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## A Landlubber.

YES, he's real queer lookin', Cap'n Zach Crane is. You wouldn't guess to see him that he's the riches' man in town. I don't believe. An' he's the very picter of his father. His father's been dead these 20 years an' more. He was always called "old Cap'n Zach," or "old Zach," an' he was the grumpiest, growliest old cretur I ever come across. He was terrible stingy, too, an' he hated religion an' everything that was good as fur as I know, except his wife an' son. He had a wooden leg an' only one eye, but he was smart, I tell you, an' he made money hand over fist. After he got too old to go reg'lar voyages he begun puttin' his savin's out at interest, an' you might have thought the family was paupers they lived so close. But it was all to save up for the boy. They didn't have but just one, an' they both of 'em set their eyes by him. But for all that Cap'n Zach couldn't hardly wait for him to be old enough to go to sea, an' if it hadn't been for his mother I'll bet that child would have shipped when he was 10 year old. Mis' Crane she had a sort of infloance over the old man, but as quick as she died he took the

boy with him on a whalin' voyage for two years. You see, the cap'n was terrible afraid he'd want to go to school, or in a store or somethin', an' be a beggarly landlubber. That's what the cap'n called every one that wasn't a seafarin' man. He hadn't no opinion of folks that got their livin' ashore, an' he wasn't one to keep his idees to himself, I tell you.

So the boy went with his father as long as he sailed, but the year I was married an' comes here to live was Cap'n Zach's first season home, an' young Zach he went out third mate of a whaler. I remember it well, because father got the rheumatiz that spring an' had to stay ashore for a long while. I expect I didn't feel as bad as I'd ought to, for it kep' him with me, an' as long as he wasn't in real pain I was contented, and we was pretty happy if we did have to manage close to get along.

Well, one mornin' in September father came in lookin' dreadful down in the mouth. He didn't speak, but took out his pipe and set down right where you be this minute an' begun to smoke. I knew somethin' was wrong, but I'd lived with him long enough to find out he wasn't one to be questioned, so I kep' on workin' round, an' pretty soon he says, with-

out lookin' at me, "Dode Avery's failed up, Ad'line."

"For the lan's sake!" says I, sittin' down on the meal chest, struck all of a heap. Failures wasn't so common them days an' sounded scarful to me, an' father wasn't much better.

"Yes, he's failed up for good an' all," says father. "He called a meetin' of us all this mornin' and said if we'd let him go on awhile longer he'd pay us every cent, but they wouldn't let him," says father, shakin' his head. I don't remember exactly how it was, but, at all events, if the creditors didn't wait they wouldn't get but a small part of their money back, and Dode he'd lose everything he had in the world. He was a real well-meanin' man, Dode was. Theodore Avery was his name, but everyone called him Dode, an' it sort of fitted him some way. He was shiftless an' easy-goin', that I will say, an' folks was down on 'im, specially old Cap'n Zach. Dode and father went one voyage together when they were youngsters, an' they'd always been real good friends. Father didn't blame him a mite for not going to sea again as long as he liked the shore better, but Cap'n Zach couldn't seem to stomach it noway, an' he used to keep afigin' it an' afigin' it at Christy Avery

