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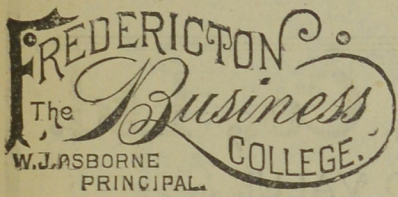
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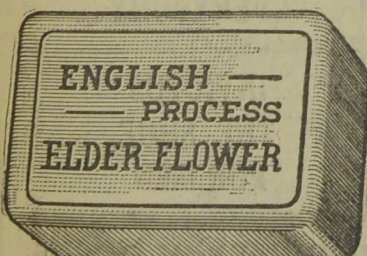
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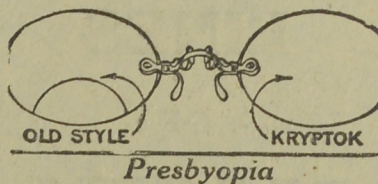
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CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

"It ain't, neither. It's come to every-
thing. Phoebe, I didn't mean to say
very much more than to beg your par-
don when I headed for here. But
I've got to—I've simply got to. This
can't go on. I can't have you keep
comin' to see me—and Bos'n. I can't
keep meetin' you every day. I can't."
She looked up as if to speak, but
something, possibly the expression in
his face, caused her to look quickly
down again. She did not answer.

"I can't do it," continued the cap-
tain desperately. "Tain't for what
folks might say. They wouldn't say
much when I was around, I tell you.
It ain't that. It's because I can't bear
to have you just a friend. Either you
must be more'n that, or—or I'll have
to go somewhere else. I realized that
when I was in Washin'ton and cruisin'
to California and back. I've either got
to take Bos'n and go away for good,
or—or—"

She would not help him. She would
not speak.

"You see," he groaned—"you see,
Phoebe, what an old fool I am. I
can't ask you to marry me—me, fifty-
five and rough from knockin' round
the world, and you, young and educa-
ted and a lady. I ain't fool enough to
ask such a thing as that. And yet
I couldn't stay here and meet you
every day and by and by see you mar-
ry somebody else. By the big dipper,
I couldn't do it! So that's why I can't
shake hands with you today—nor any
more, except when I say goodbye for
keeps."

Then she looked up. The color was
still bright in her face, and her eyes
were moist, but she was smiling.

"Can't shake hands with me?" she
said. "Please, what have you been
doing for the last five minutes?"

Captain Cy dropped her hand as if
his own had been struck with paral-
ysis.

"Good land!" he stammered. "I
didn't know I had it—honest truth, I
didn't."

Phoebe's smile was still there, faint,
but very sweet.

"Why did you stop?" she queried.

"I didn't ask you to."

"Why did I stop? Why, because I—
I—I declare I'm ashamed!"

She took his hand and clasped it
with both her own.

"I'm not," she said bravely, her eyes
brightening as the wonder and in-
credulous joy grew in his. "I'm very
proud and very, very happy."

There was to be a big supper at the
Cy Whittaker place that night. It was



MEYER

HE ABSENTLY TOOK THE HAND AND HIED
an impromptu affair, arranged on the
spur of the moment by Captain Cy,
who, in spite of the lawyer's protests
and anxiety concerning his health,
went serenely up and down the main
road, inviting everybody he met or
could think of. The captain's face was
as radiant as a spring sunrise. His
smile, as Asaph said, "pretty nigh cut
the upper half of his head off." People
who had other engagements and
would under ordinary circumstances
have refused the invitation couldn't
say no to his hearty "Can't come?
Course you'll come! Man alive, I want
you!"

"Invalid, is he?" observed Josiah
Dimick after receiving and accepting
his own invitation. "Well, I wish to
thunder I could be took down with the
same kind of disease. I'd be willin'
to linger along with it quite a spell
if it pumped me as full of joy as Whit
seems to be. Don't give laughin' gas
to keep off pneumonia, do they? No?
Well, I'd like to know the name of his
medicine, that's all."

Supper was to be ready at 6. Geo-
gianna, assisted by Keturah Bangs,
Mrs. Sylvanus Cahoon and other vol-
unteers, was gloriously busy in the
kitchen. The table in the dining room
reached from one end of the big apart-
ment to the other. Guests would be-
gin to arrive shortly. Willy Mr. Pea-
body, guessing that Captain Cy might
prefer to be alone, had taken the board
of strategy out riding behind the span.

In the sitting room around the base-
burner stove were three persons—Cap-
tain Cy, Bos'n and Phoebe. Miss
Dawes had "come early" at the cap-
tain's urgent appeal. Now she was
sitting in the rocker at one side of the
stove, gazing dreamily at the ruddy
light behind the isinglass panes. She
looked quietly, blissfully contented and
happy. At her feet on the braided
mat sat Bos'n playing with Lonesome,
who purred lazily. The little girl was
happy, too, for was not her beloved
Uncle Cyrus at home again with all

danger of their separation ended for-
evermore?

As for Captain Cy himself, the radi-
ant expression was still on his face,
brighter than ever. He looked across
at Phoebe, who smiled back at him.
Then he glanced down at Bos'n. And
all at once he realized that this was
the fulfillment of his dream. Here
was his "picture." The sitting room
was now as he had always loved to
think of it—as it used to be. He was
in his father's chair, Phoebe in the one
his mother used to occupy and be-
tween them—just where he had sat so
often when a boy—the child. The Cy
Whittaker place had again and at last
come into its own.

He drew a long breath and looked
about the room, at the stove, the lamp,
the old, familiar furniture, at his
grandfather's portrait over the man-
tel. Then in a flash of memory his
father's words came back to him, and
he said, laughing aloud from pure hap-
piness:

"Bos'n, run down cellar and get me
a pitcher of cider, won't you? There's
a good feller!"

THE END.

A Clear Case.

It was a murky day, and the old sea
captains were talking of a schooner
which had been struck by lightning a
few days before and adding their con-
tributions to nautical fiction, thinly
disguised as fact. "How about the
Emma S., Captain Eli?" asked the
privileged listener at last. "Wasn't
she struck once?"

"She was sir," and Captain Eli fixed
his gaze on a crack in the ceiling of
the old wharf office. "She was off the
cape—home-ard bound, she was."

"I'd like to hear the particulars,"
said the young man, and all the cap-
tains moved in their seats and fixed
their eyes on the crack which held the
gaze of Captain Eli.

"Tisn't much to tell, only what
might happen to any vessel under simi-
lar circumstances," said Captain Eli.
"A bolt struck the deck amidships and
bore a hole right down through the
bottom of the schooner big as a man's
leg. The water come rushing in, and
of course the Emma S. would have
foundered if a second bolt hadn't come
and struck my forto'galla'mast, cut it
off near the top, turned it end for end
and drove it right into the hole, plug-
ging it up and making it water tight."

"Twas a clear case of what folks
call the ravages and repairs of nature,"
said Captain Eli as he removed his
gaze from the crack and let it rest
thoughtfully on the ingenuous face of
the only landsman in the company.—
Youth's Companion.

Sensitive Souls.

In one of the schools on the out-
skirts of a city, where a large per-
centage of the pupils are of Italian
parentage, the teachers were startled
one day by the descent of a delegation
of infuriated mothers, all gesticulating
wildly and pouring forth floods of ex-
cited Italian. One of the older pupils,
having been sent for to act as inter-
preter, reported that their cause of
complaint was that their children had
been ridiculed and made fun of by
teachers and pupils.

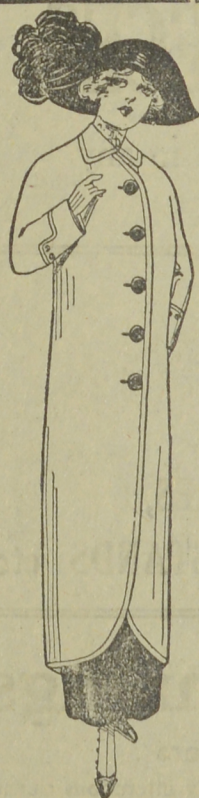
"In what possible way?" demanded
the astounded teacher.

"Why, by a song that you are teach-
ing the children, where you call them
'dagoes'."

Not until the teachers realized that
the song was "My Old Kentucky
Home" and that the offending words
were "The day goes by like a shadow
on the heart" was the whole affair
made clear, and the mothers, assured
that no offense was intended, depart-
ed in peace.—Exchange.

Weaknesses.

There are two kinds of weakness—
that which breaks and that which
bends.—Lowell.



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