

"Boston?"

"No, further'n that."

"Montreal?"

"Further south, sweetheart."

"New York?"

"Further still. Give it up?"

"Yes."

"What would you say to Rio Janeiro in South America?"

Lillian Denton gasped. "Rio Janeiro?"

Frank nodded. "Yes, an' I plan goin' down on th' barkyteen thar'. Cap'en Thomas has his wife aboard an' a fine cosy little cabin, an' he said he'd be glad t' take us. We'd call on my friends down in Rio an' I plan on comin' back by Royal Mail steamer to New York. We'll go all up th' coast an' call in at Cartagena, La Guayra, where the people in 'Westward Ho!' went, an' a number o' th' West Indie Islands. Won't that be some honeymoon, Lil?"

"Oh, Frank, it'll be a dream and simply glorious. What a head my fisherman has! He's planned everything! But—what if papa doesn't consent?"

Westhaver waved his hand. "Lil," he said, "I have a hook baited for your dad that he'll be bound to bite on. I'm a-goin' t' show him around th' plant this afternoon, an' you jest say nawthin' but saw wood. He ain't got a chance to dive the twine, for I know jest exactly what an ol' sailor likes."

After dinner Frank took his visitors in hand. "Now, Cap'en, jest let me show you around our plant. All that fish you see dryin' on th' flakes is for th' Brazilian Government. Those with th' long whiskers stickin' out from them are hake; those with th' black lines an' th' devil's finger-marks on them are haddock, and there's a good pile o' cod, pollock, an' some cusk among them. What are they worth? Anywhere from three to five an' a half dollars a quintal or hundredweight. Thar's 'most ten thousand dollars' worth o' fish out here now. . . . The work o' tendin' th' fish layin' on th' flakes is done by a lot o' th' boys an' girls around here, as well as the old men. It's a good job for an old man. He kin potter around turnin' th' fish over an' coverin' them up with that burlap ef th' sun's too strong,