

"Do you suppose they ever will be married?"

"Why, yes, I kind of think so. I shouldn't wonder if they would be right off now if it wasn't that Rachel wouldn't think of givin' up keepin' house for your grandmother. She wouldn't do that and Labe wouldn't want her to. I've got to fix that somehow. Perhaps they could live along with us. Land knows there's room enough. They're all right, those two. Kind of funny to look at, and they match up in size like a rubber boot and a slipper, but I declare I don't know which h. s got the most common-sense or the biggest heart. And 'twould be hard to tell which thinks the most of you, Al. . . . Eh? Why, it's after half-past twelve o'clock! Olive'll be for combin' our topknots with a be-layin' pin if we keep her dinner waitin' like this."

As they were putting on their coats the captain spoke again.

"I hadn't finished what I was sayin' to you when Labe came in," he observed. "'Twasn't much account; just a sort of confession, and they say that's good for the soul. I was just goin' to say that when you first came here I was prejudiced against you, not only because your father and I didn't agree, but because he was what he was. Because he was — was —"

Albert finished the sentence for him.

"A Portygee," he said.

"Why, yes, that's what I called him. That's what I used to call about everybody that wasn't born right down here in Yankeeland. I used to be prejudiced against you because you was what I called a half-breed. I'm sorry, Al. I'm ashamed. See what you've turned out to be. I declare, I —"

"Shh! shh! Don't, Grandfather. When I came here I was a little snob, a conceited, insufferable little —"

"Here, here! Hold on! No, you wa'n't, neither. Or if you was, you was only a boy. I was a man, and I ought to —"

"No, I'm going to finish. Whatever I am now, or whatever I may be, I owe to you, and to Grandmother, and Ra-