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CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

School was out of the question, and
Bos'n, her breakfast eaten, prepared to
put in a cozy day with her dolls and
Christmas playthings.

"When do you s'pose Uncle Cyrus
will get home?" she asked of the
housekeeper. She had asked the same
thing at least three times a day during
the fortnight, and Georgianna's answer
was always just as unsatisfactory:

"I don't know, dearie, I'm sure. He'll
be here pretty soon, though, don't you
fret."

"Oh, I ain't going to fret. I know
he'll come. He said he would, and
Uncle Cy always does what he says
he will."

About 12 Asaph made his appear-
ance, a white statue.

"Godfrey seissors!" he panted, shak-
ing his snow plastered cap over the
coal hod. "Say, this is one of 'em,
ain't it? Don't know's I ever see
more of a one. Drift out by the front
fence pretty nigh up to my waist.
This'll be a nasty night along the Or-
ham beach. The life savers 'll have
their hands full. Whew! I'm about
tuckered out."

"Been to the postoffice?" asked
Georgianna in a low tone.

"Yup. I been there. Mor'nin' mail
just this minute sorted. Train's two
hours late. Gabe says more'n likely
the evenin' train won't be able to get
through at all if this keeps up."

"Was there anything from?"

Mr. Tidditt glanced at Bos'n and
shook his head.

"Not a word," he said. "Funny, ain't
it? It don't seem a bit like him. And
he can't be to Washington, because a'
them letters came back. I—I swan to
man, I'm beginnin' to get worried."

"Worried? I'm pretty nigh crazy!
What does Phoebe Dawes say?"

"She don't say much. It's pretty
tough, when everything else is workin'
out so fine, thanks to her, to have this
happen. No; she don't say much, but
she acts pretty solemn."

"Say, Mr. Tidditt?"

"Yes—what is it?"

"You don't s'pose anything that hap-
pened betwixt her and Cap'n Whit-
taker that afternoon is responsible for
—for his stayin' away so, do you? You
know what he told me to tell her—
about her not comin' here?"

Asaph fidgeted with the wet cap.

"Aw, that ain't nothin'," he stam-
mered—"that is, I hope it ain't. I did
say somethin' to him that—but Phoebe
understands. She's a smart woman."

"You haven't told them boardin'
house tattle-ales about the—Emmie,
you go fetch me a card of matches
from the kitchen, won't you—of what's
been found out about that Thomas
thing?"

"Course I ain't. Didn't Peabody say
not to tell a soul till we was sure?
S'pose I'd tell Keturah and Angie?
Might's well paint it on a sign and be
done with it. No, no! I've kept mum,
and you do the same. Well, I must be
goin'. Hope to goodness we hear some
good news from Whit by tomorrow."

But when tomorrow came news of
any kind was unobtainable. No trains
could get through, and the telephone
and telegraph wires were out of com-
mission owing to the great storm. Bay-
port was buried under a white coverlet
three feet thick on a level, which
shone in the winter sun as if powdered
with diamond dust. The street shovel-
ing brigade, meaning most of the ac-
tive male citizens, was busy with
plows and shovels. Simmons was de-
serted in the evening, for most of the
regular habitues went to bed after sup-
per tired out.

Two days of this; then Gabe Lum-
ley, his depot wagon replaced by a
sleigh, drove the panting Daniel into
the yard of the Cy Whittaker place.
Gabe was much excited. He had news
of importance to communicate and was
puffed up in consequence.

"The wire's all right again, Georgi-
anna," he said to the housekeeper, who
had hurried to the door to meet him.
"Fast message just come through.
Guess who it's for?"

"Stop your foolishness, Gabe Lum-
ley!" ordered Miss Taylor. "Hand
over that telegram this minute! Don't
you stop to talk! Hand it over!"

Gabe didn't intend to be "corked"
thus peremptorily.

"It's pretty important news, Georgi-
anna," he declared. "Kind of bad
news too. I think I'd ought to prepare
you for it sort of. When Cap'n Obed
Pepper died I—"

"Died! For the land sakes! What
are you sayin'? Give me that, you
fool head! Give it to me!"

She snatched the telegram from him
and tore it open. It was not as bad as
it might have been, but it was bad
enough. Lawyer Peabody wired that
Captain Cyrus Whittaker was at his
home in Ostable sick in bed and threat-
ened with pneumonia.

Captain Cy, hurrying homeward in
response to the attorney's former tele-
gram, had reached Boston the day of
the blizzard. He had taken the train
for Bayport that afternoon. The train
had reached Ostable after 9 o'clock
that night, but could get no farther.
The captain, burning with fever and
torn by chills, had wallowed through
the drifts to his lawyer's home and
collapsed on his doorstep. Now he was
very ill and at times delirious.

For two weeks he lay, fighting off
the threatened attack of pneumonia.
But he won the fight, and at last
word came to the anxious ones at
Bayport that he was past the danger
point and would pull through. There
was rejoicing at the Cy Whittaker
place. The board of strategy came into

performed an impromptu war dance
around the dining room table.

"Whe-e-e!" shouted Bailey Bangs,
tossing Bos'n above his head. "Your
Uncle Cy's weathered the Horn and is
bound for clear water now. Three
cheers for our side! Won't we give
him a reception when we get him back
here?"

"Won't we!" crowed Asaph. "Well,
I just guess we will! You ought to
hear Angie and the rest of 'em chant
hymns of glory about him. A body 'd
think they always knew he was the
salt of the earth. Maybe I don't rub
it in a little, hey? Oh, no, maybe
not!"

"And Heman!" chimed in Mr. Bangs.
"And Heman! Would you ever believe
he'd change so all of a sudden? Bully
old Whit! I can mention his name
now without Ketury's landin' on to
me like a snowslide. Whee! I say
whe-e-e!"

He continued to say it, and Georgi-
anna and Asaph said what amounted
to the same thing. A change had come
over our Bayport social atmosphere, a
marvelous change. And at Simmons'
and—more wonderful still—at Tad
Simpson's barber shop plans were
being made and perfected for proceed-
ings in which Cyrus Whittaker was to
play the most prominent part.

Meanwhile the convalescence went
on at a rapid rate. As soon as he was
permitted to talk Captain Cy began
to question his lawyer. How about
the appeal? Had Atkins done any-
thing further? The answers were sat-
isfactory. The case had been dropped
—the Honorable Heman had announced
its withdrawal. He had said that he
had changed his mind and should not
continue to espouse the Thomas cause.

In fact, he seemed to have whirled
completely about on his pedestal and,
like a compass, now pointed only in
one direction—toward his "boy-
friend" and present neighbor, Cyrus
Whittaker.

"It's perfectly astounding," com-
mented Peabody. "What in the world,
captain, did you do to him while you
were in Washington?"

"Oh, nothin' much," was the rather
disinterested answer. "Him and me
had a talk, and he saw the error of his
ways. I cal'late. How's Bos'n today?
Did you give her my love when you
phoned?"

"So far as the case is concerned,"
went on the lawyer, "I think we
should have won that, anyway. It's
curious thing. Thomas has disap-
peared. How he got word or who he
got it from I don't know, but he must
have, and he's gone somewhere, no
one knows where. And yet I'm not
certain that we were on the right trail.
It seemed certain a week ago, but
now—"

The captain had not been listening.
He was thinking. Thomas had gone,
had he? Good! Heman was living up
to his promises. And Bos'n, God bless
her, was free from that danger.

"Have you heard from Emmie? I
asked you," he repeated.

He would not listen to anything fur-
ther concerning Thomas either then or
later. He was sick of the whole busi-
ness, he declared, and now that every-
thing was all right didn't wish to
talk about it again. He asked nothing
about the appropriation, and the law-
yer, acting under strict orders, did not
mention it.

Only once did Captain Cy inquire
concerning a person in his home town
who was not a member of his house-
hold.

To be Continued)

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