

National Directory of Standard Products



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dates of the coins now herself; the markings were eroded, nearly gone in some instances, but in every case enough remained to make plain the date. "Eighteen-ninety—1893—1889," she made them out. Her voice hushed queerly. "What does it mean?" she whispered.

He turned over and reexamined the articles with hands suddenly steady. "There are two sets of things here," he concluded. "The muffler and paper of directions—they belonged to my father. The other things—it isn't six months or less than six months that they've lain in sand and water to become worn like this; it's twenty years. My father can't have had these things; they were somewhere else, or some one else had them. He wrote his directions to that person—after June twelfth, he said, so it was before June twelfth he wrote it; but we can't tell how long before. It might have been in February, when he disappeared; it might have been any time after that. But if the directions were written so long ago, why weren't the things sent to you before this? Didn't the person have the things then? Did we have to wait to get them? Or—was it the order to send them that he didn't have? Or if he had the instructions, was he waiting to receive word when they were to be sent?"

"To receive word?" she echoed.

"Word from my father! You thought these things proved my father was dead. I think they prove he is alive! Oh, we must think this out!"

HE paced up and down the room; she sank into a chair, watching him. "The first thing that we must do," he said suddenly, "is to find out about the watch. What is the phone number of the telegraph office?"

She told him, and he went out to the telephone; she sprang up to follow him, but checked herself and merely waited until he came back.

"I've wired to Buffalo," he announced. "The Merchants' Exchange, if it is still in existence, must have a record of the presentation of the watch. At any rate, the wreck of the Winnebago and the name of the skipper of the other boat must be in the files of the newspapers of that time."

"Then you'll stay here with us until an answer comes."

"If we get a reply by to-morrow morning; I'll wait till then. If not, I'll ask you to forward it to me. I must see about the trains and get back to Frankfort. I can cross by boat from there to Manitowoc—that will be quickest. We must begin there, by trying to find out who sent the package."

"Henry Spearman's already sent to have that investigated."

Alan made no reply; but she saw his lips draw tighter quickly. "I must go myself as soon as I can," he said, after a moment.

She helped him put the muffler and the other articles back into the box; she noticed that the wedding ring was no longer with them. He had taken that, then; it had meant to him all that she had known it must mean.

In the morning she was up very early; but Alan, the servants told her, had risen before she had and had gone out. The morning, after the cool northern night, was chill. She slipped a sweater on and went out on the veranda, looking about for him. An

iridescent haze shrouded the hills and the bay; in it she heard a ship's bell strike twice; then another struck twice—then another—and another—and another. The haze thinned as the sun grew warmer, showing the placid water of the bay on which the ships stood double—a real ship and a mirrored one. She saw Alan returning, and knowing from the direction from which he came that he must have been to the telegraph office, she ran to meet him.

"Was there an answer?" she inquired eagerly.

He took a yellow telegraph sheet from his pocket and held it for her to read.

"Watch presented Captain Caleb Stafford, master of propeller freighter Marvin Halch for rescue of crew and passengers of sinking steamer Winnebago off Long Point, Lake Erie."

SHE was breathing quickly in her excitement. "Caleb Stafford!" she exclaimed. "Why, that was Captain Stafford of Stafford and Ramsdell! They owned the Miwaka!"

"Yes," Alan said.

"You asked me about that ship—the Miwaka—that first morning at breakfast!"

"Yes."

A great change had come over him since last night; he was under emotion so strong that he seemed scarcely to dare to speak lest it master him—a leaping, exultant impulse, it was, which he fought to keep down.

"What is it, Alan?" she asked. "What is it about the Miwaka? You said you'd found some reference to it in Uncle Benny's house. What was it? What did you find there?"

"The man—" Alan swallowed and steadied himself and repeated—"the man I met in the house that night mentioned it."

"The man who thought you were a ghost?"

"Yes."

"How—how did he mention it?"

"He seemed to think I was a ghost that had haunted Mr. Corvet—the ghost from the Miwaka; at least he shouted out to me that I couldn't save the Miwaka!"

"Save the Miwaka! What do you mean, Alan? The Miwaka was lost with all her people—officers and crew—no one knows how or where!"

"All except the one for whom the Drum didn't beat!"

"What's that?" Blood pricked in her cheeks. "What do you mean, Alan?"

"I don't know yet; but I think I'll soon find out!"

"No; you can tell me more now, Alan. Surely you can. I must know. I have the right to know. Yesterday, even before you found out about this, you knew things you weren't telling me—things about the people you'd been seeing. They'd all lost people on the lakes, you said; but you found out more than that."

"They'd all lost people on the Miwaka!" he said. "All who could tell me where their people were lost; a few were like Jo Papo we saw yesterday, who knew only the year his father was lost; but the time always was the time that the Miwaka disappeared!"

"Disappeared!" she repeated. Her veins were pricking cold. What did he know, what could any one know of the Miwaka, the ship of which nothing ever was heard except the beating of the Indian Drum? She tried to make

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