

"Why, whose clothes is he wearin'?" pursued Alf, utterly overcome by the picture.

"You'd better not let him hear you say that," cautioned Isaac Porter. "He got 'em in New York. He says young Mr. Bonner give 'em to him fer a weddin' present. Rosalie give him a pearl dingus to wear in his cravat, an' derned ef he don't have to wear a collar all the time now. That lawyer Barnes give him the cane. Gee whiz! he looks like a king! don't he?"

At that moment Anderson approached the group in front of Lamson's store. He walked with a stateliness that seemed to signify pain in his lower extremities more than it did dignity higher up.

"How fer out do you reckon they are by this time, Blootch?" he asked earnestly.

"'Bout ten miles further than when you asked while ago," responded Blootch, consulting his watch.

"Well, that ought to get 'em to Liverpool sometime soon then. They took a powerful fast ship. Makes it in less 'n six days, they say. Let's see. They sailed day before yesterday. They must be out sight o' land by this time."

"Yes, unless they're passin' some islands," agreed Blootch.

"Thunderation! What air you talkin' about?" said Anderson scornfully. "Cuby an' Porty Rico's been passed long ago. Them islands ain't far from Boston. Don't you remember how skeered the Boston people were durin' the war with Spain? Feared the Spanish shells might go a little high an' smash up the town? Islands nothin'! They've got away out