

# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XVII.

TORONTO, JUNE 21, 1902.

No. 13.

## DICK RAYNOR'S VOYAGE.

BY W. B. ALLEN.

Dick Raynor was known all up and down Surf Point as a "first-rate fellow." When anything lively was going on, Dick was sure to be there. No boating party, or picnic of any sort was complete without Dick Raynor.

"Nat," said Dick, mysteriously, one afternoon, "come down to the cod-rocks, will you, and bring your line and a pail of bait? While we fish I've a plan to talk over with you."

"What is it?"

"You'll see!"

Nat Howland could not resist his chum's appeal, though he was under contract, so to speak, to play second base in the "Comets" that afternoon.

They soon had a dozen golden and bronze fish flapping about on the rock-wood. Then Dick unfolded his plan.

A big three-masted schooner was to sail from Surf Point a week later, in ballast for Atlanta, Georgia, from which port she was to freight a cargo of southern lumber to Boston.

"What I propose is," remarked Dick, first looking over his shoulder and lowering his voice, "for you and me to go in her!"

Nat actually turned pale under his freckles.

"W-why, we can't!" he managed to stammer.



"HULLO, CAP'N, WHAT YOU MAKING?"

"Why not, I sh'd like to know?" demanded Dick, with energy. "We can crawl down into the hold the night before, and —"

Well, the long and the short of it was that Nat wouldn't go. He was accustomed to follow Dick into almost every kind of a scrape, but he drew the line at running away to sea.

"Right you are," said Cap'n Ben, approvingly. "Sit down, boy. That is, unless you've something to do."

"There's something I want to ask you about, Cap'n Ben."

"What is it, Dick?"

"Won't you tell?"

"I won't, my boy, unless you say I may arter we've got through our talk."

Two, three, four days went swiftly by. Dick was more heedless than ever at school, and was so restless at night that his mother came in and laid her hand upon his forehead to see if he were sick. Dick's heart misgave him.

"I'm all right, mother," he said, giving her worn hand a little pat. The next morning but one the three-master was to sail.

On the following afternoon Dick wandered to and fro, unable to conceal his excitement. Finally he halted at old Cap'n Ben's front door.

Cap'n Ben was a "character" in Surf Point village. He could tell stories from morning to night of whales and sharks, and tempestuous voyages in the Sarah Ann and half a dozen other vessels.

"Hullo, Cap'n. What you making?"

"Wall," said the ancient mariner, "I reckon she'll be a 'mophrodite brig. I ain't turned out one of them craft this year."

"One mast square-rigged, and one fore 'n' aft?"