

CAP'N WARREN'S WARDS

"No. Why, yes, I did hear that they were in a tighter box than ever, financially. The smash will come pretty soon."

"I'm sorry. The old lady'll go down with colors nailed to the mast, I'll bet; and she'll leave a lot of suds where she sank. Do you know, I never blamed her so much. She was built that way. She's consider'ble like old Mrs. Patience Blodgett, who used to live up here to the Neck; like her — only there never was two people more different. Pashy was the craziest blue-ribboner you ever saw. Her one idea in life was gettin' folks to sign the pledge. She married Tim Blodgett, who was the wust soak in the county — he'd have figgered out, if you analyzed him, about like a bottle of patent medicine, seventy-two per cent alcohol. Well, Pashy married him to reform him, and she made her brags that she'd get him to sign the pledge. And she did, but only by puttin' it in front of him when he was too drunk to read it."

The lawyer laughed heartily. "So you think Mrs. Corcoran Dunn resembles her, do you," he observed.

"In one way — yes. Both of 'em sacrifice everything else to one idea. Pashy's was gettin' that pledge signed, and never mind ways and means. Mrs. Dunn's is money and position — never mind how they come. See what I'm drivin' at?"

Sylvester laughed again. "I guess so," he said. "Captain Warren, I never saw you in better spirits. Do you know what I think? I think that, for a chap who has just given away half of a good-sized fortune and intends giving away the other half, you're the most cheerful specimen I ever saw."

The captain laughed, too. "I am, ain't I," he said. "Well, I can say truthful what I never expected to say