

BLUE WATER

A TALE OF THE DEEP
SEA FISHERMEN

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

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CHAPTER NINETEEN—(Cont'd.)
"You—you must be kep' pretty busy 'round here?"
"I am," answered Frank. "Too busy, in fact. I can't attend to my book-keepin' an' th' fish business 'count o' servin' here. I was thinkin' o' gittin' someone t' help me in lookin' after th' store. To run it, in fact, an' give me a chanst in the office."
The old Captain nodded eagerly. "Hey you planned on who you're goin' t' git?"
"Waal, no, I haven't," replied the other slowly. "I was thinkin', when Lil an' I got married, I'd maybe offer it to you an' keep you near us, but—"
"But?" queried the Captain, with a trace of anxiety in his voice.
"But ye want me t' wait another year yet, an' then, maybe, ye won't take a job like this—"
"Won't I?" roared the old man. "Jest offer it t' me an' see me snap it up! Lord Harry! this is th' sort of thing I've been hopin' would be my job in Heaven of stores are run up thar—"

"How about Lillian?" It was Frank who was anxious this time.
"Take her, son, take her," cried the Captain. "Sink me, but you've got all a man wants t' marry on. I had no idea your Company was so big an affair. An' ye'll let me be storekeeper? Lordy, boy, but I feel as proud as a dog with two tails. Jest what I've dreamed about. Storekeepin'!"
And while Westhaver chuckled to himself and kissed Lillian under the lee of a pile of boxes, Captain Denton was behind the counter and getting on to his job.

It was a hilariously happy family party that sat down to supper at the Westhaver homestead, and while the older folk were smoking and gossiping, Frank and his sweetheart stole away to enjoy a lover's promenade in the moonlight. The smell of the new-mown hay hung drowsily on the summer air, and under the glare of the moon the waters of the Bay shimmered and danced in the silver radiance. Somewhere in the darkness of the spruce forest a night-bird was crooning a nocturnal song; crickets chirped, and the strains of a violin quavered joyously upon the silence of the

night from the home of a fisherman.
"Isn't it glorious and beautiful, Frank?"
"Aye, sweetheart," whispered the other; "but still more so to me now that I have you here an' soon to be all mine own."

The wedding came off on the afternoon of an August day, which must have been ordered exclusively for the occasion. True, there was a proper Fundy fog blotting out the landscape in the early hours, but the sun-dogs soon got to work and ate it up, and when the mist dissipated, it revealed a glorious vista of blue sea and bluer sky.

Down at the wharf lay the barquentine dressed from truck to rail in bright-colored bunting; her decks scrubbed white, brass shining, painted and varnished like a yacht, and with hatches tarpaulined and battened down, and sails bent ready for sailing with the spring tide that afternoon. The Lillian lay astern of her, and she too was tricked out with flags, while ensigns flew from every flag-staff in the village.

It was a general holiday, and all the Long Covers dressed, and shaved, and primed up to do honor to the wedding of the "young boss" to the lovely girl he had chosen for a wife. All the Cove had met her and approved, and Lillian Denton passed the most exacting critic—even Sally Reford, old-maidish and forty, declaring that "she was jest all right an' a mighty nice gal."

The Reverend Mr. Westley officiated at the ceremony. He was whiter of hair and a little shakier now, but he called to mind the boyhood days of the young man he was about to bind in the eternal ties. "Oh, but you were a warrior, Frank. I imagine I see you yet—you and Lem Ring—a proper pair of imps and up to all kinds of mischief whenever you got a chance. Ha, ha, ha!" And the worthy cleric laughed until the tears ran down his face.

And in the presence of four skip-pers, his mother, and Lem Ring, Frank slipped the golden circlet over his bride's slim finger and murmured the most sacred of all vows, "until death us do part."

The tide served at four in the afternoon, and under showers of confetti and blossoms the happy pair stepped down the ornamented gangway and on to the barquentine's poop just as the Blue Peter fluttered from aloft. The Lillian, with motor going, chugged alongside; a hawser was passed down, and slowly they hauled out of the little harbor, while the crowds on the wharves cheered and shouted themselves hoarse.

Slowly the land glided away; the crowd dwindling to an indistinguishable mob, and the watchers on the sailing ship feasted their eyes on the panorama of rocky beach, spruce-clad hills, and verdure-hidden village of their home. A string of flags ran up from the wharf staff. "Farewell and good luck!" translated Captain Thomas, and he turned to the rail.

"All right, Captain Galarneau. Let go all! H'ist away spanker an' mains'! Loose th' sails on th' fore. Up jibs an' stays'ls!"

The Lillian sheered off. "Good-bye, Frank! Good-bye, Mrs. Westhaver!" cried Captain Jules. "Good voyage an' safe home!" And the gang bawled similar good wishes.

"Well yer spanker! Well yer mains'! Sheet home yer lower fore-tops'! Upper tops'! halliards now! Walk her up!"

Frank and his wife leaned over the taffrail staring at the land fading away astern. There was a gurgle and ripple in their wake as the barquentine began to drive ahead under her own canvas, and from the sailors walking the muslin up around the maindeck capstan came a plaintive, yet beautiful chorus:

Our sails are unfurled and we're over the Bar,
Away! Rio!
And we've pointed her bow to the Southern Star,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande!
Then away! Rio!
Away! Rio!
Sing fare ye well my bonny young girl,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!

"Doesn't that chantey sound beautiful on the water, Frank?" She looked up into his happy face, and admiration for each other was reflected in the eyes of both.

"Aye, dearie," he answered, "an' 'tis only on th' water where it really sounds as it should. The sea changes everything, an' 'tis me what owes a lot to it. 'Tis tender an' 'tis cruel; but, oh, it is beautiful! 'Twas from the sea I took you, darling, an' 'twas on it we first met—a ragin' winter sea. 'Twas th' sea what sent me back to you again—'most killed by it. 'Tis from th' sea I earn my bread, an' 'tis th' love of blue water an' you what has kept me to my purposes. Aye! Here's a tribute to th' sea!" And as he spoke he tossed a rose into the frothing wake.

They watched it float astern, saw the great white gulls whirling above it, and as arm in arm they stared at

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the panorama of spruce-clad hills and rocky beach, their joyful hearts found yet a place for the regret at leaving home and dear ones, which echoed to their ears in the words of the sailors singing:

We sing as we heave to the maidens we leave,
Away! Rio!
You know at this parting how sadly we grieve,
And we're bound for the Rio Grande!
Then away! Rio!
Away! Rio!
Sing fare ye well, my bonny young girl,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!

Sing farewell to mother and old daddy too,
Away! Rio!
And you who are list'nin', it's farewell to you,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!
Then away, love away!
Away down Rio!
Sing fare ye well, my bonny young girl,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande!
(The End.)

Johnny Scores.

Johnny hated his early bedtime. In the course of one of the nightly arguments his mother told him how all the little chicks went to sleep with the sun. For the moment he was silent, then he piped up: "But the old hen goes to bed with them, you know, mama!"

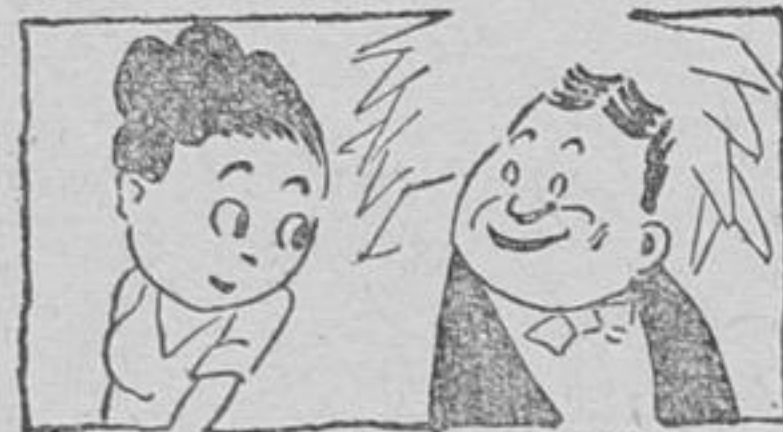
The extra half hour was conceded.

The Eternal Cause.

"What's the matter, little girl?"
"Two boys were fightin' and I got struck by a stone."

"That's it; the innocent bystander always gets hurt."

"But I don't know as I was an innocent bystander. I was what they was fightin' about."



One of the Best.

Miss Booklover—"One should be up-to-date! what are the six best sellers at present, Mr. Toper?"

Mr. Toper—"The six best cellars? I really can't say; but mine's one of them, I'll bet!"

The habit of claiming as our own, as a vivid present reality, that which we desire with all our heart is a magnetic power which attracts the things we long for. The creative power exists in affirming the desire of the thing we long to be or to accomplish.

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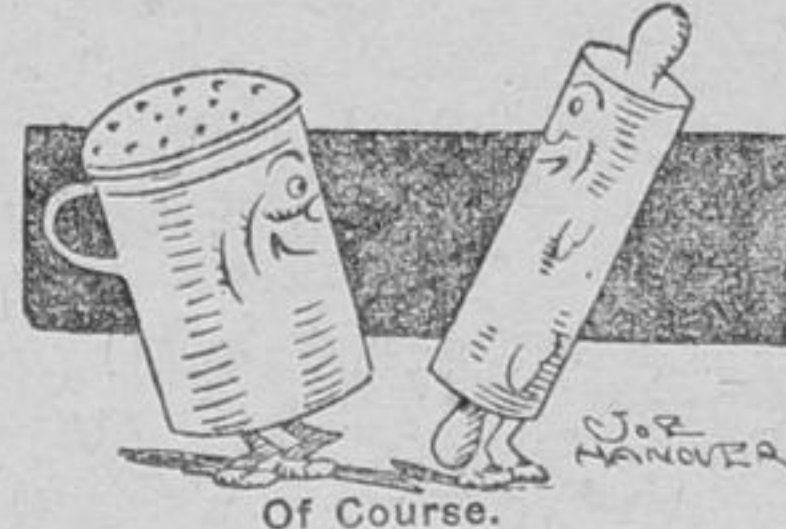
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A Dense Population.

A school-teacher asked her class in what part of the world the most ignorant people were to be found. A small boy volunteered quickly, "In London, England."

The teacher was amazed, and questioned the lad as to where he had obtained such information.
"Well," he replied, "the geography says that's where the population is most dense."



Of Course.

Flour Sifter—"You seem well fixed financially."

Rolling Pin—"Well, I gather a little dough now and then!"

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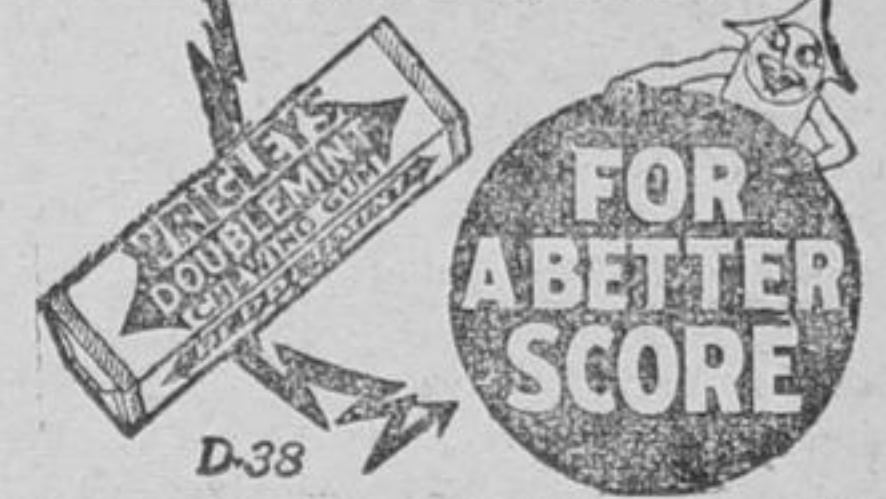
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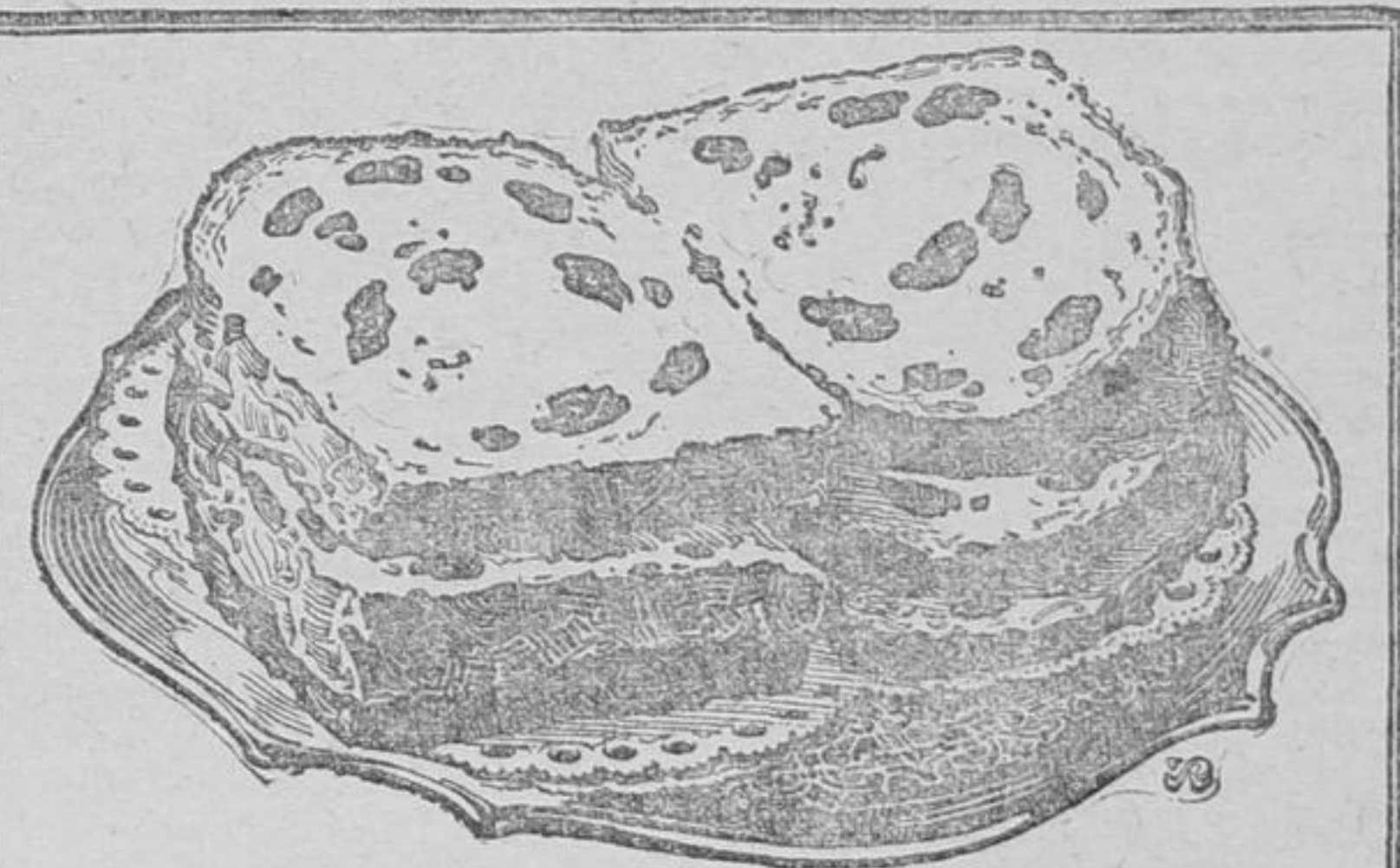
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