

**LOVE IN IDLENESS.
A TALE OF BAR
HARBOUR**

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Love in Idleness. A Tale of Bar Harbour by F. Marion Crawford

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F. MARION CRAWFORD

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Bar Harbour from Sheep Porcupine.

Frontispiece.

LOVE IN IDLENESS

A Tale of Bar Harbour

BY

F. MARION CRAWFORD

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LAUDERDALE," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM DRAWINGS
AND PHOTOGRAPHS



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LOVE IN IDLENESS.

CHAPTER I.

IM going to stay with the three Miss Miners at the Trehearnes' place," said Louis Lawrence, looking down into the blue water as he leaned over the rail of the *Sappho*, on the sunny side of the steamer. "They're taking care of Miss Trehearne while her mother is away at Karlsbad with Mr. Trehearne," he added, in further explanation.

"Yes," answered Professor Knowles, his companion. "Yes," he repeated vaguely, a moment later.

"It's fun for the three Miss Miners, having such a place all to themselves for the summer," continued young Lawrence. "It's less amusing for Miss Trehearne, I daresay. I suppose I'm



Sappho.

asked to enliven things. It can't be exactly gay in their establishment."

"I don't know any of them," observed the Professor, who was a Boston man. "The proba-

bility is that I never shall. Who are the three Miss Miners, and who is Miss Trehearne?"

"Oh—you don't know them!" Lawrence's voice expressed his surprise that there should be any one who did not know the ladies in question. "Well—they're three old maids, you know."

"Excuse me, I don't know. Old maid is such a vague term. How old must a maid be, to be an old maid?"

"Oh—it isn't age that makes old maids. It's the absence of youth. They're born so."

"A pleasing paradox," remarked the Professor, his exaggerated jaw seeming to check the uneasy smile, as it attacked the gravity of his colourless thin lips.

His head, in the full face view, was not too large for his body, which, in the two dimensions of length and breadth, was well proportioned. The absence of the third dimension, that is, of bodily thickness, was very apparent when he was seen sideways, while the exaggeration of the skull was also noticeable only in profile. The forehead and the long delicate jaw were

unnaturally prominent; the ear was set much too far back, and there was no development over the eyes, while the nose was small, thin, and sharp, as though cut out of letter paper.

"It's not a paradox," said Lawrence, whose respect for professorial statements was small. "The three Miss Miners were old maids before they were born. They're not particularly old, except Cordelia. She must be over forty. Augusta is the youngest—about thirty-two, I should think. Then there's the middle one—she's Elizabeth, you know—she's no particular age. Cordelia must have been pretty—in a former state. Lots of brown hair and beautiful teeth. But she has the religious smile—what they put on when they sing hymns, don't you know? It's chronic. Good teeth and resignation did it. She's good all through, but you get all through her so soon! Elizabeth's clever—comparatively. She's brown, and round, and fat, and ugly. I'd like to paint her portrait. She's really by far the most attractive. As for Augusta—"

"Well? What about Augusta?" enquired the Professor, as Lawrence paused.

"Oh — she's awful! She's the accomplished one."

"I thought you said that the middle one — what's her name? — was the cleverest."

"Yes, but cleverness never goes with what they call accomplishments," answered the young man. "I've heard of great men playing the flute, but I never heard of anybody who was 'musical' and came to anything — especially women. Fancy Cleopatra playing the piano — or Catherine the Great painting a salad of wild flowers on a fan! Can you? Or Semiramis sketching a lap dog on a cushion!"

"What very strange ideas you have!" observed the Professor, gravely.

Lawrence did not say anything in reply, but looked out over the blue water at the dark green islands or the deep bay as the *Sappho* paddled along, beating up a wake of egg-white froth. He was glad that Professor Knowles was going over to the other side to dwell amongst the placid inhabitants of North East Harbour, where the