used to be queer and couldn't account for it, now they are queer and can give you a thousand reasons. It is wearying to a humble, plain, consistent creature like man.'

'You're right, there,' said Sherman. 'If that fair friend of mine had had an inkling of where my heart *was* wandering, she might have saved herself some pains. It is quite pathetic, though, really, to think of the study she wasted on her supposed victim—the energy gone to waste! Now that I do not call so often, I suppose she thinks I languish! See you at lunch, Hal, I have an engagement.' And young Blake settled his hat a little, and started off briskly to the next hotel.

Harold followed him with his eyes.

'What a shame it is,' he thought, 'that a man can't find a natural, honest woman, either for friend or sweetheart. Honest! If they would only be consistent, I'd ask nothing else!'

Julia Farwell sat by the window of her narrow little room in 'The Water View,' gazing off across the misty blue expanse with a rather perplexed expression. To her entered her mother,—pleasant-faced, well-dressed, serene.

'Are you going to walk with Mr Blake or not, Julia? He is waiting around downstairs, and said he believed you had some such plan for this morning.'

'Well, I don't know, mother. I hate to go with him all the time. He might think'—

'It doesn't seem to me, dear, that you ought to think so much of what he might think. I know you are conscientious about it, but sometimes you seem to me to carry it too far. You are pretty and attractive enough, but so are other girls, and it is a little hard on a friendly young man always to suppose him paying attention. You can't alter society, my dear.'

'I know I can't, mother. But you know well enough that a girl gets blamed for encouraging a man if he does mean anything.'

'Yes, I know that. But do be reasonable! As society is constituted, you can't have the amusements due to a girl of your age without some man's escort. You can't even go to walk alone without being conspicuous. Men like to have it so, too. When

THAT RARE JEWEL

'WHAT are you laughing at, Sherman? You seem to find something endlessly amusing in your smoke-wreaths, or the roof of the piazza, or the sky yonder.'

'Nothing so soothing as smoke, Hal, so simple as boards, or so natural as the sky. I'm laughing about modern girls.'

'Oh! Well, I confess they are funny. But what special phase?'

'Their high-minded social conscientiousness. You know Miss Walker—nice, sensible, jolly girl? She was a very good friend of mine, and I was having all manner of good times with her, when all at once I discovered that she was taking care of my heart all the time, for fear it should get broken. She was afraid to go with me so much, for fear I might think, you know,—that she might think, you know—Bah! It's enough to make a man forswear womanhood for ever!'

Harold acquiesced cheerfully. 'Yes,' said he, 'I've noticed it. If it were not for sheer pity—and natural attraction, I suppose—one would let the whole thing go. But if you don't pay a girl some attention, she can't do a single thing, dance, or walk, or have any kind of a time. A fellow has to sit up nights, to divide these wonderful attentions so that nobody can build on them.'

Harold looked out over the beach and the bathers, where, perhaps, even an unconcerned clutch out of the grip of a big wave was being received and built upon as an 'attention.'

Sherman Blake blew other soothing smoke wreaths, softly vanishing as they ascended toward the simple roof and natural sky before mentioned. He was a nice fellow, a very nice fellow indeed, much prized among the numerous young ladies of his acquaintance; and his responsibilities weighed heavily upon him, as we observe. Harold Outhwaite, his friend, was a clever young man, of literary tastes and newspaper necessities; much given to analysis and sweeping deduction.

'You see, Sherman,' said he, 'girls nowadays are awfully complex. There is no naturalness to them. Women were always

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