

CAP'N WARREN'S WARDS

in my life — that *once* I was wuth ha'f a million dollars. As for the rest of it, I'm like that millionaire — that . . . Hi! Look! There comes Dan! See him!

They peered cagerly over the fence. The Warren "two-seater" had rounded the bend in the road. Dan was driving. Beside him sat a young fellow who waved his hand.

"Steve!" cried the captain, excitedly. "There's Steve! And — and — yes, there's somebody on the back seat. It's Jim! He's come! Hooray!"

He was darting out of the gate, but his friend seized his coat.

"Wait," he cried. "I don't want to lose the rest of that sentence. You said you were like some millionaire. Who?"

"Don't bother me," cried Captain Elisha. "Who? Why, I was goin' to say I was like that millionaire chap who passes out a library every time he wakes up and happens to think of it. You know who I mean. . . . Ahoy there, Jim! Ahoy, Steve!"

He was waving his hand to the passengers in the approaching vehicle.

"Yes," prompted his friend, hastily, "I know who you mean — Carnegie."

"That's the feller. I've come to feel about the way he says he does — that 'twould be a crime for me to die rich."