

time leaning over the side of the vessel and exhorting the men to hurry,) I was over. I saw too late the error into which I had fallen; but, before I had time to climb back over, the ship gave a larger swing than usual and I lost my footing.

They did pull me out of the water after some little trouble and got me into the boat safely. Strangely enough, despite the coldness of the water, I enjoyed the swim and was laughing gleefully, filled with a powerful sense of elation when they did fish me out. The captain gave me a sip from a bottle he had in his pocket to warm me up he said, and we went on to the shore. When we had reached the shore and they were assisting me out, truly I was about to embrace each of the men to shew my appreciation for their services; but, the captain restraining me from that, I merely told them that they were good fellows, and taking the captain's arm proceeded homewards. And here, too, marvellous to relate, the trees and the rocks were swinging and swaying, and chasing each the other around, and the ground was careering every which way, besides sometimes there were two, sometimes three moons, in the sky at one time. (Once, indeed, I did call the captain's attention to that, but he only remarked that the moon was not the only thing which was full that night. I have not yet found out just what he did mean by that remark.) More wonderful still was it that I did feel no fear at these strange sights, but only that same feeling of elation I had before.

The captain left me leaning against the door, for verily the world did go round very fast, and besides I felt tired so that when your mother opened the door from within, I not expecting it, did fall into the house. She raised me up and assisted me to my room, for methinks the fall had jarred me some, and soon I was asleep. Next morning I slept much later than is my wont and awoke with a great aching in my head and a general feeling of ill-health. It seemeth to me that the fall into the water must have made me sick—either that or breathing the vapors from the river. So my son, be careful neither to expose thyself at night to the mists of the river, nor yet to get wet with its waters, for these things are unhealthy.

Your mother does well and sends love.

Your father,

NATHANIEL FLITCHER.

P. S. The tan pup is growing finely and promises well. N. F.

J. C. S.