

confess that my confidence was a little shaken, when I began to realize Hooper's true character, that he was a little careless of his word at times and deception with him was a virtue.

Mr. Hooper held all the money without bonds. He had elected himself president, secretary and treasurer of the company, his ruling was despotism while he preached socialism. We had bowed to his will like so many pagans, paying in our money on a bare receipt and accepting his dictations whenever or wherever he saw fit to dictate.

He now carried with him two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars of the Company's money, trusted beyond prudence; how easy he could skip, but no one thought such a thing of Mr. Hooper, in fact it would not do to think this of him, for he was quick to anger, and when you were out of his books, there was no hope for you this side of Alaska. The money he carried was to pay for the vessel, and when the train stopped at the station, we went on board of the schooner, and began to get her ready for the trip to Lynn, while he went up to pay Babmon the balance due on the vessel, and engage a sailmaker to make a new suit of sails. The sailmaker came on board and took the measure for the sails and we cleared at the Custom House, as the business was all settled. We hauled down to the end of the wharf where we made sail, and with a fair breeze we sailed out of the harbor. Off the Cape the wind died out and left us in an uncomfortable chop of a sea, that tumbled us about in all shapes, and I began to feel a little faint, as I had eaten nothing since I left home. But there was a good clam chowder cooking below, and I kept up my courage, patiently waiting for the first call. I saw that Hooper was watching us, to see us run to the rail, and pay our respects to Father Neptune as there could not be a better sea invented to make a man sea-sick than that we were experiencing off old Cape Ann. Dinner being ready