

it bad enough, I assure you. The place that was wrecked was covered over with an old sail but I could see that it was quite a damage. What was to be done now would be decided when the company met, so I went to call on Mr. Hooper, but he was not at home. As I was satisfied the schooner Diver was a wreck, I wanted to see him and find out the particulars. I didn't have to wait long for a postal called me to a meeting that night, and I was soon on the train for Lynn, wondering what was to happen this time. The train stopped just as I thought I had the explosion figured out, and the conductor sang out Lynn so loud that I started to my feet; had I been asleep and dreaming? As I hustled off the train in the cool air, I said to myself, "no, this is all real."

There were not as many present at the meeting as I expected; their absence, Mr. Hooper explained, showed their confidence. He said the boys were standing by him; ready to advance more money if required. He said the vessel was not hurt much, that between three hundred and five hundred dollars would cover the damage. I inquired into the cause of the blow-up and it seemed Mr. Hooper had got it into his head to go house-cleaning, and as the schooner was pretty buggy, he consulted the pharmacist Hogan, who said that he knew of a compound that would drive all the vermin on board into the sea. He fixed up a pailful of this compound and gave it to Mr. Hooper who took it on board, and told the boys how to use it so it would be safe. Mr. Hooper had a job at the other end of the vessel, a good safe distance away, while one man went below to apply this bug remedy, with what result he learned to his sorrow. Mr. Hooper had been to Boston and seen some of the contractors on such jobs, and the vessel could be repaired cheap. He could have all the work done by contract or by the day, but recommended the day work, for he could get a more thorough job, al-