

very curious to know why me so unex but that the captain also bey asked one question after Bradley simply said that the

of other plans and that he all what they were yet.

Apper they adjourned to the com. Bradley was uneasy at times glanced at the clock. he should like to go out a hour or so. Of course, the sis-said, they "didn't mind," and he

which hat and went.

Frimy's shrewd guess wasn't group. Bredley passed out of the agate only to open the one of the adjaining. His knock at the door apparently started a canine section, for there was a tremen and growling inside, and the heads of Tuesday and Win-the only survivors of Gus' troop pretraded from either side of

dley Nickerson!" exclaimat in wen't you? No. Gusty in just now. It's prayer meet-ght, and she thought she'd go. I'm sorry you won't step in and

in his pockets and his head

front of the little church was d by a row of Orbam young no were waiting for the meet-

news and a lot more that e news if it ever hap-

and was down last

ly, and he must be And he has a good time

ed and winked knowing-great feller for girls," he I tell you. Gus Baker was the guessin'. He sin't the only one con runnin' after ber-hey. Then the whole row laughed

eller comehow didn't enjoy the he didn't reliab the idea, so sudbrought home to him, that "felwere running after Gus, and parbe didn't care to have Sam d among the runners. He had Sam once or twice in New York. chip he was, handsome and well n a rather loud fashion and Bradley was not a prig, but sa-and after theater suppers had lit-traction for him, even if his salhad been large enough to pay the He had wondered idly how Sam id afford the "fun" he was always

oon in the vestry struck d Be With You Till We Meet and the loungers on the fence to move over toward the door. back from the entrance. The final of the hymn died away in deaf Piper's tremulous falsetto. Then onounced, the door swung open, the worshipers began to

looked for Gus, and at last She was talking to Mr. ay, and the light from the up in the entry shone upon Again he decided, just as when he left her before going that she was pretty, but now realized that here was not a dolls. but that there was charm her dark eyes and the exof her mout

came out and stood on the step. s her giove. Two of the young pped out of the line toward spoke to both of them and Then she caught sight of who also had moved into the at, and, brushing past the rival of volunteer escorts, she held out

Why, Brad!" she exclaimed, "Where earth aid you come from? I'm ever Bradley shook hands and said, "How so you do?" There was no earthly reawhy he should be embarrassed, he was, just a little. He stammerand then asked if he might have pleasure of "seeing her home."

Why, of course you may!" she said. 27 1 how so, at any rate."

Bradley laughed and admitted that s guesard that was about it. Gue his arm, and they moved down to path and down the rough stone



She came out and stood on the step. "Why, I haven't seen you for an age!" said Gus. "And you haven't written for nearly three weels! Why lid you come home now? You didn't ect to come home so soon, did

Bradley explained why he had come me. Captain Titcomb had left the mas Donne, he said, and he had left with him. He didn't tell the real reason for the leaving, but hinted at dissatisfaction with the owners. To head off further questions on this tic-klish subject he asked Gus what she had been doing that winter. "Weil," she said, "I graduated from

high school, for one thing, and I'm keeping house for grandma. I guess that's about all."

"What's been going on in town?

"Yes; a few. I went to the Washington's birthday ball, but it wasn't much fun. Most of the floor committee were old, married people and about every other dance was 'Hull's Victory' or a quadrille. Round dances, you art Sears informed him. know, are wicked, especially if you

"You wrote me you went to that. Sam Hammond's been home, hasn't

"Oh, yes. I went to the ball with him. He's a lovely duncer, and we waited whenever they played a waits tune, no matter whether the rest were with a quadrille or not. But why don't you tell me what you are going to do now that you've given up your

dley told her of Captain Titcomb's idea concerning the purchase of the Lissie and the offer of partnership in wrecking business. As he talked is growing interest in the plan be came more evident, and he spoke of it upon. "What do you think of ft?" he asked in conclusion.

Why, I don't know," replied Gus. "If it all works out as the cap'n hopes it will be a fine thing. But isn't it rather risky? It means staying at home here in Orham, where people's ideas get into a rut, it seems to me. The cities seem so big and to have such chances for a man! You know yourself, Brad, that you've improved a ot since you went away."

"I haven't got a gold watch yet or any fine clothes, and my dancing wouldn't draw a crowd, I guess."

"Don't be silly. Sam is a good waltz er, and he has improved in his manners and in other ways. I shouldn't want you to settle down into nothing but a longshoreman. I guess I'm like Miss Tempy. I hoped you'd be captain of an ocean liner some of these days."

Well, I don't mean to cramp myself 'longshoreman size just because I stay in the village. It looks to me like a chance—a good chance—to be my own boss and make something of myself. I hoped you'd see it that way." "Perhaps I shall when I get more

ed to it. Tell me more, please." They had reached the little house and, leaning on the gate under the big silver leaf tree, Bradley again went over the details of the new plan. Gus was interested and asked many questions, but to both of them the interview was not entirely satisfactory. The old, boy and girl, whole hearted exchange of confidences seemed to be lacking. To Bradley in particular as he turned away after saying "Good night" the consciousness of a difference in his relation with his old time 'chum" was keen. She was interested in him and in his hopes and plans, but she had plans and hopes of her own, and perhaps he was not so much the central figure as he used to be.

Next day Bradley called on the captain. The latter had seen Caleb Burgess, and the Lizzie could be bought ror a very reasonable sum. Captain Titcomb was also preparing a long table of figures showing the cost of what was needed to fit her up. They talked for over an hour, but Bradley was not yet ready to decide. He would take his full week, he said.

But by the end of the week his mind was made up. He was ready to take the chance that the captain offer He told Gus so, and she agreed that perhaps he was doing right. He told, the old maids and so knocked Miss Tempy's air castles into smithereens in one tremendous crash.

The partnership articles were signed, red stain-iron rust. Bradley drew his money from the sav-

ings bank, and the Lizzie changed hands. The next month was a very busy one, for they were at work on the schooner every day refitting and rigging. One noon of the fourth week the captain came down to the wharf with a Boston paper in his hand.

Bradley took the paper and saw on the page indicated the words: "Wreck on the Long Island Sand Bars. The Schooner Thomas Doane Lost, All Hands Saved." He glanced over the article, which briefly stated that the three masted schooner Thomas Donne, Burke master, had struck on the shoals off Long Island and would be a total loss. The crew, after trying in vain to save the vessel, had taken to the boats. and reached shore in safety.

"I didn't believe they'd dare do it!" exclaimed Bradley. "We know, and they know we know."

"Who'll tell?" asked the captain. shortly. "Not me, for I was in it as bad as the rest. Not you, for they know you and me were thicker'n files on a molasses stopper. No; 'twas 'Goodby, Susan Jane,' so far as the old Doane was concerned, and I've been expectin' it. Well, I wasn't at the funeral, so let's forgit it."

And apparently Captain Titcomb did forget it. A good many months were to pass before Bradley was again to hear his friend mention that subject.

CHAPTER IX.

was a May morning off Setuckit Point. The Point itself was in the middle distance, with the lighthouse top shining black against the sky and the little cluster of fishing shantles showing brown amid the white sand dunes and green beach grass. The life saving station was perched on the highest of the dunes, and its cupola was almost as conspicuous as the lighthouse. The thick cloud, apparently of mosquitoes. hovering over the point was in reality the flock of mackerel gulls that are always hunting for sand eels on the flat. Low down across the horizon miles beyond was smeared the blue and yellow streak that marked the mainland of

the cape. To the right, only half a mile away, but through the darker water that indicated the ship channel, a four masted schooner was moving swiftly, the sunshine flashing sparks from her cabin windows and marking high lights and shadows on her swelling carras. Ahead of her, against the sky line, was the lightship that marked the turning point in the course. Behind, not quite so far away, was the other lightship that she had just passed. More schooners were following her, strung out in a long line, and others, bound in the opposite direction, were standing inshore or heading out to sea as they beat up in the face of the brisk wind. An occasional steamer or an ocean tug a tow flaunted a dingy streamer of smoke here and there amid the graceful schooners.

Along the edge of the channel and sprinkled amid the blue were patches of light green water where the waves ran higher and broke occasionally. There were the shoals—the "Rasorback," the "Boneyard" and the rest. If it were possible and fashionable to erect tombstones for lives lost at sea hese hidden sand bars would bristle with them. Not a winter month that passes but vessels are driven ashore here, and the wicked tides and winds catter their timbers far and wide. The

Setuckit life saving crew have few

restful hours from October to May. On the edge of one of these shoals. just over in deep water, a little schooner lay at anchor, rocking and plunging incersantly. Her sails were down, and only one man was aboard. Half a mile away, just where the tail of the shoal made out into the channel, two dories were moving slowly in parallel courses, trailing a rope between them. The schooner was the Lizzie; the man aboard her was Barney Small, once a stage driver, but now, forced out of business by the new railroad, back again at his old tradewrecking. Captain Ezra Titcomb was rowing one dory and Bradley Nicker-

son the other. They were draggin."

The two dories moved slowly down the edge of the shoal, separated by a distance of perhaps a hundred yards. The line between them, weighted with a lead sinker at each end, was dragging along the bottom.

They were dragging for an anchor lost by the coasting schooner Mary D. a month before. She had been caught by the tide, and the chain had been let go with a run. One of the hands aboard-Eldredge by name-was an Orham man, and he had had the presence of mind to take the "ranges," which information he had sold to Captain Titcomb for a five dollar bill.

Bradley and the captain began rowing once more. They had gone but a little way when, slowly but surely, the dorles began to draw nearer to each other. Bradley, looking over the side, saw that the "drag line" no longer hung straight down, but, tightly stretched by whatever was holding it on the bottom, led off diagonally

They kept on rowing easily, and in a few minutes the pressure on the line had brought the dories side by side. Then Bradley passed his end of the rope to his partner, who began hauling in with care. By this operation the skipper's dory was soon brought directly over the spot where lay the hidden object. Bradley rowed his own boat alongside.

"Now, then," said Captain Titcomb, "let's see if she's got the right com-

He leaned over the side and, taking one end of the line in each hand, pulled them tight and sawed vigorousback and forth, thus drawing a section of the rope again and again under the treasure trove below. Then he paid out one end of the line and hauled in | and considerably more fun." the other until this section came to the

The smaller end of the "way line," a you danced."

stout rope tapering from one inch to three inches in thickness, was spliced to the "drag line" and drawn down and under the supposed anchor until the latter was looped by it. Then the "messenger," an iron shackle or collar fastened by a bolt or pin, was clamped about the upper parts of the loop. To this "messenger" was also attached a

small cord. The "way line" was drawn tight, and the heavy "messenger" plunged out of sight beneath the water. It slid down to the end of the "way line," thus holding with a tenacious grip the submerged object. They tested with the "messenger," pulling it up with the cord and letting it drop again. It struck solidly and with the tingle of metal against metal.

Bradley pulled down the Lizzie. Barney and he hoisted canvas enough to give them steerage way, and the little vessel ran alongside of the captain's dory. Then the ropes were rigged through the block in the fore rigging, and Bradley and Barney fitted in the brakes of the clumsy hand windlass, while Captain Titcomb stood by the bulwark.

"H'ist away!" commanded the skip-

The windlass creaked, the cable tightened and the blocks groaned as a heavy weight was lifted from the bottom. A minute or two more and the captain signaled to ease up.

"Look at that," said Captain Ezra. pointing. "What do you say to a bellbuoy frame?"

"Why, sure!" Bradley's tone was a disgusted one. "Well, we've had our work for nothing. That framework isn't worth anything." "'Tain't the stockin' that counts al-

ways; it's what Santa Claus puts' inside of it. I have a notion this feller may be a s'prise package. H'ist away!"

More of the wet rope came aboard. Captain Ezra chuckled.

"I guessed pretty nigh that time," he muttered. "Now, Brad, come here."

The iron frame, green with seaweed and trimmed with kelp and shells, hung half out of the water. At its base, just above the battered and crushed cone that had been the buoy. a big bronze bell glistened and drip-

"And I can git \$25 for that bell." crowed the captain, "which in the pres-



"Get out of the channel, Winfield."

ent state of this corporation's finances mustn't be considered a widow's mite. Well, this ain't what I was after, but it's none the less welcome, as the cat | said when it found the mouse swimmin' in the milk pail. Swing her in, Barney! Now we'll go back and have another try for the Mary D.'s anchor."

They had some long talks together concerning their new venture, which up to date, although they had made some money, had not given them the opportunity for a "big job" that they hoped for.

"Brad," observed the captain as they were walking up from the wharf one evening, "are you gittin' discouraged?" "No, not yet. I didn't expect anything different this first summer." "What do the old maids say?"

"Oh, they believe I'm going to get rich, of course."

"Of course. Well, maybe they ain't any further out in their reck'nin' one way than Simmons and the rest are the other. What does that little Baker girl have to say about it?"

"Oh, well, she didn't quite like it at first, but the more we talk about it together the better the plan seems to

"I presume likely you and she talk about it a good deal?" There wasn't the slightest flavor of sarcasm apparent in this question, so Bradley admitted that he and Gus did have a good many talks on the subject. And this statement wasn't an exag-

geration. It had become a regular thing for the junior partner in the anchor dragging concern to drop in at the Baker homestead of an evening after supper was over and discuss happenings and plans with Gus. The feeling that the girl was not so wholly at one with him in his hopes and ambitions as she used to be had galled Bradley. He resented her criticisms of the new venture on the evening when he first told her of it. Five years before, he knew, she would have thought it "splendid" simply because he thought so. He had come home expecting to find her unchanged, forgetting how much he had changed himself, and now he determined that he would compel her to believe in him and his work.

Dancing was one of the subjects on which they didn't agree. Bradley considered dancing nonsensical and a waste of time. Gus, on the other hand, was very fond of it.

"I'd rather saw wood myself," declared the former one evening. "There'd be about as much work in it,

"But, Brad, I do like dancing, and surface. It was marked with a dull there are dances here once in awhile, such as they are, and-well, I wish

"I suppose I could manage to navigate through a quadrille without wrecking more than half the set, but a waltz would have me out of soundfngs in no time."

"Will you try to learn if I teach

"Think 'twill pay for the wear and tear on your nerves-and the furniture?"

"I'll risk the nerves, and we need some new furniture anyway. Come. we'll begin now. I'll hum the tune. and you can imagine that Bennie D.'s three piece orchestra is playing 'Annie Rooney,' with their own variations, and that you're waltzing-well, with Georgiana Bailey."

"Great Scott! Let's imagine something pleasant to begin on. All right, here goes! Get out of the channel, Winfield."

One evening toward the end of the month Gus said to him: "Brad, if you were I would you go to the ball on the evening of Decoration day at the town hall? I've had two invitations." "Humph!" The answer was some

what hesitating. "I supposed you didn't know. Otherwise, of course'-

"I should have invited my dancing teacher to go with me. Gus, would you have liked it if I had invited "I should."

"Well, then, Miss Baker, may I have the pleasure of escorting you to the grand fandango to be held in the Orham Crystal palace, under the supervision of his royal swelledness, Mr.

Solomon Bangs?" "You may, sir. Oh, Brad! Of course I'd rather go with you, because"-"Because what?"

"Because I want to see how my pupil looks dancing with somebody else." 

Gus was prettier than ever the night of the ball. She was dressed simply in white, but when she came out of the dressing room at the hall and took his arm Bradley noticed that the eyes of half a dozen young men followed her and that they whispered to each other. Gus' "order" was filled in a few minutes after the first number was over; there were more applicants than dances. Bradley danced a quadrille with Clara Hopkins, who was pretty and jolly, and he enjoyed it thoroughly. He labored through a contra dance with Georgiana Bailey and didn't enjoy it as much, although that effervescent young lady purred that she had had a "perfectly lovely time," and he was "lookin' so well" and why didn't he call at the house.

Miss Bailey's blue silk gown had an imposing and very troublesome train, and she smelt like a perfumer's shop. Captain Titcomb came up the stairs. He had a dripping umbrella in his

"Why, hello!" exclaimed Bradley. "I didn't know you were coming."

"Hello yourself!" retorted the captain. "I didn't know you was comin' either, so we're square on that hitch. It's blowin' up a reg'lar snorter outside," he added. "Georgiana's gayer'n a tin peddler's

cart, ain't she?" continued Titcomb. "Cap'n Jabe's the only moultin' pullet

In that coop." He broke off suddenly and was slient for a minute or more. Bradley asked him what the matter was.

"Quite a crowd here tonight. Who's the little clipper in the white with blue pennants in her fore riggin'-the one dancin' with Jonadab Wixon's sister's boy?"

"That's Clara Hopkins." "Humph! You don't say! Jim Hopkins' girl. I wouldn't have known her." And the captain subsided once

A little while after that, as Bradley was dancing his Virginia reel with Gus, he noticed a disturbance among the crowd of watchers at the door. He was in the middle of the line at the time, and "Snuppy" Black stood next to him.

"Hello!" exclaimed "Snuppy." "Why, it can't be! By thunder, it is! Sam Hammond's come. I didn't know he was expected."

Hammond it was, and in all the glory of city clothes and unlimited self confidence. When the reel was over, he came across the floor to where Gus and Bradley were standing.

"How d'ye do, Gus?" he said, extending his hand. "I'm down for a few days. Got a vacation that I wasn't looking for. Came on tonight's train and thought I'd run up here for a little while, soon as I could get away from the home folks. Let me see your order. Hello, Brad! How are you?"

He was well dressed, still in the rather conspicuous way, and he had an easy, masterful air about him that none of the country fellows had. though they all envied it. And he was goodlooking. That couldn't be denied.

The last dance was the lanciers, but as "Bennie D." arose to "call off" he announced that there would be, by special request, an "extra"-a waltz. Bradley had seen Hammond talking with the prompter and with Mr. Bangs, and he knew whose the "special request" was. Under other circumstances he



"This waltz belongs to Bradley." wouldn't have cared so much for that waltz, but now he wanted it very much indeed.

TO RE CONTINUES.

A "Place of Learning." Sydney Smith, once asked why a certain college was called a place of learning, replied that, although a great many had been there to get learning. no one had ever taken learning away: hence it was appropriately named.

