

Dear Mother

Your little ones are a constant care in Fall and Winter weather. They will catch cold. Do you know about Shiloh Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, and what it has done for so many? It is said to be the only reliable remedy for all diseases of the air passages in children. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It is guaranteed to cure your money is returned. The price is 25c. per bottle, and all dealers in medicine sell.

SHILOH

This remedy should be in every household.

CAP'N ERI

(Continued from Page 4.)

ing of Hazeltine with the interest due to such an event. Captain Eri gave them a detailed account of his meeting with the new electrician, omitting, however, in consideration for the feelings of Captain Perez, to mention the fact that it was the Bartlett boy who started that gentleman upon his walk to the cable station.

"Well, what did you think of him?" asked Captain Perez when the recital was finished.

"Seemed to me like a pretty good feller," answered Captain Eri deliberately. "He didn't get mad at the joke the gang played on him, for one thing. He ain't so smooth tongued as Parker used to be, and he didn't treat Baxter and me as if Cape Codders was a kind of animals, the way some of the summer folks do. He had the sense not to offer to pay me for takin' him over to the station, and I liked that. Take it altogether, he seemed like a pretty decent chap—for a New Yorker," he added as an afterthought.

"But, say," he said a moment later, "I've got some more news, and it ain't good news, either. Web Saunders has got his liquor license."

"I want to know!" exclaimed Captain Perez.

"You don't tell me!" said Captain Jerry.

Then they both said, "What will John Baxter do now?" And Captain Eri shook his head dubiously.

The cod bit well next morning, and Captain Eri did not get in from the Windward ledge until afternoon. By the way, it may be well to explain that Captain Jerry's remark concerning "settlin' down" and "restin'", which was chronicled in the first chapter, must not be accepted too literally. While it is true that each of the trio had given up long voyages, it is equally true that none had given up work entirely. Some people might not consider it restful to rise at 4 every week day morning and sail in a catboat twelve miles out to sea and haul a wet cod line for hours, not to mention the sail home and the cleaning and barreling of the catch. Captain Eri did that. Captain Perez was what he called "stevordore"—that is, general caretaker during the owner's absence at Mr. Delancy Barry's summer estate on the cliff road." As for Captain Jerry, he was janitor at the schoolhouse.

The catch was heavy the next morning, as has been said, and by the time the last fish was split and feed and the last barrel sent to the railway station it was almost supper time. Captain Eri had intended calling on Baxter early in the day, but now he determined to wait until after supper.

The captain had had luck in the "mating" that followed the meal, and it was nearly 8 o'clock before he finished washing dishes. This distasteful task being completed, he set out for the Baxter homestead.

The captain's views on the liquor question were broader than those of many Orham citizens. He was an abstainer, generally speaking, but his scruples were not as pronounced as those of Miss Abigail Mullett, whose proudest boast was that she had refused brandy when the doctor prescribed it as the stimulant needed to save her life. On general principles the captain objected to the granting of a license to a fellow like Web Saunders, but it was the effect that this action of the state authorities might have upon his friend John Baxter that troubled him most.

For forty-five years John Baxter was called by Cape Cod people "as smart a skipper as ever trod a plank." He saved money, built an attractive home for his wife and daughter and would

Boston was made for the purpose of visiting the girl who was his sole reminder of the things that might have been, but even the captain did not know that the money that paid her board and as she grew older for her gowns and schooling came from the bigoted, stern old hermit living alone in the old house at Orham.

In Orham and in other sections of the Cape as well there is a sect called by the ungodly the "Come Outers." They were originally seceders from the Methodist churches who disapproved of modern innovations. They "come out" once a week to meet at the houses of the members, and theirs are lively meetings. John Baxter was a "Come Outer," and ever since the enterprising Mr. Saunders opened his billiard room the old man's tirades of righteous wrath had been directed against this den of iniquity. Since it became known that Web had made application for the license it was a regular amusement for the unregenerate to attend the gatherings of the "Come Outers" and hear John Baxter call down fire from heaven upon the billiard room, its proprietor and its patrons. Orham people had begun to say that John Baxter was "billiard saloon crazy."

And John Baxter was Captain Eri's friend, a friendship that had begun in school when the declaimer of Patrick Henry's "liberty or death" speech on examination day took a fancy to and refused to laugh at the little chap who tremblingly ventured to assert that he loved "little pussy, her coat is so warm." The two had changed places until now it was Captain Eri who protected and advised.

When the captain rapped at John Baxter's kitchen door no one answered, and after yelling "Ship ahoy!" through the keyhole a number of times he was forced to the conclusion that his friend was not at home.

"You lookin' fer Cap'n Baxter?" queried Mrs. Sarah Taylor, who lived just across the road. "He's gone to 'Come Outers' meetin', I guess. There's one up to Barzilla Small's tonight."

Mr. Barzilla Small lived in that part of the village called "down to the beach" and when the captain arrived there he found the parlor filled with the devout, who were somewhat surprised to see him.

"Why, Eri," whispered John Baxter, "I didn't expect to see you here. I'm glad, though. Lord knows, every God-fearin' man in this town has need to be on his knees this night. Have you heard about it?"

"Cap'n John means about the rum-sellin' license that Web Saunders has got," volunteered Miss Melissa Busted, leaning over her seat in the patent rocker that had been the premium earned by Mrs. Small for selling 150 pounds of tea for a much advertised house. "Ain't it awful? I says to Prissy Baker this mornin' soon 's I heard of it, 'Prissy,' 's I, 'there'll be a judgment on this town sure's you're a livin' woman,' 's I. Says she, 'That's so, Miss,' 's she, and I says—"

Well, when Miss Busted talks interruptions are futile, so Captain Eri sat silent as the comments of at least one-third of the population of Orham were poured into his ears. The recitation was cut short by Mrs. Small's vigorous pounding on the center table.

"We're blessed this evenin'," said the hostess, with emotion, "in havin' Mr. Perley with us. He's goin' to lead the meetin'."

The Rev. Mr. Perley—reverend by courtesy; he had never been ordained—stood up, cleared his throat with vigor, rose an inch or two on the toes of a very squeaky pair of boots, sank to heel level again and announced that every one would join in singing "hymn No. 110, omitting the second and fourth stanzas; hymn No. 110, second and fourth stanzas omitted." The melodeon, tormented by Mrs. Laurania Bassett, shrieked and groaned, and the hymn was sung. So was another and yet another, when Mr. Perley squeaked to his fingertips, subsided and began a lengthy and fervent discourse.

"Oh, brothers and sisters," he shouted, "here we are kneelin' at the altar's foot, and what's goin' on outside? Why, the devil's got his clutches in our midst. The horn of the wicked is exalted. They're sellin' rum—rum—in this town! They're sellin' rum and drinkin' of it and gloryin' in their shame. But the Lord ain't asleep. He's got his eye on 'em. He's watchin' 'em. And some of these fine days he'll send down fire out of heaven and wipe 'em off the face of the earth!" ("Amen! Glory, glory, glory!")

John Baxter was on his feet, his lean face working, the perspiration shining on his forehead, his eyes gleaming like lamps under his rough white eyebrows and his clenched fists pounding the back of the chair in front of him. His halcyon days were the last to cease. Captain Eri had to use some little force to pull him down on the sofa again.

Then Mrs. Small struck up, "Oh, brother, have you heard?" And they sang it with enthusiasm. Next Miss Mullett told her story of the brandy and the defiance of the doctor. Nobody seemed much interested except a nervous young man with sandy hair and celluloid collar, who had come with Mr. Tobias Wilson and was evidently a stranger.

There was more singing. Mrs. Small "testified." So did Barzilla, with many hesitations and false starts and an air of relief when it was over; then another hymn and more testimony, each speaker denouncing the billiard saloon. Then John Baxter arose and spoke.

say he ought to? Do you think God's goin' to walk up to that door and nail it up himself? No, sir! He didn't work that way. We've talked and talked, and now it's time to do. Ain't there anybody here that feels a call? Ain't there axes to chop with and fire to burn? I tell you, brothers, we've waited long enough. I-oh as I am—am ready. Lord, here I am. Here I am!"

He swayed, broke into a fit of coughing and sank back upon the sofa, trembling.



"I tell you, brothers and sisters," bling all over and still muttering that he was ready. There was a hushed silence for a moment or two and then a storm of hallelujahs and shouts. Mr. Perley started another hymn, and it was sung with tremendous enthusiasm.

Just behind the nervous young man with the celluloid collar sat a stout individual with a bald head. This was Abjiah Thompson, known by the irreligious as "Barking" Thompson, a nickname bestowed because of his peculiar habit of gradually puffing up like a frog under religious excitement and then bursting forth in an inarticulate shout, disconcerting to the uninitiated. During Baxter's speech and the singing of the hymn his expansive red cheeks had been distended like balloons and his breath came shorter and shorter. Mr. Perley had arisen and was holding up his hand for silence when with one terrific "Boo" "Barking" Thompson's spiritual exaltation exploded directly in the ear of the nervous stranger.

The young man shot out of his chair as if Mr. Thompson had fired a dynamite charge beneath him. "Oh, the devil!" he shrieked and then subsided, blushing to the back of his neck.

Somehow this interruption took the spirit out of the meeting. Captain Eri got his friend out of the "Come Outers" meeting as quickly as possible and piloted him down the road toward his home. John Baxter was silent and abashed, and most of the captain's cheerful remarks concerning Orham affairs in general went unanswered. As they turned in at the gate the elder man said:

"Eri, do you believe that man's law ought to be allowed to interfere with God's law?"

"Well, John, in most cases it's my judgment that it pays to steer pretty close to both of 'em."

"S'pose God called you to break man's law and keep his, what would you do?"

"Guess the fust thing would be to make sure 'twas the Almighty that was callin'. I don't want to say nothin' to hurt your feelin's, but I should advise the feller that thought that he had that kind of a call to 'beware of imitations,' as the soap folks advertise."

"Eri, I've got a call."

"Now, John Baxter, you listen. Don't you worry no more about Web Saunders and that billiard saloon. The s'lectmen 'll attend to them afore very long. Why don't you go up to Boston for a couple of weeks? 'Twill do you good."

"Do you think so, Eri? Well, maybe 'twould—maybe 'twould. Sometimes I feel as if my head was kind of wearin' out. I'll think about it."

"Good night."

"Good night, John."

CHAPTER IV.

SOMEWHERE over a fortnight went by, and the three captives had received no answers from the advertisement in the Nuptial Chime. The suspense affected each of them in a different manner. Captain Jerry was nervous and apprehensive. He said nothing and asked no questions, but it was noticeable that he was the first to greet the carrier of the "mail box" when that individual came down the road, and as the days passed and nothing more important than the Cape Cod Item and a patent medicine circular came to hand a look that a discerning person might have deemed expressive of hope began to appear in his face.

Captain Perez, on the contrary, grew more and more disgusted with the delay. He spent a good deal of time wondering why there were no replies, and he even went so far as to suggest writing to the editor of the Chime. He was disposed to lay the blame upon Captain Eri's advertisement and hinted that the latter was not "catchy" enough.

The first batch of answers from the Chime came by an evening mail. Captain Eri happened to be at the post-office that night and brought them home himself. They filled three of his pockets to overflowing, and he dumped them by handfuls on the dining table under the nose of the pallid Jerry.

"What did I tell you, Jerry?" he crowed. "I knew they was on the way. What have you got to say about my advertisement now, Perez?"

Mr. Skipper: Sir—I saw your advertisement in the paper and think perhaps you might suit me. Please answer these questions by return mail. What is your religious belief? Do you drink liquor? Are you a divorcee? If you want to, you might send me your real name and photograph. If I think you will suit maybe we might sign articles. Yours truly, MARTHA B. SNOW.

Nantucket, Mass.

"What I like about that is the ship-shape way she puts it," commented Captain Perez. "She don't say that she 'jest adores the ocean.'"

"She's mighty handy about takin' hold and bossin' things, there ain't no doubt of that," said Captain Eri. "Notice it's us that's got to suit her, not her us. I kind of like that 'signin' articles too."

"I b'lieve she's jest the kind we want," said Captain Perez, with conviction.

"What do you say, Jerry?" asked Captain Eri. "You're goin' to be the lucky man, you know."

"Oh, I don't know. What's the use of hurryin'? More'n likely the next lot of letters 'll have somethin' better yit."

"Now, that's jest like you, Jerry Burgess!" exclaimed Perez disgustedly. "Want to put off and put off and put off. And the house gittin' more like the fo'castle on a cattle boat every day."

"I don't b'lieve myself you'd do much better, Jerry," said Captain Eri seriously. "I like that letter somehow. Seems to me it's worth a try."

"Oh, all right. Have it your own way. Of course I ain't got nothin' to say 'bout only the fool that's got to get married and see boarders, that's all I am. I don't care what you do. Go ahead and write to her if you want to, only I give you fair warnin' I ain't goin' to have her if she don't suit me. Between them and with much diplomacy they soothed the indignant candidate for matrimony until he agreed to sign his name to a letter to the Nantucket lady. Then Captain Perez said:

"But, I say, Jerry, she wants your picture. Have you got one to send her?"

"I've got that daguerreotype I had took when I was married afore."

He rummaged it out of his chest and displayed it rather proudly. It showed him as a short, sandy haired youth with the depths of an enormous cracker and whose head was crowned with a tall, flat brimmed silk hat of a forgotten style.

The daguerreotype, carefully wrapped, was mailed the next morning, accompanied by a brief biographical sketch of the original and his avowed adherence to the Baptist creed and the Good Templars' abstinence.

"I hope she'll hurry up and answer," said the impatient Captain Perez. "I want to git this thing settled one way or another. Don't you, Jerry?"

"Yes," was the hesitating reply. "One way or another."

Captain Eri had seen John Baxter several times since the evening of the "Come Outers" meeting. The old man was calmer apparently and was disposed to take the billiard saloon matter less seriously, particularly as it was reported that the town selectmen were to hold a special meeting to consider the question of allowing Mr. Saunders to continue in business. The last named gentleman had given what he was pleased to call a "blowout" to his regular patrons in celebration of the granting of the license, and Squaeer Wilson and one or two more spent a dreary day and night in the town lock-up in consequence. Baxter told his captain that he had not yet made up his mind concerning the proposed Boston trip, but he thought "more'n likely" he should go.

Captain Eri was obliged to be content with this assurance, but he continued just the same a close watch on his friend just the same.

He had met Ralph Hazeltine once or twice since the latter's arrival in Orham, and in response to questions as to how he was getting on at the station the new electrician invariably responded, "First rate." Gossip, however, in the person of Miss Busted, reported that the operators were doing their best to keep Mr. Hazeltine's lot from being altogether a bed of roses, and there were dark hints of something more to come.

On the morning following the receipt of the letter from the Nantucket lady Captain Eri was busy at his fish shanty putting his lines in order and sewing a patch on the mainsail of his catboat. These necessary repairs had prevented his taking the usual trip to the fishing grounds. Looking up from his work, he saw through the open door Ralph Hazeltine just stepping out of the cable station skiff.

"How do you do, Cap'n Hedge?" said Hazeltine, walking toward the shanty, when that individual came down the road, and as the days passed and nothing more important than the Cape Cod Item and a patent medicine circular came to hand a look that a discerning person might have deemed expressive of hope began to appear in his face.

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on the diseases of T. J. Leibs Co., 179 Ninety Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you.

calculate I will. You might sing out as you go past. I've got a half hour job on this nail, and then it's my watch below."

The cable station at Orham is a low whitewashed building with many windows. The vegetation about it is limited exclusively to beach grass and an occasional wild plum bush. The nearest building which may be reached without a boat is the life saving station, two miles below. The outer beach changes its shape every winter. The gears near great holes in its sides and then, as if in recompense, throw up new shoals, and cable station door-ways in fair weather may be counted the sails of over a hundred vessels going and coming between Boston and New York. They come and go, and, alas, sometimes stop by the way. Then the life saving crews are busy, and the Boston newspapers report another wreck. All up and down the outer beach are the sun whitened bones of schooners and ships, and all about them and partially covering them is sand, sand, sand, as white and much coarser than granulated sugar.

Hazeltine's postoffice trip and other errands had taken much more time than he anticipated, and more than two hours had gone by before he called for Captain Eri. During the row to the beach the electrician explained to the captain the processes by which a break in the cable is located and repaired.

"They landed at the little wharf and plodded through the heavy sand."

"Dismal looking place, isn't it?" said Hazeltine as he opened the back door of the station.

"Well, I don't know. It has its good points," replied his companion. "Your neighbors' hens don't scratch up your garden, for one thing. What do you do in here?"

"This is the room where we receive and send. This is the receiver."

The captain noticed with interest the recorder, with its half filled with ink that, when the cable was working, wrote the messages upon the paper tape traveling beneath it.

"Pretty nigh as 'flinky as a watch, ain't it?" he observed.

"Fully as delicate in its way. Do you see this little screw on the center-piece? Turn that a little one way or the other and the operator on the other side might send you'll doomsday, we wouldn't know it. I'll show you the living rooms and the laboratory now."

Just then the door at the other end of the room opened, and a man, whom Captain Eri recognized as one of the operators, came in. He started when he saw Hazeltine and turned to go out again. Ralph spoke to him:

"Peters," he said, "where is Mr. Langley?"

"Don't know," answered the fellow gruffly.

"Wait a minute. Tell me where Mr. Langley is."

"I don't know where he is. He went over to the village awhile ago."

"Where are the rest of the men?"

"Don't know."

The impudence and thinly veiled hostility in the man's tone were unmistakable. Hazeltine hesitated, seemed about to speak and then silently led the way to the hall.

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