

It May Have Been the Boy's

words that prejudiced the writer, but there was certainly an appearance of surprise and an effort to assume a calm appearance as the profession of the writer was made known to Mr. Clemens. There was also a studied deliberation in the replies made, which further aroused the writer's suspicions, and the attempt made by the noted author to throw the conversation upon the subject of probabilities gave apparently further evidence of his desire to dissemble. The form of a woman struggling in the arms of his vis-a-vis arose continually before the journalist's vision, and at last, almost involuntarily, the question forced an utterance, and the writer bluntly queried:

"Who was it you tried to drown yesterday?"

A smile gradually appeared on Mr. Clemens' face, this slowly developed into a still more becoming expression, and, finally, so far as laughter would permit, Mr. Clemens called out, "I say, Cable, here is a gentleman who wants to know whom we tried to drown yesterday."

At these words Mr. Cable appeared in the doorway of an adjoining room, evidently not at all at ease, and his agitation was still more apparent as he replied with the query:

"Who?"

"Yes, you and I; we are accused of drowning, or trying to drown, a woman yesterday. Now, Cable, you see I was right, you really ought to conduct yourself with more propriety right here in Boston, for the people here are curious."

"My dear Clemens, you know I told you, when we started on this tour, that I would do all I could to help you along, and I am still willing to do so, but when it comes to assuming the responsibility for all your attempts at drowning women, I draw the line."

"All?" queried Mr. Clemens. "I only thought one was spoken of."

"I simply used the word all," replied Mr. Cable, "to include the future. You have begun. What's to hinder your continuing, and we have only been away from home a week."

Seeing that there was an apparent

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between the two gentlemen, and a disinclination to assume any responsibility for the alleged crime, a request was made that each make an uninterrupted statement regarding the events of the preceding day. Mr. Clemens complied as follows:

"I see with some surprise that my friend Cable is unwilling to admit the facts in the case, and I wish it understood that what I state here is to be confined exclusively to the readers of the **RECORD** and those they may tell about it. This is a matter with which the general public has nothing to do. I was in hopes that the narration of the story would never be demanded of me, but, since it is asked, I cannot refuse. My duty is, first—well, that is not to the point, and, if there is one thing that I cannot tolerate, it is the habit of wandering from the subject matter. I study to avoid this fault because it consumes time so uselessly, and then it is annoying, very annoying, at times, and"—

"See here, Clemens," called out Mr. Cable, "that invitation to lunch was at 1 o'clock, and you will not get your woman to the water by that time if you meander about in that sort of way."

"You see," said Mr. Clemens, turning to the writer, "he cannot let me tell his story in my own way; if he would, I could clear him from every sign of a suspicion, but he will not allow me to do it."