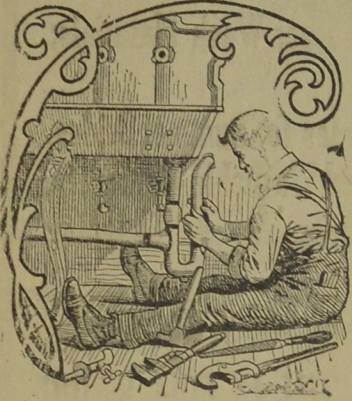


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CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

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"I'll take your togs out and dry 'em in the kitchen."

Captain Cy stopped at Mr. Lumley's residence to leave an order for the delivery of the box. Then he drifted into Simmons' and accosted Alpheus Smalley.

"Al," he said, "what's good for a cold?"

"Why?" asked Mr. Smalley in true Yankee fashion. "You got one?"

"Hey? Oh, yes—yes, I've got one." By way of proof he coughed until the lamp chimneys rattled on the shelf.

"Judas! I should think you had! Is your throat sore?"

"Hey? Yes, I guess so."

"Don't you know? If you've got sore throat there ain't nothin' better 'n Arabian balm. But what in time are you doin' out in this drizzle with a cold and no umbrella? Do you want to—"

"Never mind my umbrella. I left it in the church entry t'other Sunday, and somebody got out afore I did. This Arabian balm—seems to me I remember my ma's usin' that on me. Wet a rag with it, don't you, and tie it round your neck?"

"Yup. Be sure and use a flannel rag and red flannel if you've got it. That acts quicker 'n the other kinds. Fifteen cent bottle?"

"I guess so. Might's well give me some sass-p'rilla while you're about it; always handy to have in the house. And—er—say, is that canned soup you've got up on that shelf?"

The astonished clerk admitted that it was.

"Well, give me a can of the chicken kind."

Mr. Smalley, standing on a chair to reach the shelf where the soup was kept, shook his head.

"Now, that's too bad, cap'n," he said, "but we're all out of chicken just now. Fact is, we ain't got nothin' but turnip and beef broth. Yes, and I declare if the turnip ain't all gone."

"Humph! Then I guess I'll take the beef. Needn't mind wrappin' it up, so long."

The captain entered the house quietly and tiptoed to the door of the bedroom. Emily was asleep, and the sight of the childish head upon the pillow gave him a start as he peeped in at it. It looked so natural, almost as if it belonged there. It had been in a bed like that and in that very room that he had slept when a boy.

Gabe, brimful of curiosity, brought the box a little later. His curiosity was ungratified, Captain Cy explaining that it was a package he had been expecting.

He was warming the beef broth in a saucepan on the stove when Emily appeared. She was dressed in dry clothes from the box and seemed to be feeling as good as new.

"Hello!" exclaimed Captain Cy.

"You're on deck again, hey? How's the ice?"

"All gone," was the reply. "Do you do your own work? Can't I help? I can set the table. I used to for Mrs. Cy."

WHITTAKER'S PLACE

The captain protested that he could do it himself just as well; but, the girl, protesting, he showed her where the dishes were kept. From the corner of his eye he watched her as she unfolded the tablecloth.

"Is this the only one you've got?" she inquired. "It's awful dirty."

"Huh! Yes. I ain't tended up to my washin' and ironin' the way I'd ought to. I'll lose my job if I don't look out, hey?"

Before they sat down to the meal Captain Cy insisted that his guest take a tablespoonful of the sarsaparilla and decorate her throat with a section of red flannel soaked in the "Arabian balm."

"Have some soup? Some I bought purpose for you. Best thing goin' for folks with icicles," remarked the captain, waving the iron spoon he had used to stir the contents of the saucepan.

"Yes, sir, thank you. But don't you ask a blessing?"

"Hey?"

"A blessing, you know—saying that you're thankful for the food now set before us."

"Hum! Why, to tell you the truth I've kind of neglected that, I'm afraid. Bein' thankful for the grub I've had lately was most too much of a strain. I shouldn't wonder."

"I know the one mamma used to say. Shall I ask it for you?"

"Sho! I guess so if you want to." The girl bent her head and repeated a short grace. Captain Cy watched her curiously.

"Now I'll have some soup, please," observed Emily. "I'm awful hungry. I had breakfast at 5 o'clock this morning, and we didn't have a chance to eat much."

A good many times that day the captain caught himself wondering if he wasn't dreaming. The whole affair seemed too ridiculous to be an actual experience. Dinner over, he and Emily attended to the dishes, he washing and she wiping. And even at this early stage of their acquaintance her disposition to take charge of things was apparent. She found fault with the dish towels. They were almost as bad as the tablecloth, she said. Considering that the same set had been in use since Mrs. Bensley's departure, the criticism was not altogether baseless.

"Excuse me," she said, "but don't you think that plate had better be done over? I guess you didn't see that place in the corner. Perhaps you've forgot your specs. Auntie Oliver couldn't see well without her specs."

(To be Continued)

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