

BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

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CHAPTER NINETEEN—(Cont'd.)

While Frank, Lily, and his mother were exchanging confidences over the setting of the dinner table, Uncle Jerry had taken Captain Denton in tow, and down at the store with Captain Ring and the young master of the barquentine, they were spinning twisters through the blue haze of cigar smoke—lying, yarning, and laughing with all the hearty gusto peculiar to old seafarers. The Dentons, father and daughter, had indeed fallen into the march of things at the Cove.

Just before the dinner horn blew Frank skilfully piloted his fiancée outside. "Now, Lil," he said softly, "I've fixed up all this as a little plot to make your father consent to our marriage before the two years are up, an' I jest want you t' watch th' fun. He's no idea what kind of a place we hev up here, an' I'll bet when he sees what we've done, he'll consent right away. In fact, I'm so sure of it that I've got th' carpenters overhaulin' th' house I bought from Cap'n Asa so's t' be ready in a week or so. I've ordered furniture, carpets, pictures, an' books, an' a whole complete fit-out, an' ef your father'll only consent, we'll get married right away—"

"But, Frank, I have no clothes ready."

"That's all right, sweetheart—you don't need t' make many preparations, for our wedding'll be a quiet one, with only a few. Ef my scheme works out, we'll be able to take a trip into Anchorville an' git all you want. We kin git th' rest when we come back from our trip."

"Have you planned that too?" laughed Lillian. "Where do we go, Sir Galahad?"

Frank looked mysterious. "Guess!" he said.

"Boston?"

"No, further'n that."

"Montreal?"

"Further south, sweetheart."

"New York?"

"Further still. Give it up?"

"Yes."

"What would you say to Rio Janeiro in South America?"

Lillian Denton gasped. "Rio Janeiro?"

Frank nodded. "Yes, an' I plan goin' down on th' barkyteen thar."

Cap'n Thomas has his wife aboard an' a fine cosy little cabin, an' he said he'd be glad t' take us. We'd call on my friends down in Rio an' I plan on comin' back by Royal Mail steamer to New York. We'll go all up th' coast an' call in at Cartagena, La Guayra, where the people in 'Westward Ho!' went, an' a number o' th' West Indie Islands. Won't that be some honey-moon, Lil?"

"Oh, Frank, it'll be a dream and simply glorious. What a head my fisherman has! He's planned everything! But—what if papa doesn't consent?"

Westhaver waved his hand. "Lil," he said, "I have a hook baited for your dad that he'll be bound to bite on. I'm a-goin' t' show him around th' plant this afternoon, an' you jest say nawthin' but saw wood. He ain't got a chance to dive the twine, for I know jest exactly what an ol' sailor likes."

After dinner Frank took his visitors in hand. "Now, Cap'en, jest let me show you around our plant. All that fish you see dryin' on th' flakes is for th' Brazilian Government. Those with th' long whiskers stickin' out from them are hake; those with th' black lines an' th' devil's finger-marks

on them are haddock, and there's a good pile o' cod, pollock, an' some cusk among them. What are they worth? Anywhere from three to five an' a half dollars a quintal or hundred-weight. Thar's most ten thousand dollars' worth o' fish out here now.... The work o' tendin' th' fish layin' on th' flakes is done by a lot o' th' boys an' girls around here, as well as the old men. It's a good job for an old man. He kin potter around turnin' th' fish over an' coverin' them up with that burlap ef th' sun's too strong, an' when it looks like rain he jest piles them an' covers them over with tarpaulins. Not hard work by any means."

Captain Denton grunted, and Lillian began to wonder if this was the bait Frank was holding out for her father.

Frank led the way from the yard towards the big building. "Here's th' lower floor whar' we prepare th' fish jest as it comes from th' boats an' th' vessel. They're dressed first, gutted, heads taken off an' then washed. After that we put them into pickle with salt and brine. Those big hogsheds are full o' fish in pickle, and when they've bin in th' salt long enough we take them out, wash them, and after kenchin' to drain off, we lay them out, on th' flakes to dry in th' sun. After they're dried, we store them up in th' loft o' this buildin' until we hev enough t' make a shipment."

"An' from here they go down south as bacalao for them yeller Braziliers to chew," added Captain Denton. "Eh, eh, but it's a great business."

After leaving the fish-house, with its score of busy workers dressing and salting, Frank pointed out how he had brought a supply of fresh water down from the mill dam and installed a carrier system from the wharf to the main building. "Fresh water is necessary in washin' fish properly, while this litter carrier is one of the best things we've got. It's just an ordinary farmer's feed an' litter carrier run on pulleys an' a single overhead rail, but I find I kin save an awful lot o' time an' labor by usin' it for transportin' fish from th' wharf to th' building—an' dumpin' th' gurry over the end of th' wharf at ebb tide—"

"Do you heave away all th' insides o' th' fish?" enquired the old skipper.

"No. Out of hake we keep th' sounds an' dry them. We save th' livers an' sometimes th' roes of most all. Those butts on th' wharf are all full o' fish livers tryin' out for oil. Th' sun does that for us an' all we hev t' do is skim the oil off an' sell it for tannin' leather. We sell th' heads an' a lot o' the gurry to farmers for fertilizer—it's great stuff t' put on th' fields. Th' cod's heads are good for bait in lobster traps...."

This small buildin' is our ice-house for supplyin' th' vessel. We cut the ice from the mill dam up above in th' winter time. We also bring herrin' bait across an' keep it in storage here. Th' small shed is th' tool-house, cooper's, carpenter's, an' blacksmith's shop."

They were down on the wharf by this time, and Captain Denton's attention was taken up by the two vessels inside the little harbor.

"Nice little barquentine," he remarked, nodding at the craft.

"Yes, she is a little beauty. We're loadin' most three hundred an' fifty tons o' fish in her this trip. She'll pull out in a couple o' weeks, I callate. Th' little schooner ahead o' her is th' new Lillian. We sold the old one, as she was too unhandy with her long bowsprit, an' havin' no engine it used to be all hands out in th' dories doin' Nova Scotia tow-boatin' every time she got under th' lee o' th' land comin' in here. We got this seventy-ton knockabout pretty reasonable at a sale an' she's payin' for herself mighty quick. With that engine o' hers a-goin' she hauled th' barkyteen up in here as neat's any tug."

Frank made an admirable guide. He pointed out everything and explained its uses, while Lillian and her father listened with rapt interest and attention. "Man an' boy I've sailed th' sea," declared the old shipmaster, "but I never knew so much about fish afore as I've larned this day. It's a great business—a fine business, an' next to a little bit of a store, I know of nawthin' I'd like better to be connected with."

"Why, I most forgot t' show you my store," cried Frank, as if it had only occurred to him. "Let's git up to it, for I'm sure ye'd like t' see over th' place."

There was the usual coterie of ancient farmers and fishermen lolling upon the empty boxes piled outside under the porch, and when the "young boss" and his visitors stepped up, they nodded respectfully. Frank opened the door and ushered the Dentons into the cool shade of the building, and it was fully evident that the old iap-tain was interested.

"An' what d'y' stock here, Frank?" he enquired after a glance around.

"Most everything, Cap'en," answered the other. "Provisions, potatoes, butter, eggs, an' all sorts of eatable truck. We supply the village an' th' vessel, y'know. Then we hev ship's gear, canvas, blocks, fishin' gear, lob-

ster rope, paint, oil, tar, oilskins, cloth, clothing for men, women, an' children, an' most everything what's needed in a place like this. I hev a post office now an' two deliveries an' collections a week, an' I also brought a telephone line over th' mountain. I'm an insurance agent, gasoline engines, farmin' implements, an' patent fencin' as well—in fact, I'm representative in Long Cove an' vicinity for nigh a hundred different concerns."

The old sailor looked around the piled shelves and the long counters. He scanned the posters upon the wall, and the boxes, barrels, and bales which encumbered the sides of the room. The scent of tar, oil, paint, matches, and oilskins came to his nostrils, and his brain surged with all an old sailor's notions of trade. The fancies of long watches at sea came to his mind, and for a space he pictured himself serving out goods behind that long counter; yarning around the stove on winter days, and lolling with his kind out on the sun-flooded porch in summer. Wouldn't he just like to be holding forth on this particular brand of goods to some customer; advocating insurance and talking fertilizers and horse feed with farmers. A sailor's ambitions—farming or store-keeping. The old longings came back to him with the sight of the place and his sea-weary heart hungered for the realization of long-deferred hopes. Timidly, he turned and spoke to the waiting Westhaver.

(To be concluded.)

Who Lives Longest?

Talking with a big insurance man the other day, I asked him in what occupation he found the longest lived men.

It may surprise you to know that clergymen and farmers head the list. American negroes are among the shortest lived of humans, while Irish immigrants also die young. Tuberculosis gets them. The Jews are perhaps the hardest of the various races. There is food for thought in these facts.—G. M.

Dye Old Wrap, Skirt, Sweater, Curtains in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a rich, fadeless color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything! Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

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The Fly in the Ointment

Bridget, the maid, approached her mistress.

"O! would loike a week's holiday, Miss Eileen," she said. "O! wants to be married."

Her mistress gave her a week's holiday, a white dress, a veil, and a cake.

At the end of the week Bridget returned.

"Oh, Miss Eileen," she exclaimed, "O! was the most lovely bride. Me dress was perfect, me veil lovely, and the cake splendid."

"Well, Bridget, this sounds delightful," said her mistress. "I hope you have got a good husband."

Bridget's tone changed to one of indignation.

"Now, Miss Eileen, an what d'ye think? The spalpeen never turned up."

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

The mysterious thing called mental energy is the basis of success in every walk of life.—Lord Riddell.

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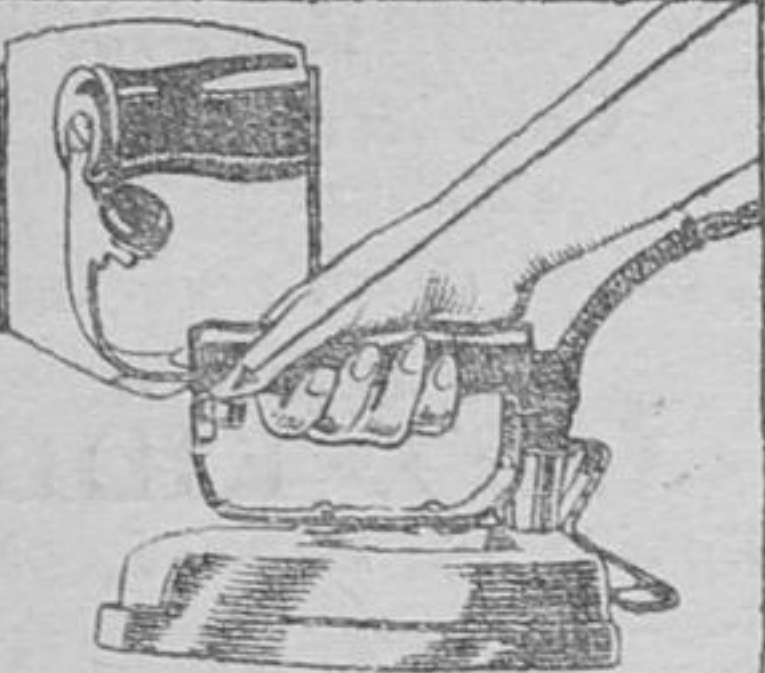
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