

here that there are two men in this company who want to fight me. Now if they think they have got an easy job, they had better run up against me, that is all."

If a bomb had exploded we would not have been more surprised; here he had ignored the question, he had stampeded the debaters, and the meeting was practically at an end, by his bringing before it some of his own personal affairs. However, we tried to pacify him by saying we would stand by him, and order was soon restored. Mr. Hooper sat as stately as a king who had won some great victory. A new motion was made that Mr. Hooper purchase the launch Twin Sisters, and being carried, the meeting adjourned until some indefinite period.

I was thoroughly disgusted with the whole affair. I had attended a society once a week for some years that had sometimes pretty sharp debates, and although I was numbered among the wall flowers, I knew how a meeting should be conducted.

I felt sure I knew the cause of the break in Mr. Hooper's ruling—it was his ignorance of parliamentary rule—and they got him twisted and so he got mad—and thought the only way out of it was to get in a row. After the meeting I was introduced to some more of our company. There was Mr. Grey, the engineer, a solid looking little man; there was Mr. Ryan, a rising young lawyer, and Mr. Hogan, the pharmacist; Mr. Ricker of New York, and Mr. Lepage, a boss plumber, all healthy-looking men.

I forgot to mention that I was elected mate of the schooner Diver that same evening. I was not a bit proud of my office, for I knew there was a responsibility that I did not hanker for. It being my train time I bade them all good night and started for home. Mr. Hooper followed me to the door, told me there would probably be another meeting called as there was considerable business that had to be attended to, and as he bade me good night, told me not to fail to come when notified.