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awakened them they went out on deck and forward, Captain Bodge impelled by his seaman's instincts. The steamer was feeling her way up the harbor in dense morning fog, the pilots hanging from open windows and listening for whistle toot or blast of horn to answer their signals. But suddenly a lumbering schooner showed them her stern almost underfoot, and it was not until the big steamer had thrashed the sea into milk in her reversing that the pilots found voice to make many sulphurous inquiries about: "Your horn, you blank skipper of a tin skimmer!" The schooner was falling off into the fog from under the steamer's counter. The man at the wheel turned up a smooched face.

"One feller can't do more than he can!" he screeched. Doughty grabbed Bodge, and Bodge grabbed the farmer, and they threw each other back from the rail like partners in a dizzy two-step.

"The T. P. Todd," gasped the skipper.

"Hay and all!" choked the farmer.

"Les Trask!"

"And there ain't no ghost to that outfit! Did you smell it?"

Until the steamer was docked they looked into the harbor fog, mournfully speculating, wildly guessing. The farmer drew Bodge off into a corner of the gloomy freight shed, and endeavored to hide the shiftiness of his gaze and put sincerity into his tones.

"Where he's makin' his stab for is the custom house," said Doughty,

"but in this fog there's no telling what wharf he'll land at. All is,

you've got to post yourself at that custom house and lay for him in case he should get past me. That's your job all cut out for you. I'll hire a boatman and go down the harbor to meet him. I can handle him better'n you can, Cap Dunk. You ain't got no diplomacy. You can't lie. You ain't no good in dealin' in skin games. Hump yourself for that custom house." And he grabbed the captain by the shoulders and rushed him out to the street.

For several hours, wearily shifting his bundle from arm to arm, consumed by doubts and sweating in anxiety, Captain Duncan Bodge patrolled the sidewalk before the custom house.

The sun came up and the fog drifted away. At last he could endure the suspense no longer. He posted back to the steamer wharf. Among the Scotiamen and the coasters that were anchored in the lower harbor, his seaman's quick eye saw no rig resembling the Todd's, but away down past Cow Island there was a familiar blur of dingy canvas. It was standing out to sea.

A doryman, whittling from a huge plug of tobacco, was sitting near on a pile end. Noting the skipper's eager scrutiny of the distant sail, he volunteered:

"Prob'ly that ain't northin' you're wantin'. She's only a hay coaster that I carried her skipper off to a little while ago."

Once more the captain shifted the burden of his wedding suit and his lips moved quiveringly, but he did not speak. Then he went dragging his feet over the slivers up the wharf, trying to understand this new phase of the farmer's craftiness. He wondered if that evil old man of the singed whiskers would dare to take Trask out to sea and dump him overboard. Then other reflections occurred to him, and with his bundle squeezed tightly under his arm he trotted to the wharf of the eastbound coastwise packet. When she sailed he was seated well forward, humped over his parcel, his elbows akimbo, as though he was trying to hasten the craft's flight. And anyone with half an eye could see that Captain Duncan Bodge was revolving mighty thoughts.

It was about a month later that two men who had come down by stage coach had scuffed through the grass on the slope fronting Aminadab Doughty's cottage. A comfortable glow of lamplight from the window invited them.

"Lester, that light looks kind o' consolin' after our perels of the deep," observed one of the men, with sentimental tone.

"It seems jest as if it shone from the winder of Heaven, Mister Doughty," said the other, with as much sentimentality. "This being lugged clear to Europe and fired back, and only one suit of clothes on ye all the time, ain't what it's cracked up to be," he growled.

"I didn't know which way the darned old liner was goin' when I waved to it," lamented Doughty. "I was all turned round and you was asleep."

"Well, bein' home ag'in, home ag'in, from a furrin shore, makes up for it, Mr. Doughty. Now, one last word before we go in, so that there won't be no stubbin' toes. I can depend on you, you say, to fix it for me with Liza. All I've got to do is to look pfeasant and seal it with a kiss at the proper time?"

"Ex-actly. The Doughty family understands each other," declared the farmer, poudly. "If you want to see a girl that knows her bus'ness when her dad speaks, then you travel close behind me and keep your eye peeled."

And, with the assurance of the master of the house, he opened the door and went stamping in. The next moment his daughter was in his arms. Blinking over her shoulder in a keen survey of the room, he saw Captain Bodge calmly rocking away in a big chair that had always been sacred to Aminadab Doughty.

"I reckoned you and Les would show up all right in good time," said the skipper, acknowledging the greeting.

"I've pacified Liza, 'cause I know that them that's born to be—well, I knowed you was both good, spry men," he concluded, lamely.

The farmer leveled baleful gaze on this visitor so amazingly at home. But he checked the fiery speech trembling on his lips, and said as graciously as he could:

"I'm glad you're here this evenin', 'cause it's a good thing for me and you and Les to settle our bus'ness fore we have much to do outside talkin'." He hurried, as though he wanted to get over some disagreeable matters as soon as possible: "I hope you ain't been thinkin' hard things ag'in me, Dunk, for leavin' as I did. But it had to be done."

"Oh, I suppose you had reasons good and sufficient," returned the skipper, cheerfully. "I've backed your play the best I've knowed how. I've said you was in the hospittle gittin' over burns caused by a heroic struggle to save the T. P. Todd. That went here fast-rate."

"Why, with a few more lessons, you could do a pretty fair lyin' job. Take that ability and the cash value of your reppytation, Dunk, and you'll be makin' money fast as anyone 'fore you know it." Doughty's tone was admiring.

"I'm doin' fairly well," Bodge rejoined.

"Glad to hear it, sartain I am. But now, folks, for business!" Doughty's tone was very brisk. "Liza, we have some very special matters to talk over such as prob'ly wouldn't interest wimmen. Can't you run up to your room for a little while?"

"It's my bedtime, anyway," she said.

"Now, cap," went on the farmer, sinking his voice to a growl, "we—"

he jabbed his thumb significantly at the floor and added, "the T. P. Todd. Got took to Europe on a liner. Got back. Story was that we'd got blowed away from seine bo't. Nobody fussin' to look it up. The first Todd story still stands. She wa'n't spotted in Portland in that fog."

"That's right," corroborated the skipper, encouragingly. "I've collected all the insurance, and it was easy money."

The farmer glared at him for an instant.

"You and me can settle that part later, Cap Dunk," he went on, "but first we've got Les, here, to take care of. We're pardners—you and me—and one is held for the other, and you'll have to stand behind me in a little trade I made with Les. Les has sort of got us dead to rights. I could see that plain after my first talk with him, when I went out to the Todd that day." He rapidly sketched Trask's method of intervention. "All there is about it, I traded for our best