

CHAPTER L.

EREZ," observed Captain Eri P cheerfully, "I'm tryin' to average up with the mistakes of Providence."

The captain was seated by the open door of the dining room in the rocker with the patched cane seat. He was apparently very busy doing something with a piece of fish line and a pair of long legged rubber boots. Captain Perez, swinging back and forth in the parlor rocker with the patchwork cushion, was puffing deliberately at a wooden pipe, the bowl of which was carved into the likeness of a very thish damsel with a sailor's car sail pon the side of her once naxen neau. In response to his companion's remark he lazily turned his sunburned face to-

ward the cane seated rocker and inquired: "What on airth are you doin' with them boots?"

Captain Eri tled a knot with his fingers and teeth and then held the boots out at arm's length. "Why, Perez," he said, "I'm aver-

agin' up, same as I told you. Providence made me a two legged critter, and a two legged critter needs two boots. I've always been able to find one of these boots right off whenever I wanted it, but it's took me so plaguy long to find the other one that whatever wet there was dried up afore I got out of the house. That's why I'm splicin' 'em together this way. I don't want to promise nothin' rash, but I'm in hopes that even Jerry can't lose 'em now.

"Humph!" grunted Captain Perez. "I don't think much of that plan. 'Stead of losin' one you'll lose both of 'em '

"Yes, but then I shan't care. If there ain't no boots in sight I'll go barefoot or stay at home. It's the kind of responsibleness that goes with havin' one boot that's wearin' me out. Where is Jerry?"

"He went out to feed Lorenzo. heard him callin' a minute ago. That cat ain't been home sence noon, and Jerry's worried." A stentorian shout of "Puss! Puss!

Come, kitty, kitty, kitty!" came from somewhere outside. Captain Eri smiled.

"I'm 'fraid Lorenzo's gittin' dissipat ed in his old age," he observed. Then as a fat gray cat shot past the door: "There he is! Reg'lar prodigal son. Comes home when the fatted ca'f's ready."

A moment later Captain Jerry appeared, milk pitcher in hand. He entered the dining room and, putting the pitcher down on the table, pulled forward the armchair with the painted sunset on the back, produced his own pipe- and proceeded to hunt through one pocket after the other with a trou-Lled expression of countenance.

"Where in tunket is my terbacker?" he asked after finishing the round of pockets and preparing to begin all over

had spoken: "What started you talkin' about the grave, Perez? Was it them clam friters of Jerry's?" "No," answered the ex-skipper of the Flying Duck, pulling at his grizzled bands." scrap of throat whisker and looking rather shamefaced. "You see, M'lissy Busteed dropped in a few minutes this mornin' while you fellers was out,

Both Captain Eri and Captain Jerry set up a hilarious shout. "Haw, haw!" roared the former, slaptions.'

'way t'other side of that!"

have got out of sight."

all that sort of thing."

Parker was a mighty fine feller."

to the station-all except Langley, of course-are mad as all git-out because

Parker was let go, and she says some

tain Jerry.

"Oh, hush up, Eri! 'Tain't likely I'd ping his knee. "I wouldn't be so fasciwant to write to any of 'em in there, natin' as you be for no money, Perez. The thing for us to do would be to She'll have you yit; you can't git away! write out a advertisement of our own But, say, I don't wonder you got to tell what sort of woman we want, and thinkin' 'bout the grave. Ten minutes then set back and wait for answers. of M'lissy gits me thinkin' of things Now, what do you say?" Captain Eri looked at the advocate

"Aw, belay there, Eri!" protested of matrimony for a moment without Captain Perez testily. "'Twan't my speaking. Then he said, "Do you really fault. I didn't see her comin' or I'd nean it, Perez?" "Sartin I do."

"What was it this time?" asked Cap-"What do you think of it, Jerry?" "Think it's a good idee," said that "Oh, a little of everything. She be incient mariner decisively. "We've got

gun about the 'beautiful' sermon that to do somethin', and this looks like the Mr. Perley preached at the last 'Come only sensible thing." Outers' ' meetin'. That was what start-"Then Eri's got to do it!" as Captain Perez dogmatically. "We ed me thinkin' about the grave, I guess. agreed to stick together, and two to Then she pitched into Seth Wingate's wife for havin' a new bunnit this seaone's a vote. Come on now, Lirl, we'll son when the old one wan't ha'f wore

out. She talked for ten minutes or so Captain Eri hesitated. "Come on, Eri!" ordered Captain Jeron that, and then she begun about Parker bein' let go over at the cable stary. "Ain't goin' to mutiny, are you?" ion and about the new feller that's "All right," said Captain Eri. "I'll been signed to take his place. She's stick to the ship. Only," he added, with a quizzical glance at his comall for Parker. Says he was a 'perfectly lovely' man and that 'twas outpanions, "it's got to be settled that the rageous the way he was treated, and feller that's stuck can pick his wife and don't have to marry unless he finds one

"She ain't the only one that thinks that suits him." so," observed Captain Jerry. "There's The others agreed to this stipulation, a heap of folks in this town that think and Captain Perez, drawing a long breath, took a coin from his pocket "Yes," said Captain Eri, "and it's flipped it in the air and covered it as i orth while noticin' who they be. fell on the table with a big, hairy hand Perez's friend M'lissy thinks so, and Captain Eri did likewise; so did Cap-Squealer Wixon and his gang think tain Jerry. Then Captain Eri lifted , and Web Saunders thinks so, and his hand and showed the coin bea lot more like 'em. Parker was too neath. It was a head. Captain Jerry's was a tail. Under Captain Perez's good a feller, that's what was the mater with him. His talk always remindhand lurked the hidden fate. The caped me of wash day at the poorhousetain's lips closed in a grim line. With lots of soft soap with plenty of lye in a desperate glance at the others, he jerked his hand away. "Well, M'lissy says that the men over

The penny lay head uppermost. Captain Jerry was "stuck." Captain Eri rose, glanced at his watch, and, taking his hat from the

body told somebody else, and somebody shelf where the dishes should have else told somebody else, and somebody been, opened the door. Before he went else told her-she says it come reel ut, however, he turned and said: straight-that the men are goin' to "Perez, you and Jerry can be fixin'

make it hot for the new feller when he up the advertisement while I'm gone comes. She says his name's Hazeltine. You can let me see it when I come or somethin' like that, and that he's ack. I say, Jerry," he added to the goin' to get here tomorrer or next day.' "sacrifice," who sat gazing at the pen "Well," said Captain Eri, "it's a mernies on the table in a sort of trance cy M'lissy found it out. If that man "don't feel bad about it. Why, when should git here and she not know it you come to think of it, it's a provi aforehand 'twould kill her sure as fate, dence it turned out that way. Me and and think what a blow that would be Perez are bachelors, and we'd be jest

to you, Perez!" He took his old fashioned watch from his pocket and glanced at the dial. wife." "I mustn't be settin' round her much longer," he added. "John Baxter's goin' to have that little patch of cranberry swamp of his picked tomorrer and he's expectin' some barrels down on tonight's train. John asked me to git Zoeth Cahoon to cart 'em down for him, but I ain't got nothin special to do tonight, so I thought I'd hitch up and go and git 'em myself.

"Yes, I do," groaned Captain Jerry ugubriously "Durn it, that's jest it!" Captain Eri was chuckling as, lantern in hand, he passed around the corner of the little white house on the

Chime. A Journal of Matrimony.' 1 sharp looking boy of about fourtee see a piece about it in the Herald the with a disagreeable air of cheap smartother day and sent a dime for a samness sticking out all over him, left his ple copy. It's chock full of advertise seat in the shadow of Mr. Batcheldor's ments from women that wants husmanly form, tossed a cigarette stump away and loafed over to the vicinity Captain Eri put on his spectacles and of the depot wagon, which was back hitched his chair up to the table. After ed up against the platform. Captain giving the pages of the Nuptial Chime Eri knocked the ashes from his pipe and put that service stained veteran a hurried inspection he remarked: "There seems' to be a strong runnin' in his pocket. The train was really 'vi-va-ci-ous brunettes' and oming in" at last. with tender and romantic disposi-

If this had been an August evening instead of a September one, both train and platform would have been crowd-But the butterfly summer maiden ed. had flitted, and, as is his wont, the immer man had flitted after her, so the passengers who alighted from the two coaches that, with the freight car, made up the Orham branch train were few in number and homely in flavor. There was a stim, pot to say gawky, individual with a crin beard and rubber boots, whom the committee hailed as Andy and welcomed to its bosom. There were two young men, drummers evidently, who nodded to Hardy and seemed very much at home. Also, there was another young man, smooth shaven and square shouldered, who

deposited a suit case on the platform and looked about him with the air of being very far from home indeed. The drummers got into the stage The young man with the suit cas picked up the latter and walked toward the same vehicle. He accosted

the sharp boy, who had lighted another cigarefte. "Can you direct me to the cable sta-Hon?" he asked. "Sure thing!" said the youth, and

there was no Cape Cod twist to his "Git aboard." accent. "I didn't intend to ride," said the stranger.

"What was you goin' to do? Walk?" "Yes, if it's not far." The boy grinned, and the members o the committee, who had been staring with all their might, gvinned also. The young man's mention of the cable sta-con seemed to have caused consider able excitement.

"Oh, it ain't too far!" said the stage driver. Then he added, "Say, you're the new electrician, ain't you?" The young man hesitated for a mo ment. Then he said, "Yes," and sug-

gested, "I asked the way." "Two blocks to the right. That's the main road. Keep on that for four

blocks, then turn to the left, and if you keep on straight ahead you'll get. to the station." "Blocks?". The stranger smiled. hink you must be from New York." "Do you?" inquired the youthfu prodigy, climbing to the wagon seat.

"Don't forget to keep straight ahead after you turn off the main road. Git dap! So long, fellers!" The square shouldered young

ooked after the equipage with an odd expression of countenance. Then he shrugged his shoulders, picked up the green hands. But you're a able seasuit case and walked off the platform man. You know what it is to manage into the darkness.

A little later Captain Eri, with dozen new, clean smelling cranberry barrels in the wagon behind him, drove slowly down the "depot road." It was a clear night, but there was no moon way to the barn. He chuckled all and Orham was almost at its darkest which is very dark indeed. The "depot through the harnessing of Daniel, the road" (please bear in mind that there venerable white horse. He was still are no streets in Orham) was full of chuckling as, perched on the seat of the "truck wagon," he rattled and should ruts, and although Daniel knew his out of the yard and turned into the way and did his best to follow it the

Give us your satchel. Now per. There you are. Git dap, Dan'll' Daniel accepted the captain's com-mand in a tolerant spirit. He paddled along at a jog trot for perhaps a hundred yards, and then, evidently feeling hat he had fone all that could be ex-pected, settled back into a walk. The aptain turned toward his companion on the seat. "I don't know as I mentioned it," h served, "but my name is Hedge."

时为为11.211.211.211.212.217 [11]

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Hedge," said the stranger. "My name is Hazeland said: morrow. "I kind of jedged it might be when about that billiard room business." The lamp in Baxter's hand shook. you said you wanted to git to the cable tation. We heard you was expected." "God A'mighty's got his eye on that "Did you? From Mr. Langley, I place, Eri Hedge," he shouted, "and on them that's runnin' it!" presume. "No-o; not d'rectly. Of course we

tain Eri said

"John, I broug

tion, and it's gittin' late."

"That's all right," said the captain. knew Parker had been let go and that "Then the job's in good hands, and we ain't got to worry. Good night!" somebody would have to take his place. But in spite of this assurance Hazelguess likely it was one of the operaine noticed that his driver was silent tors that told it fust that you was the nan, but anyhow it got as fur as and preoccupied until they reached the M'lissy Busteed, and after that 'twas end of the road by the shore, when he brought the willing Daniel to a standplain sailin'. You come from New York, don't you? Is this your first still and announced that it was time to visit to the Cape?" "change cars." It is a fifteen minute row from the "Yes. I hardly know why I'm here

now. I have been with the cable com-pany at their New York experimental mainland to the outer beach, and Captain Eri made it on schedule time. station for some years, and the other Hazeltine protested that he was used to a boat and could go alone and reday the general manager called me into turn the dory in the morning, but the captain wouldn't hear of it. The dory his office and told me I was expected to take the position of electrician here. slid up on the sand, and the passenger thought it might add to my expeience, so I accepted." climbed out. "There's the station," said the cap-"Humph! Did he say anything about

tain, pointing to a row of lighted winthe general liveliness of things around dows a quarter of a mile away. "It is the station?" Mr. Hazeltine laughed. "Why," he straight ahead this time, and the walkin's better'n it has been for the last answered, "now that you speak of it, I remember that he began by asking me few-minutes. Good night!" The electrician put his hand in his if I had any marked objection to pre

mature burial." The captain chuckled. "The outer empty. beach in winter ain't exactly a camp meeting for sociableness," he said. "And the idea of that Bartlett boy tellsee each other often." in' you how to walk there!" "Is he a specimen of your Cape Cod youngsters?"

"Not exactly. He's a new shipment from New York. Grandnephew of a messmate of mine, Cap'n Perez Ryder. Perez, he's a bachelor, but his sister's daughter married a feller named Bartlett. Maybe you knew him. He used

to run a tugboat in the sound." Mr. Hazeltine, much amused, denied the acquaintance.

ly," continued the captain. "Anyhow Perez's niece's husband died, and the boy sort of run loose, as you might say. Went to school when he had to and

raised Ned when he didn't, near's I can find out. 'Lizabeth, that's his ma, died last spring, and she made Perez promlse-he being the only relation the youngster had-to fetch the boy down here and sort of bring him up. Perez knows as much about bringin' up boy as a hen does about the Ten Com mandments, and 'Lizabeth made him promise not to lick the youngster and

a whole lot more foolishness. School don't commence here till October, so we got him a job with Lem Mullett at the liv'ry stable. He's boardin' with Lem till school opens. He ain't a reel had boy, but he knows too much 'bout

some things and not ha'f enough others. You've seen fellers like that, maybe?" Hazeltine nodded. "There are a good

many of that kind in New York, I'm afraid." he said.

Captain Eri smiled. "I shouldn't he observed. "The boys down to spell it for?"

ng. He ain't so smooth tongued as rker used to be, and he didn't treat Parker us for you. Hawkins got 'em here, same Baxter and me as if Cape Codders was as he always does, by the skin of his a kind of animals, the way some of the teeth. Stand by now, 'cause I've got summer folks do. He had the sense to deliver Mr. Hazeltine at the stanot to offer to pay me for takin' him over to the station, and I liked that. John Baxter said nothing beyond thanking his friend for the good turn, Take it altogether, he seemed like a pretty decent chap-for a New Yorker," he added as an afterthought. but he "stood by," as directed, and the barrels were quickly unloaded. As "But, say," he said a moment later. they were about to drive out of the "I've got some more news, and it ain't ard Captain Eri turned in his seat good news, either. Web Saunders has got his liquor license." "I want to know!" exclaimed Captain "John, guess I'll be up some time to I want to talk with you

Perez. "You don't tell me!" said Captain Jerry.

Baxter do now?" And Captain Eri shook his head dubiously. The cod bit well next morning, and Captain Eri did not get in from the Windward ledge until afternoon, By

the way, it may be well to explain that Captain Jerry's remarks concerning 'settlin' down" and "restin'," which we chronicled in the first chapter, must not be accepted too literally. While it is true that each of the trio had given up long voyages, it is equally true that

ise at 4 every week day morning and sail in a cathoat twelve miles out to sea and haul a wet cod line for hours," not to mention the sail home and the cleaning and barreling of the catch. Captain Eri did that. Captain Perez was what he called "stevedore"-that is, general caretaker during the owner's absence at Mr. Delancy Barry's

for Captain Jerry, he was janitor at the schoolhouse. The catch was heavy the next morn-

pocket, hesitated and then withdrew it, the last fish was split and iced and the last barrel sent to the railway station "I'm very much obliged to you for all it was almost supper time. Captain this," he said. "I'm glad to have made Eri had intended calling on Baxter your acquaintance, and I hope we shall early in the day, but now he deter-

mined to wait until after supper. "Same here!" said the captain hearti-The captain had bad luck in the ly. "We're likely to git together once "matching" that followed the meal, in awhile, seein' as we're next door and it was nearly 8 o'clock before he neighbors, right across the road, as finished washing dishes. This distasteyou might say. That's my berth over ful task being completed, he set out for yonder, where you see them lights. It's

the Baxter homestead. jest round the corner from the road The captain's views on the liquor we drove down last. Good night! Good question were broader than those of And he settled himself for the row many Orham citizens. He was an abstainer, generally speaking, but his scruples were not as pronounced as those of Miss Abigail Mullett, whose CHAPTER III. proudest boast was that she had re-

HE house where the three cap-T tains lived was as near salt water as it could be and re-(490.24ª main out of reach of the highest tides. When Captain Eri, after beaching and anchoring his dory and stabling Daniel for the night, entered the dining room he found his two messmates deep in consultation and with him most. evidences of strenuous mental struggle

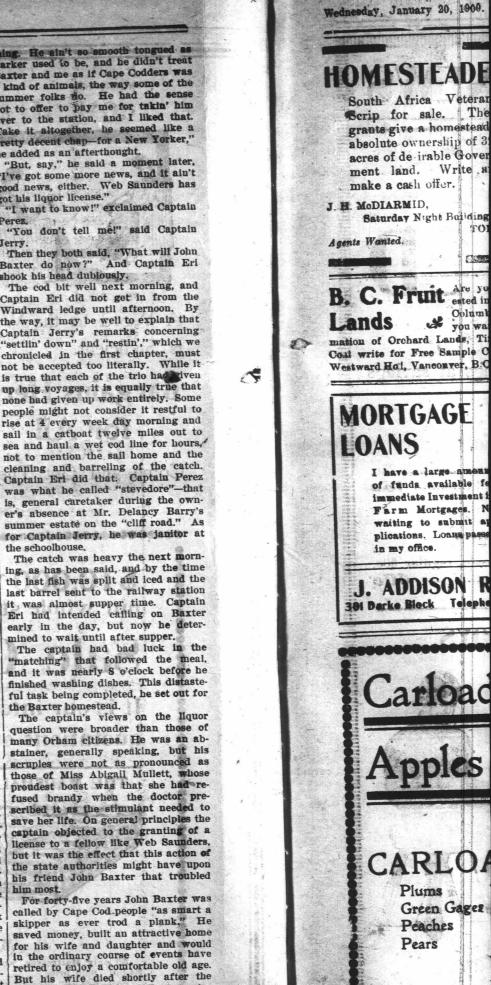
written upon their faces. Captain Perez's right hand was smeared with ink and there were several spatters of the same fluid on Captain Jerry's perspiring nose.

"Well, you fellers look as if you'd had a rough v'yage," commented Captain Eri, slipping out of his own jacket daughter's marriage to a Boston man, and pulling his chair up beside those and on a voyage to Manila Baxter himof his friends. "What's the trouble?" self suffered from a sunstroke and a "Gosh, Eri, I'm glad to see you!" ex subsequent fever that left him a physclaimed Captain Perez. "How do you ical wreck and for a time threatened spell conscientious?" to unsettle his reason. He recovered a

"I dop't, unless it's owner's orders, portion of his health, and the threatwas the answer. "What do you want

luck to you!"

home.





D. A. Macdo

Dealer in-

Carriages

Twine

Harness

Agricultu

Impleme

Cream Separ

Greases,

Harness Ma

.......

Oils

Colum

"Well, I s'pose you wouldn't, nat'ral-

"I see it on the top of the clock speil ago," said Captain Perez. "Was that yours, Jerry?" exclaimed

Captain Eri. "Well, that's too bad! 1 see it there and thought 'twas mine. Here 'tis, or what's left of it."

Captain Jerry took the remnant of a plug from his friend and said in an aggrieved tone: "That's jest like you, Eri! Never

have a place for nothin' and help yourself to anything you happen to want, don't make no odds whose 'tis. Why don't you take care of your terbacker, same's I do of mine?"

"Now, see here, Jerry, I ain't so sure that is yours. Let me see it. Humph I thought so! This is 'Navy Plug,' and you always smoke 'Sailor's Sweetheart.' Talk about havin' a place for things!"

"That's my terbacker, if you want to know," observed Captain Perez. "I've got yours, Eri. Here 'tis."

"Well, then, where is mine?" said Captain Jerry somewhat snappishly.

"Bet a dollar you've got it in your pocket," said Captain Eri. "Bet \$10 I ain't! I ain't quite a fool yit, Eri Hedge. I guess I know. Well, I snum! I forgot that upper vest pocket." And from the pocket mentioned Captain Jerry produced the

missing tobacco. There was a general laugh, in which Captain Jerry was obliged to join, and the trio smoked in silence for a time, while the expanse of water to the eastward darkened and the outer beach became but a dusky streak separating the ocean from the inner bay. At length Captain Perez rose and, knocking the

ashes from his pipe, announced that he was going to "show a glim." "Yes, go ahead, Jerry!" said Captain Eri. "It's gittin' dark."

"It's darker in the grave," observed Captain Perez, with lugabrious philos

ophy. "Then, for the land's sake, let's have it light while we can! Here, Jerry, them matches is burnt ones! Try this. "I won't be so damagin' to the morals."

and lit the two bracket lamps fastened to the walls of the dining room. The room, seen by the lamplight, was shiplike, but as decidedly not shipshape. The chronometer on the u antel was obscured by a thick layer of dust. The three gorgeous oil paintings-from the brush of the local sign painter-respectively representing the coasting packet Hannah M., Eri Hedge master, and the fishing schooners Georgie Baker. Jeremiah Burgess master, and the 1 lying Duck. Perez Ryder master. were shrouded in a very realistic fog of the same dust. Even the imposing gilt lettered set of "Lives of Great Naval Commanders," purchased by Captain Perez some months before and being slowly paid for on an apparently never ending installment plan, was cloaked with it. The heap of newspapers shoved under the couch to get them out of the way peeped forth in a telltale manner. The windows were not too clean, and the floor needed sweeping. Incidentally the supper table had not been cleared. Each one of the three noted these things, and each

sighed. Then Captain Eri said, as if per. to change the subject, though no one

Y

who does the dishes. I did 'em last night, so it's my watch below." "Well, I shan't do 'em," declared Captain Perez. "Blessed if I'd do the durn things tonight if the president of the United States asked me to." "Humph!" sputtered Captain Jerry. "I s'pose you fellers think I'll do 'em

all the time. If you do you're mistook, that's all. 'Twan't last night you done em, Eri; 'twas the night afore. I done 'em last night and I'm ready to take my chances ag'in if we match, but I'm jiggered if I let you shove the whole thing off on to me. I didn't ship for cook no more'n the rest of

Neither of the others saw fit to answer this declaration of independence and there was a pause in the conversation. Then Captain Jerry said mood-

ilý: "It ain't no use. It don't work." "What don't work?" asked Captain Eri

"Why, this plan of ours. I thought when we fellers give up goin' to sea reg'lar and settled down here to keep house ourselves and live economical and all that, that 'twas goin' to be fine. I thought I wouldn't mind doin' my share of the work a bit, thought twould be kind of fun to swab decks and all that. Well, 'twas for a spell, but 'tain't now. I'm so sick of it that

I don't know what to do. And I'm sick of livin' in a pigpen too. Look at them deadlights! They're so dirty that when I turn out in the mornin' and go to look through 'em I can't tell whether it's foul weather or fair." Captain Eri looked at the windows toward which his friend pointed and signed assent.

"There's no use talkin'," he observed "we've got to have a steward aboard this craft." "Yes," said Captain Perez emphat-

ically, "a steward of a woman. One of us 'll have to git married, that's 811."

"Married!" roared the two in chorus. asked. "That's what I said, married, and Captain Jerry took the proffered match take the others to board in this house. Look here, now! When a shipwrecked

crew's starvin' one of 'em has to be sacrificed for the good of the rest, and that's what we've got to do. One of us has got to git married for the benefit of the other two."

Captain Eri shouted hilariously. "Good boy, Perez!" he cried. "Goin' to be the first offerin'?"

"Not unless it's my luck, Eri. We'll all three match for it, same as we do 'bout washin' the dishes." "Where are you goin' to find a wife?"

asked Captain Jerry. "Now, that's jest what I'm goin' to show you. I see how things was goin',

and I've been thinkin' this over for a b'iler sure." considerable spell. Hold on a minute till I overhaul my kit." He went into the front bedroom, and

through the open door they could see him turning over the contents of the chest with P. R. in brass nails on the lid. He scattered about him fish lines, hooks, lead for sinkers, oilcloth jackets,

whales' teeth and various other articles, and at length came back bearing a much crumpled sheet of printed pa-

"There! There she is! 'The Nup-ti-al

You and Jerry can match cents to see cranberry barrels rattled and shook in sandy road that led up to the village. lively fashion. There are few homes CHAPTER II. near the station, and the dwellers in HERE is in Orham a self ap-

them consciously refrain from showing T pointed committee whose lights except in the ends of the buildduty it is to see the train ings furthest from the front. Strancome in. The committeem gers are inclined to wonder at this, but receive no salary for their services. when they become better acquainted The sole compensation is the pleasure with the town and its people they come derived from the sense of duty done. to know that front gates and parlors Mr. Squealer Wixon, a lifelong member of this committee, was the are, by the majority of the inhabitants. restricted in their use to occasions such first to sight Captain Eri as the latter as a funeral or possibly a wedding.

strolled across the tracks into the cir-It is from the hill by the Methodist cle of light from the station lamps. church that the visitor to Orham gets The captain had moored Daniel to a his best view of the village. It is all picket in the fence over by the freight house. He had heard the clock in the about him and, for the most part, bebelfry of the Methodist church strike low him. At night the tiny red speck

8 as he drove by that edifice, but heid in the distance that goes and comes again is the flashlight at Setuckit point, heard no whistle from the direction of and the twinkle on the horizon to the the West Orham woods, so he knew south is the beacon of the lightship on that the down train would arrive at

Sand Hill shoal. its usual time-that is, from fifteen to It may be that the young man with twenty minutes behind its schedule. the square shoulders and the suit case "Hey!" shouted Mr. Wixon, with enhad paused at the turn of the road by thusiasm, "Here's Cap'n Eri! Well, the church to listen to the song of the cap, how's she headin'?" sea. At any rate, he was there, and 'Bout no'theast by no'th," was the when Captain Eri steered Daniel and

calm reply. "Runnin' fair, but with the cranberry barrels around the corookout for wind ahead." ner and into the main road he stepped "Hain't got a spare chaw nowheres

about you, have you, cap'n?" anxout and hailed. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm lously inquired Bluey Batcheldor. Mr. afraid I'm mixed in my directions. The Batcheldor is called "Bluey" for the same reason that Mr. Wixon is called stage driver told me the way to the cable station, but I've forgotten wheth-"Squealer," and that reason has been er he said to turn to the right when

forgotten for years. reached here or to the left." Captain Eri obligingly produced Captain Eri took his lantern from the black plug of smoking tobacco, and Mr. Batcheldor bit off two-thirds and refloor of the wagon and held it up. He had seen the stranger when the latter turned the balance. After adjusting left the train, but he had not heard th the morsel so that it might interfere in dialogue with Josiah Bartlett, the stage

the least degree with his vocal machinery he drawled: "How was you callatin' to go to the "I callate you ain't heard the news, Web Saunders has got his origstation?" he asked. Eri.

"Why, I intended to walk." inal package license. It come on the "Did you tell them fellers at the de noon mail." pot that you wanted to walk?" The captain turned sharply toward the speaker. "Is that a fact?" he "Certainly."

"Well, I swan! And they give you "Who told you?" "See it myself. So did Squealer and the direction?" whole lot more. Web was showin' if "Yes," a little impatiently. shouldn't they? So many blocks till 1 round." "We was wonderin'," said Jabez Smalley, a member of the committee got to the main street or road, and so many more till I got somewhere else,

whose standing was somewhat impair and then straight on." "Blocks, hey? That's Joe Bartlett. ed, inasmuch as he went fishing occa-That boy ought to be mastheaded, and sionally and was therefore obliged to I've told Perez so more'n once. Well, miss some of the meetings, "what kind of a fit John Baxter would have now mister, I guess maybe you'd better not

He's been pretty nigh distracted ever try to walk to the cable station tonight. sence Web started his billiard room. You see, there's one thing they forgot callin' it a 'ha'nt of sin' and a whole to tell you. The station's on the oute lot more names. There ain't been a beach, and there's a ha'f mile of pretty 'Come Outers' meetin'' sence I don't wet water between here and there." know when that he ain't pitched into 'The young man whistled. "You don't

that saloon. Now, when he hears that Web's goin' to sell rum he'll bust a The committee received this proph ecy with a hilarious shout of approv-

al, and each member began to talk. Captain Erl took advantage of this simultaneous expression of opinion to of the man that owns 'em I'll drive you down to the shore, and maybe find. walk away. From the clump of blackness that in- somebody to row you over-that is," dicated the beginning of the West Or- | with a chuckle, "if you ain't dead set

ham woods came a long drawn, dismal on walkin'." The stranger laughed heartily. "I'm "toot," then two shorter ones. The committee sprang to its feet and look-

not so stubborn as all that," he said. ed interested. Sam Hardy came out of "It's mighty good of you. all the same." his ticket office. The stage driver, a "Don't say a word," said the captain. "Don't say a word," said the captain.

ean it!" he exclaimed.

"I sartin do unless there's been an

almighty drought since I left the house

I tell you what! If you'll jump in

here with me and don't mind waitin'

till I leave these barrels at the house

here think Josiah's the whole crew, and the girls ain't fur behind. There's been more deviltry in this village sence he landed than there ever was afore. He needs somethin', and needs it bad, but I ain't decided jest what it is yit. Are you a married man?"

"Same here Never had the disease Perez, he's had symptoms every once in awhile, but nothin' lastin'. Jerry's through the mill. His wife died "You'd have a whole lot of women wenty year ago. I don't know as I told you, but Jerry and Perez and me that is, we call it keepin' house, but"- That's a healthy bait to catch a wife Here the captain broke off and seemed to meditate. Ralph Hazeltine forbore to Interrupt, and occupied himself by scrutinizing the building that they were passing. They were nearing the center of the

town now, and the houses were closer together than they had been on the "depot road," but never so close as to be in the least crowded. There was an occasional shop, too, with signs like "Cape Cod Variety Store" or "The Boston Dry Goods Emporium" over their doors. On the platform of one a small crowd was gathered, and from the interior came shouts of laughter and the sound of a tin-panny piano. "That's the billiard saloon," volunteered Captain Eri, suddenly waking

from his trance. "Play pool, Mr. Hazeltine?" "What d'ye play it with?"

"Why, with a cue, generally spe "That so! Most of the fellers in there

play it with their mouths. Miss a shot and then spend the rest of the evenin' tellin' how it happened. Parker played it considerable.' "I judge that your opinion of predecessor isn't a high one."

"Who? Oh, Parker! He was all right in his way. Good many folks in this town swore by him. I understand the fellers over at the station thought he was about the ticket." "Mr. Langley included?" .

"Why

drew

Baxter."

"Oh, Mr. Langley, bein' manager, had his own ideas, I s'pose! Langley don't play pool much, not at Web Saunders' place anyhow. We turn in

They rolled up a long driveway, very dark and overgrown with trees, and up at the back door of a good sized two story house. There was a light in the kitchen window. "Whoa, Dan'l" commanded the cartain. Then he began to shout "Ship ahoy!" at the top of his lungs. The kitchen door opened and a man

came out, carrying a lamp, its light shining full upon his face. It was an old face, a stern face, with white eyebrows and a thin lipped mouth. There was, however, a tremble about the chin that told of infirm health. "Hello, John!" said Captain Er "John, let me make you acheart

quainted with Mr. Hazeltine, the new man at the cable station. Mr. Hazeltine, this is my friend, Cap'n John

The two shook hands, and then Can

religious fanaticism that caused him "We've writ much as 400 advert to accept the Bible literally and to inments, I do believe," said Captain Jerterpret it accordingly. When his daughry, "and there ain't one of them fit to ter and her husband were drowned in feed to a pig. Perez here, he's got such the terrible City of Belfast disaster it is an Orham tradition that John Baxhifalutin notions that nothin' less than a circus bill 'll do him. I don't see why ter, dressed in gunny bags and sitting somethin' plain and sensible, like 'We on an ash heap, was found by his man wanted to do dishes and clean friends mourning in what he believed house for three men,' wouldn't be all to be the Biblical "sackcloth and right; but, no, it's got to have more ashes." His little baby granddaughter fancy trimmin's than a Sunday bunhad been looked out for by some kind nit. Foolishness, I call it." friends in Boston. Only Captain Eri knew that John Baxter's yearly trip to answerin' that advertisement, now Boston was made for the purpose of wouldn't you?" snorted Captain Perez

visiting the girl who was his sole rehotly. "'To do dishes for three men!' minder of the things that might have been, but even the captain did not know that the money that paid her cal'late you'd stay single till jedgment, board and as she grew older for her and then you wouldn't git one. No, sir! gowns and schooling came from the The thing to do is to be sort of soft soapy and high toned. Let 'em think bigoted, stern old hermit living alone in the old house at Orham.

ened insanity disappeared except for a

they're goin' to git a bargain when they git you. Make believe it's goin' to be a privilege to git sech a husband." Well, 'tis," declared the sacrifice indignantly. "They might git a dum sight worse one." "I cal'late that's so, Jerry," said Cap tain Eri. "Still, Perez ain't altogether

wrong. Guess you'd better keep the dishwashin' out of it. I know dishwashin' would never git me. I've got so I hate the sight of soap and hot water as bad as if I was a Portugee. Pass me that pen."

Captain Perez gladly relinquished the writing materials, and Captain Err after two or three trials produced the following:

Whe Wanted .- By an ex-seafaring man whe wanted.—By an ex-seafaring man of steady habits; must be willing to work-and keep house shipshape and above-board; no sea lawyers need apply. Ad-dress Skipper, care Nuptial Chime, Bos-

The line relating to sea lawyers w Insisted upon by Captain Jerry. "That'll hut out the tonguy kind," he ex-plained. The advertisement, with this addition, being duly approved, the renuired 50 cents was inclosed, as was a letter to the editor of the matrimonial journal requesting all answers to be forwarded to Captain Jeremiah Burgess, Orham, Mass. Then the envelope was directed and the stamp affixed.

"There," said Captain Eri, "that's lone. All you've got to do now, Jerry, is to pick out your wife and let us know what you want for a weddin' resent. You're a lucky man."

"Aw, let's talk about somethin' else, said the lucky one rather gloomily. "What's the news up at the depot, Eri?" They received the tidings of the

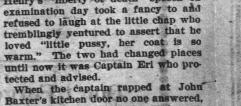
ing of Hazeltine with the interest due to such an event. Captain Eri gave them a detailed account of his meeting

> however, in consideration for the feelings of Captain Perez, to mention the fact that it was the Bartlett boy who started that gentleman upon his walk to the cable station.

"Well, what did you think of him?" asked Captain Perez when the recital was finished.

"Seemed to me like a pretty good feller," answered Captain Eri delibheard about it?" erately. "He didn't git mad at th

In Orham and in other sections of the Cape as well there is a sect called by the ungodly the "Come Outers." They were originally seceders from the Methodist churches who disapproved of modern innovations. They "come out" once a week to meet at the houses of the members, and theirs are lively meetings. John Baxter was a "Come Outer," and ever since the enterprising Mr. Saunders opened his billiard room the old man's tirades of righteous wrath had been directed against this den of iniquity. Since it became known that Web had made application for the license it was a regular amuse ment for the unregenerate to attend the gatherings of the "Come Outers" and hear John Baxter call down fire from heaven upon the billiard room, its proprietor and its patrons. Orham people had begun to say that John Baxter was "billiard saloon crazy." And John Baxter was Captain Eri's friend, a friendship that had begun in school when the declaimer of Patrick Henry's "liberty or death" speech on



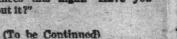
and after yelling "Ship ahoy!" through the keyhole a number of times he was the keyhole a number of time forced to the conclusion that his friend was not at home,

"You lookin' fer Cap'n Baxter?" queried Mrs. Sarah Taylor, who lived just across the road. "He's gone to 'Come Outers'' meetin', I suess. There's one up to Barzilla Small's to-

Mr. Barzilla Small lived in that part with the new electrician, omitting, of the village called "down to the neck," and when the captain arrived there he found the parlor filled the devout, who were somewhat with prised to see him.

"Why, Eri," whispered John Baxter, "I didn't expect to see you here. 1'm glad, though. Lord knows, every God fearin' man in this town has need to be on his knees this night. Have you

joke the gang played on him, for on



On to my prem 16, W. 2nd, one yo with star on for Owner is requested perty, pay expenses

8741

VALMIN

STRAY