

WATTY and C^o.



Edward Hall Putnam
Illustrated by C^ookie



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WATTY & CO.



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


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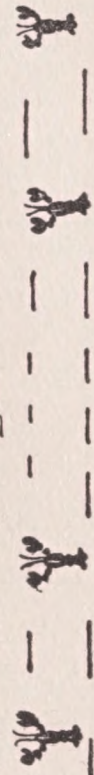
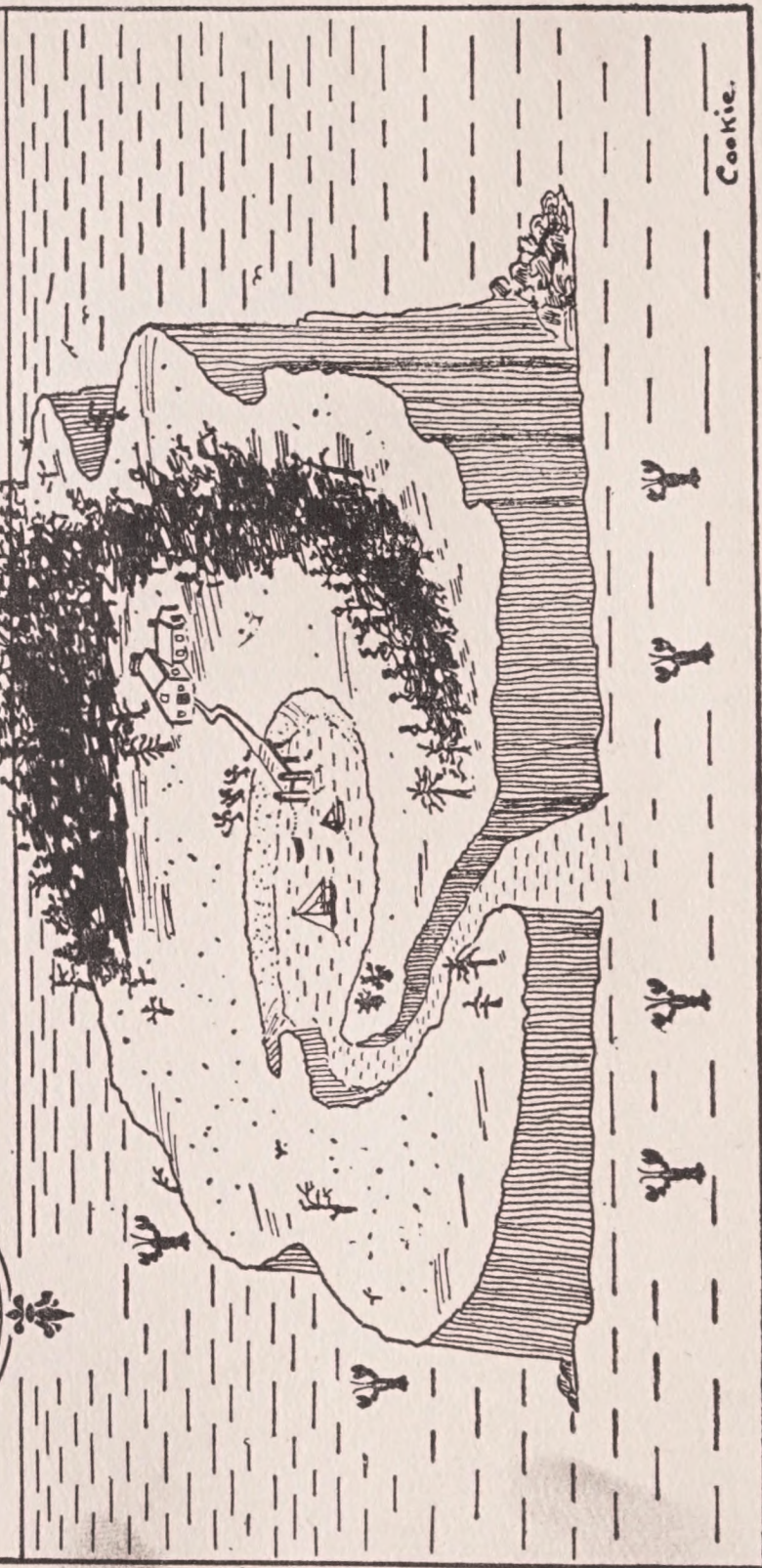
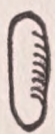
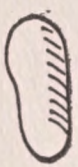
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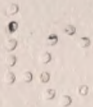
	Crow's nest
	Lobster pot.
	Henky, Watty, Cookie & Young Mollus
	The Skidladler
	The Dot.



Cookie.

WATTY & CO.

BY
EDWARD HALL PUTNAM



New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1919

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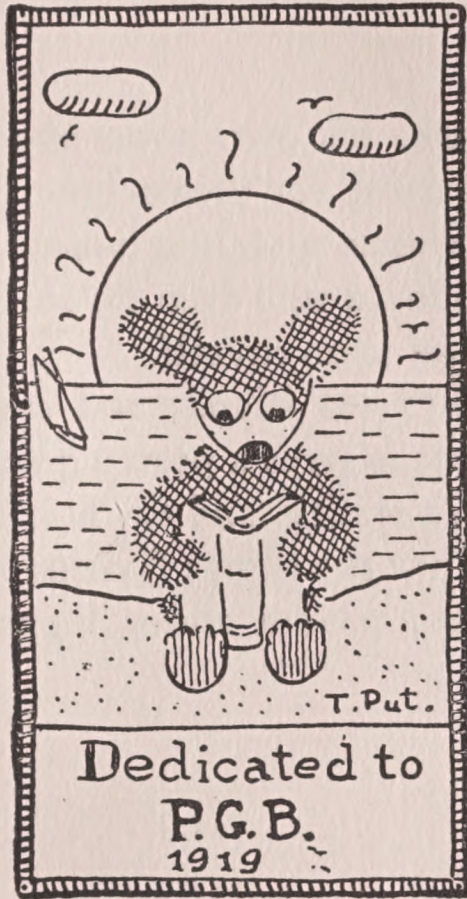
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T. Put.

Dedicated to
P.G.B.
1919

Cookie won't make his own notes about the pictures because he says they speak for themselves. Lanky thinks that pictures should be seen and not heard, and that most of Cookie's pictures should not even be seen. Consequently I took the descriptions upon myself.

This picture shows our island, and though the sketch is somewhat off in scale it gives a pretty good idea. The woods are a little heavier in reality, and the house more substantial.

Cookie tells me that the things floating in the air that look like a cross between a peanut and a Zeppelin, are clouds.

WATTY.

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Chapter I

THE sun, according to its daily custom, arose bright and early on the morning of July 7th, a very few years ago. Off the coast of Maine it came up apparently right out of the ocean, climbed steadily over the horizon, seemed to cling to the surface a moment, and then cleared the horizon with a little jump.

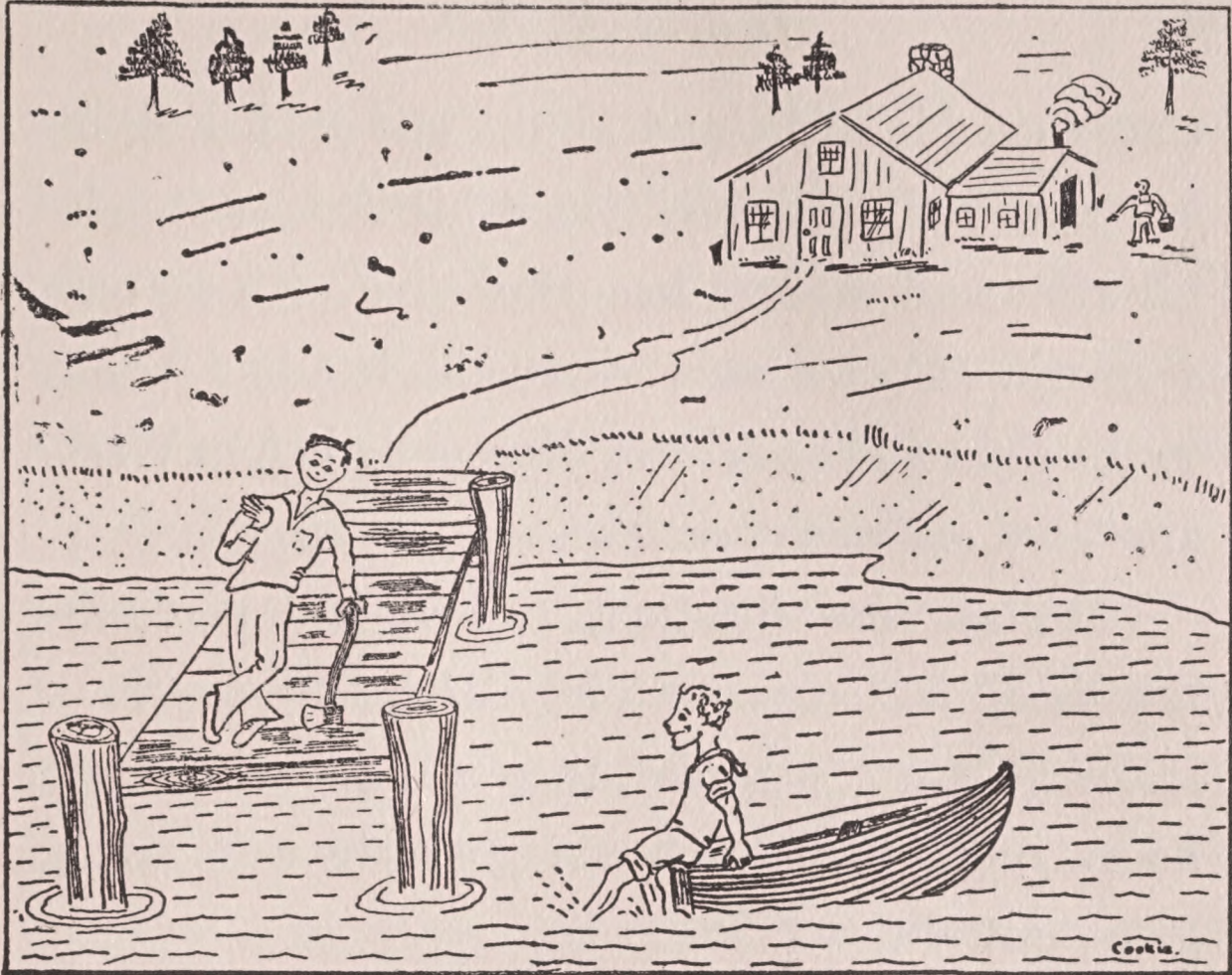
The light streamed over the pine woods on the eastern side of Watson's Island, found a little cabin beyond the trees, and sent a long, bright shaft of light through the small, open window just under the roof.

The ray fell directly on the face of Watty, who opened one eye slowly, then the other, blinked

twice, turned over, and gazed at his two companions on the other side of the room. Cookie's freckles looked surprisingly dark against the white pillow, and Lanky had as usual kicked out the bedclothes from the foot of his bed, and at the sight of his two bare, brown feet Watty chuckled. They were not small feet, but that was not to be wondered at for they had to support six feet of a very active body.

Watty crawled quietly out of bed and then suddenly gave a wild whoop. Cookie and Lanky rose bodily from their beds with simultaneous leaps. "Chapel in five minutes!" yelled Watty according to his school custom, and he dashed down the steep stairway in three jumps, flung open the front door and raced madly for the little wharf at the water's edge.

Pajamas were flung off on the way, Watty in the lead, Cookie and Lanky running neck and neck. Reaching the wharf Watty did not pause, but



Aboard the good ship Pumpkin seed
I used my pedal power,
While Lanky ridiculed my speed
As just two feet an hour.

WATTY.

continued his flight and at the end took a flying leap into the air, straightened his body, extended his arms and made a beautiful dive with scarcely a splash. Cookie swerved to the left and Lanky to the right and each dove diagonally before Watty appeared above the surface.

They all rose together, turned and made for the shore, still racing rapidly with long overhand strokes. In a moment they were back at the house rubbing themselves vigorously with coarse heavy towels.

Shortly afterward, clothed in white duck sailor suits,—which were regulation on the island, and mighty comfortable, too,—they were all busy. Cookie was singing in the kitchen and clattering the dishes, Lanky was splitting wood outside and whistling. Watty, down at the wharf, climbed into a small boat, about the shape of a pumpkin seed and not a great deal larger, sat down in the stern, hung his bare feet over the rail, and using

them as twin screws leisurely kicked his way out to the Skiddadler. The Skiddadler was a twenty-one foot knockabout and the pride of Watty's heart. She was anchored fifteen yards from shore. He could have rowed, but the cool water felt good swishing around his feet, and, besides, he always did it that way; "pedal propulsion," he called it.

He had just finished washing down the already spotless deck of the Skiddadler, hauled down the nighthawk from the masthead, hoisted the private signal in its place and raised the yacht ensign in the stern, when Cookie hailed, "Come and get it!" and loudly beat a frying pan with a cooking spoon. Watty paused a moment, thought of raising the owner-absent pennant to amuse the other two (who considered him too particular a yachtsman, anyway) decided he was too hungry, tumbled into the pumpkin seed, seized the oars as the quickest means to breakfast, and rowed lustily to the dock.

“Be moderate, Cookie” Lanky was saying, “I don’t believe I need more than ten or twelve eggs this morning, if we are going to have buck-wheat cakes, too.”

Cookie broke the last egg in the pan and scrambled it deftly. He looked at Lanky solicitously and shook his head.

“Poor boy, losing his appetite; better see a doctor, Lanky.”

“Never mind him,” said Watty, “Lanky is healthy enough.”

“Have to be to live with you two,” growled Lanky. “What are we going to do to-day?” he added.

Cookie posed dramatically, holding the griddle-cake turner as a scepter. “Fellow citizens, are we here to starve?” he demanded.

“NO!” shouted the others in unison, helping themselves generously to scrambled eggs.

“There are but three ways to prevent it; get food.”

“Simple enough,” said Watty, “but that’s only one way.”

“Another way is to eat it,” suggested Lanky.

Cookie regarded them severely. “I said three ways. Lanky!”

“Aye, aye, my lord.”

“Thou shalt search the briny depths for the elusive crustaceans, in short,” said Cookie with a sudden descent from the throne, “pull our lobster pots, and if the fishermen from the Point have not robbed us you ought to find some lobsters. Watty!”

“Aye, aye, sir!”

Cookie rose again in a flight of eloquence. “Thou shalt spread the white wings of thy stately ship, Skiddadler, and hie thee to the Point, get thee eggs, a beefsteak, and sundry—ah, sundries, a list of which I have here prepared.”

“And you, my lord?” inquired Lanky.

“I,” said Cookie, “shall hold the house for my seafaring friends. Mayhap I shall bask in the sun, a book of lovely verses in my lily white fingers, and incidentally fish for cunners.”

“And will my lord deign to clean the cunners?” asked Lanky. “’Twere e’en a puttering job for thy fair hands, my lord.”

“Have I no vassals, sirrah!” replied Cookie, but his tone lacked conviction, for it was understood among the three that the one who fished should prepare the fish.

Chapter II

WATSON'S ISLAND was so called because Watty's father, Thaddeus C. Watson, of New York, had "discovered" it while cruising along the Maine coast in 1882. It was high and rocky and heavily wooded with pine trees. Its chief charm to the yachtsman was the landlocked basin it contained which made a perfectly safe harbor in any weather. Furthermore, there was a bubbling spring of clear fresh water. Mr. Watson decided that the island would be an ideal spot for a summer home, and accordingly he sought out the owner, a local fisherman, and bought it at what he considered a remarkably low figure, and the fisherman considered remarkably high. The next year he built a small but comfortable house and a wharf.

This all happened before Mr. Watson married, and though he and Mrs. Watson spent several

vacations on the island, it was found later to be too small and too remote for a family containing four small children.

Watty was the eldest of the children. Thaddeus C Watson, Jr., was his real name, but at Phillips Exeter Academy he was never known by any other name than Watty.

It was at Exeter that the firm friendship of Watty, Lanky and Cookie had started. Lanky's real name was William R. Thompson, called Lanky because he was tall and lean. Cookie was really Thomas Cook, 2nd.

At school someone said they were as close friends as Damon and Pythias, and as there were three of them they were frequently called the Damon Twins and Pythias. Sometimes on account of their athletic prowess they were called the Triumphant Triumvirate.

During the past year, the three had roomed together and they liked it so well that they decided

that the summer vacation should be spent together, on the island for preference, and as they were all experienced sailors their families had no objections with one exception.

All three were taking the preliminary examinations for Yale, and Lanky's father said that if Lanky failed in anything he would have to stay at home and be tutored. That carried momentary dismay to the three, but Cookie and Watty laid hands upon Lanky, forced him to study, and pushed and prodded him with the result that he passed everything with flying colors.

Consequently, early July found them comfortably settled on the island. Watty's knockabout, the Skiddadler, was in the harbor, and Lanky's trim little eighteen foot sailing dory, called the Dot, after his small sister, swung on a hauloff from the end of the dock. The Skiddadler's pumpkin-seed dinghy and a twelve foot rowing dory completed what Cookie called the "Armada."

The whole ocean lay outside of the island, and on the shoreward side, three miles across the bay, was "The Point," a summer settlement on the mainland, where the boys got their supplies and their mail.

There were two hotels at the Point, and about twenty-five summer cottages. All were full during July and August and half of September.

Chapter III

WHEN breakfast was over Watty said to Cookie seriously, "I actually am worried about Lanky, Cookie. Did you notice that he only ate nine buckwheats? The poor boy is starving before our eyes."

"It was more than nine, Watty," answered Cookie. "I am more afraid he will sink the Dot than that he will starve."

"Yes," said Lanky, in a pleasant, commonplace sort of way, "your buckwheats do make lead seem as light as a feather," and he departed hastily for the safety of the open sea.

As he started off in the Dot he hailed, "Hello the house!"

"On board the Dot!" replied Watty.

"Ask Cookie whether he baited the lobster pots with sculpins or cunners," called Lanky.

Cookie seized the megaphone. "I baited 'em with BUCKWHEATS," he yelled, "all lobsters like 'em!"

Lanky grinned. "It was probably cunners," he thought, "for you can't get sculpins anywhere but on the sand flats," and he gave his attention to tacking out of the narrow channel into the bay.

The subject of the lobsters was a sore point with the three. They had bought six pots from Luther White, at the Point, an old fisherman who was too crippled with rheumatism to work any longer, and was very poor. They had paid well for the traps and had secretly intended to give most of their lobsters to White so that he could make some money by selling them to the summer cottagers. Every day they had examined the pots but they had only found one "short" lobster, under the size the law required, so they had to throw it back.

They began to suspect that their traps were being

robbed by some dishonest fisherman, and this suspicion had prompted Lanky's question about bait. If the bait had been changed from a cunner to a different kind of fish they would at least know what was the matter.

Consequently, Lanky approached the first buoy with interest. He rounded to the leeward of the floating block of wood and shot into the wind. Going amidships he caught the buoy as it came rubbing along the side and pulled in the eight-fathom line. A glance at the lobster pot showed that it was empty and also that it was still baited with a cunner. The only suspicious circumstance was that the bait seemed to be fresh.

“Interesting but not conclusive,” thought Lanky and he dropped the pot back into the water and let the dory's head fall off until the sails caught the wind again.

The same conditions existed in the next three pots Lanky visited, and then he rounded the point

of the island to examine the last two. As he cleared the land he noticed a red dory evidently a fisherman's, but as there were several lines of variously owned lobster pots in that locality the circumstance did not excite his curiosity.

"Must be a pretty poor fisherman," thought Lanky, for instead of the usual gasolene engine most fishermen used, the red dory was sailing under one old spritsail. As he watched, the fishing dory came into the wind and the fisherman leaned over, seized a buoy and began pulling in the line.

"Great Scott!" said Lanky, "that's one of our pots as sure as I'm alive. I've caught him red-handed!" and he trimmed in his sheet to sail directly for the other boat.

Already he was pretty close and he was just about to call out when a better thought occurred to him. The wind was light and the Dot made scarcely a sound. The fisherman was standing on a thwart of his boat amidships, balancing the lobster pot

on the gunwale. His back was toward Lanky, and Lanky saw him take out three lobsters and rebait the pot. Just as he was leaning over to drop the pot overboard the bow of the Dot struck the stern of the other dory with a resounding thump.

With one tremendous splash, lobster pot and fisherman fell over the rail and disappeared from view.

For a moment Lanky was alarmed for he had not intended to send the fisherman overboard, and he knew that most fisherman—surprising as the fact is—cannot swim. He was immediately reassured, however, for the fisherman came up sputtering and choking, and with a few frantic strokes clutched the rail of his boat and began to clamber aboard.

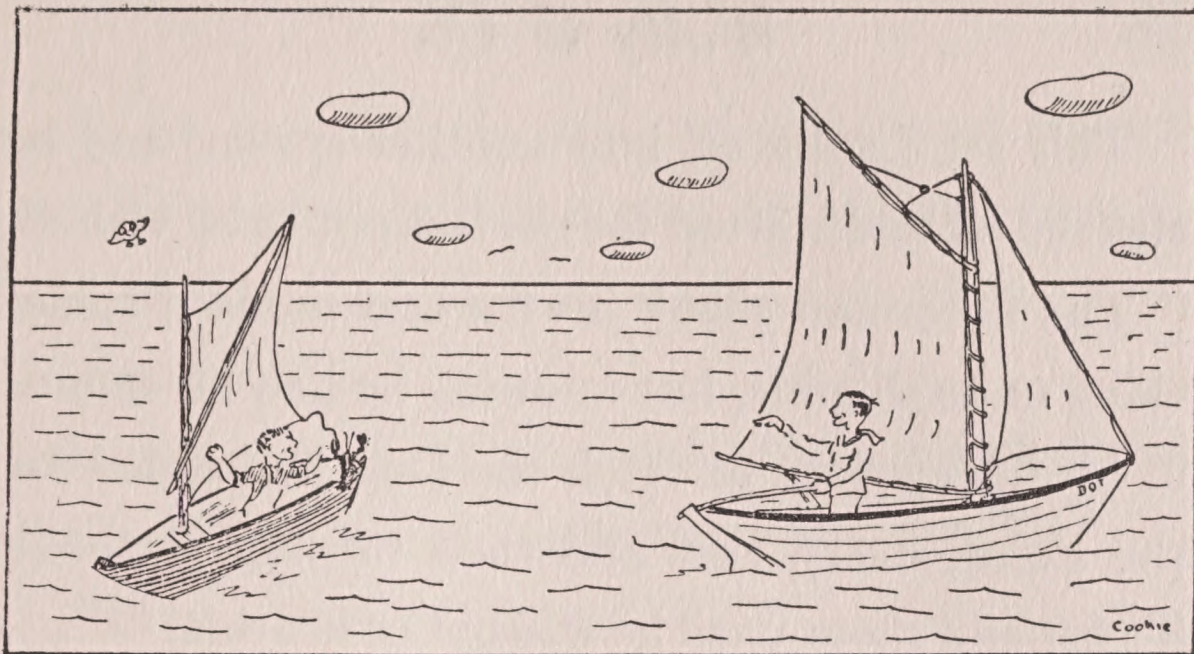
Lanky was a few yards away by this time, and felt a little sorry that his plan had gone so far beyond his expectations.

“I didn’t mean to send you overboard,” he began, “but you know you really ought not to steal our—” but here he caught sight of the fisherman’s face, convulsed with rage and dripping wet. The sight was too much; Lanky yelled with laughter and almost fell overboard himself.

With an inarticulate bellow of rage the fisherman seized the first thing he could lay his hands on, it happened to be a lobster, and threw it with all his force at Lanky. It hit the sail and dropped flapping into the Dot. Another one met the same fate.

“Thanks,” gasped Lanky, “they will do nicely for supper; have you any more?”

But a lobster is not to be trifled with and the fisherman was blind with wrath. The next lobster grabbed him before he could grab it, and with a howl of pain he danced around in his boat until the lobster let go of his finger and dropped into the water.



When Lanky saw the Frenchman's act
His soul was filled with wrath,
He rammed the pirate with a whack
And gave Pierre a bath!

And when the Frenchman climbed aboard
He straight began to swear,
While Lanky he with laughter roared
And lobsters filled the air.

WATTY.

This set Lanky off into another spasm, and he sheered off and started for the last pot to be visited.

The fisherman shook his fist and shouted something unintelligible, but knowing he had no chance in his heavy dory to catch the Dot, he headed for the Point, every now and then turning to shake his fist and shout until he was out of hearing.

Lanky had hopes that the last pot had not been robbed and was delighted to find two lobsters well over the size prescribed by law. He opened the door, and grasped them in turn on the back just behind the claws and dropped them in the bottom of the boat where they quickly scuttled under the stern seat. He rebaited the pot, eased off the sheet and started for home.

The wind had changed to the east and, glancing seaward, Lanky saw a low bank of fog, too far off to bother him, but he registered a mental note to get a compass at the first opportunity and keep it always on board.

As he rounded the point of the island he saw the Skiddadler sailing slowly out of the channel, and Watty hailed him through a megaphone, "Any luck?"

Lanky waved his arm vertically up and down, the universal sea language meaning "Yes."

"How many?" inquired Watty.

Lanky waved four times.

"Snappy work!" called Watty, and the Skiddadler cleared the island, caught the sea wind, heeled to it easily and started on her course to the Point.

"Some good-looking boat," thought Lanky, gazing after her.

Chapter IV

WATTY was always happiest at the helm of the Skiddadler, especially in a fresh sea breeze that brought a good swell with it. He loved the feel of the boat as it rose on a wave, and the tug of the tiller as the boat surged forward.

He was too weatherwise a sailor not to know that there was a fog coming in, but he always had a compass and he knew the water in that locality like a book. Fog did not trouble him so long as the wind held. If the wind died out completely he just dropped his anchor where he was and made himself comfortable in the cabin until it came up again, or the fog cleared. It was always safer to stay in one place and know where you were, than to drift aimlessly with the tide.

However, Watty knew that the wind was not likely to die out before dark, anyway, and he

did not care much if it did, so he was perfectly happy.

There was a small harbor just around the Point and Watty rounded to near the Ocean House dock. Casting off the jib halliard he pulled the downhaul and the jib came rattling and flapping down. Running forward as the Skiddadler lost headway he dropped his anchor in three fathoms of water. He slacked away the peak halliard of the mainsail but did not lower the sail as he knew the boat would lie to safely with a dropped peak.

Then he went below and changed to shore togs, white flannel trousers and gray flannel coat. He never wore a hat and his face was a ruddy tan under his crisp "golden locks," as Cookie called them.

As he dropped into the pumpkin seed and rowed toward the dock he saw a small boat leaving it with a fellow about his own age at the oars, and a lady and a girl, evidently mother and daughter,

as passengers. All three regarded the Skiddadler with interest and Watty looked at the oarsman with amazement. He wore a stiff straw hat, just the kind to blow off, with a gaudy band, a starched collar, blue coat, and most wonderful of all—yellow chamois gloves! He was no boatman; his oars waved high in the air at every return stroke, and as Watty watched he caught an awkward crab. Watty could hear him apologize courteously and humorously.

At the Post Office Watty found a letter from a classmate, Sam Hardy, who addressed him as Damon and inquired for his twin and Pythias. "I have a bully tutor," the letter said, "and I hope to come back to school without any conditions and I'm going to tackle the Yale prelims again in the fall.

"If you ever leave your wild and woolly island," continued the letter, "I wish you would look up my mother and sister at the Ocean House. I have

trained them both well; mother is no end of a good sport and Georgina is a better fellow than many of our gallant classmates." Watty grinned, and decided to ask for them when he went to the Ocean House for lunch.

On his way there he noticed that the fog was coming in rapidly, and that already he could scarcely see the island.

Mr. Brown, the clerk at the hotel, told him that Mrs. Hardy was out. "Out in a boat," he added, "with a *very* well-dressed young man. Much better dressed than you are," said the clerk, and they both laughed, for Watty and Mr. Brown were old friends.

"Pretty straw hat," sighed the clerk, in mock admiration, "and oh, such nice yellow gloves; just the things for boating."

"I hope they are not lost in the fog, Mr. Brown," said Watty.

"Well, I guess we could see those gloves a long

way,” replied the clerk, “but, do you know, except for his clothes, Wallace B. Thayer, Jr., of Chicago, seems to be a mighty good chap.”

“Looks that way,” said Watty. “How about lunch?”

“Lunch!” exclaimed Mr. Brown, “you said something,” and his eyes twinkled. “Nightingales’ tongues on toast, nuts on the half shell, pâté de foie gras, tortillas, frijoles and boiled potatoes. Front! show Mr. Watson to the dais in the Persian Garden. Call Nubian slaves to serve his needs!” and Watty walked into the perfectly plain hotel dining room and was served by a plump waitress, who secretly admired his hair, and offered him “Apple pie, berry pie or rice pudding” for dessert.

“Apple pie, berry pie *and* rice pudding, please,” corrected Watty, and got all three.

Chapter V

AT lunch on the island Lanky was entertaining Cookie with an account of the morning's adventures.

"We must ask Watty who the fisherman is," said Cookie thoughtfully. "We don't want to have any disagreeable trouble with the natives up here. It's quite possible that the fisherman thinks taking lobsters from summer people is quite a legitimate and rather a clever piece of business. Just as you saw no harm in stealing apples at Exeter," he concluded gravely.

"I never stole ap—!" exclaimed Lanky indignantly, and then saw the broad grin on Cookie's face.

"Got a rise!" said Cookie, "and speaking of rises," he went on, "it is time to rise from the table. To work, my brave compatriot! Let not

the sun go down on the worthy fisher's wrath e'er the green of the lobster coat turns to a beautiful red! Methinks, my lovely maid," and he gave Lanky's broad and thoroughly masculine shoulder a resounding blow by way of a love tap, "that creamed on toast at supper time—"

"Thou hast said enough," said Lanky. "Farewell, I go," and he took a large iron pot to the beach by the wharf where he filled it with salt water. Soon it was boiling merrily over a drift-wood fire.

Cookie went to the woodshed where several long bamboo fishing poles were standing in the corner, and taking one he started for the western point of the island, for he had neglected to fish in the morning on account of the housework.

"Hello," he said, "it's misting rather thickly," by which he meant that the fog had come in.

He broke the shell of a small snail with his heel, baited his hook and dropped it in. Almost im-

mediately there was a tug and a wriggle and a fair sized cunner was landed and put in a small pool in the rocks. "Stay there until I want you," admonished Cookie. Before long five more cunners joined the first. "That's about enough," thought Cookie. Then he paused a moment. "Now I wonder if there is a tautogue in there that would like to come ashore," he said. "I believe I'll drop him a line by way of invitation."

He searched among the puddles until he found a small crab for bait. He cast as far as he could and drew the line slowly ashore. On the sixth cast he felt a weight at the end of the line. "Caught in the seaweed," he muttered. But suddenly there was a tremendous pull at the line, a foaming swirl in the water and a large black fish jumped clear.

"Great Scott! eight pounds if an ounce," he cried. "I can never play him without a reel. I'll have to trust to brute force." Fortunately

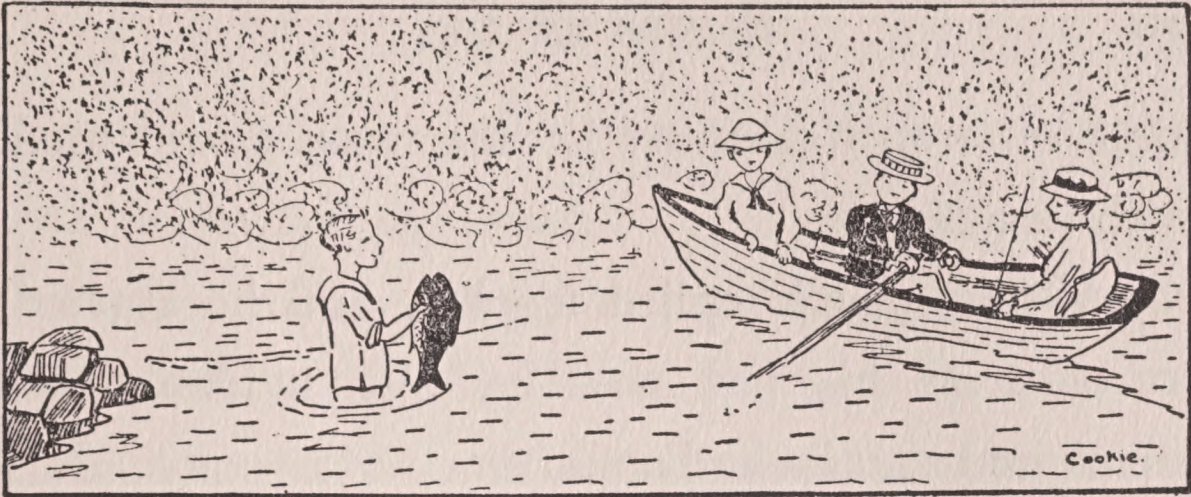
the line was new and strong. Before the fight was over Cookie was waist deep in the water shivering with cold and excitement, but gradually the tautogue began to tire and its struggles grew weaker and weaker. Cookie dropped the pole and cautiously drew in the line hand over hand; he did not dare to lift the fish in the air. Slowly it was drawn nearer and nearer and finally Cookie plunged one hand in, got two fingers under the tautogue's gills, lifted it, gripping tight with both hands, and gave a great sigh of relief. "My eye, what luck!" he said aloud.

"*Rather!*" said a voice from the water.

Cookie started with amazement and almost dropped the fish.

In his excitement he had not noticed a small rowboat that appeared slowly out of the fog. He almost started again when he saw the straw hat, the yellow gloves and the two passengers.

"Oh, please," asked the young girl, "what



And Cookie stood there in a daze
Close holding his tautogue,
When Wallace loomed up through the haze
And hailed him through the fog.

The fog had clogged up Cookie's brain;
He wasn't thinking clearly
To let them lose themselves again—
He kicked himself severely.

WATTY.

kind of a fish is that?" She was round-eyed with wonder.

"A tautogue," replied Cookie, and he started to take off his hat politely, but suddenly remembered that he had none on.

"Regular whale," said the boy who had spoken first.

"Pretty good," assented Cookie, "a little over eight pounds I should say. But excuse me; aren't you off your course?"

"I guess I am, though I thought I was going straight," replied the other. "If you can tell me how many blocks it is to the Point and which turns to take, I shall be much obliged!"

Cookie grinned appreciatively. "Just follow Fifth Avenue due north until you get there," he said. "It's about half a point west of north, to be exact, but allowing for the tide due north would be about right."

"Sorry," said the stranger, "but I'm from the

country, Chicago in fact. Is this Fifth Avenue?" and he pointed due west.

Cookie corrected him. "No, that's Forty-Second Street. The Point is right over there. Keep what wind there is on your starboard quarter and you will be all right." Cookie indicated the right direction and, after thanking him politely, the stranger rowed off.

Cookie watched until the boat disappeared in the fog; when a feeble struggle by the tautogue awoke him to the fact that he was still waist deep in the water and had been during the interview. He rescued the fish pole and waded ashore.

Stringing the cunners and the tautogue he started home. "Great Scott!" he said, "I *am* a Galoola! I certainly should not have let them go off in this fog. I could tell by the way he rowed that he didn't know anything about boats, and I doubt if he knows the starboard quarter from—from a twenty-five cent quarter. The

wind is going down, anyway, and he will pull harder with his right hand and row around in a complete circle. He may strike the island again and he may row out to sea! If it had not been so unexpected I might have had a little more sense."

At the house he found Lanky in the kitchen looking rather sheepish and apologetic. A cook-book was open on the table. "I know this isn't my week to cook, Cookie," said Lanky, "but I boiled the lobsters, you know, and then something happened inside of me. I felt that I just must have some gingerbread. I don't know why, but I was sure that if I did not have gingerbread for supper to-night something awful would happen."

"Huh," said Cookie grimly, "something awful is more apt to happen inside of you if you *do* have it, unless you have improved in your cooking." He opened the oven door. "Looks all right," he said, "and it even smells all right," he added

graciously. "You certainly made enough and, if we survive it, I may have the heart to forgive you."

"Did you catch any cunners?" asked Lanky.

"Just outside the door," said Cookie.

Lanky started to get them. "To-morrow I am going to catch a tautogue, the first of the season, and the largest that's ever been—for the love of Pete, Maggie, pass the beets!" he exclaimed when he saw the string of fish. "That's the very one I was going to catch. Do you think that was polite of you, Cookie? How did you catch him?"

"I put salt water on his tail," replied Cookie gravely, "but never mind, Lanky, I'll let you clean him. Let's see how much he weighs."

Lanky took down the scales. "Nine and one quarter! Some fish! I've seen them bigger at Wood's Hole, but that's not the Maine coast. Izaak Walton, your hand! Welcome to our city, and I *will* clean him for you, also the cunners!"

“Ah, that is praise indeed, Lanky, particularly the last part. Believe me, son, I am touched, affected, moved—” but suddenly Cookie gave a wild yell, leaped to the stove and threw open the oven door. A small cloud of smoke rolled forth. He seized the pan of gingerbread. “Just in time, Lanky, only one corner scorched.”

Lanky, who had turned almost as pale as his tan would permit, sighed with relief, and started on the fish.

“What’s for supper?” he asked as he was finishing.

“Creamed potatoes, creamed lobster on toast and gingerbread slightly burnt à la Lanky,” replied Cookie.

“Well, I’ll try to make it do, Cookie. I won’t deny that the gingerbread appeals to me, but as for the other things! Well, it’s not what I am accustomed to at school!”

“I should say it wasn’t!” exclaimed Cookie.

“Hello” he added, “it’s beginning to get dark; you had better take the fog bell out to the point.”

“For friendship’s sake, I shall dare the elements!” Lanky took the bell. “Picture me, standing gallantly on the cliff. The seafaring mariner, meaning Watty, will hear the clear call of the bell, and come sailing home to his anxious wife and children, meaning you for the children and me for the wife,” and Lanky departed for the mouth of the channel.

Chapter VI

WATTY left the hotel immediately after lunch, bought the supplies Cookie wanted, boarded the Skiddadler and got under weigh.

The fog was thick and the breeze was very light from the southeast, meaning a long beat to windward back to the island; but as a matter of fact Watty rather enjoyed the prospect. The binnacle containing the compass was right in front of him and by taking a series of long legs on the port tack, and short ones on the starboard, he knew he was sure to strike the island in time for supper if the wind held.

He put on his red football sweater with the black "E" and settled himself at the tiller. The fog shut him in like a blanket. The only sounds were the peevish cries of an occasional seagull

overhead and the slight ripple under the Skiddadler's bow. Watty started singing.

Over an hour passed, and though he was fairly sure that he was too far from the island to be heard Watty got out the foghorn and blew his signal, one long, two short blasts, and another long one.

To his surprise he heard a faint hail off the starboard bow. "Hello!" he called, and a faint "Hello" came back. "Anything the matter?" cried Watty, using the megaphone this time.

"I guess we're lost in the fog," came the answer, more distinctly than before.

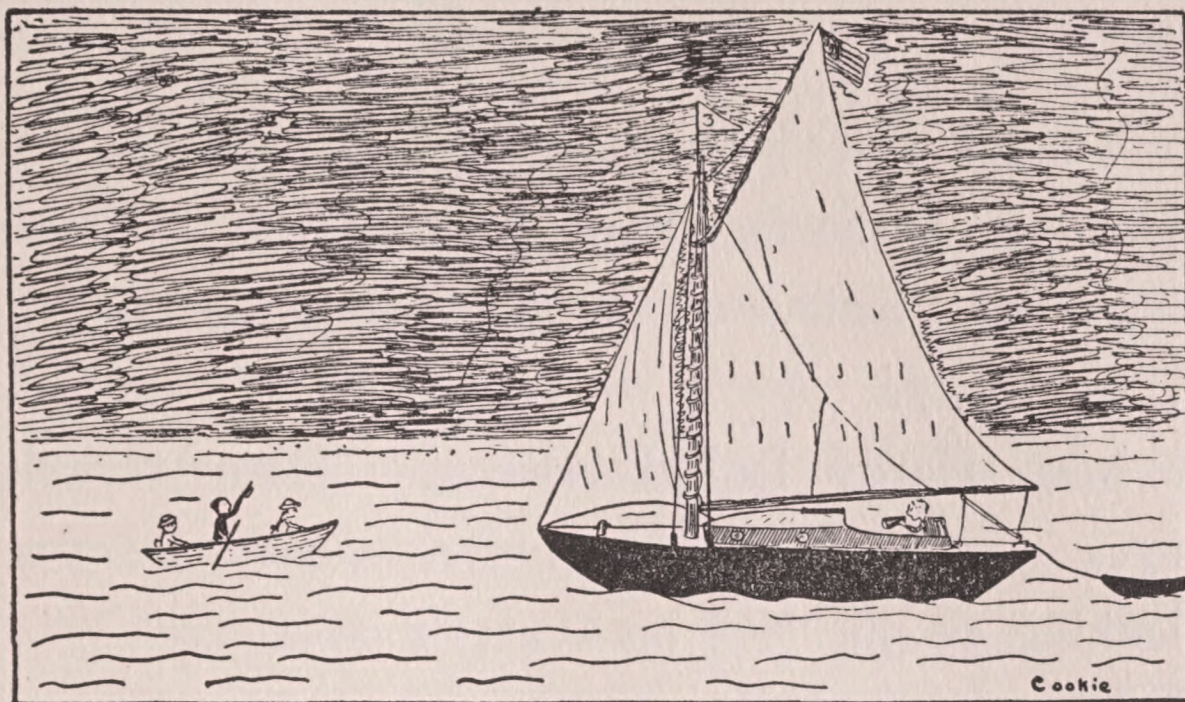
"Stay where you are," hailed Watty, "and keep on calling." He shifted his helm a trifle and steered for the sound. The fog was so thick he almost ran into a small rowboat before he saw it.

As he had begun to suspect it was the boat he had encountered that morning, and he could

not help smiling at the wreck the fog had made of the straw hat and the starched collar.

“Take in your oars,” Watty called, “I’m coming alongside. Stand by to come aboard.” Watty luffed into the wind and came slowly up to the small boat. Thayer in the bow grasped the Skiddadler’s rail and Watty grasped the gunwale of the rowboat. With one hand he helped Mrs. Hardy and then Miss Hardy to climb aboard. Then he took the painter, ran it through the Skiddadler’s mainsheet traveler and hastily threw a bowline knot. Taking the tiller again he gave a quick glance at the compass, shifted his helm, and then turned with a smile to his passengers.

Mrs. Hardy returned his smile a little anxiously. When she had first heard Watty’s hail she had taken it for granted that some experienced sailor or fisherman had come to their rescue. Watty did not look a day over seventeen.



When I was sailing slow along
The fog beshrouded sea
I cheered myself with tuneful song,
As happy as could be.

Above the sea gulls sad did wail
As if bereft of joy,
When suddenly I heard a hail,
I shouted, "Ship ahoy!"

Then toward the hail I bravely steered
To save a shipwrecked crew,
And Wallace waved his hat and cheered
When I came into view.

WATTY.

Thayer voiced her unspoken question. "Are you lost in the fog, too?" he asked.

"I don't believe so," replied Watty, and smiled reassuringly.

Mrs. Hardy looked relieved. Miss Hardy's eyes were sparkling with excitement; she was looking at the "E" on Watty's sweater.

Watty turned to her mother. "It's Mrs. Hardy, isn't it?" he questioned. "Sam is a classmate of mine; he told me you were to be here. My name is —"

"Watty Watson!" cried Georgina excitedly. "Oh, I'm sure it is. Oh, please, isn't it?"

"Why, Georgina!" remonstrated her mother.

"Yes, I know, mother, but aren't you, please?" she insisted.

Watty grinned. "I please," said he, "you win!"

"I knew it!" cried Georgina delightedly, "I was sure of it. Oh, I know all about you, and

I saw you make that beautiful end run for a touchdown in the championship game last fall!"

Wallace stepped forward quickly and extended his hand. "I guess Miss Hardy saw me too, then," he said with a rather rueful smile; "I was running after you; I play on Andover!"

Watty shook hands heartily. "Well, you had me scared to death," he admitted, "and I'd rather meet you in the fog than on the gridiron any day!"

"Boys and girls," Mrs. Hardy interrupted, "here we are lost in the fog and you are all behaving as if it was a tea party! Let's get back to earth, only it isn't earth yet." She smiled and turned to Watty. "Are you really the famous Watty Watson?" she asked, "and do you really know where we are?"

Watty laughed. "I've never been accused of fame before, but I think I know where we are. I would take you back to the Point, but I am

afraid the wind won't hold. If you don't mind coming to our island we can row you back later. We'll be there in a few minutes."

"Indeed, we shall be very glad to come," responded Mrs. Hardy, "if you don't mind rescuing ladies in distress."

"Sort of a Nautical Knight Errant," suggested Thayer.

"Then we'll see the rest of the Triumphant Tri-tri-triumvirate, Lanky and Cookie." Georgina was radiant with pleasure.

"Well," began Watty seriously, "I am not sure, Miss Hardy. I left them there this morning and told them to play nicely together in the middle of the island away from the water, but there is no telling what they may have done while I was away. They may have gone to the edge and fallen off. But we shall soon find out. Will you all please listen for something that sounds like a dinner bell?"

“A dinner bell!” sighed Georgina, “and I haven’t had a thing to eat since breakfast.”

“We never let visitors escape without taking a meal,” said Watty.

All were quiet for a moment and faintly through the fog came the measured strokes of a bell, one long, two short strokes, and another long one. Watty replied with the foghorn and the bell repeated the private signal once more, and then began to ring slowly and steadily until the island loomed up ahead out of the mist. Watty’s course had brought him directly to the mouth of the channel.

Chapter VII

LANKY stopped ringing when the Skiddadler showed up through the fog. "Hello!" he said to himself, "why is she towing another boat beside the pumpkin seed? Great Scott!" he gasped, "Watty has been rescuing beauty in distress, two ladies and a man!" and Lanky ran to the cabin.

"Cookie, two ladies and a gentleman," he cried in the kitchen door.

"All right," said Cookie calmly, "we have enough lobster."

Lanky jumped into the rowing dory and went out to help Watty furl the sails of the Skiddadler and ferry the guests ashore.

"Mrs. Hardy," said Watty, "this is Lanky Thompson. You need not be afraid of him. He's not at all dangerous."

Mrs. Hardy smiled, "I'm sure he isn't, and I am very glad he didn't fall off the island."

Georgina did not wait for an introduction. "You are Lanky Thompson," she exclaimed, "and you play full back! I saw you kick a goal from the forty-yard line!"

"Lanky, I warn you that Miss Hardy knows all about us. Your inmost thoughts are no secret. Brother Sam has given you away. Your good reputation is not lost, only because you never had one." Watty's eyes twinkled.

Lanky was a little dazed, but Watty's old familiar style of raillery brought him to. "Well, at least I have time to make a fresh start, and I'll begin by taking Mrs. and Miss Hardy ashore to supper." He helped the ladies into the dory while Watty, unskillfully aided by Thayer, furlled the Skiddadler's sails for the night.

It had been a long and an anxious day for Mrs. Hardy. It had been a great relief to her

when Watty came sailing confidently through the fog to their rescue, but she could not feel quite reassured until they reached dry land once more. The whole party was wet from the fog and chilled through.

Lanky threw open the cabin door. A log fire was blazing and crackling in the wide stone fireplace and the big room was filled with its flickering light. Mrs. Hardy sank gratefully into the armchair Lanky placed before the fire. This was natural and comfortable; a delightful feeling of security stole over her.

“Very tired, Mummy?” asked Georgina, pausing by her mother’s chair and taking her hand.

“No, dear, but, oh, this fire is good, and I am very glad to be safe ashore, in such good care, too!” She smiled gratefully at Lanky.

“It was Watty, really,” said Lanky, “but come, Miss Hardy, let’s embarrass Cookie.”

He opened the door to the kitchen. Cookie

was creaming the lobster at the stove. He was quite prepared and, though attired in a long white apron, not in the least embarrassed. He bowed politely when Lanky introduced him.

“Oh, it smells so good,” cried Georgina. “Can’t I help?”

Lanky picked up a toaster full of thick slices of white bread. “You might try this,” he suggested.

Georgina turned to Cookie. “May I? I always do it Sunday evenings at home, and I promise not to burn it.”

“Always glad of help,” answered Cookie. “Give Miss Hardy an apron, Lanky, and set the table.”

“Must obey the cook’s orders or we get no supper,” complained Lanky.

The boys usually had their meals in the kitchen, but Lanky prepared the table in the living room near the fire. He could hear Georgina

saying to Cookie, "Sam tells me you're the best shortstop and quarterback Exeter ever had."

"She certainly has us all down pat!" thought Lanky with a smile.

When Watty and Wallace Thayer came in Cookie announced supper.

Creamed lobster, creamed potatoes, Lanky's gingerbread, apple sauce and hot tea — the tea especially for Mrs. Hardy.

Mrs. Hardy was truly surprised at how good everything was, and she wondered that Cookie knew enough to boil the water freshly for the tea, and to put really excellent tea in a little cheesecloth bag; just as she had always done for herself at home. More discreet than her daughter, she made no remark.

"Oh, how good everything is!" exclaimed that young lady. "I didn't know boys could cook so well!"

The boys laughed. "We're always glad when Cookie has the stove, so to speak," said Watty.

"Lanky made the gingerbread," Cookie added.

"Hunger's the best sauce I know," said Lanky, "and I always have plenty of that sauce. Is there any toast that isn't hidden under the lobster, Cookie?" Thayer passed him the plate.

"Do you buy your lobsters?" he asked.

"Tell them, Lanky," urged Cookie.

So Lanky told of his morning's adventure.

"Was the fisherman big, rather young and very dark?" inquired Watty.

"Yes; very dark and looked like a foreigner."

"That was Pierre La Roche. I thought so. He is a French Canadian, and has the reputation of a hasty temper," said Watty, "but I don't think he is dishonest, at least according to his own standards. He probably argued himself into the belief that we didn't need the lobsters and he did. You can easily see that he might think we

were rich city people and fair game for the hard-working fisherman.”

Mrs. Hardy was surprised at this even-tempered reasoning, rather unusual, she thought, for a boy of Watty's age.

Just as they finished supper there was a patter of raindrops on the roof, immediately succeeded by a sharp shower.

“Now watch Watty open the door and smell the wind,” whispered Lanky to Georgina.

Watty did just that. “Northwest,” he proclaimed. “The fog is lifting already. We can sail back, after all.”

“Did you really smell the wind?” asked Georgina.

Watty laughed. “Yes,” he admitted. “You can always tell the difference between a shore breeze from the mountains and a salty sea breeze. Sometimes you can tell even before the breeze arrives. It will blow lightly all night after a

short shower that precipitates the fog, and we shall have a good day to-morrow.”

“All hail, worthy Prophet!” cried Lanky.

The rain ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun.

“If you really think it will be perfectly safe, I think we had better start home soon,” said Mrs. Hardy. “I’m sure we can’t thank you enough.”

The boys pulled on heavy sweaters—Georgina noticed that each had a big letter “E”—and found heavy coats for their three passengers, for the night wind was chilly, and soon the Skiddadler was sailing out of the channel, and as they cleared the island the moon came out from behind the last ragged fragment of cloud and drew a silver path across the lightly rippled water. The Skiddadler heeled gently on her course.

Georgina sighed, and nestled close to her

mother. The boys thought she was asleep and talked in whispers, but soon she began to sing in a clear soprano voice:—

“Old Exeter, dear to our hearts are the shades—”

“That thy fair elm trees cast at our feet,” Cookie’s clear tenor came down from the bow.

“We would render thee thanks for the hours of joy,” sang Watty and Lanky, Watty supporting the air and Lanky rumbling a deep second bass.

Surprisingly familiar with the words, Wallace Thayer joined in with an excellent first bass and even Mrs. Hardy hummed a soft contralto.

“We have spent in thy peaceful retreat—” they all sang together.

Right through the song they went, their voices floating over the water.

“Thy name is a Talisman banishing care
And setting good fellowship free,
Old Exeter, here’s to the glad student days
That have bound us forever to thee!”

“Splendid!” cried Georgina, clapping her hands.
Song succeeded song, and all were surprised
when they rounded to under the lee of the
Ocean House pier.

Wallace rowed Mrs. Hardy and Georgina
ashore and the Skiddadler headed back to the
island before the fair wind.

“Good night, good night,” called Georgina.

“Good night, ladies,” sang the boys across
the widening water. Then faintly came the
chorus:

“Merrily we roll along, o’er the deep blue sea.”

Chapter VIII

FOR several days life on the island continued on its even way. There was plenty to do and time passed quickly and pleasantly.

One morning they started before dawn in the Skiddadler on a codfishing expedition. They had very good luck; but except for the great size of the fish, codfishing does not amount to much in the way of sport. As Cookie expressed it, "A codfish comes up like a ton of brick, but hasn't quite as much life."

They kept two of the largest fish for their own use, and even then, according to Lanky, they would have "Codfish steak and fishballs until we'll be ashamed to look an honest cod in the eye!"

However, they knew that old Luther White could sell codfish as well as lobster, and they

had a good many lobsters on hand now; evidently Pierre La Roche had mended his ways. Lanky decided to sail over in the Dot and see White.

Watty and Cookie were interested in building a platform in the top of the tallest tree on the island to serve as a lookout and refused to go with him. Lanky was skeptical.

“What are you going to look out for?” he wanted to know, “the Spanish Armada or hostile Indians?”

“Spanish mackerel and hostile French Canadians,” Watty replied, “if we see La Roche we’ll let you know so you can go out and give battle in the Dot.”

“Battle nothing! I’ll give him another bath!” said Lanky.

The lobsters were kept in a “lobster car,” a large box partially submerged and kept in the water under the wharf. Lanky had an exciting time getting the lobsters out and his friends in

the tree top heard sundry wild yells. Eventually they were all safely transferred to the Dot and Lanky hoisted the sail and started off. As he cleared the channel he gave several ear-splitting war whoops, evidently acting the part of the "hostile Indian."

At the Ocean House wharf Lanky found Wallace Thayer in the familiar straw hat—a new one this time—starched collar and yellow gloves. He was fishing and as Lanky approached he pulled up a diminutive cunner. A small barefooted boy removed it from the hook and replaced the bait.

"Hello, Thompson," called Thayer, "I'm supplying the natives with fish. I've already caught two. And, by the way, I'm glad to have a chance to thank you fellows for saving my life the other day. I was in a pretty bad fix; I might easily have rowed out to sea if Watson hadn't happened along."

“We were mighty glad to be of help,” replied Lanky, “though I guess you would have pulled through when the fog lifted. I’m supplying the natives with fish, too. Want to help?” he said to change the subject.

“Sure thing.” Thayer jumped up and threw a quarter to the boy, telling him to buy a suit of clothes and an automobile. The boy looked at it with amazement, grinned from ear to ear, seized the two cunners and dashed up the wharf at top speed.

Thayer laughed. “Acts as though he thought I would take it away. My word, those are real fish!” he exclaimed when Lanky threw the cod onto the wharf.

There were twelve lobsters and ten good-sized cod and they carried them together to a small cottage near the water’s edge. Luther’s granddaughter, a buxom girl of twenty, opened the door at their knock. She was fresh-faced and

pleasant and as neat as the clean but surprisingly bare room behind her.

“Grandfather is back of the house,” she told them, “but I don’t think he is buying anything to-day.” She looked at the cod longingly.

They found Luther sitting in the sun. With stiff fingers he was knotting a small net around an empty green olive bottle. He sold these to the cottagers for twenty-five cents and they made interesting if not beautiful hanging vases for flowers.

“Good morning, Mr. White,” said Lanky. “Good morning!” he repeated louder, for Luther was getting a little deaf.

Mr. White looked up over his steel-rimmed spectacles. “Well, well,” he exclaimed, “it’s young Watson’s friend, ain’t it?” and he held out a gnarled hand which Lanky shook carefully, knowing that his usual hearty grip would not be good for rheumatism.

“Right, Mr. White,” continued Lanky, “and Watty wanted to know if you could sell some cod and lobsters for us—on commission of course—I believe ten per cent is the market rates to the wholesaler.” Lanky believed nothing of the kind, but he knew that a self-respecting New Englander like Luther would resent charity.

The old fisherman peered into the box. “Why, boys, you’ve got a pretty mess of fish there. Guess there must be ten dollars’ worth—lobsters is high this season. Ten per cent seems powerful small commission, don’t it? That would mean one dollar for you and nine for me.” A light glistened in the old man’s eye; nine dollars would mean a lot to him!

“Ten per cent is the exact rate,” chimed in Thayer, with great decision, for he had sized up the situation in a flash. “I was in Boston two weeks ago, and that was the last quotation.” His imagination went farther than Lanky’s.

“Well, boys, if you say so I’ll be mighty glad to—.”

A shrill shout interrupted him as a small barefooted boy came running into the yard. “Baccy, Grandpa!” he cried, “baccy! baccy! where’s your pipe?” he waved a bright red tin around his head. “An’ two cunners for lunch, an’ fifteen cents left!” He danced excitedly up and down, pressing the tobacco tin into the old man’s hand.

“Great guns, sonny, where’d you get all that money? You didn’t let anybody give you money, son, did you?” Luther fumbled for a battered old corncob pipe and looked longingly at the tobacco box but did not open it.

“No, Grandpa, no! Fill your pipe quick! I earned it off’n a city man helpin’ him fish.”

“It’s all right, Mr. White,” said Wallace. “Your grandson was of great service to me this morning. It was cheap at a quarter.”



We did our best for Luther White,
And by a crafty plot
We kept his corn cob pipe alight
And cheered him up a lot.

WATTY.

“Well, well, that’s fine!” and the old man breathed a sigh of relief. “Run and get grandpa a match, sonny, it’s a long time since I had a good smoke!”

As the boys walked away they could see him blowing out great clouds of smoke, his eyes on the box of fish, and a look of beaming happiness on his face.

“Whew!” whistled Thayer, “I feel as though I had been to church, not at all as if I had told a whacking big lie. Ten per cent!” he laughed heartily.

“Snappy work!” said Lanky, “you’re there with the goods, Wallace B. Thayer of Andover, blamed if you’re not!” and Lanky grasped the yellow glove in a way that proved that Thayer at least was not suffering from rheumatism.

“Thanks,” he replied, and then a bit ruefully, “it looks as though my duty as a philanthropist

would compel me to fish with that youngster every morning, and my word, but I hate fishing! But too poor to buy a ten cent tin of tobacco! My word!"

Chapter IX

LANKY was glad to accept Wallace's invitation to luncheon at the Ocean House and found himself at the table with Mrs. Hardy and Georgina.

Georgina was inclined to take him to task for neglect.

"It would have been polite of you," she said "to call on us to see if we had suffered any ill effects from our experience the other day."

Lanky was all contrition. "I know," he said apologetically, "after that supper and my gingerbread it is a wonder that you survived, but I watched Cookie and Watty closely and they seemed to—"

But Georgina interrupted him with her laughter. "It was an awfully good supper, much

better than we get here, and I want to come again."

"Why, Georgina," remonstrated Mrs. Hardy.

"I know I'm awful, but I do just the same."

"All right," said Wallace, "the next foggy day I'll take you rowing and—"

"Let's not wait for that," suggested Lanky.

"How about day after to-morrow, Mrs. Hardy? We'll sail over for you in the Skiddadler. You come too, Wallace."

"We shall be very glad to come," answered Mrs. Hardy. "I can't get any tea here as good as Mr. Cook's, and I should like to know Sam's friends better. Won't you all come over in the morning and lunch with us and we can sail back with you afterward?"

"Bully!" exclaimed Lanky, forgetting his manners, but he said it so enthusiastically that Mrs. Hardy was rather pleased than otherwise.

Lanky spent a very pleasant hour on the broad

hotel veranda after luncheon with the Hardys and Wallace and took his leave at three o'clock.

Wallace walked to the dock with him. As they approached, a familiar-looking red dory with an old spritsail sailed up to the dock and tied up close to the Dot. The boys could see Pierre La Roche looking fixedly at Lanky's dory, and then he turned his head quickly, saw the boys and clambered onto the dock.

"Looks like trouble, Wallace," said Lanky. "Guess I can pacify him, or handle him, if I have to; you keep out of it."

It was clear enough that La Roche meant trouble. He advanced threateningly. Lanky walked calmly on.

"Hello, La Roche," he said good-naturedly.

"Eh! you know me, eh? Pierre La Roche, who you throw zee water in. You t'ink I do nothing for dat, eh? Now I t'row you de water in, yes."

He assumed an attitude of defense and suddenly rushed.

Lanky had been watching him like a cat. He was an expert boxer and he parried the first blows, side-stepped and ducked. He had often sparred with experts for fun, but he realized that this was serious and that his opponent would not fight fairly. Without giving ground he kept shifting his position quickly. He did not want to get to close fighting where the Canadian could use his knee. He knew how the Canadian lumberjacks fought and he suspected that La Roche would fight in the same way.

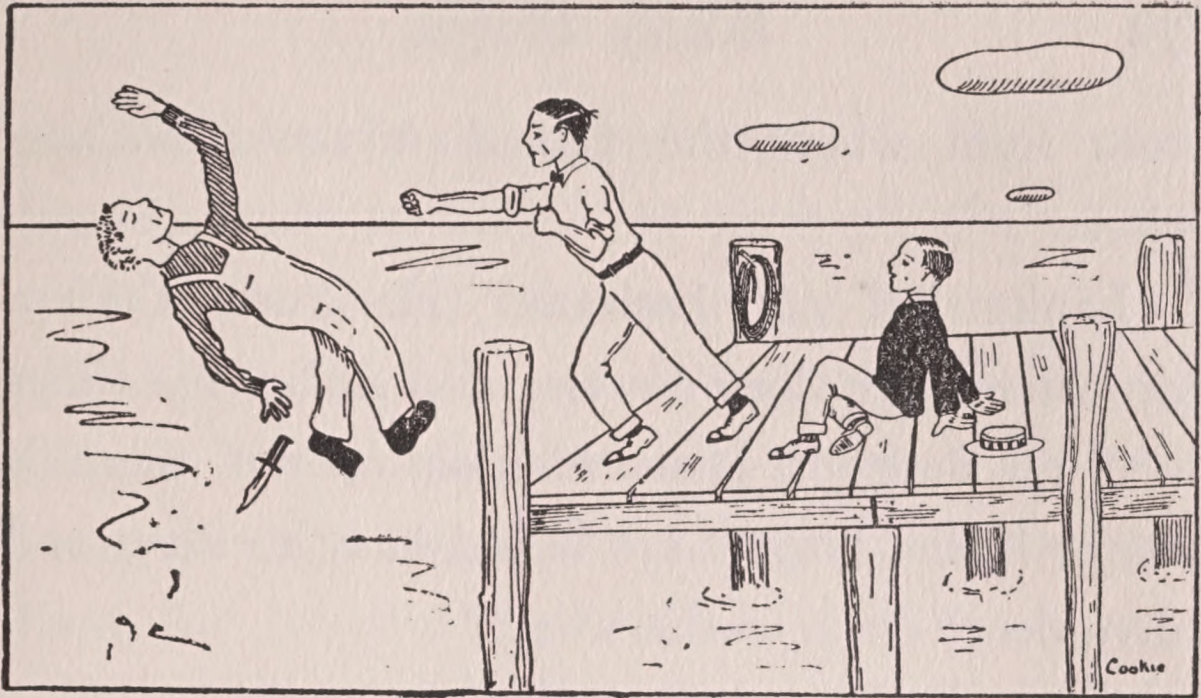
La Roche was wiry and tough. He was shorter than Lanky but broader. He pressed the fight fiercely and Lanky had all he could do to keep the blows from landing. Soon the blows became wilder; La Roche was losing his temper. Lanky could have landed several times but held his hand.

Suddenly La Roche fell back a step, dropped his hand to his thigh and leaped forward.

“Watch his knife!” shrieked Wallace and with one bound cleared the intervening space and seized the Frenchman’s arm. In a moment it was wrenched free, but the moment sufficed—Lanky struck.

It was a clean, sharp blow straight from the shoulder to the point of the jaw, with Lanky’s one hundred and seventy pounds behind it. The fisherman’s head snapped back, his hands flew up, he staggered backward, stumbled, recovered, stumbled again, tripped at the edge of the dock and fell backward, insensible, into three fathoms of water.

Breathing heavily Lanky stood at the edge waiting for him to reappear. Unperturbed, Wallace was standing beside him softly rubbing his left wrist with a yellow-gloved right hand, and smiling faintly. A few bubbles



Too rash and reckless was Pierre,
As very soon he found
When he went flying through the air
And got himself half drowned.

But Lanky cooled his rising wrath
And kept his temper down;
Said he, "This is his second bath,
But I'll not let him drown!"

WATTY.

rose from where the Canadian sank; nothing else.

Lanky did not hesitate. He knew that a drowning man does not rise and sink three times—it all depends upon whether or not there is water in the lungs. He would have to dive, and dive deep, close to the wharf.

“Get the rope, Wallace,” he called clearly and took a forward “jackknife” dive, straight up into the air; turning down and straightening his body he entered the water perpendicularly.

The impetus of his dive did not carry him far and he began to swim downward. The pressure of the water on his ears was uncomfortable, but he did not think of that at the time. Ordinarily he could stay under the water a minute without trouble, but he had been fairly well winded by the fight and it was a question of a few seconds now.

His groping fingers touched sodden cloth,

clutched it; he struggled upward, his lungs seemed ready to burst. As his head cleared the water a rope struck his face.

Half blinded as he was it was by mere chance that his hand closed around the rope. The rope tautened. He hoped it would not be pulled too hard, for he couldn't hold on if it was. Anybody with a less cool head than Wallace might have jerked it. The rope stayed just where it supported Lanky and permitted him to keep La Roche's head out of water. Wallace looked over the edge. "Take it easy, Old Man," he called in a natural voice that was vastly reassuring. "Get your breath and I'll pull you along the dock into shallow water."

After a few moments Lanky's breathing grew easier. He took a fresh hold on the rope, wound it around his wrist, and nodded his head to show he was ready. Wallace began to draw him slowly along toward the shore.

As Lanky's feet touched bottom he looked at La Roche and saw that his eyes were open and that he was looking around somewhat dazedly. Evidently the shock of his fall into the cold water had revived him. He staggered as Lanky helped him ashore and fell weakly on the sand.

Wallace jumped from the pier and joined Lanky. "Guess he kept his mouth closed," he said, "seems to be coming around all right."

The fisherman stirred, sat up and put his hand to his head.

"He's all right now. Come away," and Wallace took Lanky by the arm. "One of the nerviest things I ever saw!" he continued. "Man pulls a knife on you, you knock him into the water, and jump in to save him. Are you accustomed to that sort of thing?"

"Not exactly; only once or twice a week!" Lanky smiled. "It's mighty lucky you were

with me or I couldn't have pulled it off. What I mean is that you probably saved my life."

"Lucky the rope was there, you mean!" replied Wallace. "What, you're not going to sail back in those wet clothes, are you?"

"Why not?" asked Lanky. "Salt water never hurt me yet." He climbed into the Dot. "Just cast off the painter, will you, please? Thanks! See you day after to-morrow," he called as the Dot gathered headway.

Chapter X

THE day of the supper party began as usual with a mad race to the pier for the morning swim, and as usual Watty was in the lead. As he came flying along the pier he noticed a box, its contents covered with seaweed, lying at the end, but without pausing, he cleared it in his headlong dive. After his swim he stopped to examine it and found that it was half full of clams.

At first he thought one of the others had brought them from the mainland but both were as ignorant as he. Cookie suggested Luther White as their unknown benefactor, but Watty shook his head. "Too rheumatic to dig them," he decided.

"Wallace Thayer may have sent them over by a fisherman to help out supper," ventured Lanky,

and though it did not seem probable they accepted the theory pending proof. At any rate they were glad to have them, for Watty was an expert at frying clams in batter and there were plenty for the whole supper party.

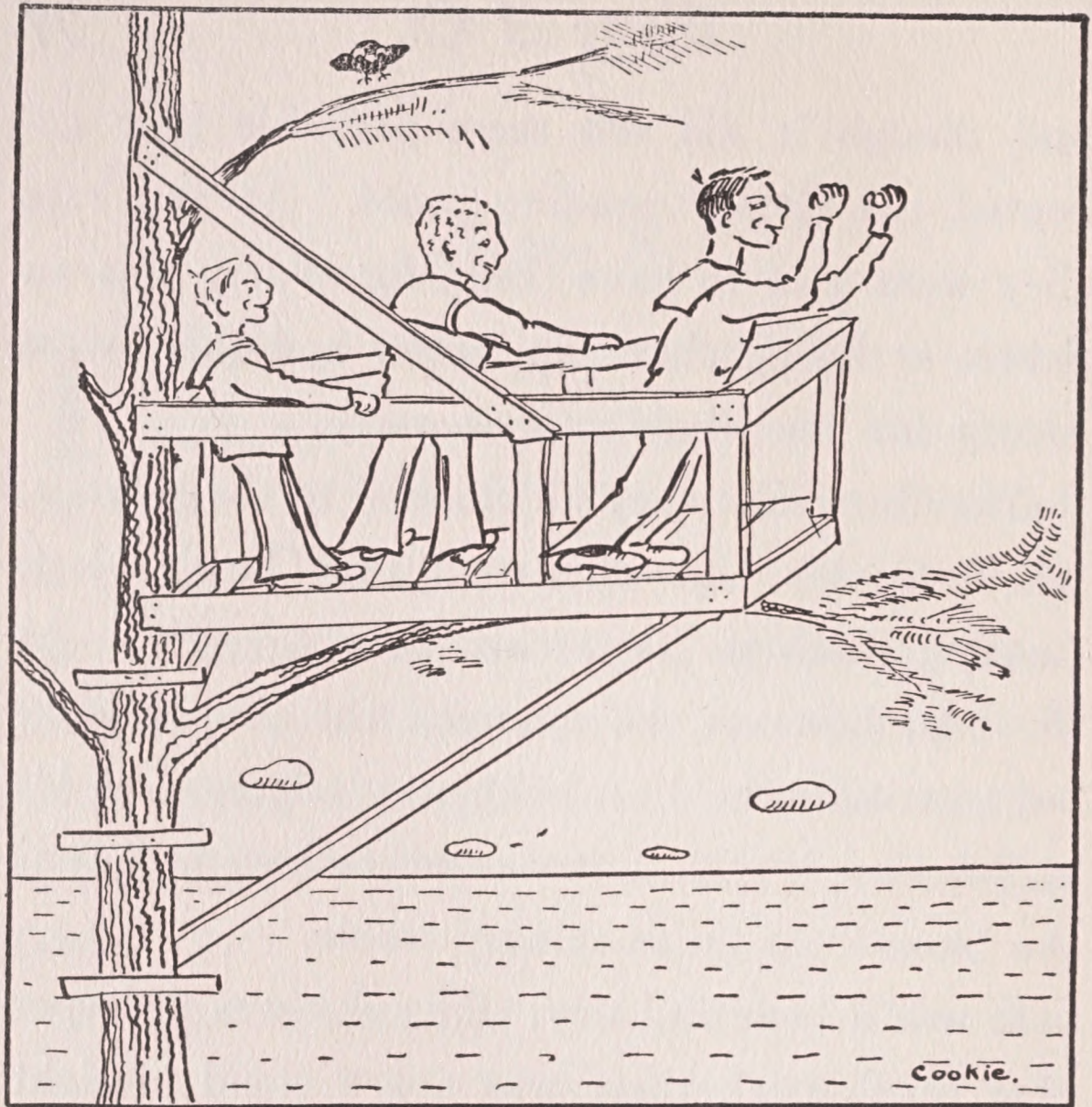
After breakfast they all climbed to the lookout, which Cookie had christened the Crow's Nest. Lanky criticised its architecture severely. At the top, however, he assumed the proper lookout's attitude, held an imaginary telescope to his eye, scanned the horizon and bellowed, "Thar she blows!" at an imaginary whale.

It was a beautiful day. The sky was a deeper blue than usual, there was not a cloud in sight and not a breath of wind.

Watty sniffed the air.

"Hist!" whispered Lanky in a loud aside to Cookie, "What's up?"

"He scents your whale, Lanky, and is about to follow baying upon the trail."



“Crow’s nests,” said Lanky, “ought to be
“Built by the crows these days,
“And here is one, it seems to me,
“Built by a pair of jays.”

WATTY.

“But it’s *my* whale, Cookie; I saw him first, and I won’t have him barked at by Watty or anybody else,” complained Lanky, “and how do I know he won’t bite him? He probably would!”

“How does she whiff, Watty?” inquired Cookie.

“East,” said Watty, “but you don’t need the smell.” He pointed to the east where a dark blue line indicated that a light wind was ruffling the calm water.

“There!” said Lanky, “I knew it! Every time we have a particularly good day Watty spoils it by saying it’s a ‘weather breeder.’”

“East wind and clear sky, it does look like it, Lanky.”

“Well, then,” said Lanky resignedly, “I’ll roll up the island and tuck it away until the storm’s over. When is it due?”

“It may begin some time to-night,” answered Watty, “but I don’t think it will amount to any-

thing before to-morrow. We can have the party without trouble, I guess."

"What shall we give them to eat?" asked Cookie as they climbed down from the Crow's Nest. "I suggest fried clams à la Watty, for one thing."

"Might start them with clam chowder, too, à la Cookie," added Watty. "Two clam dishes are not too many once in a while. Adirondack pie, for dessert."

"For the pièce de résistance, which is French, dear pupils," said Lanky, "I suggest tautogue à la Lanky."

"And where are the tautogue?" inquired Cookie politely.

"As yet in the briny, whence my piscatorial skill shall produce them," replied Lanky complacently.

"You have one hour before we start over for lunch. I'll bet you can't do it!"

"I never bet." Lanky was virtuous. He secured a pole and started off. In less than ten minutes he was back carrying two tautogue weighing about seven and eight pounds respectively.

Watty and Cookie stared at him incredulously and then began to laugh. "That's where you were yesterday afternoon, is it? How did you catch them?" asked Watty.

Lanky glanced at Cookie. "Put salt water on their tails," he replied solemnly.

"Well, that settles supper, anyway," decided Watty, "and I move we start over to the Point, swim on the way, and collect our exorbitant ten per cent from Luther White before lunch."

They dressed in their bathing suits and taking their "store clothes," as well as the regulation white duck with them, embarked on the Skid-dadler.

One of their favorite amusements was to drop

a long line over the knockabout's stern, dive from the deckhouse well forward by the mast, and catch the line. If the boat was going fast it was pretty active work, and if the wind was too strong it was impossible to pull hand over hand against the rushing water and regain the boat. It was safe though, however exciting, for one always remained on board and kept luffing if the boat's progress was too swift.

At the Point they put on their white flannels and gray coats in the cabin and then called on Luther White. They found him sitting in the sun as before, knitting another net around a green olive bottle, but this time he was puffing his old corncob contentedly and the tobacco box was blue. Evidently he had finished the red one and bought another.

“Well, well, and haow be ye all?” he inquired genially. “Watty, what do ye hear from your father and the folks? Pretty smart, I hope?”

Say, boys, here's a dollar ten I owe ye. I sold the fish and lobsters fer eleven dollars! I certainly am obleeged to ye. Hey, Bob! Where is that youngster? Bob's making steady wages now. Get's a quarter most every day teaching a city feller to fish. Yes, sir! Bob's gettin' to be one of them regular Wall Street fellers! Helps a young lady, too, so he often gets fifty cents!"

They talked for a while with the old man, and promised to bring some more lobsters and fish soon. As they came out from in back of the house they saw Pierre La Roche talking seriously to Luther's comely granddaughter at the front door. When the fisherman saw the boys he turned a dull red, left abruptly and walked swiftly away. The girl looked after him in surprise and then turned to the boys, blushing a little.

"That Frenchman," she said, "is certainly a little queer in his ways." She paused and then

continued: "I know what you boys are doing for grandfather. He told me all about it, and of course I know that ten per cent commission is much too small. He did not seem to realize it, though, and I couldn't bring myself to tell him. He is getting very old and is not as quick as he used to be or he would have seen it for himself; and—and we do need the money so—" she halted, and seemed on the point of breaking down.

The boys hastened to assure her that it was all right. "We catch a lot more than we can use," said Watty, "and we have all the fun of it. Father is an old friend of Lute's and he told me to see if we couldn't fix up some way of helping him out. We really enjoy doing it, so please don't think any more about it."

They left feeling a little abashed.

"Gee whiz!" said Lanky. "Eleven dollars seems to make a lot of difference in this neck

of the woods, but what I wonder is what is going to happen in the winter when we aren't here?"

"We *have* to think up some way to fix it," said Watty.

"We certainly *have!*" the others agreed.

Chapter XI

MRS. HARDY was very glad to see the boys. She had heard enough about them from Wallace and from Mr. Brown, the hotel clerk, to feel that she knew them very well. Wallace had told her about Luther White and Pierre La Roche, and Mrs. Hardy thought that three boys who could be so charitable to and tactful with a poverty-stricken old fisherman were well worth while. Georgina was more interested in the fight, the dramatic element appealed to her, but her naturally warm sympathies were enlisted at once in Luther White's case. She began to join Wallace in his much hated morning fishing, and doubled the pay of small Bob, the grandson.

When Mrs. Hardy first met the three they had been clad in their white duck working clothes, and though she had seen Lanky since she

was rather surprised when all three appeared for lunch in their spotless white flannels and gray coats. They looked quite as well dressed as Wallace although they wore no hats, their white collars were unstarched, and—strange as it may seem—there was not a yellow glove among them! Mrs. Hardy greeted them cordially and asked about Luther White.

“Luther has suddenly become rich, Mrs. Hardy,” replied Watty. “From one source he recently received an enormous sum, almost eleven dollars, and from another source nearly a dollar and a quarter!”

“And,” added Lanky, “Wallace will be interested to know that the red tobacco tin has been replaced by a blue one!”

“Good enough,” said Wallace, “but my word! I’ll have to find some other kind of employment for Bob; I can’t stand that fishing much longer!”

“I’ll tell you!” cried Georgina, “let’s pay him to get our tennis balls when we knock them out of bounds.”

“Good!” agreed Wallace, “and I’ll train him to be my caddie too.”

“It looks as though Bob was a made man,” said Mrs. Hardy with a smile, and led the way into the dining room.

The meal was good but the boys secretly thought that their own fare was better. However all but Mrs. Hardy had three desserts, and berry pie was something they had not yet attempted on the island.

After lunch Watty suggested that they spend the afternoon sailing, before going to the island for supper. Mrs. Hardy agreed and Georgina met the suggestion with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Hardy thoughtfully sent the boys ahead, telling them to get into their white ducks, and they gladly did so.

By this time the wind was blowing steadily

from the east, but not too hard. "Perfect ladies' weather," Watty called it.

Georgina came aboard full of interest. She had not examined the Skiddadler thoroughly on the day of the fog, and she went all over her from bow to stern continually asking questions that made the boys laugh.

Lanky had told Cookie that Mrs. Hardy approved of his tea, so Cookie had prepared a little surprise. About four o'clock he asked Georgina if she would like to investigate the cabin. Georgina was enchanted with the little oil vapor stove and the compact little cupboard beside the mast. Everything that could be hung in the cupboard was hung, and the plates were placed in vertical racks. Nothing could be dislodged in heavy weather. A roll of charts was suspended over one of the bunks; a swinging lamp was fastened to a bulkhead, and there was a small swinging table.

Cookie put on a pot to boil and Georgina helped him make tea. They served it on deck to the ladies and Wallace, with marmalade and crackers. As the wind was chilly Mrs. Hardy was quite delighted. "But don't you boys take any?" she asked.

"Only occasionally," replied Lanky, "we try to obey the training-table regulations during the summer. Our food is so different, though, that there is no fear of our being overtrained. We shall be glad to give Wallace all he can drink; he's too dangerous a man on the Andover team to suit us!"

"I'll take a chance," said Wallace. "I think you're afraid of ruining your delicate nervous equilibrium, Lanky."

Everybody laughed. Lanky looked as though he had not a nerve in his body!

They were outside the island by this time and the boat rose to a rather heavy ground swell.

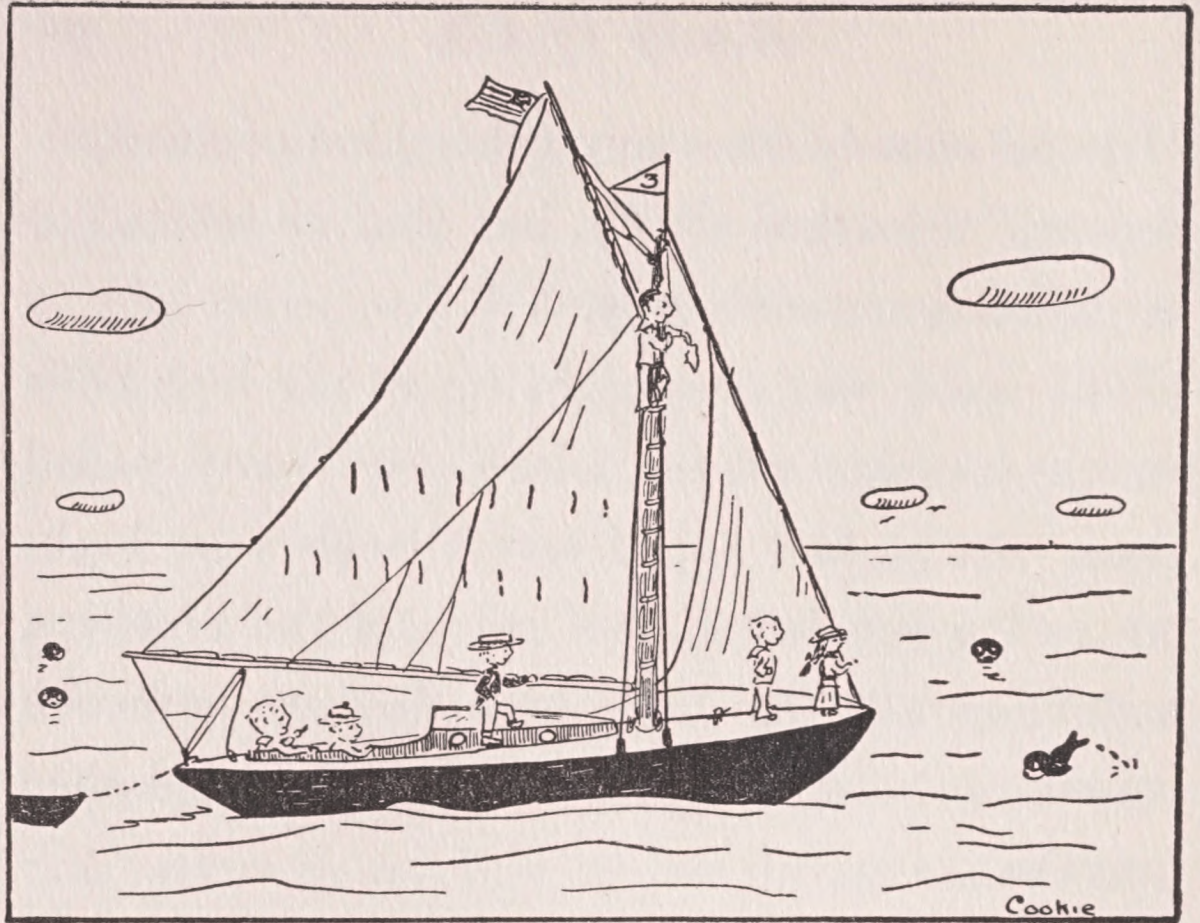
“I hope nobody loses any other kind of an equilibrium,” remarked Watty, but they all seemed to be enjoying it thoroughly.

The water was deep right up to the high cliffs on the outside of the island, so Watty sailed close. As he had hoped several seals were basking in the sun just out of reach of the breakers, and they allowed the *Skiddadler* to approach very near before they took fright and splashed into the sea.

Georgina exclaimed with excitement and eagerly watched for the bobbing heads that appeared on all sides at some little distance from the boat. One seal came up by mistake right under the bow, suddenly saw the boat, leaped clear, and disappeared with a great splash.

“I didn’t know seals came so far south,” said Mrs. Hardy watching them with interest.

“These aren’t the regular fur seals,” answered Cookie. “They have short hair instead of thick



The seals they splashed and dashed about
Within the briny sea,
And Cookie hailed them with a shout
To come aboard for tea!

WATTY.

fur and are called Harbor Seals, though a harbor is the last place they would go to. There is a bounty on them, I believe, for they are useless themselves, and they kill a great many fish. Watty's father doesn't allow any shooting on the island, though, and I guess the seals know it for they spend a lot of time visiting us."

Watty cleared the eastern point of the island and entered the channel. It was as calm as a mill pond in contrast with the open sea they had just left, and the basin, bathed in the warm glow of the setting sun, looked like a country pond. The little wharf was mirrored on the glassy surface and the cabin beyond looked surprisingly homelike.

This was the first time their guests had seen the island except in the fog and darkness, and the peaceful beauty of the scene impressed them.

"I don't wonder you like it out here," said Mrs. Hardy.

"It's perfectly wonderful!" sighed Georgina.

Chapter XII

SUPPER was a great success. Everything was delicious and everything was eaten to the last morsel. Adirondack pie is not a pie at all, but flapjacks as large as the gridiron will hold, piled on top of each other with grated maple sugar between. "Not exactly training-table food," said Watty, "but once in a while will do us no harm. Have some more, Wallace."

Wallace passed his plate. "Don't forget we are all going to Yale year after next. Next summer you mustn't encourage me to break training."

"We might pair off," proposed Lanky. "Wallace and I will eat anything we want to, and as much of it as we want, but Cookie and Watty can eat only what is good for them. I think

that's a fine idea; it would make things even. Pass the pie, Watty."

Watty gravely helped himself and passed the plate to Cookie, who took the last piece and passed the empty plate to Lanky.

"My proposition is voted down as usual," said Lanky plaintively, regarding the empty plate.

The wind rose during supper and it could be heard moaning through the trees on the windward side of the island. Watty was relieved when Mrs. Hardy suggested an early departure. He lit the side lights on the Skiddadler and placed them on the boards in the main stays, green on the starboard side and red on the port. He did not think it worth while to shorten sail on the trip to the Point for the wind was fair, "several points abaft the beam," as he expressed it, but the whitecaps half seen through the dark when they had cleared the channel looked threatening.

Nevertheless, Watty decided to set the balloon jib for the wind had not yet attained real strength and there was no danger of carrying anything away.

Cookie and Lanky got the big sail out of the cabin and tied small pieces of string around its folds at intervals of about four feet. They then lowered the jib and hoisted the balloon in its place.

A short tug on the sheet broke the first cord, loosening the lower part of the canvas, and "bang-bang-bang" went the other cords, broken by the spreading sail as it caught the wind. The bow of the Skiddadler rose and she seemed to leap through the darkness.

It was the most exhilarating sail any of their guests had ever had, but it was over in twenty-five minutes. Georgina did not sing. She sat on the deckhouse, leaning against the boom, almost lost in Lanky's sweater, with one of the

boys beside her, and watched the green glare of the starboard light on the whitecaps.

She had evidently reached some decision in her own mind, for she whispered to her mother when they were about to row to the wharf at the Point, and Mrs. Hardy nodded.

“Good night, Cookie,” said Georgina; “good night, Lanky; thank you for the sail, Watty.”

“Good night, George!” replied the boys.

The sail back to the island would be “something else again,” as Lanky remarked. They took two reefs in the mainsail and used the small storm jib, for with a head wind, increasing in force, it would not be safe to carry much sail.

The boys put on their oilskins gladly for sheets of spray dashed over the boat. Just before they reached the island the full force of the storm struck them. The wind shrieked through the rigging and Watty’s orders seemed snatched from his lips the moment he issued

them, but shortly they were under the lee of the island and then in the channel. The water of the basin was scarcely touched by a ripple.

All night the gale blew, and then in the early morning the wind shifted to the southeast, still blowing hard but with a promise of better weather.

Chapter XIII

THE boys awoke to see a flying rack of clouds under a leaden sky, and they distinctly heard the roar of the breakers on the outer edge of the island. The morning swim was the briefest possible, for the air was damp and chilly.

At ten o'clock Lanky threw down the book he had been reading in front of the fire and rose with a show of energy.

“Am I afraid of stormy weather?” he inquired.

“Yes,” replied Cookie casually, without looking up.

“No,” continued Lanky, as if he had not heard. “Others may hug the fire in calm security, but I shall fare forth into the gale—”

“Gale’s almost over,” interrupted Watty.

“Fare forth into the gale,” repeated Lanky,



“climb to a ridiculous Crow’s Nest most insecurely erected in the tall top of a towering hemlock, and with telescope to my eagle eye I shall scan the horizon for wrecks, mariners in distress, and—and. . . .”

“Pollywogs,” suggested Watty.

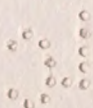
“What’s the difference between a pollywog and a tadpole?” asked Cookie irrelevantly.

“Well,” began Lanky, “a pollywog has a tail and a tadpole has—a—er—feathers,” and Cookie’s book hit the door that slammed behind Lanky’s rapid retreat.

“The nut!” exclaimed Cookie, picking up his book. “He’ll meet a squirrel some day and come back eaten alive!” and with this somewhat contradictory statement Cookie went on reading.

Suddenly the door burst open. “There *is* a wreck!” shouted Lanky excitedly.

One look at his grave face showed that he was serious.



Watty jumped to his feet. "How far out?"

"Quarter of a mile, dismasted, and drifting directly toward the rocks!"

"All right, we'll take the dory. Cookie, bring the axe!" Watty took command by tacit consent in anything to do with boats.

Watty and Lanky ran to the wharf and cast off the dory. Lanky took the oars at stroke and Watty the bow oars. Cookie arrived with the axe and an extra oar to steer with, and with long strokes they rowed rapidly through the channel and to the eastern end of the island.

Clear of the protection of the island the waves were tremendous but their very size made them more safe than a short choppy sea would have been, and a flat-bottomed dory is the best sea boat in the world.

Cookie stood up carefully. "There she is!" he shouted. "She's a yacht; I can see the yacht ensign, union down, on the jigger mast. Looks

like a forty-foot yawl. Mainmast snapped ten feet above the deckhouse and gone by the board, and most of the bowsprit carried away! Hurry or she'll be on the rocks! I don't see anybody on board."

"Take us a few yards to windward," cried Watty, and redoubled his efforts at the oars. Neither he nor Lanky turned their heads for a moment. Watty had already formulated a plan from Cookie's description that he thought might work.

Soon they were abreast of the wreck, still two hundred yards from the roaring breakers under the cliffs but drifting steadily nearer.

She had been a beautiful boat, but now she was rolling heavily in the trough of the sea, a mass of tangled wreckage forward. As she rolled the boys could see first her broad deck with glistening brass fittings, and then, as she rolled the other way, her long black hull and

green underbody almost to the keel came into view.

“Too risky to lay the dory alongside,” called Watty. “Lanky, you’re the strongest; stay in the dory and stand by to pick us up if we can’t get her under steerage way in time. Cookie and I will swim for it.” He began pulling off his jumper and Cookie followed his example.

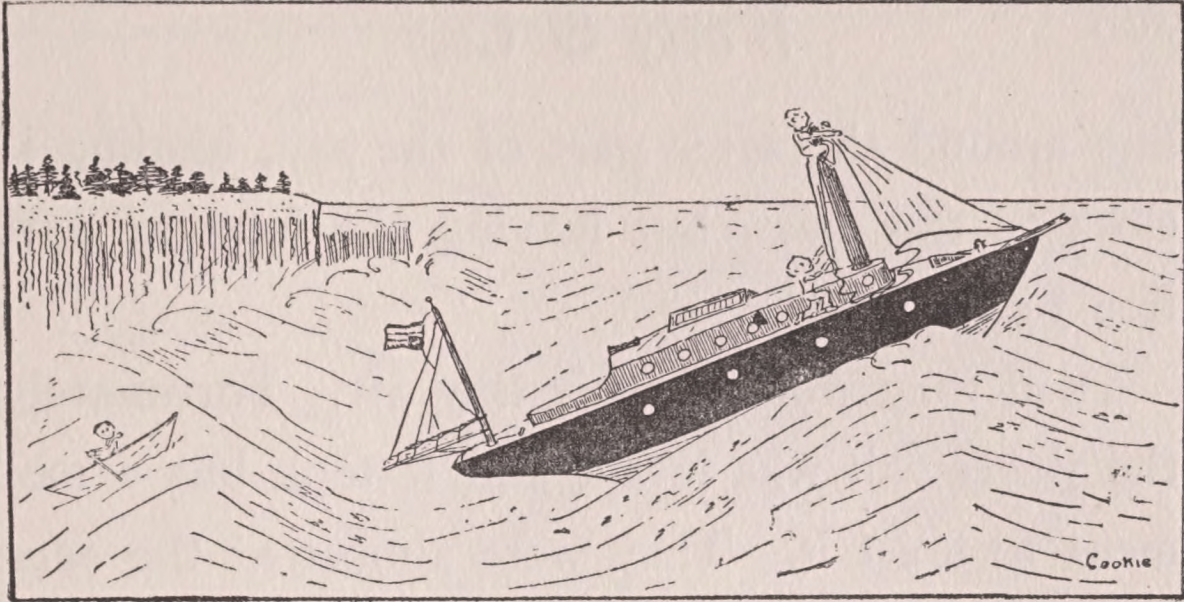
Putting the axe in his belt Watty let himself carefully over the side of the dory and struck out for the yawl, Cookie close behind him. As the wreck rolled toward them they grasped the rail and clambered aboard as she rolled back.

They worked their way forward over the pitching deck to the splintered mast. The mainsail, hopelessly tattered, hung over the side, and the mast floating alongside, still held by wire rope stays, rammed the hull at every roll.

Cookie whipped out his knife and began cutting ropes right and left, and Watty struggling to

keep his foothold attacked the stays with his axe. Fortunately the two starboard stays had parted when the mast went, but the yawl was perilously near the rocks when the wreckage finally floated clear.

Half of the bowsprit had been carried away and the jib had gone with it, but the staysail still lay furled on the forward deck. Hastily casting off the lashing Watty took the halliard in his teeth and scrambled up the ten-foot stump of the mast. The boat rolled and tossed and the loosened staysail flapped madly in the wind. Watty clung with his legs and gradually worked the sail over the splintered top of the mast, Cookie paying out the slack from below. Then Watty dropped to the deck with the end of the sail in his hand and they both pulled on it. It made a strange jib; the big staysail pulled over the stump of the mast almost reached the deck below but the boys lashed it securely, winding a



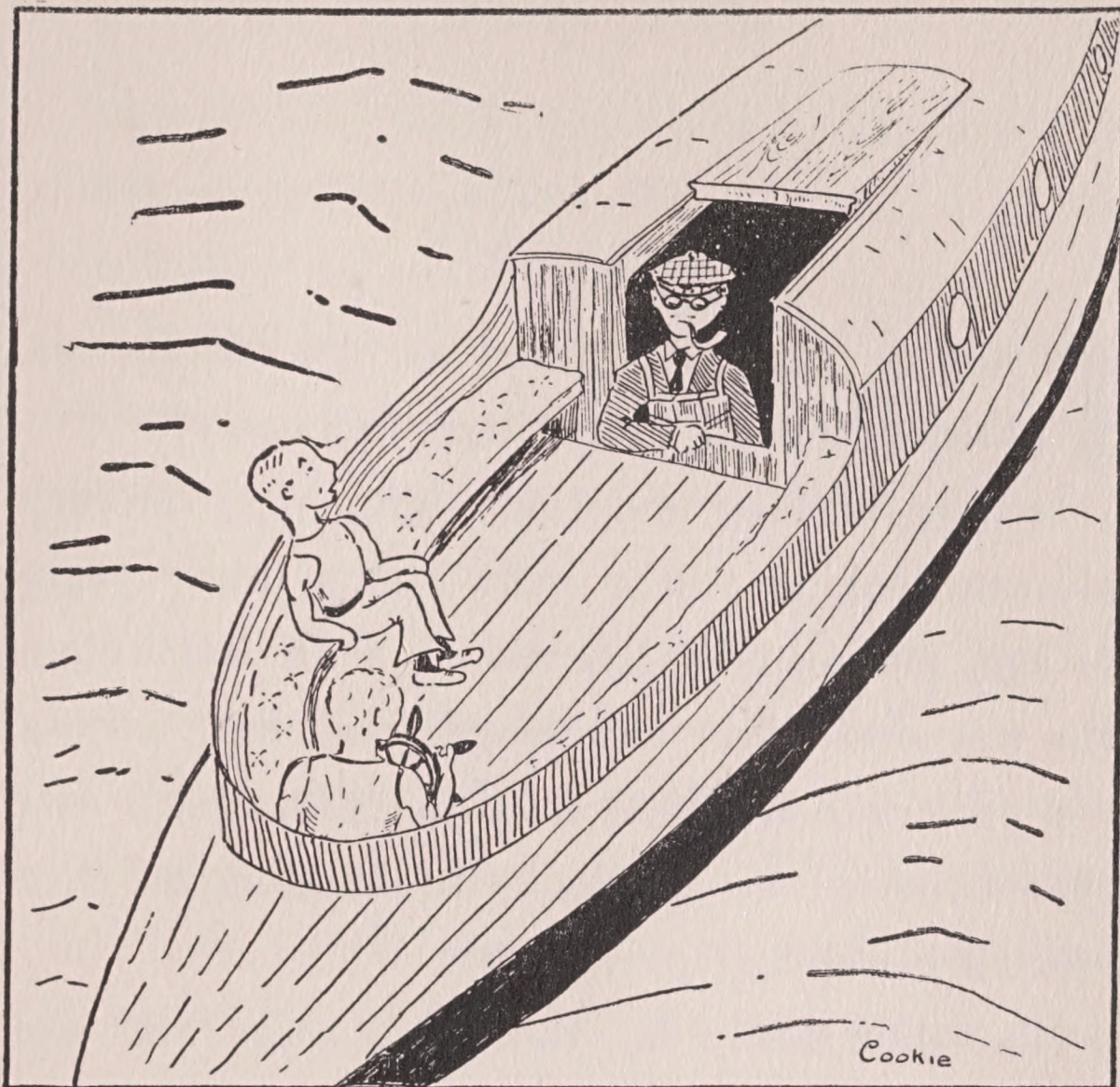
My knees were aching with the strain
Of clinging to the mast;
We pulled with might! We pulled with main!
And set the sail at last.

WATTY.

line around the after part of the sail, binding it close to the mast, but leaving the forward part free to the wind.

Then they worked their way aft. Fortunately the jigger sail was intact and it took but a moment to hoist it. They were almost at the edge of the breakers. Watty grasped the wheel and Cookie trimmed the sheets. The sails stopped flapping and filled; the boat gathered headway and moved slowly forward. They gave a shout of triumph, and Lanky stood up recklessly in the dory and waved his arms wildly like a windmill gone mad.

The door of the cabin opened. "Hello, boys!" said a cheerful, unconcerned voice.



We just escaped the jagged rock
Where angry breakers roared,
When we received an awful shock
And 'most fell overboard!

WATTY.

Chapter XIV

IN a daze the boys stared at the sudden apparition framed in the companionway.

It was nothing more alarming than a very pleasant-looking young man about thirty years of age, puffing complacently at a calabash pipe. He was dressed in a blue yachting suit with a life preserver strapped over his shoulders. His eyes twinkled at the looks of amazement that greeted his appearance.

He came slowly up the cabin steps and the boys saw that one arm was hanging limp at his side.

He looked at the close line of breakers and gave a low whistle through his teeth.

“A pretty near thing!” he said, “pretty near! Can you clear the point?”

Watty came out of his daze and looked ahead.

“Just about, I think, and it’s lucky, for I couldn’t bring her about under this rig, and I haven’t room to jibe.”

“I was just about to swim for it,” said the stranger, “and it would have been awkward, rather, for I hate to get my clothes wet, and besides, I can’t swim.”

“*Jehosaphat!*” said Cookie. “You couldn’t land through those breakers, anyway!”

“No, I guess not,” was the reply. “I repeat it was a pretty near thing! I didn’t know I had been saved, and I was taking a last smoke in the cabin when I felt the boat steady under sail. And I don’t believe,” his face grew serious, “I don’t believe I was ever quite so glad to see anybody in my life as I was to see you two, so completely and effectively in charge!”

“We are mighty glad we happened to be around,” said Watty. He had cleared the point of the island and he let the yawl’s head fall off

until the sails jibed over to the other side. On this course he was just able to make the mouth of the channel where Lanky, already arrived, was waiting in the dory.

Under her improvised rig it was impossible to manœuvre the dismasted yawl through the narrow channel, so Watty dropped into the dory with Lanky again, and they towed her in, Cookie at the wheel of the rescued wreck.

The yachtsman winced with pain when he climbed into the dory to go ashore and on the dock he swayed uncertainly. "I guess I am a little faint," he apologized, "I still feel the rolling motion of my boat; the dock seems to be heaving up and down—do you suppose they will give us something to eat at the house? I think it must be breakfast time."

Lanky took him carefully by the uninjured arm and led him toward the cabin. "We belong here and the whole place is at your service. I

guess it is quite a bit past lunch time." Lanky thought the other's mind was wandering from faintness, and he was far from surprised at that.

But the young man continued: "I said breakfast because I didn't have any this morning, nor yesterday morning, for that matter. In fact, I believe that dinner night before last was my last meal."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Cookie and started for the cabin on the run.

They helped the stranger into the cabin and gave him a chair before the fire. Cookie placed a cup of tea on a table at his elbow. He drained it immediately and Cookie filled the cup again.

"There's nothing in the world more bracing than tea," said the young man, "and that is wonderfully good tea!"

"Excuse me," said Watty, "but I'm pretty good at first aid. Can I do something for that arm?"

“Well, I certainly wish you would try. There seems to be a number of things you are good at. My shoulder is dislocated and I don’t mind saying it’s pretty painful.”

“I should think it would be!” exclaimed Watty. “Why didn’t you tell me at once?”

“To tell the truth I forgot all about it,” replied the other. “You were pretty busy when we first met and I had had a good deal to think of. I am just beginning to realize how absolutely plain ordinary *frightened* I was.”

“You certainly didn’t show it any!” said Watty. His admiration for the stranger’s coolness was increasing every minute.

The boys helped him to the couch and took off his coat and shirt. Watty felt the joint gently, told Lanky where to hold, and with a quick pull snapped the arm back into place. The stranger never made a sound, but fainted dead away.

“No wonder!” said Watty, “he has been through enough to half kill a man and the pain of that arm must have been excruciating for hours.” Watty moistened his handkerchief and bathed his patient’s face. He came to almost immediately.

They helped him dress in warm, dry clothes and a big dressing gown and fixed a comfortable sling for his arm. Cookie made a big bowl of milk toast, for Watty said that although the man was not exactly starving he ought to be careful in his weakened condition.

The couch was placed in front of the fire and the comfort and warmth of the room combined with the warm food brought color to the stranger’s pale face. Although the boys were full of curiosity they did not like to trouble him with questions.

When he had finished the toast Lanky filled his pipe for him, but when he presented it the stranger was sound asleep.

“Good enough!” commented Watty.

All afternoon their guest slept soundly and the boys moved softly and spoke in whispers. At supper time they awoke him and he seemed stronger.

He asked if he could have more milk toast, “and another cup of that wonderful tea,” and after the meal he puffed contentedly at his pipe gazing at the fire.

“I hope you boys will excuse me if I don’t tell you of my adventure before to-morrow,” he said, “I feel a little fagged yet, but I don’t think that I have ever been so absolutely comfortable in my life, and certainly food never tasted so wonderfully good before. You can be sure I appreciate your hospitality.”

“Doctor’s orders are that the patient shall not talk,” said Watty with a smile.

“Thank you,” replied the patient, “you are an ideal doctor and the model of a perfect host.

I don't believe I shall even think." He continued to gaze dreamily into the fire. Once when his pipe went out he attempted to refill it holding it awkwardly between his knees. Cookie took it from him and filled it scientifically as he had done when a small boy for his father.

The stranger thanked him cordially and relapsed into silence.

At bedtime the boys wanted him to take one of their beds upstairs, but he said, "I don't want to turn any of you out; I've made enough trouble already. Anyway, if you don't mind I should like to stay by this fire all night. It reminds me that I'm safe on shore again. I shall be perfectly comfortable on the couch."

He persuaded them that he really meant it, so finally Watty gave him a blanket and as they went upstairs he was lying on his side on the couch with the blanket over him, still puffing at his pipe and gazing dreamily at the fire.

Chapter XV

WATTY woke the next morning with a feeling that something unusual had happened but for a moment could not think what it was. Then he remembered the adventure of the wrecked yawl and their visitor downstairs.

He refrained from the yell with which he usually awoke Cookie and Lanky, but shook them gently, and they crept down the stairs. Lanky in his excess of caution stubbed his toe on the last step, forgot himself and exclaimed "Ouch!"

The stranger opened his eyes. "Hello!" said he cheerfully.

"Good morning," replied Watty, "I hope you are feeling better."

The stranger sat up carefully. "Except for a little stiffness in my shoulder I should say that

‘Richard was himself again,’ or would be when shaved! If one of you will be kind enough to look for my toilet case in the port locker in the cabin of my boat I shall be very much obliged.”

Cookie found the razors and when the boys returned from their swim the visitor had effected a surprising transformation. His dishevelled hair was brushed, his face was smooth and there was color in his cheeks. His clothes, although somewhat wrinkled, were dry and fitted extremely well.

He watched them with interest when they prepared breakfast. “Do you always put a whole egg in the coffee?” he asked Cookie in surprise.

“Yes,” replied Cookie. “Mix it thoroughly with the coffee, put it in cold water, bring it to a boil and settle it with a cup of cold water. It gives it a *cooked* flavor you can’t get any other way, and it’s always perfectly clear.”

“It’s certainly mighty good,” said the stranger a little later, “and if there is enough for a third cup—thank you.”

He smoked his pipe while the others washed the dishes.

“Well, boys,” he said when it was over, “let’s go out to the Petrel and while we take stock of the damage I’ll tell you my story.”

“I’m afraid you will need a new bowsprit, mast, and mainsail,” said Watty as they rowed out. “We couldn’t save much.” Watty was almost apologetic.

“Good Heavens! You saved the boat and you saved ME. I’m more than satisfied!”

They went over the Petrel together. There was a galley forward with a three burner oil vapor range and bunks for the crew. The cabin was roomy, with bunks along the side, and aft on the starboard side was a diminutive stateroom with an upper and a lower berth. The yacht was

beautifully fitted throughout and the boys were enthusiastic in their admiration.

They seated themselves on the bunks in the cabin and their new friend filled his pipe, puffed it a few times contemplatively, and began:

“In the first place my name is Richard T. Arthur, and I live in Boston, and in the second place—when it comes to yachting—I scarcely know the bowsprit from the rudder!” He looked at the amazed faces of the boys and his eyes twinkled.

“You are probably wondering how I happened to be cruising alone,” he continued; “it was this way. I left Boston three weeks ago with a crew of three, skipper, deckhand and Japanese cook. All went well until we reached Tennant’s Harbor and there I had to discharge my skipper for insolence. The deckhand elected to go with him, and when I decided to sail back along the coast and hunt up some relations of mine, thinking

I had learned enough about sailing, the cook deserted. The outcome proves that he had more sense than I gave him credit for!

“Nevertheless, after trying without success to get somebody else, I started by myself intending to make some harbor every night. That was in the early morning day before yesterday—it seems a year ago, now.

“In order not to have too many sails to handle I started with jib and mainsail. It was hard work to get the mainsail up alone, and the boat didn’t seem to mind her helm very well.” He turned to Watty. “What was the matter, do you think?”

“Too much headsail,” replied Watty, “jib and jigger would have worked better.”

“Shows how little I know,” resumed Mr. Arthur. “Well, things went on pretty well until noon when the storm hit me and I decided to shorten sail. I left the wheel and started to let

go the mainsail halliards but I had knotted them and they were soaked with spray and the knots had shrunk."

"Never knot halliard or sheet," murmured Watty.

"I guess you're right," said the stranger. "Well, anyway, before I could clear the halliards the Petrel turned broadside to the wind just as a nasty gust came. The mast went by the board and I jumped for the main sheet; that's how I dislocated my arm.

"I was a little annoyed," he smiled faintly, "but not much alarmed at the time. I thought that the storm would blow itself out before long and that I could row ashore in the dinghy. It did not occur to me that I would not be able to row with one arm, but I was spared the trouble, anyway. I looked astern and saw that the dinghy was half full of water and dragging heavily. Just as I looked the painter broke and the boat drifted away.

“There was nothing to do but to take things as philosophically as I could. I managed to raise the ensign on the jigger mast union down as a signal of distress. Then I drifted.

“I drifted and rolled and pitched without being able to do anything for nearly twenty-four hours. I wasn’t frightened until yesterday when I seemed to be bearing down directly upon the island, and I must say that the outside of your island is as unfriendly and inhospitable looking as this side is friendly and hospitable. I went below to gather my strength and put on a life preserver. Then I smoked what I thought might be a last pipe. You know the rest. Here I am, bound for a place rather indefinitely called the Point, cast away most fortunately on a far from desert island, and very hospitably and kindly taken care of by the three pluckiest boys I ever met.” His face was serious as he finished.

“You are only three miles from the Point,

Mr. Arthur," said Watty; "we can take you over before lunch if you care to go. We were mighty glad to help yesterday, of course, but we were not really in any danger. When Lanky saw you from the lookout we rowed out in the dory. Cookie and I swam to the Petrel, and if we had not been able to get steerage way on her in time to escape the rocks Lanky could have picked us up."

"Watty managed the whole thing," interposed Lanky.

Mr. Arthur did not seem to be listening, but he was looking at the boys intently. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "Watty, Lanky and Cookie, Cookie, Lanky and Watty! Call me a Dutchman if you're not 'The Damon Twins and Pythias! The Triumphant Triumvirate!'"

"Great Scott!" gasped Cookie, "our sins have found us out again!"

"*Well,*" continued Mr. Arthur, "I *am* sur-

prised! I have known you vicariously for the past three years. I never saw you until last fall when you wallowed victoriously through the mud in the championship game. I'm an Exeter man myself, some years back, of course, but not quite the oldest living graduate!"

Chapter XVI

NOT another word could the boys get from him on the subject. He answered their questions most cheerfully but with great vagueness.

Lanky got Watty aside. "He says he knows us 'vicariously,' Watty; what does that mean? I'm no dictionary!"

"It means 'through somebody else,'" replied Watty; "I guess whoever it was was a friend of ours, for Mr. Arthur seems pleased."

"Well, I'm relieved," said Lanky; "it's sort of embarrassing to meet somebody who has known you that way from childhood's happy hour, somebody you never heard of before!"

"Yes, Lanky," agreed Watty, "I can see how it might be embarrassing for one with your dark

record. Now Cookie and I having clear consciences—”

“Oh, rats!” said Lanky peevishly, but with a grin.

At lunch Mr. Arthur brought up the subject of the disabled Petrel. Watty suggested that they sail her over to the Point in the afternoon. “I believe old Luther White would take care of her,” he said, “and act as foreman of repairs; he was a good rigger in his day. You could telegraph the builders to ship a new mast and sails.”

“Sounds good to me,” said Mr. Arthur. “As for myself, I believe I shall get a room at the hotel. I intended to spend my first vacation in ten years on the Maine coast and I am not going to let a trifling misadventure like a shipwreck interfere with my plans!”

Cookie and Lanky volunteered to sail the Petrel over, so they towed her through the chan-

nel and set her sails as Watty had set them the day before. The Skiddadler, carrying Watty and Mr. Arthur, passed them easily. Mr. Arthur gazed at his boat somewhat ruefully.

“She looks like the Flying Dutchman,” he remarked, “only she does anything but fly under that rig!”

As they neared the Point Watty could see that Georgina and Wallace, attended by small Bob, were fishing from the end of the pier so he sailed close. They hailed him gaily and he was about to reply when Mr. Arthur called, “Hello, George!” giving Watty his second surprise that day.

“Why, it’s Uncle Dick!” cried Georgina. “Hello, hello, Uncle Dick, where did you come from? where’s your boat?—oh, I’m glad to see you!” She dropped her pole and ran to the landing stage to meet him. “Oh, what’s the matter with your arm?” she asked anxiously, when the pumpkin seed reached the float.

“One question at a time,” laughed her uncle as he climbed out and greeted her affectionately. “Where’s your mother? I’ll tell you both at once.”

Georgina led him delightedly to the hotel. Wallace gazed after them and then turned to Watty. “Who’s your new friend?” he asked.

“His name is Richard T. Arthur,” replied Watty. “Found him adrift yesterday in a dismantled yawl, a beauty, too!”

“He looks familiar, somehow,” said Wallace. “Richard T. Arthur; Richard T.—I have it!” he cried suddenly. “R. Tupper Arthur!”

“What!” exclaimed Watty, “the Boston financier?”

“Sure thing!” said Wallace, “several times a millionaire! He came to Chicago to see my father on business once and I met him. He’s no end of a good sort, too.” He grinned. “You ought to have held him on your island for ransom!”

Watty laughed. “That’s so, but we never

connected Richard T. Arthur with R. Tupper. There's his yawl, the Petrel, coming in."

The curiously rigged boat drew nearer watched with interest by the people on the beach and the hotel veranda as well as by the two boys. The irrepressible Lanky had found a small brass saluting cannon and let it off with a loud bang as the anchor was dropped a short way from shore near Luther White's cottage.

Watty and Wallace rowed out in the pumpkin seed to bring them ashore and they all talked over the new development.

"Sam Hardy was the 'vicarious' one, of course," said Lanky; "Sam's always talking about Uncle Dick."

They found Mr. Arthur talking to Mr. Brown in the hotel office. He looked disappointed. "I'm sorry, sir," the clerk was saying, "but we haven't an empty room in the house and we're booked right up to the end of August."

“Is there any other place on the Point?” asked Mr. Arthur.

“I’m afraid the other hotel is crowded, too,” replied Mr. Brown.

“I suppose I could sleep on the Petrel and eat here, but that wouldn’t be very comfortable when she was being repaired. Hello, boys,” he said as they appeared, “I’m shipwrecked again! They won’t even give me a billiard table to sleep on!”

Watty had foreseen the possibility of such a contingency and had talked it over with the others. They had agreed enthusiastically with a proposal he made.

“Mr. Arthur,” he said, “if you don’t think we are presuming on too short an acquaintance we should be mighty glad to have you stay the rest of the summer with us.”

“We sure would!” said Lanky and Cookie.

“By Jove!” exclaimed Mr. Arthur, “that’s

awfully good of you boys! There's nothing I should like better, if you think you could stand an old graybeard like me around." He was evidently pleased at the sincerity of their invitation.

The boys laughed.

"Then I'll be delighted to come. Of course I shall pay my share."

"Certainly," said Watty, for he realized that Mr. Arthur would feel more comfortable on such a basis.

Lanky shook his head doubtfully. "It's pretty expensive," he sighed. "It costs us about eight dollars apiece a month. Do you think you could afford it?"

It was rather impudent, but it was funny. Mr. Arthur slapped him on the shoulder. "I'll borrow the money from you, Lanky!" he said with a laugh.

"Come on, my gentle hosts," he continued,

“let’s interview the Ancient Mariner, Luther White. Come along, Thayer.”

“My word!” said Wallace, accompanying them. “I’ll change places with you, Mr. Arthur. You take my room at the hotel and I’ll go to the island!”

“Not on your *life!*” said the millionaire.

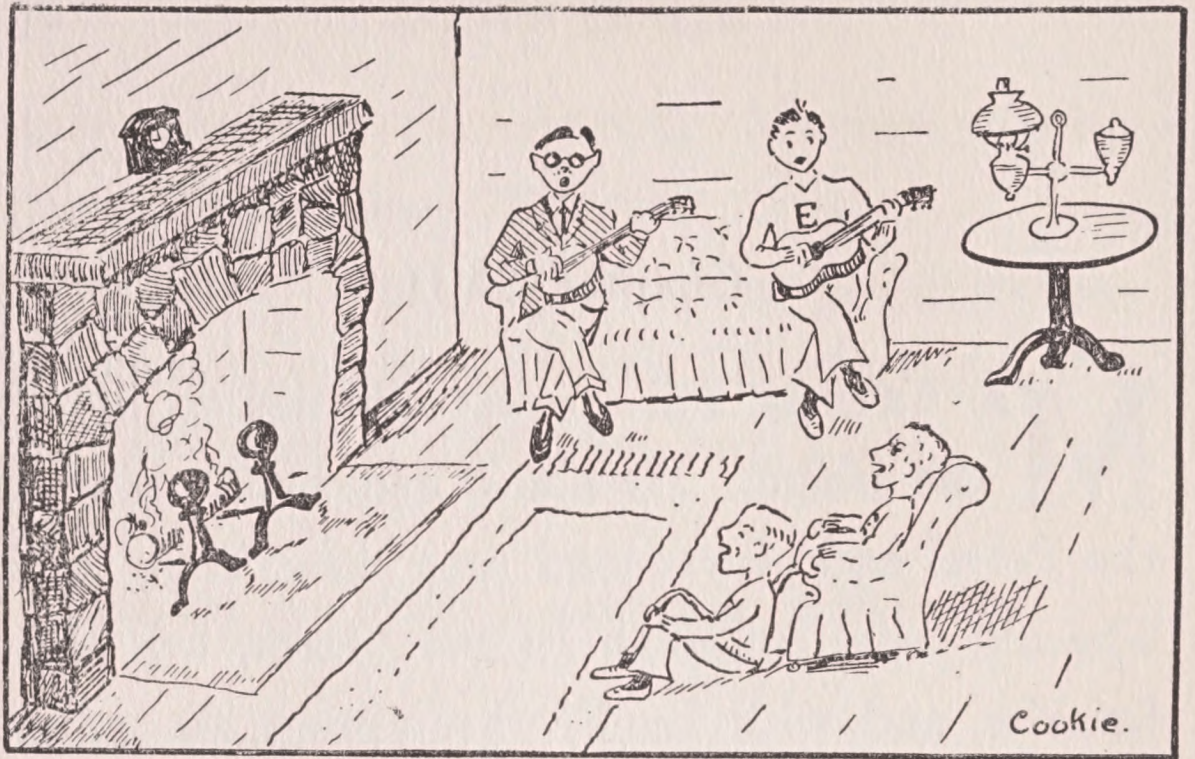
Chapter XVII

MR. ARTHUR was a great addition to life on the island. He had a banjo with him on the Petrel and played and sang remarkably well. The old song, Abdullah Bulbul Ameer, was their favorite, and with Lanky thrumming his guitar, Mr. Arthur twanging the banjo and all four singing parts the rafters in the little cabin on the island rang every evening.

Almost every day they sailed to the Point or Mrs. Hardy, Georgina and Wallace would visit them on the island.

Mr. Arthur took great interest in Luther White, paid him generously for superintending the work on the Petrel and invented countless errands for small Bob. The Whites were beginning to feel quite prosperous.

Pierre La Roche was working under Luther's



Oh, strong was every beam and joist,
We put them to the proof,
For we made noise enough to hoist
An ordinary roof.

WATTY.

supervision on the Petrel and seemed very much subdued. Every time he saw Lanky he flushed a dull red but the boys began to understand that it was shame on his part and not anger.

The mystery of the clams continued. Two or three times a week the boys found a new box on the wharf, and once Lanky determined to sit up all night and watch. There were fresh clams there in the morning, and Lanky, leaning against a pile, was sound asleep not ten feet away. The only result was that Lanky was unusually peevish at breakfast and would not touch a clam at any meal.

“Clam chowder, clam fritters, fried clams, baked clams, steamed clams—I’m getting tired of clams!” he exclaimed, exasperated. “I move we give them to Luther White!”

And eventually clams began to join the lobsters the boys supplied to the old fisherman and his profits increased.

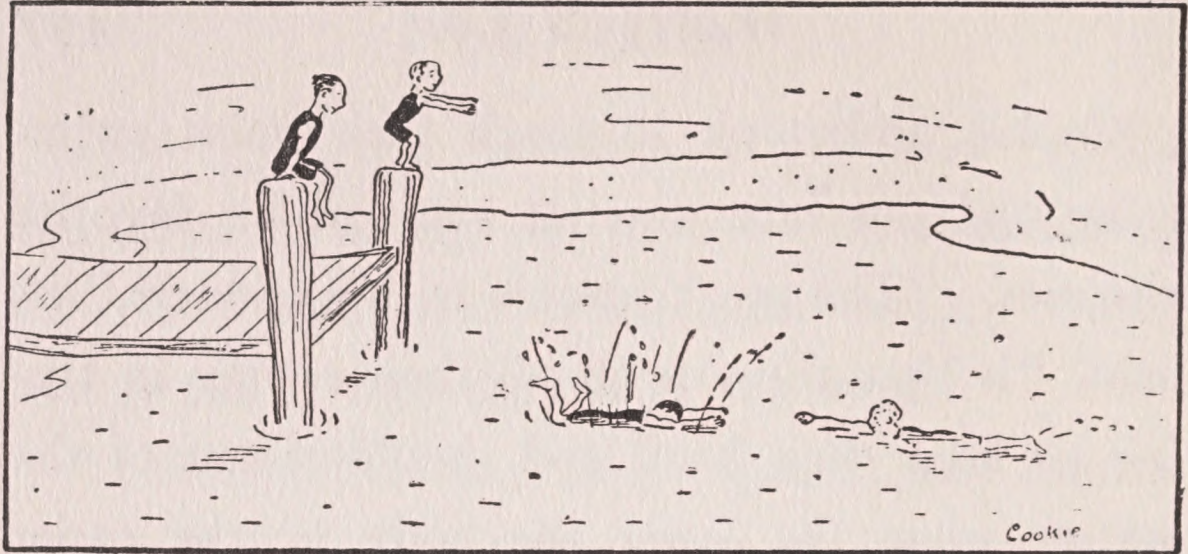
Under Watty's tutorship Mr. Arthur rapidly improved in sailing, but he could not understand how the Skiddadler when close hauled would sail so nearly into the eye of the wind.

"I believe it has been figured out mathematically," said Watty, "but I explain it by the line of least resistance. You see the wind blowing on the sails makes the boat move in some direction. The pressure of the water on the keel prevents her moving sideways, she can't move backward because the sails are forward and the wind filling them gives a pressure in that direction. Consequently she has to move ahead." With this explanation Mr. Arthur began to understand *why* he did things, which is much different from simply knowing what to do, and he handled tiller and sheets naturally without figuring out beforehand what the effect would be. In other words he was becoming a "natural sailor."

Cookie undertook to teach their guest swimming and put into practice some of his favorite theories. "The great trouble with beginners," he said, "is that they spend all their energy in trying to keep their head and shoulders out of the water, when the lower the body is, the easier it is to float. You will notice that when we swim for any distance we go completely out of sight between every stroke. The impetus of our kick brings us to the surface and we take a breath then."

He started Mr. Arthur in waist-deep water, telling him to duck under, open his eyes and look around. That was to get him accustomed to having his head under water. Then he told him to float on his face, still keeping his eyes open. In a short time Mr. Arthur enjoyed his morning swim as keenly as the boys, but it took him longer to learn to dive.

One morning at breakfast there was quite a



When Mr. Arthur took a dive
It's funny he came out alive;
He hit with such a fearful shock
The very island seemed to rock,
And breakers overwhelmed the dock.
WATTY.

discussion as to the date. Lanky insisted that it was Christmas and that everybody ought to give him rare and costly gifts, but finally they consulted an almanac and decided that it was August fifteenth.

“The new masts and sails were promised for to-day,” said Mr. Arthur, “and I suggest that we go to the Point and see if they have arrived.”

Cookie elected to stay at home, do a little work around the house and attend to the lobster pots. So when the others sailed off in the Skiddadler he took the Dot and started on his round.

The wind was light and it took Cookie some time to complete his inspection. He decided to change the position of one of the pots, so he sailed to the western end of the island, dropped the pot there, and continued on a course that would complete the circuit of the island.

As he rounded the western point he saw a red dory entering the mouth of the channel. An old

spritsail was set, but Cookie could see that oars were being used as well.

“It’s Pierre La Roche, sure enough!” said Cookie to himself. “I think I had better see what he is up to.”

The wind was so light that it would have been impossible to reach the cabin in time to prevent trouble—if La Roche meant trouble, but the sea was calm enough to land on the rocks, and Cookie pointed the Dot’s bow toward the cliffs.

As he approached several seals splashed hastily into the water. The bow of the Dot grounded softly on a seaweed-covered rock and Cookie leaped ashore. He noticed that one seal had remained, apparently dead or asleep, but he had no time for more than a hasty glance. He scrambled up the cliff and started on a run for the cabin.

He was hidden among the trees when he neared the cabin and his feet made no noise on the pine

needles. Cookie knew that he could not hope to try conclusions with La Roche as Lanky had done, so he decided to reconnoitre before determining his line of action. He crept softly to the edge of the wood where he could see the cabin and the wharf.

Cookie gasped with astonishment. The red dory was at the end of the wharf, and La Roche, standing up, was lifting a large box. As he set it down Cookie could see the wet seaweed that covered the contents. The clam mystery was solved!

That was surprising enough but the passenger in the boat puzzled Cookie more. Seated in the stern was Sadie May, Luther White's granddaughter!

They were talking together and Cookie could hear Sadie laugh, but could not catch the words.

"They evidently saw the Skiddadler sail off," guessed Cookie, "and thought no one was on the

island. Work on the Petrel was held up waiting for the new mast and La Roche took the opportunity to make his donation. But why he brought Sadie unless he is in—that's it!" The light dawned on Cookie when he saw La Roche lift Sadie's hand to his lips before he settled to the oars and rowed off.

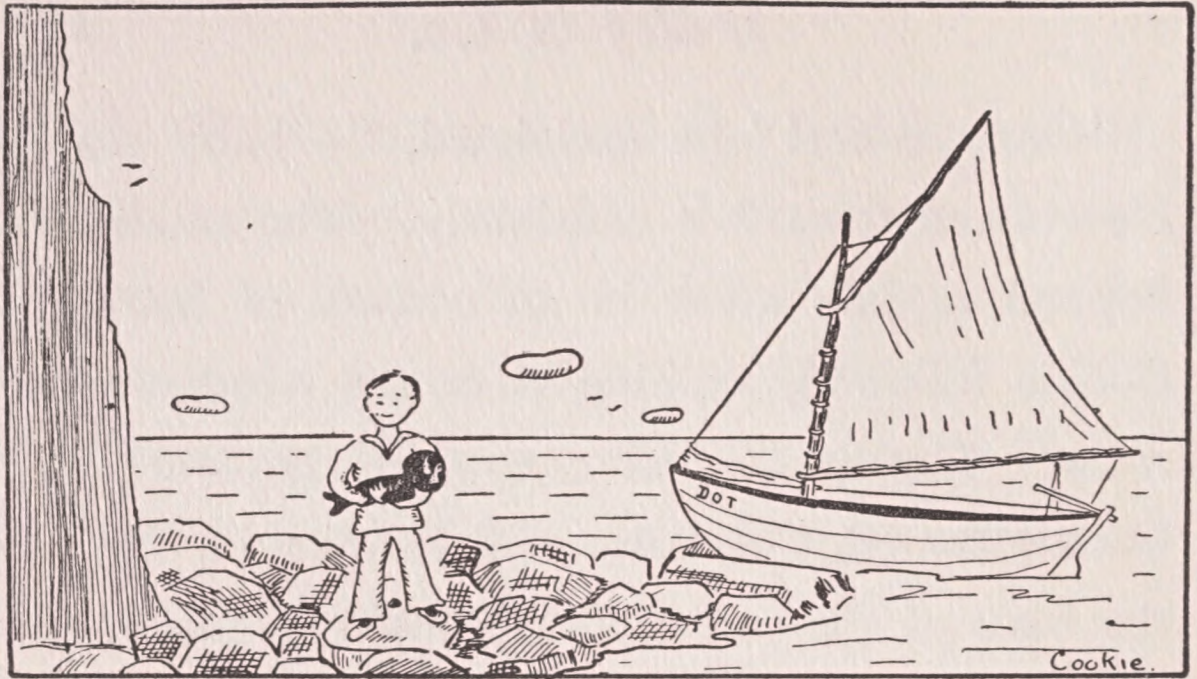
"But why do they bring clams," Cookie asked himself, "when they must know that we are giving most of them to Luther?"

Cookie waited until the red dory was out of sight in a turn of the channel and then retraced his steps to the place where he had left the Dot. The ebbing tide had left her high and dry, and as Cookie started to push her off over the slippery seaweed he noticed a slight movement at the side of the dead seal. A small round head, surprisingly like a little old man's except for the soft brown eyes, was looking at Cookie over the dead seal's body.

“Great Scott!” he exclaimed, “a baby seal!” He started toward it cautiously. The small seal flopped rapidly away in an ecstasy of fear and Cookie followed, slipping over the weed-covered rocks. Instead of going toward the water, as Cookie feared, the baby seal headed in, and at the base of the cliff Cookie caught it easily. It struggled weakly in his arms.

“Why, you poor little rat!” said Cookie, “I’m not going to hurt you, but if I leave you here by your dead mother you’ll starve. I’m just going to take you home and give you some warm milk.”

He deposited his burden gently in the stern of the Dot and pushed off. The little seal was shivering with fear.



The seal pup struggled to be free
But only wasted breath,
For Cookie knew his fate would be
To slowly starve to death.

WATTY.

Chapter XVIII

THE afternoon was hot and sultry with scarcely a breath of air. Anyone more weatherwise than Wallace Thayer might have expected thunder squalls, but as he stood on the Ocean House pier with Georgina, surveying a new canvas-covered cedar canoe, he only noticed that the bay was unusually calm.

“She is a perfect beauty!” exclaimed Georgina.

“Isn’t she!” replied Wallace. “I’m glad I thought of getting her. Fortunately I am a little better in a canoe than in a row boat!”

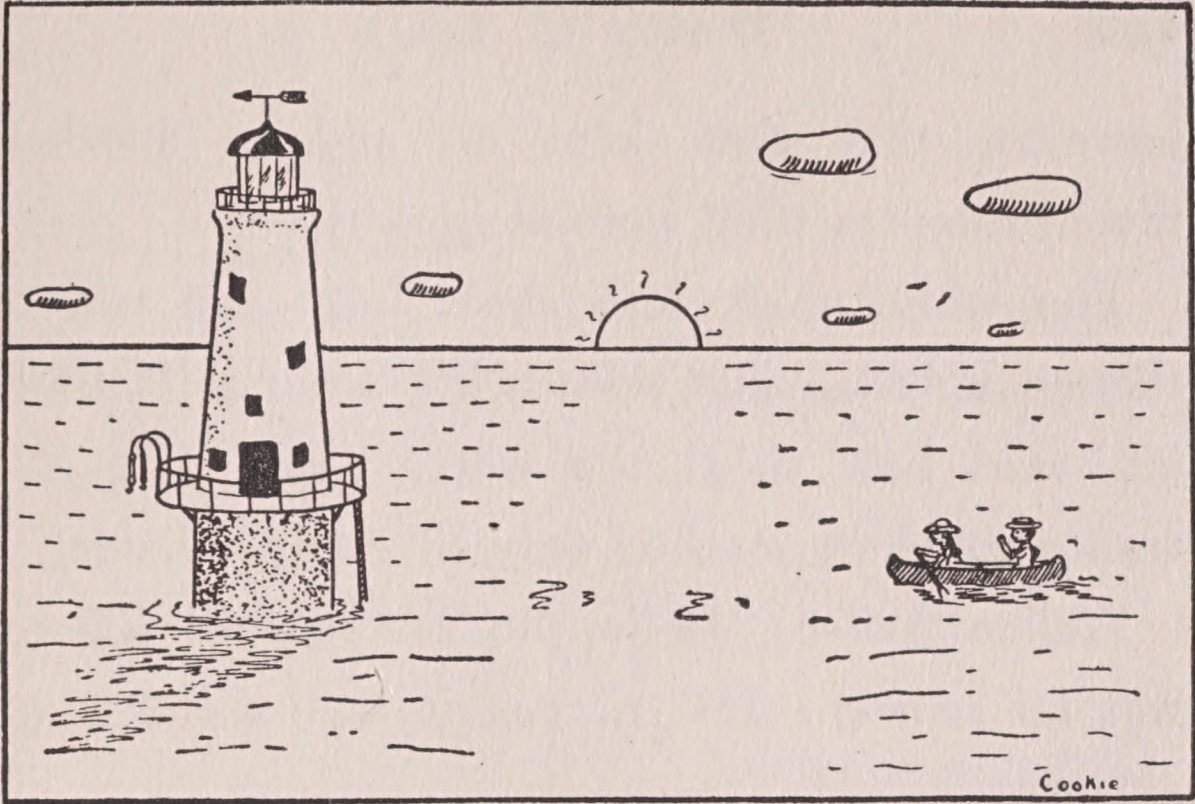
Together they carried the canoe to the float and launched her carefully. Wallace seated himself in the stern and Georgina in the bow. It was Georgina’s first experience at a paddle, but a few simple directions will make a good

bow paddler. Skill and experience are needed in the stern, for it is the stern paddle that steers and keeps the course straight.

Georgina was delighted with the swift and easy motion. "It's much better than rowing!" she cried, "and not half as hard work. You can see where you're going, too! I tell you what let's do! Let's paddle out to Ledge Lighthouse and visit the keeper! It's not too far, is it?"

Wallace shaded his eyes and looked over the calm water to the white shaft of the solitary lighthouse that marked a dangerous ledge in the path of the coastwise trade. "It's about five miles, I guess; we could make it in less than an hour, and I don't believe we shall ever have a better chance; it's seldom as calm as this. I'm game."

But distances are deceptive on the water; an hour passed and they were still some little distance from the lighthouse. They were so near,



Oh, Wallace, in your frail canoe
Be very careful what you do,
Remember that the water's wet,
You'd find it so if you upset.

And then your yellow gloves would shrink,
Your straw hat ruined by the drink;
But you have nerve. You'll carry through
Whate'er you undertake to do.

WATTY.

however, that they kept on and in another fifteen minutes they were alongside.

The white shaft rose sheer from the water, though ugly-looking tide swirls around its base indicated how shoal the water was. The entrance could be reached only by an iron ladder.

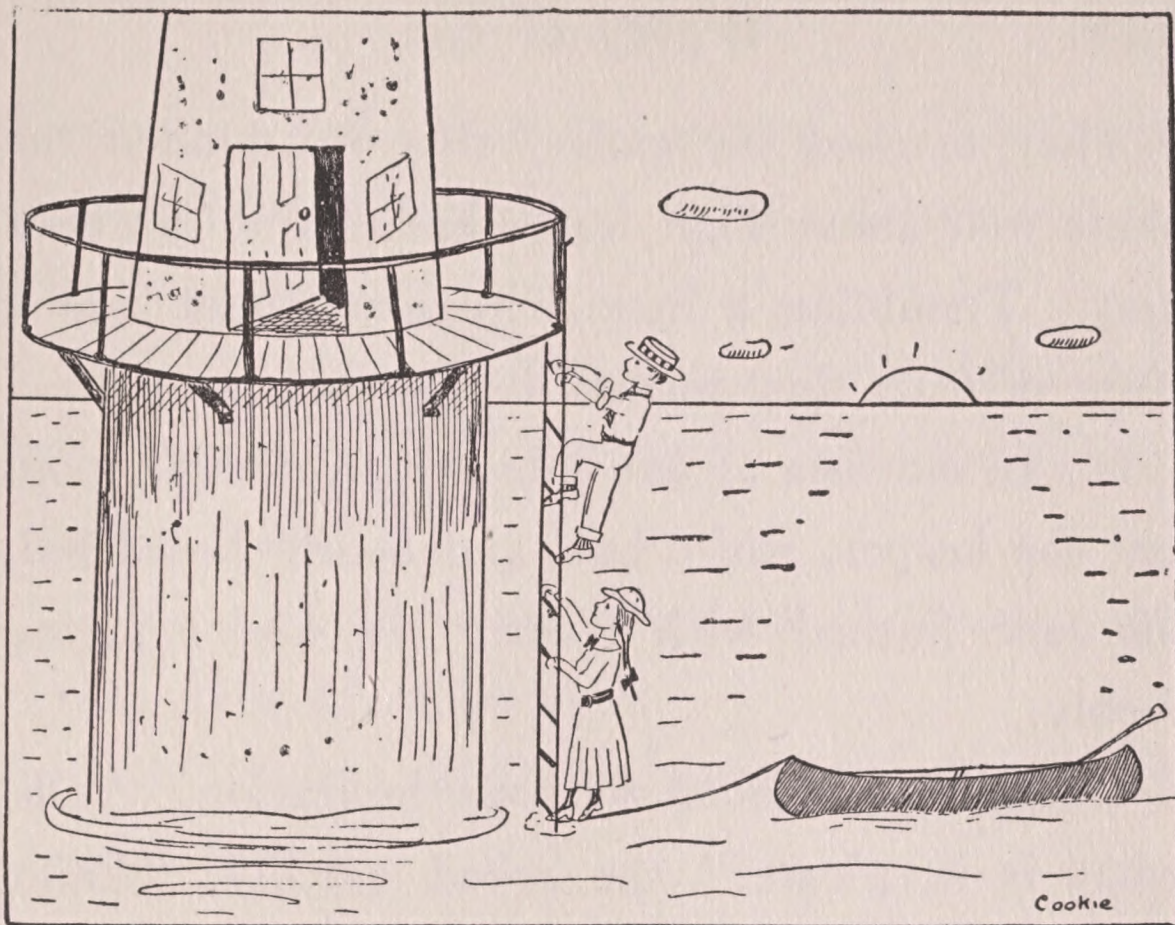
Wallace hailed, "Hello, the lighthouse!" There was no answer. He tried again, still without an answer.

"Listen!" said Georgina, "I hear something. There it is again!"

It sounded surprisingly like a groan. Their faces paled. "I'm going to see what the trouble is," said Wallace.

He fastened the painter of the canoe to the lowest rung of the iron ladder. "You stay here, George."

"Indeed I'll not!" answered Georgina resolutely, and she followed Wallace closely up the ladder.



Three cheers for George! We never knew
A girl with so much pluck as you;
And as we know that will annoy
We'll add you're better than a boy.

Through storm, delirium and night
You kept the lighthouse light alight!

WATTY.

They reached the gallery that surrounded the shaft well above high water and found the door ajar. Trembling a little with excitement and a tinge of fear, they pushed it open.

On an old sofa at one side of the circular room lay the keeper, white hair and beard disordered, his face flushed with fever. He was moaning feebly.

Georgina advanced without hesitation. "Oh, what is it, please?" she asked quickly. "Can't we help?"

There was no answer. She placed her hand on the hot forehead.

"I think he is delirious," she whispered to Wallace. "Get some water, please."

Wallace filled a glass from a pitcher on a table near by, and Georgina forced a little between the keeper's dry lips. He opened his eyes and stared unseeingly.

"The light!" he cried so suddenly that

Georgina and Wallace started. "The light must burn to-night!" He attempted to rise.

"Yes," soothed Georgina, "we shall light it for you. Don't worry." She forced him quietly back.

The words evidently reached his unconscious brain. He closed his eyes.

"My broken leg!" he moaned feebly. "My broken leg."

"Oh, Wallace, is his leg broken?" asked Georgina anxiously.

Wallace made a hasty examination. "His right one, just above the knee."

"Oh, Wallace, I was going to take 'first aid' last winter, and I put it off until next! Do you know anything about it?"

Wallace could not prevent a slight smile. "Not a thing," he answered.

Georgina gave the injured keeper more water,

and moistening her handkerchief, she bathed his flushed face. He seemed calmer.

“We must see if we can light up for him,” said Wallace, and they climbed the spiral stairs to the lantern loft.

Walking slowly around the lantern they gazed at it in puzzled wonder. Wallace shook his head. “I don’t understand it,” he said.

“It’s something like Cookie’s stove on the Skiddadler,” said Georgina doubtfully, “but that burns a blue flame, almost invisible.”

Wallace started. “My word!” he cried, “I believe you have hit it! See!” he continued excitedly, “here’s the compression pump, and here’s the vaporizer. The blue flame strikes the mantle up there and that’s what makes the bright white light!”

He unscrewed the filling cup and peered into the reservoir. “There seems to be plenty of oil. Now where’s the alcohol? We have to

heat the vaporizer before we can start the pump.”

“Maybe it’s in this can,” suggested Georgina.

Wallace unscrewed the cap and smelled it.

“Right!” he said. “Now we fill the cup around the vaporizer with alcohol and light the alcohol. That heats the vaporizer.” He filled the cup and struck a match.

When the alcohol flame began to die down he seized the air pump connected with the oil tank and pumped vigorously. The compression forced the oil to the hot vaporizer where it turned to gas. The last flicker of the alcohol ignited the gas and a small flame appeared.

Georgina watched it breathlessly and Wallace continued to pump. The flame grew larger and the lower part of the mantle began to glow. In a moment a dazzling white light flashed out and almost blinded them.

“All right as far as it goes,” said Wallace,

“but that compression has got to be kept up all night. I should say that the pump would have to be worked every hour or so.”

“All right,” said Georgina calmly, “I’ll stay.”

“What?” cried Wallace.

“Yes,” continued Georgina, “don’t you see it’s the only thing to do? We can’t both stay for mother would almost die of anxiety, and I can’t manage the canoe alone. I’ll be perfectly safe. You paddle back and tell mother. Then you can telephone the nearest lighthouse station, get somebody to relieve me and come back in the hotel launch. You ought to get here by ten o’clock.”

“My word!” said Wallace, “you certainly have nerve for a—”

“Stop,” cried Georgina, “don’t say ‘for a girl!’ *Nothing* exasperates me so!”

“All right!” conceded Wallace. “I’ll say you have the nerve of Watty, Lanky and Cookie—

and even *myself*—all put together!” and he grinned.

Georgina laughed. “That’s better,” she said. “Now you must hurry, for if you’re not back soon I may fall asleep at the—at the—”

“At the switch,” concluded Wallace. “If fast paddling will do it, I’ll be back by nine!”

They descended the winding stairs to the lower level. The keeper was muttering weakly: “The light must burn! I must light the light!”

Georgina held the glass to his lips and laid her cool hand on his head. “It’s all right,” she said; “you mustn’t worry. I’m going to stay here and keep the light burning brightly all night.”

Delirious as he was the words seemed to calm him, for he ceased muttering.

Georgina accompanied Wallace to the outside gallery.

“My word!” exclaimed Wallace, “how dark

it's getting and it's only six o'clock." He glanced to the west where a low-lying bank of black cloud obscured the sun. "Going to rain," he said. "Never mind, George, I'll go through water while you're attending to the fire. The devouring elements have no terrors for us! Good-bye!" he said gaily, and started paddling swiftly away.

Georgina watched him through the dusk and then entered the lighthouse, and slowly climbed to her post by the big lantern.

Chapter XIX

WALLACE had not paddled far before he discovered that there was a strong tide against him, and a hasty calculation told him that it would be four hours before slack water. The black clouds were coming nearer, too, and he could hear the rumbling of thunder. Things were beginning to look serious.

He glanced back over his shoulder. The light was burning brightly at least. He bent doggedly to his task, but his progress was painfully slow.

It was dark now and his back and arms began to ache. The air was close and oppressive and the surrounding water looked black and oily.

Presently Wallace was aware of a new sound from the west, a low, whistling moan, ominous and menacing. He gave a startled glance. Between him and the western shore showed a livid

line of white that spread as he looked until it seemed to cover the entire face of the water.

“A white squall!” he gasped, and almost before the words were out of his mouth the shrieking wind struck him, white rushing water was on all sides, a flying cloud of spray drenched him, the canoe careened drunkenly and water began to pour in over the rail.

With a desperate lunge he threw his whole weight on the paddle. It snapped in his hands. He flung himself forward, face down in the canoe, and reached the paddle Georgina had left in the bow. It was floating in four inches of water.

Seizing it he knelt in the bottom of the canoe to keep his weight low.

At any rate, he was still afloat and his last stroke had accomplished its purpose; the canoe had turned stern to the wind, but he was drifting at a tremendous speed away from the Point.

The frightful velocity of the first gust had

passed, but the wind still whistled and roared, whipping off the tops of a rapidly rising sea, and whirling them horizontally over the surface in a stinging spray.

Wallace's one effort was to keep the canoe from broaching to. He strained with every remaining ounce of strength at the paddle as the following waves lifted the canoe on high and hurled her forward through the roaring chaos.

There was a blinding flash of lightening, an ear-splitting crash of thunder, something tore through the stern of the canoe, and Wallace found himself struggling in the water, entangled with a splintered wreck of canvas-covered wood. Two strong hands seized him under the arms, lifted him, and dropped him in the bottom of a dory, smelling most evilly of fish. He rested his head against the rail, choking and gasping for breath.

The wind ceased abruptly and the rain began

to fall in torrents, flattening the waves as if by magic. Far away, blurred by the rain, shone a bright point of light. "Snappy work! Good for you, Georgina!" murmured Wallace.

Then he looked at his rescuer. Even in the dark he recognized La Roche. "Hello, Pierre," said Wallace, "*Il fait la belle nuit, n'est-ce pas?*" He was not at all sure of his French grammar.

"*Oui, monsieur,*" replied La Roche, and Wallace could just make out his friendly smile. Then Pierre did a most surprising thing. Drawing his knife from the thigh pocket of his sodden overalls, he threw it with all his strength into the rain-washed night. Then he turned to Wallace, spread his hands and shrugged his shoulders, evidently indicating that any feeling of enmity was a thing of the past—done with forever.

"*Le voilà!*" said La Roche.

"*Mon mot!*" said Wallace, using a literal

translation of his favorite expression the better to do honour to the occasion.

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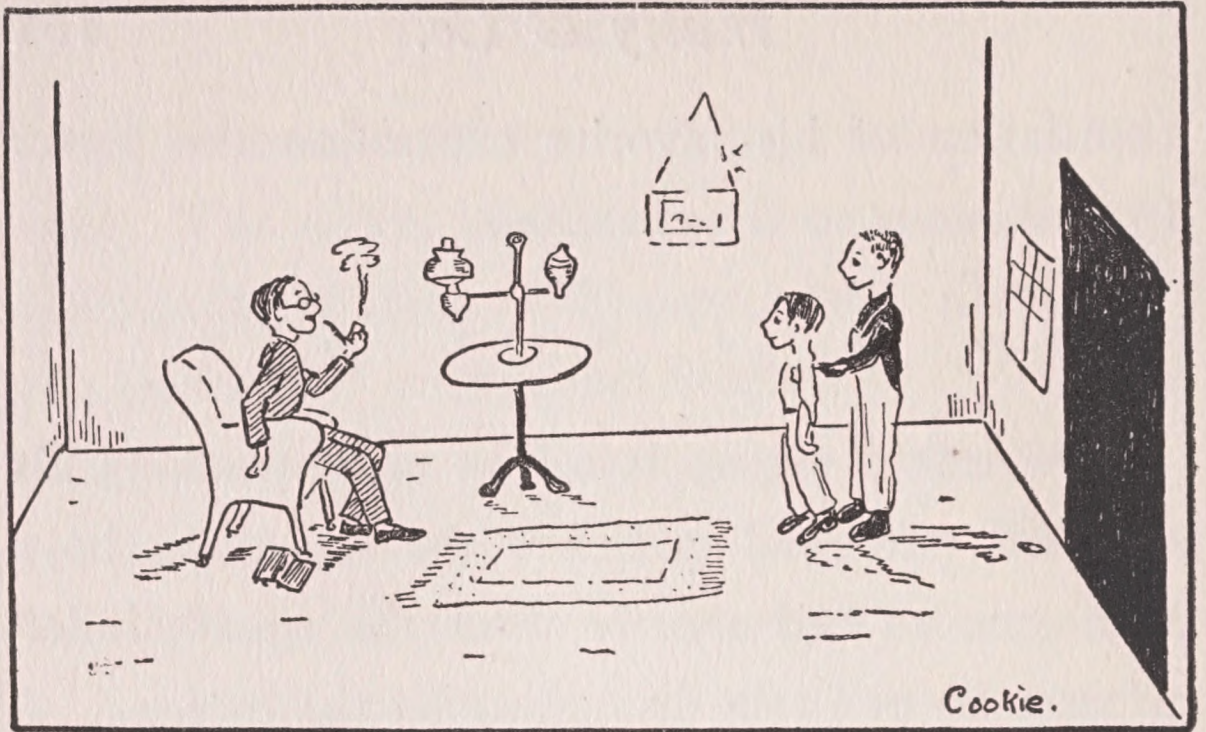
Mr. Arthur sat up late that night smoking his calabash and reading before the fire. The boys had gone to bed shortly after the squall, lulled to sleep by the rain drumming on the roof.

Mr. Arthur's head was nodding over his book when he was abruptly roused to wakefulness by a loud knock at the door. Visions of his own shipwreck flashed through his mind as he leaped to his feet. The door burst open and La Roche entered half carrying Wallace, who was almost exhausted.

"What's up?" demanded Mr. Arthur.

"Mees Hardy," replied the fisherman, "Madame Hardy she ask me to see is Mees Hardy here."

Quick anxiety showed in Mr. Arthur's face.



Pierre was, with a temper hot,
Too ready with his knife,
But we forgave, likewise forgot
When he saved Wally's life.

WATTY.

“It’s all right, Mr. Arthur,” said Wallace reassuringly, “George is at the Ledge Lighthouse.”

“What!” cried Mr. Arthur.

Wallace explained the situation rapidly.

“Hello, boys!” called Mr. Arthur up the stairs. “Wake up! Another rescue!”

The boys tumbled out of bed, and threw on their clothes.

“Rescuing people in distress is becoming monotonous!” exclaimed Lanky, as he came downstairs half dressed with the rest of his clothes over his arm. “Who is it this time?”

“George,” replied Mr. Arthur, and “Watty, I think Wallace’s hands need first aid!”

Wallace looked at his hands in surprise. The palms were torn and bleeding, the result of several hours of extremely hard work at the paddle.

“My word!” said he, “I never noticed them! I’ve ruined my gloves!”

But he would not take the time to have his hands bandaged then. "We must hurry out to George first," he said.

Lanky generously offered to row back with his former enemy, La Roche, and relieve Mrs. Hardy's anxiety. The others started for the lighthouse in the Skiddadler. Watty took his first-aid kit and dressed Wallace's hands in the cabin by the light of the swinging lamp, while Cookie at the helm headed for the light. Fortunately the rain had stopped and a light offshore breeze followed the squall.

Chapter XX

GEORGE was lonely, and when the squall struck, frightened. The wind howled screaming around the lighthouse and the flying spray beat against the glass. "Like the fingers of ghosts tapping the pane," thought Georgina, and quickly put away the gruesome thought.

Two hours had passed before the squall struck so she did not worry about Wallace. She felt sure he had reached the Point by that time.

At about three o'clock she began to feel a little worried and she was so sleepy that it almost hurt. She sat down by the light and her eyelids dropped lower and lower.

There was a wild shriek from below and Georgina leaped to her feet, every nerve tingling with fright.

"The light!" screamed the voice, "the light!"

I MUST LIGHT THE LIGHT!" the shriek rose in an ear-splitting frenzy.

Georgina flew down the spiral stairs. The old keeper was struggling to rise. She seized him by the shoulders.

"Listen," she said distinctly, "the light *is* burning! I am going to keep it burning all night. Don't worry," she insisted, "it is *all right!*"

As before her voice seemed to reach his inner consciousness and he sank feebly back, but Georgina was almost unnerved by the sudden shock. However, she was wide awake now.

When she climbed up to the loft again she was horrified to find the light was burning dimly. She seized the pump and the light brightened for a moment and fell again. Again she worked the pump and the same thing happened.

"Oh," cried Georgina, "the oil is giving out!" She did not dare to look for more oil. She knew

that the pressure would be lost if she took off the cap to refill the reservoir, and that the light would go out. She pumped continuously, but in spite of her efforts the flame fell lower and lower. Every muscle in her body seemed to ache. Would daylight never come? A faint glimmer appeared in the east; at the same moment the light gave one final flicker and died out completely.

Georgina was conscious that her work was over but she felt no elation. She had never been so tired in her life. She went slowly down the stairs and out on the gallery into the morning air.

Not a hundred yards away was the Skiddadler, a small wave curling under her bow, bearing directly toward the lighthouse. Georgina sank on the platform and tears of relief came to her eyes.

Her uncle was the first up the ladder. He lifted her in his arms and held her close. "Oh, Uncle Dick," she whispered brokenly, "I thought

no one would ever come!" and she buried her face in his shoulder.

Her uncle held her closer. "Georgina," he said seriously, "you are a brave girl, and I'm mighty proud of you. It was a plucky thing to do." He talked to her quietly until she became calmer, but even then she kept tight hold of her uncle's hand as if afraid that he might leave her.

In the meantime Watty had examined the keeper's broken leg. He diagnosed it as a simple fracture, but he was unable to determine whether the patient's high fever was a result of the injury or not. He broke a wooden box and, using pieces for splints, he set the leg carefully.

They were all gathered around the sofa talking in whispers, trying to decide what they should do with the invalid, when a steamer siren sounded close at hand.

"Hello!" exclaimed Watty, going out to the gallery. "It's a lighthouse tender, the *Geranium*."

“Good enough,” said Mr. Arthur; “that ends our responsibility.”

The steamer approached as closely as the ledge would permit. Then her engine-room bell sounded, her propeller stopped and with diminishing headway she came within hailing distance.

“Ahoy, the lighthouse!” roared an angry voice from the bridge.

“On board the *Geranium!*” hailed Watty, somewhat surprised at the tone.

“What the mischief do you mean by dimming your light just before morning?” continued the irate voice.

“Better come and investigate!” replied Watty with a grin, as the humor of the situation began to dawn on him.

“I’ll do more than investigate!” threatened the captain, and they could hear him order a boat lowered from the davits.

The whole party gathered to meet the captain as he mounted the ladder.

“What is this?” snapped the officer, “a picnic?”

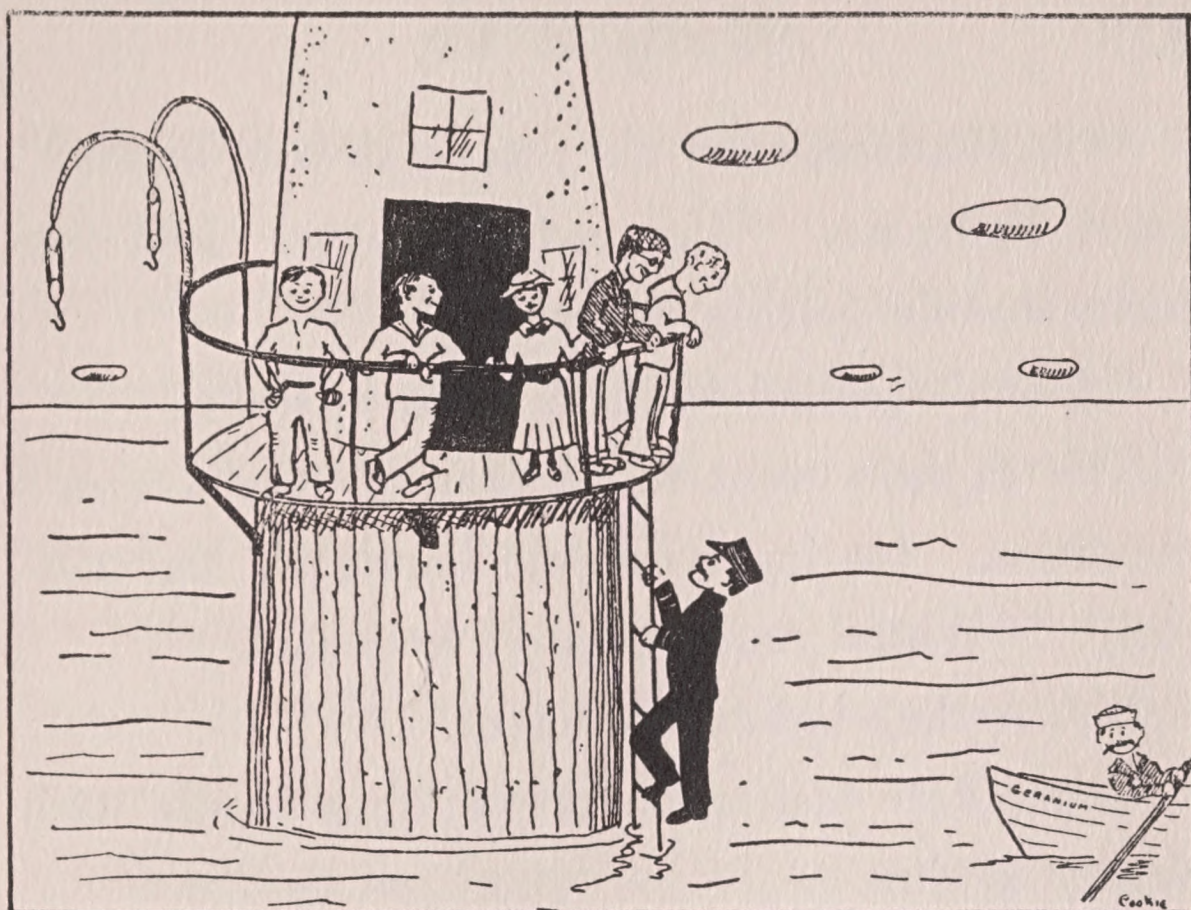
“It is not!” said Mr. Arthur shortly, “your keeper broke his leg and is in a delirium; a fifteen-year-old girl has been tending the light alone all night.”

“What?” cried the captain in an altered voice. “I beg your pardon, I’m sure. I apologize—apologize humbly. Is this the young lady?” He grasped Georgina’s hand in a grip that numbed her arm to the shoulder.

“You must thank Wallace too,” said Georgina.

“I’m going to shake hands with the whole crew,” roared the captain, but in a vastly different roar this time. “Which is Wallace?”

Wallace hastily put his injured hands behind his back. “Excuse me, please, and take it out on the others!” he said.



The captain he was mad clean through,
He could have bitten nails in two;
But when he found how matters stood
He turned as quickly as he could,
And when his senses he had found
He begged our pardon all around.

WATTY.

“Oh, Wallace, what did you do to your hands?” cried Georgina. “I’m awfully sorry! Did you have trouble getting ashore?”

“Some,” replied Wallace with a smile.

The captain went in to examine the keeper’s condition. He inspected the bandaged leg critically. “Who’s your doctor?” he asked.

Mr. Arthur indicated Watty.

The officer insisted upon shaking hands with Watty again.

“We get lots of experience with broken limbs in this pestiferous service and I never saw a broken leg better fixed!”

The captain went outside and hailed his boat crew. “Hello, below! Get a cot and tackle to lower a man with a broken leg. Johnson!”

“Aye, aye, sir!”

“Get your dunnage and take charge of the light. Bring Tomlinson with you.”

Johnson grinned broadly. The easy service of

lighthouse keeper for a week or so appealed to him.

“Now,” said the captain, “I’ll take you people anywhere you want to go in the *Geranium*.”

“Never mind,” said Mr. Arthur, “we’ll sail back in the knockabout.”

“Well, at least you must take breakfast on the *Geranium* with me before you start,” urged the captain, and they were very glad to accept.

“Tending lighthouse all night without supper is hungry work,” sighed Georgina. She was at the captain’s right hand, and the officer could hardly take his admiring eyes from her. He did most of the talking himself so as to relieve her from the duties of keeping up her end, and he assured her that “the Department would hear of her gallant service.”

During the meal the captain explained one thing that had been puzzling Watty and Mr. Arthur. Both of them knew that it was unusual

for one man to be in charge of an important isolated lighthouse, and Watty had known personally the two men in charge the previous year.

“This man who broke his leg,” said the captain, “is trustworthy but a hard one to live with, morose and has a bad temper. I suspect the assistant just helped himself to the dory—I see it’s gone—and took French leave. In fact he threatened to do so on my last trip here, but I was not able to replace him at the time. I’ll have to discharge him if he should show up again.”

Georgina smiled sleepily as the *Skiddadler* moved off, and immediately went sound asleep on her uncle’s shoulder.

Even the three blasts from the steamer’s horn in salute did not rouse her, but Watty returned the courtesy by dipping the yacht ensign three times.

Mrs. Hardy and Lanky were waiting on the dock.

Chapter XXI

MR. ARTHUR and the boys were sitting on the wharf at the island several days after Georgina's experience as a lighthouse keeper. It was one of those days that come occasionally in late August and frequently in September, cool in the northwest breeze but warm in the sun.

It was drawing close to the end of their summer vacation, for although school did not open until the middle of September they were due at Exeter on the first for early football practice. As Watty was captain of the team there was no escape.

Cookie was feeding the baby seal with warm, diluted, condensed milk, and the captive ate greedily, apparently without the least fear of the boys. When the last drop was gone he went

comfortably to sleep in the box Cookie had prepared for him.

“What are you going to do with him when we leave?” asked Watty.

“Let him go, I think. I don’t want to keep him in captivity.”

“Do you believe he’s old enough to take care of himself?” inquired Mr. Arthur.

“I guess so. He ate one of the mackerel Pierre brought a few days ago, in place of the usual clams, and he seemed to like it.”

“What did you say you had named him?” asked Lanky.

“Holluschickie,” replied Cookie. “That’s what Kipling calls young seals in his story ‘The White Seal.’”

“Holluschickie is plural,” objected Lanky. “You ought to call him Holluschicken.”

“Why not Young Hollus for short?” suggested Watty. “Do you know what I think?” he con-

tinued, "I don't believe you'll get rid of him easily. He isn't going to be quick about leaving a good place where he is comfortable and well fed."

"Let's try it when he wakes up," said Lanky.

"By the way, Lanky, how did you and your friend La Roche get along the other night?" asked Mr. Arthur.

"Like ducks in a puddle! I thought he was going to embrace me in true French fashion when we parted, but I side-stepped. Sadie May was waiting on the dock for him. He *did* embrace her."

"They are engaged," said Cookie.

"By Jove! is that so?" exclaimed Mr. Arthur. He seemed to have an idea, and after thinking a while he went into the house and wrote a letter, addressing it to Washington, D. C. Shortly he called Watty in consultation.

"Great!" said Watty enthusiastically, "per-

fectly splendid. That will take care of Luther White as long as he lives. I think an eighteen-foot motor dory would be the best boat, and we ought to be able to pick one up at Boothbay Harbor."

Mr. Arthur and Watty joined the others. "Watty and I have been hatching a conspiracy," explained Mr. Arthur, "and we are not going to divulge the plot until success is assured. Then we shall take you both into our confidence. Our plans involve an immediate trip to Boothbay.

"And another thing I want to ask you all. Do you think it would be possible to engage, not a hundred miles from here, a crew to sail the *Petrel* to Boston, with Mrs. Hardy, Miss Hardy, Wallace Thayer and myself on board?" Mr. Arthur looked at Watty. "I want a skipper;" then he looked at Cookie, "and a cook, and a— a cabin boy," he finished, looking at Lanky.

"Great!" said Watty.

“Bully!” said Cookie.

“What are the duties of a cabin boy?” asked Lanky suspiciously.

“Why—er—entertaining the ladies,” replied Mr. Arthur.

“Count me in; entertainment is my middle name!” said Lanky with a grin.

“Fine!” exclaimed Mr. Arthur, “that will give my vacation a strong finish.”

They sailed over to the Point in the Skiddadler taking Young Hollus with them. They had decided to let him go in the open for fear he might not find the narrow channel leading from the harbor if released at the island.

In the middle of the bay Cookie bade him a fond farewell and dropped him over the rail. For a moment Young Hollus swam frantically after the boat, but the wind was fresh and he soon gave up the unequal race. He sank below the water and disappeared from view. “Good-

bye, Young Hollus!" called Cookie regretfully.

On the Ocean House dock was a stranger dressed like a chauffeur who saluted Mr. Arthur respectfully. "Hello, Louis," said Mr. Arthur, "glad to see you; which car did you bring?"

"The runabout, m'sieu," replied the chauffeur.

"Good!" commented Mr. Arthur. "Well, Watty, as soon as we have interviewed Luther and verified Cookie's report about Sadie May, I think we had better start for Boothbay. To allay any fears you may have Louis will tell you that I am better at the wheel of a car than at the wheel of a boat!"

A little later Cookie and Lanky watched them start in a beautiful high-powered, low-hung car of foreign make. Cookie gasped at the speed of their disappearance. Mr. Arthur was driving with Watty at his side and Louis clinging to the rumble behind. A cloud of dust followed them.

“Did you know he had sent for a car?” Cookie asked Lanky.

“Sure,” replied Lanky, “and now, while they are away on their mysterious business, let’s do a little plotting of our own. I’m some little conspirator when I get started; Machiavelli had nothing on me. Hist!” Lanky went through the motions of pulling down an imaginary hat and looked to left and right, “are we alone?”

“No,” whispered Cookie hoarsely, “there are two of us!”

Lanky grabbed Cookie’s shoulder and said rapidly, his mouth close to Cookie’s ear, “Meet me in the grotto at midnight! Bring the forged papers and the chee—ild! If you succeed I will reward you well, but if you fail—” Lanky’s voice changed, and he curled an imaginary moustache airily, “You know my hasty tempah!”

Georgina and Wallace came toward them from

the hotel. "What's the matter now?" asked Wallace.

Lanky looked at him fiercely. "The chee—ild!" he hissed. "Where is the chee—ild?"

"The child is in London!" replied Wallace, catching on immediately, "and I have the papers. The old nurse has told all and Sir de Cookie's villainy is revealed."

"All is lost!" groaned Cookie and he staggered in despair.

"Hah!" cried Lanky, "give me the papers and tear up the chee—ild."

"Stop this nonsense," laughed Georgina, "and come to lunch with us."

Lanky's tragic manner relaxed at the mention of food, and they walked to the hotel.

"What do you think!" said Georgina, as they sat down at the table, "Uncle Dick has asked Mother, Wallace and me to sail to Boston with him in the Petrel!"

“That’s only if he can find a crew, Georgina,” reminded Mrs. Hardy.

Cookie and Lanky exchanged glances. “The crew is found,” laughed Lanky, “behold the cook and the cabin boy; Watty is the skipper.”

“Really?” cried Georgina. “Hooray. Won’t it be great! I speak to be an able-bodied seaman.”

“You can attend to the lights, George,” said Lanky, “you’re good at that!”

“Let’s sail out to the Ledge and call on Johnson and his assistant, and then have supper on the island,” invited Cookie.

Mrs. Hardy agreed and suggested that they take out some books and magazines to the men.

“I have only two books—David Copperfield and—and Little Women; do you think they would care for them?” asked Georgina.

“Fine!” replied Lanky, “Little Women is just the book for strong, seafaring men. I myself

frequently read passages of it with one hand while hauling lobster pots with the other.”

“Which hand do you read with?” inquired Wallace politely.

“Why—why, *either* hand,” replied Lanky, giving “either” the English pronunciation, “eyether.”

“I apologize for my feeble-minded friend, Mrs. Hardy,” said Cookie seriously, “sometimes his jokes are poor, but for pure foolishness his last attempt is about the worst. Let’s start for the lighthouse immediately. The fresh air may cool his brain.”

There was a good breeze blowing from the northwest and a choppy sea made it a little more difficult to get to the ladder from the tossing pumpkin seed than it had been on Georgina’s first visit, but she managed it almost as easily as the boys.

The two men greeted them heartily and rigged a bosun’s chair for Mrs. Hardy. A bosun’s chair

is a board seat like the seat of a swing, rigged on a block and tackle. In this case the tackle was run through one of the davits from which the lighthouse dory used to swing before the deserting assistant keeper had taken it. Mrs. Hardy was pulled up with a "Yo heave ho!" amid great merriment.

Georgina showed her mother all over the living apartments on the first two levels and the lantern in the loft. The two men from the *Geranium* had put the place in true ship-shape order. Everything was neat as wax, and in the bright sunlight with the two smiling keepers and her mother for company, and the laughter of the boys below instead of delirious yells, the lighthouse seemed a very comfortable place—vastly different from the night of the shrieking squall.

After a visit of about an hour they set sail for the island. Cookie told Georgina of Young Hollus's release.

“Well,” sighed Georgina, “I’m sorry, but I am glad I saw him yesterday. I do hope he will be able to look out for himself. And,” she continued brightly, “maybe he will come to call on you sometimes next summer!”

“Perhaps he will wear a high hat and send in his card,” laughed Cookie.

“We’ll give a reception in his honor,” added Lanky.

When they were furling the Skiddadler’s sails in the island harbor, Wallace happened to glance toward the dock. “My word!” he exclaimed, “look who’s here!”

Everybody looked. At the end of the dock regarding them expectantly was Young Hollus!

Cookie sat down. “Well,” he gasped, “in the words of the immortal Mr. Hobbs, I *am* jiggered!”

They greeted the returned seal enthusiastically and fed him until it was a wonder he didn’t burst

wide open. He seemed to swell before their eyes. When they went to the cabin to prepare their own supper he waddled after them and lay on the doorstep while they ate.

“I wish we could take him back to Excter with us,” said Lanky, “he would look so cute following us to class. Maybe he could play on the football team; he would win the swimming championship, anyway!”

“There’s nothing to do but to leave him here,” sighed Cookie. “If he will not rejoin his aunts and uncles and cousins maybe Pierre La Roche will take care of him for us.” He tossed a piece of bread to Young Hollus who caught it deftly in his mouth.

“When is Uncle Dick coming back?” asked Georgina, reminded of her own relative by Cookie’s remark.

“Ought to be here by day after to-morrow, anyway, if he returns as fast as he left,” replied

Lanky. "That would give him a whole day to transact his business in Boothbay, and if we intend to be in Boston on the thirty-first we ought to start the day after he gets back."

"Let's have a grand party the night before we leave," said Cookie. "I suggest an old-time clambake here on the island, and we'll invite Luther, Sadie, Bob, Pierre, and one of the men from the lighthouse."

"I think that would be a splendid idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardy. "I have not been to a real clambake since I was a girl, and Georgina has never been to one."

"Same here," added Wallace.

"Clambake it is then," decided Cookie.

"Alas," sighed Lanky, "'tis e'en a back-breaking task extricating the sportive and agile clam from his happy home."

"Just how do you get them?" inquired Wallace.

“The easiest way is to climb the clam tree and shake them down,” replied Lanky, “but it’s apt to break their shells. The best way is to go to the clam orchard at night and spread a thick floor of cotton batting on the ground to soften it. Then throw a searchlight on the clams and under its rays they ripen quickly and drop. You pick them up carefully by the tail so they can’t bite you and put them in a basket.”

“I see,” said Wallace gravely.

Chapter XXII

THE next day Lanky and Cookie were very busy preparing for the clambake. They already had enough lobsters on hand and early in the morning, when the tide was low, they sailed over to the clam flats on the mainland to dig the clams. It was hard, backbreaking work, as Lanky has said, but in two hours they had a bushel and a half.

In the afternoon they gathered large stones and placed them in a solid circle about ten feet in diameter under the high cliff where Cookie had caught Young Hollus. Then they collected an enormous pile of driftwood, half to heat the stones for the clambake and half for a camp fire.

The next morning they sailed to the Point again to invite Luther and his family and La Roche. They found Luther and Pierre putting

the finishing touches on the *Petrel* and both of them accepted the boys' invitation with evident pleasure, and Pierre readily consented to sail the *Petrel* and all the guests over to the island early in the afternoon.

The boys purchased four large watermelons and three dozen ears of sweet corn and sailed out to the Ledge Lighthouse. Both of the keepers wanted to come, so they drew lots and Johnson won. Lanky had bought a box of cigars for the loser, so the assistant keeper was almost happy to stay on duty alone for the evening.

They took Johnson back to the island, and immediately after lunch he helped them carry their supplies to the western point and build the fire over the circle of rocks. The fire had to be kept going all the afternoon so that the rocks would be nearly red hot by evening.

The *Petrel* arrived early and Pierre joined the boys and Johnson in gathering wet seaweed,

while the others played with Young Hollus and roamed about the island. Small Bob was particularly delighted with the Crow's Nest and kept climbing up and down recklessly greatly to the alarm of Mrs. Hardy and Sadie.

At half past five Watty and Mr. Arthur had not appeared and Cookie decided to wait no longer. The coals were raked off the hot stones and a layer of wet seaweed spread on. The lobsters were laid on the seaweed—twelve in all—and another layer of seaweed spread. The clams and corn were then thrown on and covered with the last of the seaweed. An enormous cloud of steam and smoke arose in the still air.

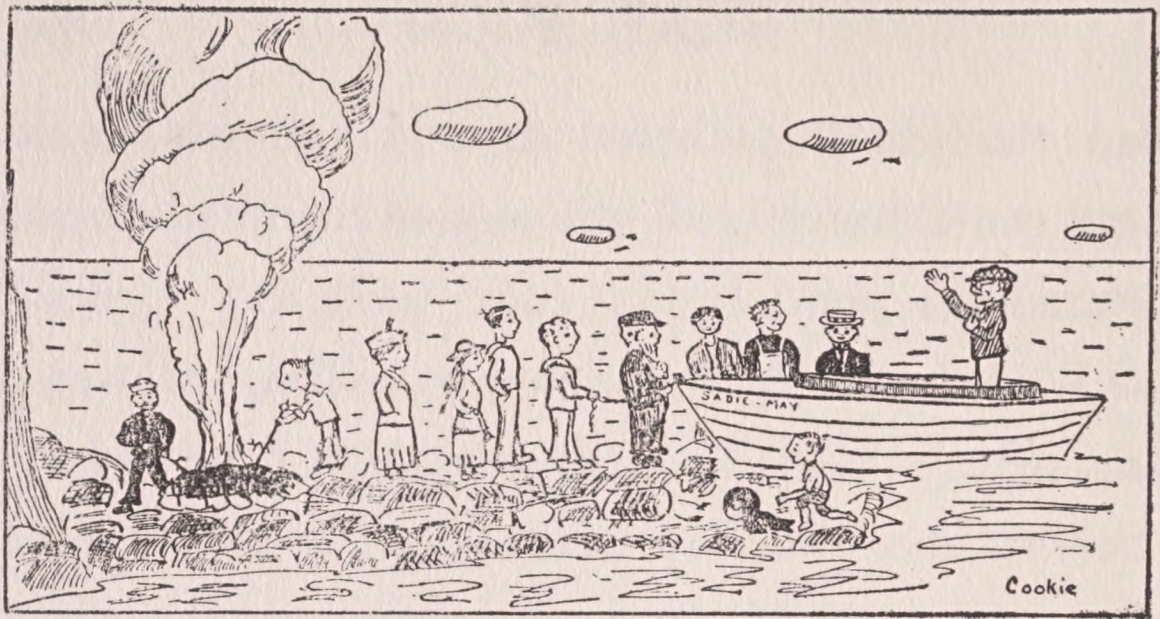
The column of smoke, visible at a great distance, was easily seen from an eighteen-foot motor dory about to enter the channel leading into the island harbor. Mr. Arthur pointed it out to Watty who changed the dory's course,

and the party gathered around the fire could hear the chug-chug of the engine before the boat cleared the point.

Cookie and Lanky ran to a flat, seaweed-covered rock at the edge of the calm water. "Right here!" they called, and the engine stopped, reversed, and the bow of the dory bumped gently into the spot indicated. Watty jumped out, painter in hand. Mr. Arthur rose from his place by the engine.

Everybody gathered around and Sadie gasped with astonishment. On each side of the dory's bow in raised gold letters was the name "Sadie May."

Mr. Arthur raised his arm in a gesture for attention. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, the honor on this auspicious occasion has been forced upon me. Permit me to say that it has never before been my privilege to face an au-



It surely was some happy night,
Take it from me, my boy!
Sadie, Pierre and Luther White
Were overwhelmed with joy.
WATTY.

dience whose faces expressed so much beauty, intelligence and ah—er—curiosity!”

“Hear! Hear!” cried Lanky.

“In a short time I shall endeavor to allay that curiosity, but first permit me to refer to one of your number individually. There is among you one whose hair has been sprinkled with the snow of many honorable winters; one who by patient industry and kindness has won the affection of all who know him. I refer to our respected and revered friend, Luther White!”

Luther’s jaw dropped with a click—Lanky swore he heard it—and his mouth remained open.

“I have here,” Mr. Arthur resumed, drawing an official-looking envelope from his pocket, “a letter from a friend of mine, close to my heart but distant in location, who holds a position high in government circles. This letter advises me that my recommendation of Luther White

as keeper of Ledge Light will be approved by the fifteenth of September.”

Luther's mouth closed and a look of beaming happiness dawned on his weathered face.

“The letter further advises,” continued Mr. Arthur, “that my other recommendation of Monsieur Pierre La Roche as assistant light keeper will also be approved and ratified.”

It was Pierre's turn to look incredulous and happy. To Luther the appointment meant a comfortable livelihood; to Pierre it meant that and much more—Sadie! His marriage had been indefinitely arranged for the remote day when he would be able to take care of her. Now he could marry immediately—Sadie's hand stole into his—he would! He could not believe the astonishing news!

But more was to come. “In order that Pierre may eke out the meagre pay of assistant keeper by daily attending to a long line of prolific lob-

ster pots, we present the bride and groom to be with this noble bark, the Sadie May!" Mr. Arthur jumped ashore.

Lanky could contain himself no longer. He waved his arms in the familiar signals of a cheer leader. "Long cheer for Mr. Arthur!" he yelled. "One! two! three!" down flashed his arms in a measured frenzy.

"Exeter! Exeter! Exeter!" roared the boys, supported by Georgina and Wallace.

"Rah! rah! rah!

Rah! rah! rah!

Rah! rah! rah!

Mr. Arthur! Mr. Arthur! MR. ARTHUR!"

* * * * *

As Lanky expressed it later the clambake was "Some party." It surely was.

Everybody was happy. Never had steamed clams, corn and lobsters tasted so good; never

was watermelon so delicious. Mr. Arthur, a millionaire, was talking and laughing with the lighthouse keeper and Pierre La Roche as though they were college classmates; Mrs. Hardy was deep in conversation with Luther. Lanky was pretending to be Sadie's rejected suitor, contemplating suicide, presumably by eating too many clams.

When the serious business of eating was over the camp fire was started and they sat in a circle, singing. Johnson obliged with a deep-sea chantey and danced a sailor's hornpipe on a flat rock amid tumultuous applause. Georgina sang a little French song and that encouraged Pierre to borrow Lanky's guitar.

Pierre had a wonderful voice; in French Canadian patois he sang a haunting voyageur song of the Canadian woods, an appealing minor melody, indescribably sweet. A hushed silence better than any applause greeted him. He

blushed with pleasure when they pressed him for more.

The fire had died to glowing embers when Mrs. Hardy rose to leave. Considerable excitement was caused when Sadie failed to find small Bob, but he was finally discovered curled up between two rocks with one arm around Young Hollus. Both were fast asleep and Young Hollus was the only one of the two who awoke on being lifted into the motor dory.

Fortunately Pierre understood a gasolene engine perfectly and he started off without trouble, taking Johnson with him. The boys listened to the chug-chug of the motor growing fainter and fainter in the distance, and then turned their steps toward the harbor and the Skiddadler almost with a feeling of melancholy.

But melancholy never lasted with the Triumvirate, and when they embarked in the Skiddadler their spirits returned.

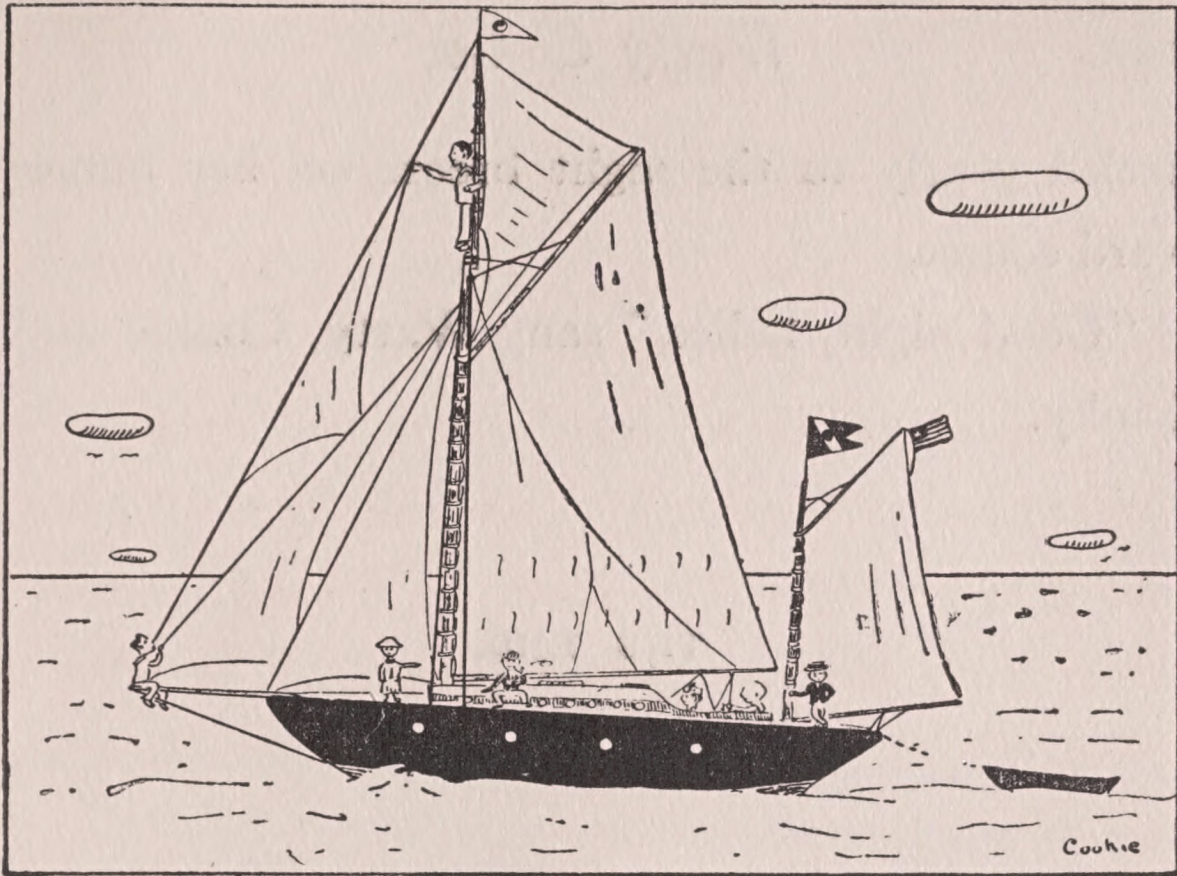
Georgina was wistful. "I don't think I ever had such a good time before, this summer has been perfectly wonderful!"

"Never mind, George," said her uncle, "we still have several days on the *Petrel*. We'll bribe Watty to sail us slowly to Boston, and we'll stop every night, anyway; Portland, York Harbor, Portsmouth, maybe Gloucester or Marblehead." Georgina cheered up immediately.

For Wallace's benefit they sang "Old Andover is Champion" ("with reservations," said Lanky), and as they neared the Point, clearly over the water floated the words of "Old Exeter":—

"Thy name is a talisman banishing care
And setting good fellowship free,
Old Exeter, here's to the glad student days
That have bound us forever to thee!"

Then, following a custom which had become almost a tradition, Georgina called "Good night!" from the end of the dock. The *Skiddadler*



“The Petrel,” homeward bound.

From way Down East we headed west
With ev'ry sail unfurled,
And George did wistfully suggest
We sail around the world.

But school and football were at hand,
And then the winter drear,
We thought we'd better stay on land
BUT MEET AGAIN NEXT YEAR!!
WATTY.

heeled gently to the night breeze on her homeward course.

“Good night, ladies,” sang Watty, Cookie and Lanky.

THE END.

THE following pages contain advertisements of a few of the Macmillan books on kindred subjects.

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BY PADRAIC COLUM

Author of "The Children's Homer," "The Boy Who Knew
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With illustrations in color by Willy Pogany, Cloth, 12°

Odin was the father of the Gods who dwelt in the city of Asgard. All the Gods and Goddesses were his children and were called the Aesir and the Asyniur. This tale relates the adventures of Thor and of Sif, his wife and of Freyja and Odor and many others, and recounts their dealings with the Giant Thiassi and the Elves, who were the good fairies of the earth, and the Dwarfs, who lived in caves and hollows under the ground and were misshapen and ugly and malevolent.

This fascinating fairy story is based on the old Norse legends, and what "The Children's Homer" did for Greek mythology this does for the Norse, and with the colored illustrations by Willy Pogany, it will delight children of all ages.

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Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

A Cavalier Maid

By A. A. KNIPE

Author of "A Maid of '76," and "Polly Trotter, Patriot"

Cloth, 12°

A rousing story of Cavalier times. Georgiana Haseltyn, the heroine and an orphan of fabulous wealth, is carefully looked after by her guardian, Sir Roger Wheatland. But the Civil War which Oliver Cromwell is waging so depletes the coffers of King Charles I, that despite his written word he seeks to get the heiress and her possessions into his power. To this end he sends Lord Laxley to interview her guardian. He, however will not listen to any proposal which gives the girl over to the care of the Court. Lord Laxley then persuades Georgiana to leave her guardian by telling her that Sir Roger is out of his mind.

Sir Roger's attempt at rescue, Georgiana's voyage to America in a Puritan ship, disguised as a Pilgrim, and her adventures after landing make an exciting story of intrigue and love of one of the most romantic periods in English history.

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