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CAP'N ERI

(Continued from Page 4.)

"It's Abner Mayo's horse," he said. "Maybe it's Perez comin' home."

It was not Captain Perez, but Mr. Mayo himself.

"Hello, Abner!" exclaimed Captain Jerry as the newcomer stopped to knock the snow from his boots before coming in. "What have you done to Perez? Goin' to keep him for a steady boarder?"

But Mr. Mayo had important news to communicate, and he did not intend to lose the effect of his sensation by springing it without due preparation. He took off his hat and mittens and solemnly declined a proffered chair.

"Cap'n Burgess," he said, "I've got somethin' to tell you—somethin' awful. The whole life savin' crew but one is drownded, and Cap'n Eri Hedge"—

An exclamation from Mrs. Snow interrupted him. The housekeeper clasped her hands together tightly and sank into a chair. She was very white. Elsie ran to her.

"What is it, Mrs. Snow?" she asked.

"Nothin', nothin'! Go on, Mr. Mayo. Go on!"

The bearer of ill tidings, gratified at the result of his first attempt, proceeded deliberately:

"And Cap'n Hedge and Luther Davis are over at the station pretty nigh dead. If it wa'n't for the cap'n, Luther 'd have gone too. Eri took a dory and went off and picked him up. Perez come over to my house and told us about it, and Pashy's gone back with him to see her brother. I didn't go down to the store this mornin', 'twas stormin' so, but as soon as I heard I harnessed up to come and tell you."

Then, in answer to the hurried questions of Captain Jerry and Elsie, Mr. Mayo told the whole story as far as he knew it. Mrs. Snow said nothing, but sat with her hands still clasped in her lap.

"Luther is ha'f drownded and froze," concluded Abner, "and the cap'n got a bang with an oar when they jumped out of the dory that, Perez is afraid, broke his arm. I'm goin' right back to git Dr. Palmer. They tried to telephone him, but the wire's down."

"Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed Captain Jerry, completely demoralized by the news. "That's dreadful! I must go right down there, mustn't I? The poor fellers!"

Mrs. Snow rose to her feet quietly, but with a determined air.

"Are you goin' right back soon's you've got the doctor, Mr. Mayo?" she asked.

"Why, no, I wa'n't. I ain't been to my store this mornin', and I'm 'fraid I ought to be there."

"Then, Josiah, you'll have to harness Dan'l and take me down. I mustn't wait another minute."

"Why, Mrs. Snow," expostulated Captain Jerry, "you mustn't go down there. The doctor's goin', and I'll go, and Pashy's there already."

But the housekeeper merely waved him aside.

"I want you to stay here with Elsie," she said. "There's no tellin' how long I may be gone. Josiah 'll drive me down, won't you, Josiah?"

There was no lack of enthusiasm in the "able seaman's" answer. The boy was only too glad of the chance.

"But it ain't fit weather for you to be out in. You'll git soakin' wet."

"I guess if Pashy Davis can stand it I can. Elsie, will you come and help me git ready, while Josiah's harnessin'?"

As they entered the chamber above Elsie was thunderstruck to see her companion seat herself in the rocker and cover her face with her hands.

"Why, Mrs. Snow," she exclaimed, "what is it?"

The lady from Nantucket hastily rose and wiped her eyes with her apron.

"Oh, nothin'," she answered, with an attempt at a smile. "I'm kind of fidgety this mornin', and the way that man started off to tell his yarn upset me, that's all. I mustn't be such a fool."

She set about getting ready with a vim and attention to detail that proved that her "fidgets" had not affected her common sense. She was pale and her hands trembled a little, but she took a covered basket and packed in it cloth for bandages, a hot water bottle, mustard, a bottle of liniment and numerous other things likely to be of use.

Ralph and Captain Perez were surprised men when the housekeeper, dripping, but cheerful, appeared on the scene.

Mrs. Snow took charge at once of the tired men, and the overtaxed Miss Patience was glad enough to have her do it. Luther Davis was in bed, and Captain Eri, after an hour's sojourn in the same snug harbor, had utterly refused to stay there longer, and now, dressed in a suit belonging to the commandant, was stretched upon a sofa in the front room.

The captain was the most surprised of all when Mrs. Snow appeared. He fairly gasped when she first entered the room, and seemed to be struck speechless, for he said scarcely a word while she dosed him with hot drinks, rubbed his shoulder—the bone was not broken, but there was a bruise there as big as a saucer—with the liniment and made him generally comfortable. He watched her every movement with a sort of worshipful wonder and seemed to be thinking hard.

Captain Davis, although feeling a little better, was still very weak, and his sister and Captain Perez were with him. Josiah soon returned to the Mayo homestead to act as ferryman for Dr. Palmer when the latter should arrive, and Ralph, finding that there was nothing more that he could do, went back to the cable station. The storm had abated somewhat, and the wind had gone down. Captain Eri and Mrs. Snow were alone in the front room, and for the first time since she entered the house the lady from Nantucket sat down to rest. Then the captain spoke.

"Mrs. Snow," he said gravely, "I don't believe you've changed your clothes sence you got here. You must have been soaked through too. I wish you wouldn't take such risks. You hadn't ought to have come over here a day like this anyway. Not but what the Lord knows it's good to have you here," he added hastily.

The housekeeper seemed surprised.

"Cap'n Eri," she said, "I b'lieve if you was dyin' you'd worry for fear somebody else wouldn't be comf'table while you was doin' it. 'Twould be pretty hard for me to change my clothes," she added, with a laugh, "seein' that there probably ain't anything but men's clothes in the place." Then, with a sigh, "Poor fellers, they won't need 'em any more."

"That's so. And they were all alive and hearty this mornin'. It's an awful thing for Luther. Has he told anything yit 'bout how it come to happen?"

"Yes, a little. The schooner was from Maine, bound to New York. Besides her own crew she had some Italians aboard—coal handlers, they was, goin' over on a job for the owner. Cap'n Davis says he saw right away that the lifeboat would be overloaded, but he had to take 'em all; there wa'n't time for a second trip. He made the schooner's crew and the others lay down in the boat where they wouldn't hinder the men at the oars, but when they got jest at the tail of the shoal, where the sea was heaviest, them Italians lost their heads and commenced to stand up and yell, and fust thing you know she swung broadside on and capsized. Pashy says Luther don't say much more, but she jedges from what he does say that some of the men hung on with him for awhile, but was washed off and drownded."

"That's right. There was four or five there when we saw her fust. 'Twas

"And you cared as much as that?"

Lute's grip on the centerboard that saved him. It's an awful thing—awful!"

"Yes, and he would have gone, too, if it hadn't been for you. And you talk about my takin' risks!"

"Well, Jerry hadn't ought to have let you come."

"Let me come! I should like to have seen him try to stop me. The idea! Where would I be if 'twa'n't helpin' you, after all you've done for me?"

"I've done? I haven't done anything!"

"You've made me happier'n I've been for years. You've been so kind that—that"—

She stopped and looked out of the window.

"It's you that's been kind," said the captain. "You've made a home for me, somethin' I ain't had afore sence I was a boy."

Mrs. Snow went on as if he had not spoken.

"And to think that you might have been drownded the same as the rest," she said. "I knew somethin' was happenin'. I jest felt it, somehow. I told Elsie I was sure of it. I couldn't think of anything but you all the forenoon."

The captain sat up on the couch.

"Marthy," he said in an awed tone, "do you know what I was thinkin' of when I was pullin' through the wust of it this mornin'? I was thinkin' of you. I thought of Luther and the rest of them poor souls, of course, but I thought of you most of the time. It kept comin' back to me that if I went under I shouldn't see you ag'in. And you was thinkin' of me!"

"Yes. When that Mayo man said he had awful news I felt sure 'twas you he was goin' to tell about. I never fainted away in my life that I know of, but I think I most fainted then."

"And you cared as much as that?"

"Yes."

Somehow both were speaking quietly, but as if it was useless longer to keep back anything. To speak the exact truth without reserve seemed the most natural thing in the world.

"Well, well, well!" said the captain reverently and still in the same low tone. "I said once afore that I b'lieved you was sent here, and now I'm sure of it. It seems almost as if you was sent to me, don't it?"

The housekeeper still looked out of the window, but she answered simply, "I don't know."

"It does. It does so. Marthy, we've been happy together while you've been here. Do you b'lieve you could be happy with me always—if you married me, I mean?"

Mrs. Snow turned and looked at him. There were tears in her eyes, but she did not wipe them away.

"Yes," she said.

"Think now, Marthy. I ain't very young, and I ain't very rich."

"What am I?" with a little smile.

"And you really think you could be happy if you was the wife of an old codger like me?"

"Yes." The answer was short, but it was convincing.

Captain Eri rose to his feet.

"Gosh!" he said in a sort of unbelieving whisper. "Marthy, are you willin' to try?"

And again Mrs. Snow said "Yes."

* * * * * * * *

When Dr. Palmer came he found Luther Davis still in bed, but Captain Eri was up and dressed, and there was such a quiet air of happiness about him that the man of medicine was amazed.

"Good Lord, man," he exclaimed, "I expected to find you flat on your back, and you look better than I've seen you for years. Taking a salt water bath in midwinter must agree with you."

"It ain't so much that," replied the captain serenely. "It's the pay I got for takin' it."

When the doctor saw Perez alone he asked the latter to keep a close watch on Captain Eri's behavior. He said he was afraid that the exertion and exposure might have affected the captain's brain.

Perez, alarmed by this caution, did watch his friend very closely, but he saw nothing to frighten him until as they were about to start for home Captain Eri suddenly struck his thigh a resounding slap.

"Jerry!" he groaned distressfully. "I clean forgot. I've gone back on Jerry!"

CHAPTER XXI.

ELSIE and Captain Jerry were kept busy that afternoon. Abner Mayo's news spread quickly, and people gathered at the postoffice, the stores and the billiard room to discuss it. Some of the men, notably Cy Warner and Rufe Smith, local representatives of the big Boston dailies, hurried off to the life saving station to get the facts at first hand. Others came down to talk with Captain Jerry and Elsie, when Daniel plodded through the gate, drawing the buggy containing Josiah, Mrs. Snow and Captain Eri.

For a man who had been described as "half dead" Captain Eri looked very well, indeed. Jerry ran to help him from the carriage, but he jumped out himself and then assisted the housekeeper to alight with an air of proud proprietorship. He was welcomed to the house like a returned prodigal, and Captain Jerry shook his well hand until the arm belonging to it seemed likely to become as stiff and sore as the other. While this handshaking was going on Captain Eri was embarrassed. He did not look his friend in the face, and most of his conversation was addressed to Elsie.

As soon as he had warmed his hands and told the story of the wreck and rescue he said: "Jerry, come up to my room a minute, won't you? I've got somethin' I want to say."

Vaguely wondering what the private conversation might be, Jerry followed his friend upstairs. When they were in the room Captain Eri closed the door and faced his companion. He was confused and stammered a little as he said, "Jerry, I've—I've got somethin' to say to you 'bout Mrs. Snow."

Then it was Captain Jerry's turn to be confused.

"Now, Eri," he protested, "'tain't fair to keep pesterin' me like this. I know I ain't said nothin' to her yit, but I'm goin' to. I had a week, anyhow, and it ain't ha'f over. Let me alone till my time is up, can't you?"

"I was jest goin' to tell you that you won't have to ask. I've been talkin' to her myself, and"—

The sacrifice sprang out of his chair.

"Eri Hedge," he exclaimed indignantly, "I thought you was a friend of mine! I give you my word I'd do it in a week, and the least you could have done, seems to me, would have been to wait and give me the chance. What did she say?" he asked suddenly.

"She said yes to what I asked her," was the reply, with a half smile.

Upon Captain Jerry's face settled the look of one who accepts the melancholy inevitable. He sat down again.

"I s'posed she would," he said, with a sigh. "She's known me for quite a spell now, and she's had a chance to see what kind of a man I be. Well, what else did you do? Ain't settled the weddin' day, have you?" This with marked sarcasm.

"Not yit. Jerry, you've made a mistake. I didn't ask her for you."

"Didn't ask her—didn't— What are you talkin' 'bout then?"

"I asked her for myself. She's goin' to marry me."

The sacrifice—a sacrifice no longer—sat silent, but curious changes of expression were passing over his face—surprise, amazement, relief and now a sort of grieved resignation.

"I feel small enough 'bout the way I've treated you, Jerry," continued Captain Eri. "I didn't mean to—but there, it's done, and all I can do is say I'm sorry and that I meant to give you your chance. I shan't blame you if you git mad, not a bit, but I hope you won't."

Captain Jerry sighed. When he spoke it was in a tone of sublime forgiveness.

"Eri," he said, "I ain't mad. I won't say my feelin's ain't hurt, 'cause—'cause—well, never mind. If a wife and a home ain't for me, why, I ought to be glad that you're goin' to have 'em. I wish you both luck and a good v'yage. Now, don't talk to me for a few minutes. Let me git sort of used to it."

So they shook hands, and Captain Eri, with a troubled look at his friend, went out. After he had gone Captain Jerry got up and danced three steps of an improvised jig, his face one broad grin.

If the announcement of Captain Perez's engagement caused no surprise, that of Captain Eri's certainly did—surprise and congratulation on the part of those let into the secret, for it was decided to say nothing to outsiders as yet. Ralph came over that evening, and they told him about it, and he was as pleased as the rest.

The storm had wrecked every wire and stalled every train, and Orham was isolated for two days. Then communication was established once more, and the Boston dailies received the news of the loss of the life savers and the crew of the schooner. And they made the most of it. Sensational items were scarce just then, and the editors welcomed this one.

The life saving station and the house by the shore were besieged by photographers and newspaper men. Captain Eri indignantly refused to pose for his photograph, so he was "snapped" as he went out to the barn and had the pleasure of seeing a likeness of himself, somewhat out of focus and with one leg stiffly elevated, in the Sunday Blanket. The reporters waylaid him at the postoffice or at his fish shanty and begged for interviews. They got them, brief and pointedly personal, and, though these were not printed, columns describing him as "a bluff, big hearted hero" were.

If ever a man was mad and disgusted, that man was the captain. In the first place, as he said, what he had done was nothing more than any other man 'longshore would have done, and, secondly, it was nobody's business. Then again he said, and with truth:

"This whole fuss makes me sick. Here's them fellers in the crew been goin' out season after season takin' folks off wrecks, and the fool papers never say nothin' 'bout it, but they go out this time and don't save nobody and git drownded themselves, and they're heroes of a sudden. I hear they're raisin' money up to Boston to give to the widders and orphans. Well, that's all right, but they'd better keep on and git the gov'ment to raise the sal'ries of them that's left in the service."

Shortly after 4 o'clock one afternoon of the week following that of the wreck Captain Eri ventured to walk up to the village, keeping a weather eye out for reporters and smoking his pipe. He made several stops, one of them being at the schoolhouse where Josiah, now back at his desk, was studying overtime to catch up with his class.

As the captain was strolling along some one touched him from behind, and he turned to face Ralph Hazeltine. The electrician had been a pretty regular caller at the house of late, but Captain Eri had seen but little of him for reasons unnecessary to state.

"Hello, captain!" said Ralph. "Taking a constitutional?"

"Oh, say," said Captain Eri, "I've been meanin' to ask you somethin'. Made up your mind 'bout that western job yit?"

Ralph shook his head. "Not yet," he said slowly. "I shall very soon, though, I think. I am not anxious to go myself. My present position gives me a good deal of leisure time for experimental work, and—well, I'll tell you in confidence—there's a possibility of my becoming superintendent one of these days if I wish to."

"Sho, you don't say! Mr. Langley goin' to quit?"

"He is thinking of it. The old gentleman has saved some money, and he has a sister in the west who is anxious to have him come out there and spend the remainder of his days with her. If he does I can have his position, I guess. In fact, he has been good enough to say so."

"Well, that's pretty fine, ain't it? Langley ain't the man to chuck his good opinions round like clam shells. You ought to feel proud. Is t'other job so much better?"

"No."

Silence again. Then Ralph said: "The other position, captain, is very much like this one in some respects. It will place me in a country town, even smaller than Orham, where there are few young people, no amusements and no society in the fashionable sense of the word."

"Humph! I thought you didn't care much for them things."

"I don't."

Both seemed to be thinking, and neither spoke again until they came to the grocery store, where Hazeltine stopped, saying that he must do an errand for Mr. Langley. They said good night, and the captain turned away, but came quickly back and said:

"Mr. Hazeltine, if it ain't too much trouble would you mind steppin' up to the schoolhouse when you've done your errand? I've left somethin' there with Josiah, and I'd like to have you git it. Will you?"

"Certainly," was the reply. And it was not until the captain had gone that Ralph remembered he did not know what he was to get.

When he reached the school he climbed the stairs and opened the door, expecting to find Josiah alone. Instead there was no one there but Elsie, who was sitting at the desk. She sprang up as he entered. Both were somewhat confused.

"Pardon me, Miss Preston," he said. "Captain Eri sent me here. He said he left something with Josiah and wished me to call for it."

"Why, I'm sure I don't know what it can be," replied Elsie. "Josiah has been gone for some time, and he said nothing to me about it."

"Perhaps it is in his desk," suggested Ralph. "Suppose we look."

So they looked, but found nothing more than the usual assortment con-

"Teacher, please may I ask a question?"

tained in the desk of a healthy schoolboy. The raised lid shut off the light from the window, and the desk's interior was rather dark. They had to grope in the corners, and occasionally their hands touched. Every time this happened Ralph thought of the decision that he must make so soon.

He thought of it still more when, after the search was abandoned, Elsie suggested that he help her with some problems that she was preparing for the next day's labors of the first class in arithmetic. In fact, as he sat beside her, pretending to figure, but really watching her dainty profile as it moved back and forth before his eyes, his own particular problem received far more attention than did those of the class. Suddenly he spoke.

"Teacher," he said, "please may I ask a question?"

"You should hold up your hand if you wish permission to speak," was the stern reply.

"Please consider it held up."

"Is the question as important as 'How many bushels did C. sell?' which happens to be my particular trouble just now."

"It is to me, certainly." Ralph was serious enough now. "It is a question that I have been wrestling with for some time. It is, Shall I take the position that has been offered me in the west, or shall I stay here and become superintendent of the station? The superintendent's place may be mine, I think, if I want it."

"I should think that question might best be decided by comparing the salaries and prospects of the two positions," said Elsie quietly.

"The two positions are much alike in one way. You know what the life at the station means the greater portion of the year—no companions of your own age and condition, no society, no amusements. The western offer means all this and worse, for the situation is the same all the year. I say these things because I hope you may be willing to consider them not from my point of view solely, but from yours."

"From mine?"

"Yes. You see, I am recklessly daring to hope that, whichever lot is chosen, you may be willing to share it with me—as my wife. Elsie, do you think you could consider the question from that viewpoint?"

And—well, Elsie thought she could.

The consideration—we suppose it was the consideration—took so long that it was nearly dark when Elsie announced that she simply must go.

"Dearest," said Ralph after the door was locked, "I forgot to have another hunt for whatever it was that Captain Eri wanted me to get."

Elsie smiled rather oddly.

"Are you sure you haven't got it?" she asked demurely.

"Got it! Why—why, by George, what a numskull I am! The old rascal! I thought there was a twinkle in his eye."

"He said he should come back after me."

"Well, well! Bless his heart, it's sound and sweet all the way through. Yes, I have it, and, what's more, I shall tell him that I mean to keep it."

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