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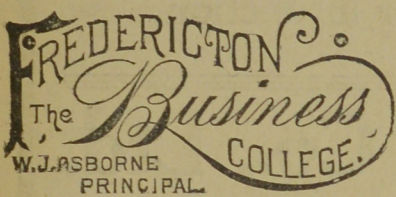
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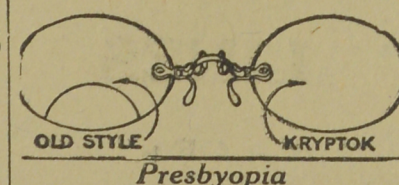
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ache, water, and become tired, you
may be sure that Presbyopia is the
cause of the trouble.

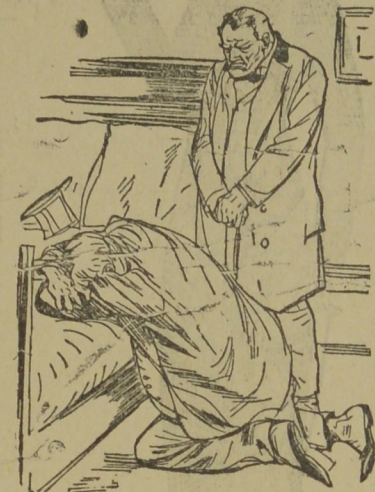
This defect should be attended to
at its first appearance and proper
lenses constitute the only require-
ment.

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CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

Heman listened. He was on his
knees beside the bed, his face buried
in his arms, and his gray hair, the
leonine Atkins hair, which he was
wont to toss backward in the heated
periods of his eloquence, tumbled and
dragged. Captain Cy looked down at
him.

"This whole business about Bos'n
must be stopped," he said, "and
stopped right off. You tell your law-
yers to drop the case. Her dad is only
hangin' around because you pay him
to. He don't want her; he don't care



CAPTAIN CY LOOKED DOWN AT HIM.

what becomes of her. If you pay him
enough he'll go, won't he, and not
come back?"

The congressman raised his head.
"Why, yes," he faltered; "I think he
will. Yes, I think I could arrange
that. But, Cyrus—"

The captain held up his hand.
"I intend to look out for Bos'n," he
said. "She cares for me more'n any
one else in the world. She's as much
to me as my own child ever could be,
and I'll see that she is happy and pro-
vided for. I'm religious enough to be-
lieve she was sent to me, and I intend
to stick to my trust. As for the
money—"

"Yes, yes—the money?"
"Well, I won't be too hard on you
that way, either. We'll talk that over
after on. Maybe we can arrange for
you to pay it a little at a time. You
can sign a paper showin' that you owe
it, and we'll fix the payin' to suit all
hands. Tain't as if the child was in
want. I've got some money of my
own, and what's mine's hers. I think
we needn't worry about the money
part."

"God bless you, Cyrus! I"—
"Yes, all right. I'm sure your askin'
for the blessin' 'll be a great help.
Now, you do your part and I'll do
mine. No one knows of this business
but me. I didn't tell Everdeen a
word. He don't know why I hustled
out there and back nor why I asked
so many questions. And he ain't the
kind to pry into what don't concern
him. So you're pretty safe. I call late.
Now, if you don't mind, I wish you'd
run along home. I'm—I'm used up,
sort of."

Mr. Atkins arose from his knees.
Even then, broken as he was—he looked
ten years older than when he entered
the room—he could hardly believe
what he had just heard.

"You mean," he faltered—"Cyrus, do
you mean that—that you're not going
to reveal this—this—"

"That I'm not goin' to tell on you?
Yup; that's what I mean. You get
rid of Thomas and squelch that law
case and I'll keep mum. You can
trust me for that."

"But—but, Cyrus, the people at
home? Your story in the Breeze?
You're not?"

"No; they needn't know, either. It'll
be between you and me."

"God bless you! I'll never forget!"

"That's right. You mustn't. Forget-
tin' is the one thing you mustn't do.
And, see here, you're boss of the politi-
cal fleet in Bayport; you steer the
school committee now. Phoebe Dawes
ain't too popular with that committee.
I'd see that she was popularized."

"Yes, yes; she shall be. She shall
not be disturbed. Is there anything
else I can do?"

"Why, yes, I guess there is. Speakin'
of popularity made me think of it.
That harbor appropriation had better
go through."

A very faint tinge of color came into
the congressman's chalky face. He
hesitated in his reply.

"I—I don't know about that, Cyrus,"
he said. "The bill will probably be
voted on in a few days. It is made up
and—"

"Then I'd strain a pint and make it
over. I'd work real hard on it. I'm
sorry about that sugar river, but I cal-
late Bayport 'll have to come first.
Yes, it'll have to, Heman; it sartin'
will."

The reference to the "sugar river"
was the final straw. Evidently this
man knew everything.

"I—I'll try my best," affirmed He-
man. "Thank you, Cyrus. You have
been more merciful than I had a right
to expect."

"Yes, I guess I have. Why do I do
it?" He smiled and shook his head.
"Well, I don't know. For two reasons
maybe—first, I'd hate to be responsible
for tipplin' over such a sky towerin'
idol as you've been to make ruins for
Angie Phinney and the other black
birds to peck at and caw over, and
second—well, it does sound presumin',
don't it? But I kind of pity you, say,

Heman," he added, with a chuckle,
"that's a kind of distinction in a way,
ain't it? A good many folks have
hurrased over you and worshiped you.
Some of 'em, I guess likely, have en-
vied you; but, by the big dipper, I do
believe I'm the only one in this round
world that ever pitied you! Goodby!
The elevator's right down the hall."

It required some resolution for the
Honorable Atkins to walk down that
corridor and press the elevator button.
But he did it somehow. A guest came
out of one of the rooms and approach-
ed him as he stood there. It was a
man he knew. Heman squared his
shoulders and set every nerve and
muscle.

"Good evening, Mr. Atkins," said the
man. "A miserable night, isn't it?"

"Miserable, indeed," replied the con-
gressman. The strength in his voice
surprised him. The man passed on.
Heman descended in the elevator and
walked steadily through the crowded
lobby and out to the curb, where his
cab was waiting. The driver noticed
nothing strange in his fare's appear-
ance. He noticed nothing strange
when the Atkins residence was reached
and its tenant mounted the stone
steps and opened the door with his
latchkey. But if he had seen the dig-
nified form collapse in a library chair
and moan and rock back and forth
until the morning hours he would have
wondered very much indeed.

Meanwhile Captain Cy, coughing
and shivering by the radiator, had
been summoned from that warm ha-
ven by a knock at his door. A bell-
boy stood at the threshold, holding a
brown envelope in his hand.

"The clerk sent this up to you, sir,"
he said. "It came a week ago. When
you went away you didn't leave any
address, and whatever letters came
for you were sent back to Bayport,
Mass. The clerk says you registered
from there, sir. But he kept this tele-
gram. It was in your box, and the
day clerk forgot to give it to you this
afternoon."

The captain tore open the envelope.
The telegram was from his lawyer,
Mr. Peabody. It was dated a week
before and read as follows:

Come home at once. Important.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE blizzard began that night.
Bayport was a generous allow-
ance of storms and gales dur-
ing a winter, although, as a
usual thing, there is more rain than
snow and more wind than either. But
we can count with certainty on at least
one blizzard between November and
April, and about the time when Cap-
tain Cy, feverish and ill, the delayed
telegram in his pocket and a great
fear in his heart, boarded the sleeper
of the eastbound train at Washington,
snow was beginning to fall in our vil-
lage.

Next morning, when Georgianna
came downstairs to prepare Bos'n's
breakfast—the housekeeper had ceased
to "go home nights" since the cap-
tain's absence—the world outside was
a tumbled, driving whirl of white.
The woodshed and barn, dimly seen
through the smother, were but gray
shapes, emerging now and then only
to be wiped from the vision as by a
great flapping cloth wielded by the
mighty hand of the wind. The old
house shook in the blasts, the window
panes rattled as if handfuls of small
shot were being thrown against them,
and the carpet on the floor of the din-
ing room puffed up in miniature bil-
lows.

To be Continued)

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