

THE CHAPTER BEFORE THE FIRST

THIS BOOK'S SAILING DAY

I don't know much about novels. I git most o' my readin' out o' th' Bible an' th' *New York Herald*. Still that don't mean that I don't care for fiction. I reckon there's a little o' that in both them publications.—*The Logbook of the Lyddy*.

After it was decided that this tale might be made into a book, and while neither the publisher nor myself knew at all what the book's name would be, I visited Captain Burgee at his home on Cape Cod, near Provincetown, for the express purpose of telling him about it. At first he seemed to be somewhat startled. Then his face took on a sheepish expression as he said:

"Well, by John! A book! Be you goin' to put me into it?"

"Certainly," I answered. "You are most of it."

"Quincy!" he ejaculated.

Then he puffed vainly at his pipe for a while. Finally he looked over toward Mrs. Henry Parton, who sat in a barrel-chair on the porch, not far from us, and said:

"Adams!" He took another long breath through the cold pipe. No smoke responded. "Nory 'n I have a light?" he asked.

"I'll get one for you, Captain," she said quickly, and jumped up, adding: "I felt in my pocket a moment ago and noticed that your matches were all gone."