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	Price		Price
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ing, instead of tomorrow night—and win a new set of sails? Heaven knows she needed them badly enough. Lige knew that it never could be done with Symantha in command, and in order for him to make the attempt, it would be necessary for her to abdicate, and Lige fully realized the folly of suggesting anything of the kind to Symantha regarding a spurt of speed between the "Mary" and the "Sally Keen."

The more Lige thought of it the more convinced was he that the "Mary" really needed a new set of sails, and the more determined he became to make the attempt to let her win them. He swung the helm down, bringing the little schooner still closer into the wind, which increased her movements considerably and caused her to lay well over on her side. The sudden roll caused the cabin door to swing suddenly to and close. There was a stout iron hasp and padlock on the cabin door, and as that door was the only means of exit from below, Lige, acting abruptly upon the impulse of the moment, urged by forty years of subjection, sprang to the companionway and snapped the padlock into place, and Symantha was a prisoner, and he, for the first time in forty years, master of the "Laughing Mary."

There was a stream of exclamations, questions and demands from below, but Lige steered his heart and ears to them all and returned to the deck with a feeling of new born freedom and exhilaration within him. It was but the work of an instant to lash the tiller and proceed forward where he unfurled and raised the outer jib, set the topsail and hoisted by main strength the foresail. The result was a sudden and surprising increase of speed and effort from the little schooner, which seemed to shake off the sloth of forty years, leaped far over and leaped forward like a hound fresh from the leash.

The damp salt spray fell in showers from her bows, and every sail and boom creaked and strained like things of life.

Lige made his way astern again and grasped the tiller, and, as he swung it over a trifle further, the little craft seemed to quiver anew with a stronger effort to overhaul her rival and tormentor ahead.

Down in the little cabin there was a constant commotion from the deposed commander, but Lige's sole attention was fixed straight ahead on the "Sally Keen" who, with now every available sail set, was making a desperate effort to hold her own, since she had observed the strange manoeuvres of the "Laughing Mary," but the lead she had from the first was now slipping slowly from her, for the "Mary" with her dirty, blunt nose buried in deep foam, was plunging ahead like a race horse in her wake, while the creaking of straining sails and cordage, with the rush of the sea alongside, drowned from Lige's ears any sounds or calls from below.

An hour passed, and still the little schooner forged steadily ahead. The skipper of the "Sally Keen" leaned over her rail and stared in open-mouthed amazement at the strange movements of the "Laughing Mary," and, as the old schooner leaned still further over and crept up a little closer, Lige, in his excitement, called loudly, for his racing instinct was strong within him.

"Ahoy thar! I'm after that new set of sails fer ther furst craft inter Nantucket port. Ther 'Mary,' she needs 'em kinder bad, I reckon."

The skipper of the "Sally Keen" grinned, nodded his head and shouted in reply.

"Yes, and I'll be blowed, if I don't throw in a coat o' paint, too. Ther 'Mary' needs it putty bad."

This last addition to the wager only served to make Lige's determination to win stronger than before, and a vision of the agile "Mary" in a coat of white paint and a new set of sails above, made the old salt reckless to the point of danger. He glanced astern to the bending canvas, and vaguely wondered if she could stand the strain a little more. He concluded to risk it, under the circumstances, and swung the helm

up a trifle further and brought the plunging "Mary" to where she felt the full strength of the wind, which resulted in keeling her over so far that Lige could scarcely keep his footing on the steep incline of the deck, but it brought him almost abreast of the "Sally Keen" and the old man was satisfied and chuckled exultingly.

Straight ahead with steady strain of sails crept the "Laughing Mary" for another hour, and at last, as the sun went down into the sea and the bright moon came up, the "Mary" was slowly but certainly creeping across the bows of the "Sally Keen."

So well pleased was Lige with the apparent success of his attempt, that he again lashed the tiller securely and crept down the companionway and called loudly through the cabin door. "Say, Symantha—what yer doin'?"

"Lige Bingham!" came the quick retort from within. "What under the sun air ye doin' with ther 'Mary?'"

"I'm racin' ther 'Sally Keen' inter Nantucket an'—"

"What air yer racin' ther 'Sally Keen' fer, I'd like ter know?" interrupted the shrill voice of his better half in angry impatience.

"Fer a new set o' sails an' a coat o' paint fer the 'Mary,'" replied Lige, confidently.

"Humph!" snorted his wife in indignation and disgust. "Jist yer open this door, Lige Bingham, an' let me out o' here an' I'll put a stop to this foolishness mighty sudden, now I tell yer. Do yer hear me?"

Lige knew his wife well enough to know that all hopes of success were gone if she reached the deck and took control of affairs, and he felt that he had rather brave her future anger than endure the future taunts of Ben Rogers and to lose the wager now, with port almost in sight, and the "Laughing Mary" well ahead, so he replied bravely with his lips close to the crack in the door:

"Now see here, Symantha, yer jist better stay below, 'cause t'aint no fit place fer a woman on deck jist now—nor t'wont be nuther 'til we make Nantucket harbor. I'm goin' ter win them sails and that coat o' paint fer the 'Mary' or I'll know ther reason why," and without further ado, he turned and went back up the companionway to his post at the helm, followed by a torrent of passionate rage, threats and demands from the imprisoned woman below.

All night long Lige stuck faithfully to his post at the helm and coaxed and drove and urged the straining little schooner, until at last, when the night was over and the morning sun came up like a ball of fire, Lige turned and wearily scanned the eastern horizon for a sight of the "Sally Keen," and there, almost hull down—near the sky line he made her out, while just ahead Nantucket Light loomed up clear and welcome, with Nantucket port just beyond.

Ten days later, the "Laughing Mary" sailed back into Port Haven resplendent in a coat of dazzling white paint and a snowy set of sails above. Lige stood at the helm puffing his pipe serenely, while Symantha sat beside him on an upturned herring tub, busily engaged in sewing a pretentious patch upon the seat of Captain Lige's "shore" trousers.

"Sir—Your wife is held by us for ransom. She will be detained until you deposit \$10,000 under the oak tree at the top of the hill. The Black Hand."

"Dear Sirs—Your favor of recent date received. I have deposited under the oak tree a trunk containing the rest of my wife's wardrobe. Yours truly, J. B. Henpecke."

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