

gettin' some o' the members to 'ave me keep liquor in the bar, an' gettin' me to sell it to you along o' some others, an' then reportin' me to the Committee! Tell 'em 'ow you never would 'ave 'ad the pull you did with the Board an' Committees an' all if you 'adn't stood in so chummy with the wife of rich Old Man Adams, that you got to buy 'alf of the shares of the club's stock w'en the club's affairs was at hebb! An' if I *did* signal Mr. Carew t'-d'y, wot was it for but to warn 'im of the dirty trick like you was tryin' to pl'y, like I'd see you pl'y it afore, an' *chuck yourself out o' your boat*, like you did t'-d'y?"

Giggs ceased, less from exhaustion of lingual material than that of respirative power; and Weatherbee, with clenched hands and eyes of flame, rushed at him. But Jimmy interposed an arm that was a bar of steel, as the Committee rose in wrath. Weatherbee, measuring Jimmy was an expert eye, fell back and dropped his raised arm, sneering.

"Very well!" he snapped. "I'll wait for a fair field!" He rushed to the tent's door, shaking a fist at Giggs. Then, with a fresh burst of ire, he turned again.

"For the last time, will you give me that locket, Carew?" he cried. "I know, on good authority——"

"You go and get that good authority," said Jimmy with exasperating serenity. "I want to see him." And Weatherbee, with an execration, rushed from the tent.

I followed curiously; while Jimmy lingered, doubtless to impart some details of the locket business to the gentlemen in blue. Weatherbee raced down Officers' Row, jumped into his racing craft, and paddled off, faster than he had travelled in any race that day, in the wake of the ferry-boat, now making her last trip.

There was a little knot of men gathered about the bulletin board at the Secretary's tent. Among them, with a dejected countenance, was young White of the wide-brimmed hat, scanning the official notification of his financial disaster with such intent that he did not observe me. A notice was posted that Weatherbee's protest had been disallowed. Beneath it was tacked a photo of the finish in the Trophy Cup race, and it showed plainly what the official announcement declared: that Jimmy Carew, by a 'Roman' nose, had won the Cup.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Last Gossip of Giggs.

Jimmy joined me at the dock.

"Come!" he said briskly, as he launched his racing craft. "The Commodore and the Committee and their ladies have promised to dine with us at eight-thirty at the *Inn*. Vanderbilt's coming, too. I'll hurry ahead to brush up and get the *Inn* people in line,

and you chase after, like a good fellow, in my other boat and get into your togs. The *Water Lily* will tow up your old red tub."

"Did you invite Weatherbee?" I asked.

"You heard Giggs' story," Jimmy said. "Well, it was all true, and I don't have to tell you now why I never like Mr. Weatherbee. The scandal about Old Man Adams' pretty young wife and Weatherbee and the club was all over Dantucket and the talk of all the aquatic clubs in the State of Maine. But Giggs' story in the tent of his association with Weatherbee's club was news to me, and we don't need to wonder now why he had it in for Weatherbee in his talk with you at Rome." Then Jimmy slapped ahead in his seemingly tireless way between the islands; and as I followed Giggs and the Roman constable put out in their skiff, while I observed that 'Number Seven' was not in tow. It was Good-bye Sweet Day now, over the darkling blue, with a glorious sunset half burned out but still silhouetting the welcome bulk of the *Inn* and the farther spires of the twinkling town.

"Potts?" echoed Giggs in a tone of weariness and disgust, in reply to my inquiry. "No, we didn't catch 'im, more's the pity! 'E was too fast an' foxy for us, an' me an' Bob 'ere pullin' like all possessed, an' 'avin' a warrant, too! Potts knew that me 'avin' Bob along meant arrest. That was it. An' 'e wasn't goin' to be took, not 'im, if 'e could 'elp it. 'E can row a bit, Potts can. 'E cut around the 'ead o' Sugar Island; an' the way that regatta crowd cheered 'im on, an' tried to block Bob an' me, was perfickly shameful an' scandalous! Then 'e took a sharp turn across the river, past Sykey Island, an' went right through the Lake Fleet, 'eadin' for Grindstone, goin' down stream a point or two. 'No go!' sez Bob, who was nearly blown. 'Wot?' I sez. 'Go on, then!' sez Bob, puffing. 'You'll see in a minute!' Potts rows past Grindstone a bit, then 'e stops an' sticks a little flag up in the bow. An' blowed if it wasn't the Stars an' Stripes! There was 'alf a dozen chaps in bathin' suits, who 'ad a camp at the foot o' Grindstone, an' they was lollin' around an' drinkin' beer. They yelled to Potts, an' w'en 'e sez somethin' back they all come runnin' down the beach, an' 'e rows in. 'Come on!' I sez to Bob. 'We've got 'im now!' 'Got 'im?' sez Bob, lettin' go 'is oars. 'Like 'ell! 'E's got us! Don't you see 'e's crossed the bound'ry line between Canada an' the United States, an' that's 'e's in American water now? My warrant isn't no good there,' 'e says. 'Well, I'll 'ave my boat!' I sez, an' pulls up. That crowd o' 'alf naked savages comes crowdin' into the water. 'Come on!' they sez, 'an' 'ave a beer!' 'Don't you do it!' sez Bob, backing water. 'It's my boat!' I sez, rippin' 'ot. 'Well, w'y don't you come