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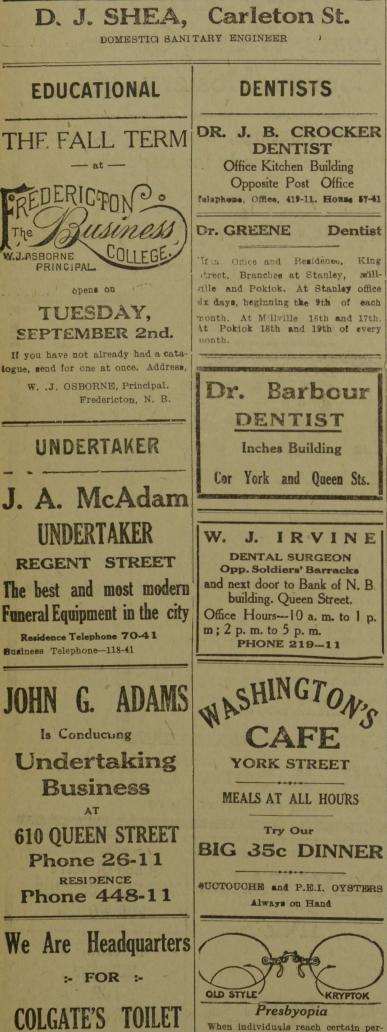
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CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

bere!"

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 spose 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 stissors!" 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 Orham 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. Mornin' 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."

shook his head.

"Not a word." he said. "Funny, ain't

it? It don't seem a bit like him. Aud he can't be to Washin'ton, because a'l 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 happened 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-

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 tattletales 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 tomorrer."

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. Bayport 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-

performed an impromptu war dance around the dining room table. "Whe-e-e!" shouted Bailey Bangs, tossing Bos'n above his head. Uncle Cy's weathered the Horn and is bound for clear water now. Three cheers for our side! Won't we give

"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

wh-e-e-e!" He continued to say it, and Georgianna 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 proceedings in which Cyrus Whittaker was to

"Was there anything from"— Mr. Tidditt glanced at Bos'n and hook his head. "Was there anything from"— 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 be 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 one direction-toward his "boyh friend" and present neighbor, Cyr.

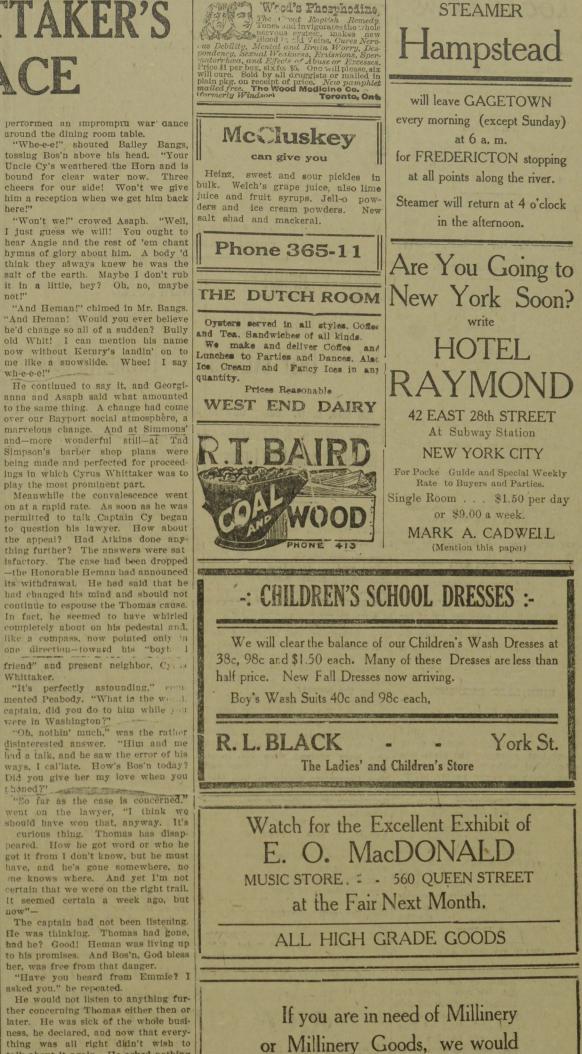
Whittaker. "It's perfectly astounding," e mented Peabody. "What in the we captain, did you do to him while y

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

r.honed?" "So far as the case is concerned." went on the lawyer, "I think we hould have won that, anyway. It's curious thing. Thomas has disappeared. How he got word or who he got it from I don't know, but he must have, and he's gone somewhere, no ne 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 further concerning Thomas either then or later. He was sick of the whole business he declared and now that everything was all right didn't wish to talk about it again. He asked nothing about the appropriation, and the lawyer, acting under strict orders, did not



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plows and shovels. Simmons' was deserted in the evening, for most of the regular habitues went to bed after supper 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, Georgianna," he said to the housekeeper, who had hurried to the door to meet him. "Fust 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, Georgianna," 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 threatened 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 Wbittaker place. The board of strategy came and

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

To be Continued)

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