CAP'N ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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(Continued from last week)

PEREZ," observed Captain Er. CHAPTER L. average up with the mis takes of Providence."

The captain was seated by the oper door of the dining room in the rocker with the patched cane seat. He was apparently very busy doing something with a piece of fish line and a pair of long legged rubber boots. Captain Perez, swinging back and forth in the parlor rocker with the patchwork cushion, was puffing deliberately at a wooden pipe, the bowl of which was carved into the likeness of a very rakish damsel with a sailor's cap set

upon the side of her once flaxen head. In response to his companion's remark he lazily turned his sunburned face toward the cane seated rocker and in-

"What on airth are you doin' with them boots?" Captain Eri tied a knot with his fin-

gers and teeth and then held the boots out at arm's length. "Why, Perez," he said, "I'm aver-

agin' up, same as I told you. Providence made me a two legged critter, and a two legged critter needs two boots. I've always been able to find one of these boots right off whenever I wanted it, but it's took me so plaguy long to find the other one that whatever wet there was dried up afore I got out of the house. That's why I'm splicin' 'em together this way. I don't want to promise nothin' rash, but I'm in hopes that even Jerry can't lose 'em "Humph!" grunted Captain Perez.

"I don't think much of that plan. 'Stead of losin' one you'll lose both of

"Yes, but then I shan't care. If there ain't no boots in sight I'll go barefoot or stay at home. It's the kind of responsibleness that goes with havin' one boot that's wearin' me out. Where is Jerry?"

"He went out to feed Lorenzo. heard him callin' a minute ago. That cat ain't been home sence noon, and Jerry's worried.

A stentorian shout of "Puss! Puss! Come, kitty, kitty, kitty!" came from somewhere outside. Captain Eri smiled.

"I'm 'fraid Lorenzo's gittin' dissipated in his old age," he observed. Then as a fat gray cat shot past the door: "There he is! Reg'lar prodigal son. Comes home when the fatted ca'f's

A moment later Captain Jerry appeared, milk pitcher in hand. He entered the dining room and, putting the pitcher down on the table, pulled forward the armchair with the painted sunset on the back, produced his own pipe and proceeded to hunt through one pocket after the other with a troubled expression of countenance.

"Where in tunket is my terbacker?" he asked after finishing the round of pockets and preparing to begin all over

"I see it on the top of the clock t spell ago," said Captain Perez. "Was that yours, Jerry?" exclaimed Captain Eri. "Well, that's too bad! see it there and thought 'twas mine. Here 'tis, or what's left of it Captain Jerry took the remnant of a

plug from his friend and said in an aggrieved tone; "That's jest like you, Eri! Never

have a place for nothin' and help your: self to anything you happen to want, don't make no odds whose 'tis. Why don't you take care of your terbacker, same's I do of mine?"

"Now, see here, Jerry, I ain't so sure that is yours. Let me see it. Humph! I thought so! This is 'Navy Plug,' and you always smoke 'Sailor's Sweetheart.' Talk about havin' a place for it." things!"

"That's my terbacker, if you want to know," observed Captain Perez. "I've got yours, Eri. Here 'tis." "Well, then, where is mine?" said

Captain Jerry somewhat snappishly. "Bet a dollar you've got it in your pocket," said Captain Eri.

Well, I snum! I forgot that upper vest or somethin' like that, and that he's pocket." And from the pocket men- goin' to get here tomorrer or next day." Captain Jerry produced the

while the expanse of water to the east- to you, Perez!" ward darkened and the outer beach became but a dusky streak separating the his pocket and glanced at the dial. ocean from the inner bay. At length Captain Perez rose and, knocking the ashes from his pipe, announced that he was going to "show a glim."

Eri. "It's gittin' dark." "It's darker in the grave," observed

"Then, for the land's sake, let's have it light while we can! Here, Jerry, them matches is burnt ones! Try this.

'Twon't be so damagin' to the morals." Captain Jerry took the proffered match and lit the two bracket lamps fastened to the walls of the dining room. The room, seen by the lamplight, was shiplike, but as decidedly not shipshape The chronometer on the mantel was obscured by a thick layer of dust. The

Flying Duck, Perez Ryder master | you," were shrouded in a very realistic fee of the same dust. Inven the imposit gilt lettered adt of "Lives of Great Na | and there was a pause in the convers val Commanders," purchased by Cap | tion. Then Captain Jerry said mood: tain Perez some months before and be | ily:

ing slowly paid for on an apparent never ending installment plan, was cloaked with it. The heap of newspa pers shoved under the couch to ge them out of the way peeped forth in a telltale manner. The windows were not too clean, and the floor needed sweeping. Incidentally the supper ta ble had not been cleared. Each one o the three noted these things, and each sighed. Then Captain Eri said, as it to change the subject, though no one had spoken:

"What started you talkin' about the grave, Perez? Was it them clam frit ters of Jerry's?"

"No." answered the ex-skipper of the Flying Duck, pulling at his grizzled scrap of throat whisker and looking



There was a general laugh.

rather shamefaced. "You see, M'lissy Busteed dropped in a few minutes this mornin' while you fellers was out and"-Both Captain Eri and Captain Jerry

set up a hilarious shout.

"Haw, haw!" roared the former, slap ping his knee. "I wouldn't be so fascinatin' as you be for no money, Perez. She'll have you yit; you can't git away! But, say, I don't wonder you got to thinkin' 'bout the grave. Ten minutes of M'lissy gits me thinkin' of things 'way t'other side of that!"

"Aw, belay there, Eri!" protested Captain Perez testily. "'Twan't my fault. I didn't see her comin' or I'd have got out of sight."

"What was it this time?" asked Cap tain Jerry.

"Oh, a little of everything. She begun about the 'beautiful' sermon that Mr. Perley preached at the last 'Come Outers' 'meetin'. That was what start ed me thinkin' about the grave, I guess. Then she pitched into Seth Wingate's wife for havin' a new bunnit this season when the old one wan't ha'f wore She talked for ten minutes or on that, and then she begun about Parker bein' let go over at the cable station and about the new feller that's been signed to take his blace. She's all for Parker. Says he was a 'perfeetly levely' man and that 'twas outrageous the way he was treated, and all that sort of thing."

"She ain't the only one that thinks so," observed Captain Jerry. "There's a heap of folks in this town that think Parker was a mighty fine feller.

"Yes," said Captain Eri, "and it's worth while noticin' who they Perez's friend M'lissy thinks so, Squealer Wixon and his gang think so, and Web Saunders thinks so, and a lot more like 'em. Parker was too good a feller, that's what was the matter with him. His talk always reminded me of wash day at the poorhouselots of soft soap with plenty of lye in

"Well, M'lissy says that the men over to the station-all except Langley, of course-are mad as all git-out because Parker was let go, and she says some body told somebody else, and somebody else told somebody else, and somebody else told her-she says it come reel straight-that the men are goin' to "Bet \$10 I ain't! I ain't quite a make it hot for the new feller when he fool yit, Eri Hedge. I guess I know. comes. She says his name's Hazeltine.

"Well," said Captain Eri, "it's a mercy M'lissy found it out. If that man There was a general laugh, in which should git here and she not know i Captain Jerry was obliged to join, and aforehand 'twould kill her sure as fate. the trio smoked in silence for a time, and think what a blow that would be

He took his old fashioned watch from

"I mustn't be settin' round here much longer," he added. "John Baxter's goin' to have that little patch of cranberry swamp of his picked to-"Yes, go ahead, Jerry!" said Captain | morrer and he's expectin' some barrels down on tonight's train. John asked me to git Zoeth Cahoon to cart 'em Captain Perez, with lugubrious philos- down for him, but I ain't got nothin' special to do tonight, so I thought I'd hitch up and go and git 'em myself. You and Jerry can match cents to see

> night, so it's my watch below." "Well, I shan't do 'em," declared Captain Perez. "Blessed if I'd do the durn things tonight if the president of the United States asked me to."

who does the dishes. I did 'em last

"Humph!" sputtered Captain Jerry "I s'pose you fellers think I'll do 'em all the time. If you do you're mistook three gorgeous oil paintings-from the | that's all. 'Twan't last night you done Eri; twas the night afore. brush of the local sign painter-re done 'em last night and I'm ready to spectively representing the coasting take my chances ag'in if we mate packet Hannah, M., Eri Hedge master, but I'm jiggered if I let you shove the and the fishing schooners Georgie Ba | whole thing off on to me. I didn't ker. Jeremiah Burgess master, and the ship for cook no more'n the rest of

Neither of the others saw at to arswer this declaration of inde

"It ain't no use. It don't work " "What don't work?" asked Captain

"Why, this plan of ours. I though when we fellers give up goin' to sea reg'lar and settled down here to keen house curselves and live econom and all that, that 'twas goin' to be fine. I thought I wouldn't mind doin my share of the work a bit, thought 'twould be kind of fun to swab decks and all that. Well, 'twas for a spell but 'tain't now. I'm so sick of it that I don't know what to do. And I'm sick of livin' in a pigpen too. Look at them deadlights! They're so dirty that when I turn out in the mornin' and go to look through 'em I can't tell whether it's foul weather or fair." Captain Eri looked at the windows

toward which his friend poinced and signed assent. "There's no use talkin'," he observed, we've got to have a steward aboard

"Yes," said Captain Perez emphatically, "a steward of a woman. One of us 'll have to git married, that's

"Married!" roared the two in chorus, "That's what I said, married, and take the others to board in this house. Look here, now! When a shipwrecked crew's starvin' one of 'em has to be sacrificed for the good of the rest, and that's what we've got to do. One of us has got to git married for the benefit | round." of the other two."

Captain Eri shouted hilariously. "Good boy, Perez!" he cried, "Goin' to be the first offerin'?" "Not unless it's my luck, Eri. We'll

all three match for it, same as we do 'bout washin' the dishes." asked Captain Jerry.

show you. I see how things was goin', lot more names. There ain't been a and I've been thinkin' this over for a 'Come Outers' meetin' sence I don't

through the open door they could see b'iler sure." him turning over the contents of the chest with P. R. in brass nails on the lid. He scattered about him fish lines, hooks, lead for sinkers, oilcloth jackets, | Captain Eri took advantage of this siwhales' teeth and various other articles, and at length came back bearing | walk away. a much crumpled sheet of printed pa-

"There! There she is! 'The Nup-ti-al Chime. A Journal of Matrimony.' I see a piece about it in the Herald the other day and sent a dime for a sample copy. It's chock full of advertisements from women that wants hus-

Captain Eri put on his spectacles and

hitched his chair up to the table. After giving the pages of the Nuptial Chime a hurried inspection he remarked; "There seems to be a strong runnin' to 'vi-va-ci-ous brunettes' and 'blonds

with tender and romantic disposi-"Oh, hush up, Eri! 'Tain't likely I'd in his pocket. The train was really want to write to any of 'em in there. The thing for us to do would be to write out a advertisement of our own,

tell what sort of woman we want and then set back and wait for answers. ed. But the butterfly summer maiden Now, what do you say?" Captain Eri looked at the advocate summer man had flitted after her, so of matrimony for a moment without the passengers who alighted from the

speaking. Then he said, "Do you really two coaches that, with the freight car, mean it. Perez?" "Sartin I do."

"What do you think of it, Jerry?" "Think it's a good idee." said that ancient mariner decisively. "We've got to do somethin', and this looks like the "Then Erl's got to do It!" asserted

Captain Perez dogmatically. "We agreed to stick together, and two to one's a vote. Come on now, Erl, we'll

"Come on, Eri!" ordered Captain Jer: | heing very far from home indeed. "All right," said Captain Bri. "I'll panions, "it's get to be settled that the the sharp boy, who had lighted feller that's stuck can pick his wife and other cigarette. that suits him."

The others agreed to this stipulation, and Captain Perez, drawing a long breath, took a coin from his pocket, flipped it in the air and covered it as it fell on the table with a big, hairy hand. Captain Eri did likewise; so did Captain Jerry. Then Captain Eri lifted his hand and showed the coin beneath. It was a head. Captain Jerry's was a tail. Under Captain Perez's hand lurked the hidden fate. The captain's lips closed in a grim line. With a desperate glance at the others, he jerked his hand away.

tain Jerry was "stuck." Captain Eri rose, glanced at hi watch, and, taking his hat from the shelf where the dishes should have been, opened the door. Before he went

The penny lay head uppermost. Cap-

out, however, he turned and sald: "Perez, you and Jerry can be fixin' up the advertisement while I'm gone. You can let me see it when I come back. I say, Jerry," he added to the "sacrifice." Who sat gazing at the pennies on the table in a sort of trance, "don't feel bad about it. Why, when you come to think of it, it's a providence it turned out that way. Me and Perez are bachelors, and we'd be jest green hands. But you're a able seaman. You know what it is to manage

"Yes, I do," groaned Captain Jerry lugubriously "Durn it, that's jest it!" Captain Eri was chuckling as, lantern in hand, he passed around the corner of the little white house on the way to the barn. He chuckled all through the harnessing of Daniel, the venerable white horse. He was still chuckling as, perched on the seat of the "truck wagon," he rattled and shook out of the yard and turned into the sandy road that led up to the village.

CHAPTER II. receive no salary for their services. The sole compensation is the pleasure derived from the sense of duty doi Mr. Squealer Wixon, a li member of this committee, was the first to sight Captain Eri as the latter strolled across the tracks into the circle of light from the station lamps The captain had moored Daniel to picket in the fence over by the freight house. He had heard the clock in the

twenty minutes behind its schedule.

thusiasm. "Here's Cap'n Eri! Well, Sand Hill shoal. cap, how's she headin'?"

okout for wind ahead." "Hain't got a spare chaw nowheres about you, have you, cap'n?" anxlously inquired Bluey Batcheldor. Mr. Batcheldor is called "Bluey" for the same reason that Mr. Wixon is called 'Squealer," and that reason has been

forgotten for years. Captain Eri obligingly produced a plack plug of smoking tobacco, and Mr. Batcheldor bit off two-thirds and returned the balance. After adjusting the morsel so that it might interfere in the least degree with his vocal ma-

chinery he drawled: "I cal'late you ain't heard the news, Eri. Web Saunders has got his orig- dialogue with Josiah Bartlett, the stage inal package license. It come on the boy.

The captain turned sharply toward the speaker. "Is that a fact?" he asked. "Who told you?"

"See it myself. So did Squealer and a whole lot more. Web was showin' it

"We was wonderin'," said Jabez Smalley, a member of the committee whose standing was somewhat impaired, inasmuch as he went fishing occasionally and was therefore obliged to miss some of the meetings, "what kind of a fit John Baxter would have now. "Where are you goin' to find a wife?" He's been pretty nigh distracted ever sence Web started his billiard room, "Now, that's jest what I'm goin' to callin' it a 'ha'nt of sin' and a whole know when that he ain't pitched into that saloon. Now, when he hears that He went into the front bedroom, and Web's goin' to sell rum he'll bust a

The committee received this prophecy with a hilarious shout of approval, and each member began to talk. multaneous expression of opinion to

From the clump of blackness that indicated the beginning of the West Orham woods came a long drawn, dismal "toot," then two shorter ones. The committee sprang to its feet and looked interested. Sam Hardy came out of his ticket office. The stage driver, a sharp looking boy of about fourteen, with a disagreeable air of cheap smartness sticking out all over him, left his seat in the shadow of Mr. Batcheldor's manly form, tossed a cigarette stump away and loafed over to the vicinity of the depot wagon, which was backed up against the platform. Captain Eri knocked the ashes from his pipe and put that service stained veteran "coming in" at last.

If this had been an August evening instead of a September one, both train and platform would have been crowdhad flitted, and, as is his wont, the made up the Orham branch train were few in number and homely in flavor. There was a slim, not to say gawky, individual with a chin beard and rub ber boots, whom the committee halled as Andy and welcomed to its boson There were two young men, drummers evidently, who nedded to Hardy and seemed very much at home. Als there was another young man, smooth shaven and square shouldered, who deposited a suit case on the philorm and looked about him with the air of

The young man with the suit out

tion?" he asked "Sure thing!" said the youth, and there was no Cape Cod twist to his "Git aboard."

"I didn't intend to vide," What was you goin' to do? Walk!

"Yes, if it's not far." The boy grinned, and the members of the committee, who had been staring with all their might, grinned also. The young man's mention of the cable stadon seemed to have caused consider

able excitement. "Oh, it ain't too far!" said the stag driver. Then he added. "Say, you'r the new electrician, ain't you?"

The young man, hesitated for a m ment. Then he said, "Yes," and sug gested, "I asked the way." "Two blocks to the right. That's the

main road. Keep on that for four blocks, then turn to the left, and it you keep on straight ahead you'll ge to the station." "Blocks?" The stranger smiled. think you must be from New York."

"Do you?" inquired the youthful prodigy, climbing to the wagon seat. "Don't forget to keep straight ahead after you turn off the main road. Gi dap! So long, fellers!"

The square shouldered young man ooked after the equipage with an odd expression of countenance. Then he shrugged his shoulders, picked up the suit case and walked off the platform into the darkness.

A little later Captain Eri, with ezen new, clean smelling cranberry arrels in the wagon behind him, drove slowly down the "depot road." It was a clear night, but there was no moon and Orham was almost at its darkest which is very dark indeed. The 'depo read" (please bear in mind that there are no streets in Ornam) was full o ruts, and although Daniel knew hi way and did his best to follow it the rear the station, and the dwellers in this except in the ends of the build ings furthest from the front. Strangers are inclined to wonder at this, b with the town and its people they con to know that front gates and purio icted in their use to occasions st as a funeral or possibly a wedding

belfry of the Methodist church strike church that the visitor to Orham gets 8 as he drove by that edifice, but he his best view of the village. It is all heard no whistle from the direction of about him and, for the most part, be the West Orham woods, so he knew low him. At night the tiny red speck that the down train would arrive at in the distance that goes and come its usual time—that is, from fifteen to again is the flashlight at Setuckit point and the twinkle on the horizon to the "Hey!" shouted Mr. Wixon, with en- south is the beacon of the lightship or

It may be that the young man with "'Bout no'theast by no'th," was the the square shoulders and the suit case calm reply. "Runnin' fair, but with had paused at the turn of the road by the church to listen to the song of th sea. At any rate, he was there, and when Captain Eri steered Daniel and the cranberry barrels around the cor ner and into the main road he steppe out and hailed. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I'm

afraid I'm mixed in my directions. The stage driver told me the way to the cable station, but I've forgotten wheth er he said to turn to the right when I reached here or to the left." Captain Eri took his lantern from the

floor of the wagon and held it up. He had seen the stranger when the latter left the train, but he had not heard the

"How was you cal'latin' to go to th station?" he asked. "Why, I intended to walk."

"Did you tell them fellers at the de pot that you wanted to walk?" "Certainly." "Well, I swan! And they give you

the direction?"

"Yes," a little impatiently. "Why shouldn't they? So many blocks till I got to the main street or road, and so many more till I got somewhere else. and then straight on."

"Blocks, hey? That's Joe Bartlett. That boy ought to be mastheaded, and I've told Perez so more'n once. Well,



mister, I guess maybe you'd better not try to walk to the cable station tonight. You see, there's one thing they forgot to tell you. The station's on the outer beach, and there's a ha'f mile of pretty wet water between here and there." The young man whistled. "You don't

mean it!" he exclaimed. "I sartin do unless there's been an almighty drought since I left the house. I tell you what! If you'll jump in here with me and don't mind waitin' till I leave these barrels at the house of the man that owns 'em I'll drive you down to the shore, and maybe find somebody to row you over-that is with a chuckle, "if you ain't dead set on walkin'."

The stranger laughed heartily. not so stubborn as all that," he said. "Don't say a word," said the captain, "Give us your satchel. Now your flipper. There you are. Git dap, Dan' Daniel ascented the captain's ec slong at a log trot for perhaps a hundred yards, and then, evidently feeling that he had done all that could be ex-

pected, settled back into a walk. The captain turned toward his companion "I don't know as I mentioned it," observed, "but my name is Hedge." "Glad to meet you, Mr. Hedge," said the stranger. "My name is Hazel-

"I kind of jedged it might be when you said you wanted to git to the cable station. We heard you was expected. "Did you? From Mr. Langley,

"No-o; not d'rectly. Of course we knew Parker had been let go and that somebody would have to take his place. I guess likely it was one of the operators that told it fust that you was the man, but anyhow it got as fur as M'lissy Busteed, and after that 'twas, plain sailin'. You come from New York, don't you? Is this your first visit to the Cape?"

"Yes. I hardly know why I'm here now. I have been with the cable company at their New York experimental station for some years, and the other day the general manager called me int his office and told me I was expected to take the position of electrician here I thought it might add to my expe rience, so I accepted." "Humph! Did he say anything abou

the general liveliness of things aroun

the station?" Mr. Hazeltine laughed. "Why." answered, "now that you speak of it, remember that he began by asking m if I had any marked objection to pr

mature burial." The captain chuckled. "The out beach in winter ain't exactly a cam meeting for sociableness." he said "And the idea of that Bartlett boy tel in' you how to walk there!" "Is he a specimen of your Cape Cod

"Not exactly. He's a new shipn smate of mine, Cap'n Perez Ryder erez, be's a bat

"Well, I s'pose you wouldn't, nat'rally," continued the captain. "Anyhow, Perez's niece's husband died, and the boy sort of run loose, as you might say. Went to school when he had to and raised Ned when he didn't, near's I can find out. 'Lizabeth, that's his ma, died last spring, and she made Perez promise-he being the only relation the youngster had-to fetch the boy down here and sort of bring him up. Perez knows as much about bringin' up a boy as a hen does about the Ten Commandments, and 'Lizabeth made him promise not to lick the youngster and a whole lot more foolishness. School don't commence here till October, se we got him a job with Lem Mullett at the liv'ry stable. He's boardin' with Lem till school opens. He ain't a reel bad boy, but he knows too much 'bout some things and not ha'f enough 'bout

others. You've seen fellers like that, Hazeltine nodded. "There are a good many of that kind in New York, I'm afraid," he said.

Captain Eri smiled. "I shouldn't wonder." he observed. "The boys down here think Josiah's the whole crew, and the girls ain't fur behind. There's been more deviltry in this village sence he landed than there ever was afore. He needs somethin', and needs it bad, but I ain't decided jest what it is yit. Are you a married man?"

"Same here. Never had the disease. Perez, he's had symptoms every once in awhile, but nothin' lastin'. Jerry's the only one of us three that's been through the mill. His wife died twenty year ago. I don't know as I told you, but Jerry and Perez and me are keepin' house down by the shorethat is, we call it keepin' house, but"-Here the captain broke off and seemed to meditate.

Ralph Hazeltine forbore to interrup nd occupied himself by scrutinizing the building that they were passing. They were nearing the center of the town now, and the houses were closer this," he said. "I'm glad to have made together than they had been on the "depot road," but never so close as to be in the least crowded. There was an occasional shop, too, with signs like ly. "We're likely to git together once "Cape Cod Variety Store" or "The Boston Dry Goods Emporium" over neighbors, right across the road, as their doors. On the platform of one a small crowd was gathered, and from the interior came shouts of laughter and the sound of a tin-panny piano. "That's the billiard saloon," volun-

teered Captain Eri, suddenly waking from his trance. "Play pool, Mr. Hazeltine?" "Sometimes."

"Why, with a cue, generally speak-

"That so! Most of the fellers in there play it with their mouths. Miss a shot and then spend the rest of the evenin' tellin' how it happened. Parker played

"What d'ye play it with?"

it considerable."

"I judge bat your opinion of my predecessor isn't a high one." "Who? Oh, Parker! He was all right in his way. Good many folks in this town swore by him. I under- and there were several spatters of the stand the fellers over at the station thought he was about the ticket."

"Mr. Langley included?" "Oh, Mr. Langley, bein' manager, had a rough v'yage," commented Caphad his own ideas, I s'pose! Langley tain Eri, slipping out of his own jacket don't play pool much, not at Web Saunders' place anyhow. We turn in of his friends, "What's the trouble?"

They rolled up a long driveway, very

dark and overgrown with trees, and drew up at the back door of a good sized two story house. There was a light in the kitchen window. "Whoa, Dan'l!" commanded the captain. Then he began to shout "Ship

aboy!" at the top of his lungs. eame out, carrying a lamb, its light shining full upon his face. It was an aid face, a stern tace, with white eye: brows and a thin lipped mouth, There was, however, a tremble about the chin that told of infirm health.

quainted with Mr. Hazeltine, the new man at the cable station. Mr. Hazeitine, this is my friend, Cap'n John The two shook hands, and then Cap-

"John, I brought down them barrels for you. Hawkins got 'em here, same as he always does, by the skin of his The thing to do is to be sort of soft teeth. Stand by now, 'cause I've got soapy and high toned. Let 'em think to deliver Mr. Hazeltine at the sta- they're goin' to git a bargain when tion, and it's gittin' late."

John Baxter said nothing beyond

thanking his friend for the good turn, but he "stood by." as directed, and the barrels were quickly unloaded. they were about to drive out of the yard Captain Eri turned in his seat "John, guess I'll be up some time morrow. I want to talk with you

about that billiard room business. The lamp in Baxter's hand shook. "God A'mighty's got his eye on that | me that pen." place, Eri Hedge," he shouted, "and on them that's runnin' it!"

"Then the job's in good hands, and we | following: ain't got to worry. Good night!" But in spite of this assurance Hazeltine noticed that his driver was silent and preoccupied until they reached the end of the road by the shore, when he brought the willing Daniel to a standstill and announced that it was time to

It is a fifteen minute row from mainland to the outer beach, and Captain Eri made it on schedule time. Hazeltine protested that he was used to a boat and could go alone and return the dory in the morning, but the captain wouldn't hear of it. The dory slid up on the sand, and the passenger "There's the station," said the car

tain, pointing to a row of lighted windows a quarter of a mile away. "It is is to pick out your wife and let us traight ahead this time, and the walk- know what you want for a weddin

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see each other often." "Same here!" said the captain heartiin awhile, seein' as we're next door you might say. That's my berth over vonder, where you see them lights. It's jest round the corner from the road we drove down last. Good night! Good luck to you!" And he settled himself for the row

your acquaintance, and I hope we shall

CHAPTER III.

HE house where the three captains lived was as near salt water as it could be and remain out of reach of the highest tides. When Captain Eri, after beaching and anchoring his dory and stabling Daniel for the night, entered the dining room he found his two messmates deep in consultation and with evidences of strenuous mental struggle written upon their faces. Captain Perez's right hand was smeared with ink same fluid on Captain Jerry's perspir-

"Well, you fellers look as if you'd and pulling his chair up beside those "Gosh, Eri, I'm glad to see you!" exclaimed Captain Perez. "How do you

spell conscientious? "I don't, unless it's owner's orders," was the answer. "What do you want to spell it for?"

"We've writ much as 400 advertise ments, I do believe," said Captain Jetty, "and there ain't one of them fit to feed to a pig. Perez here, he's got such a circus bill 'll do bim. I don't see whi comethin' piain and sensible, like 'We house for three men, wouldn't be all right; but, no, it's got to have more fancy trimmin's than a Sunday bus-

"You'd have a whole lot of women answerin' that advertisement, now wouldn't you'll snorted Captain Peres hotly, "To do dishes for three men! That's a healthy bait to catch a wife with, ain't it? I can see 'em comin'. calliste you'd stay single till jedgment and then you wouldn't git one, No, sir they git you. Make believe it's goin' to be a privilege to git sech a husband." "Well, 'tis," declared the sacrifice indignantly. "They might git a dum As | sight worse one.'

"I cal'late that's so, Jerry," said Captain Eri. "Still, Perez ain't altogether wrong. Guess you'd better keep the dishwashin' out of it. I know dishwashin' would never git me. I've got so I hate the sight of soap and hot water as bad as if I was a Portugee. Pass Captain Perez gladly relinquished

the writing materials, and Captain Erl "That's all right," said the captain. after two or three trials produced the Whe Wanted .- By an ex-seafaring man and keep house shipshape and above-

board; no sea lawyers need apply. At iress Skipper, care Nuptial Chime, Pos-The line relating to see lawyers was insisted upon by Captain Jerry. "That'll thut out the tonguy kind," he explained. The advertisement, with this addition, being duly approved, the required 50 cents was inclosed, as was a letter to the editor of the matrimonial ournal requesting all answers to be forwarded to Captain Jeremiah Bur-

gess, Orham, Mass. Then the envelope

was directed and the stamp affixed. "There," said Captain Eri, "that's done, All you've got to do now, Jerry, present, You're a lucky man."

"Aw, let's talk about somethin' else, The electrician put his hand in his said the lucky one rather gloomily "What's the news up at the depot

"I'm very much obliged to you for all . They received the tidings of the com-(Cantinual on name two

Carres Cirty in Two Days.

The best mediu for Advertises Covers Linds and Surroundi District.

Volume XI

WATCHMEN AGAIN

The New Assessors Grant for the and Lindsay-st What shall be The first meeting of

committees of the cou last Friday evening, a ing present except Ald Before the ordinary proceeded with Mr. W heard re the write up for the Trades Revie brought the matter council but they had the new body. What that council should be of the electros with w was illustrated. were advertising the Review, and he though all together it would advertising scheme for electros cost him \$1. all the expense he as just what he was out matter would have pr tion during the eveni he would be notified a cision.

KENT-ST. CR

A communication in

Trunk officials was re

sings at Kent and Li

original order of the

mission enforced the

watchman at the cros night. The G.T.R. of the watchman bet and explained that th that it was of no Kent-st crossing was dangerous. But the c was danger

11 p-m- requires than the 10 o'clock people could have a c

opinion the application

to favorably consider

m. instead of 10 p.m

granted to the GT. Aid of theilie neked that why he was take ment he was america was the same traffic t tected far greater th

Mayor Vrooman st O'Reilly said

only spare me the tally had the whole of and that the number passed had been gue the matter out.

THE SHOE

KING