

Cy Whittaker's Place

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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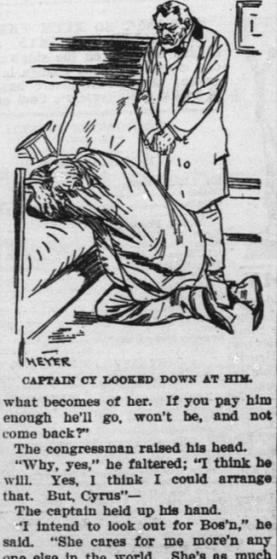
SYNOPSIS.

Congressman Heman Atkins wants to buy Cy Whittaker's place. Cy unexpectedly returns to his boyhood home. Every one in Bayport regenerates and fears Atkins except Cy. Atkins opposes the selection of Miss Phoebe Dawes as teacher. Cy champions Phoebe Dawes against Atkins, and she is elected teacher. Cy engages Mrs. Beasley as housekeeper. Cy discharges Mrs. Beasley. Emily Richards Thomas, aged eight, arrives at Cy's place. She is an orphan and has come to live with him, although he did not invite her to do so. Cy is furious, but he grows fond of her and keeps her. He nicknames her "Bos'n," and she learns to love him. Miss Phoebe Dawes and Captain Cy save Emily from an ugly cow. The captain admires the teacher. Captain Cy, to help Phoebe, decides to run as a candidate for membership on the school committee. Captain Cy invites Congressman Atkins to Emily's birthday party, and the lawmaker decides to accept. Congressman Atkins gets a severe shock when he learns the last name and identity of the girl Emily. A mysterious stranger arrives at Cy Whittaker's place. The stranger attacks Miss Phoebe, and Captain Cy rescues her after a scene of considerable violence. A tempestuous town meeting occurs. Congressman Atkins makes the mysterious stranger his friend. The latter turns out to be a drunkard, one Thomas, who is the father of little Emily. Captain Cy is defeated for school commissioner. A fight occurs between Captain Cy and Thomas. Legal troubles arise over Captain Cy's guardianship of Emily. Miss Phoebe visits the Widow Beasley. Phoebe investigates some matters pertaining to the past. Captain Cy goes to Washington regarding serious matters affecting Congressman Atkins. Captain Cy interviews Congressman Everdeen and makes amazing discoveries affecting the honesty of Atkins. Captain Cy confronts Atkins. Atkins confesses that he has robbed little Emily of thousands of dollars. Captain Cy returns home. Atkins capitulates to Captain Cy. Atkins, repentant, causes the second trial to depart from Bayport forever. Cy Whittaker and Miss Phoebe come to understand that they love one another, and little Emily and the happy couple dwell together in happiness.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE purple had left Congressman Atkins' face, but the speechmaking habit is not likely to be broken. "Cyrus Whittaker," he stammered, "have you been drinking? Your language to me is abominable. Why I permit myself to remain here and listen to such—" "If you'll keep still I'll tell you why. And if I was you I wouldn't be too anxious to find out. This everlasting cold don't make me over and above good tempered, and when I think of what you've done to that little girl, or what you tried to do, I have to hold myself down tight—tight—and don't you forget it! Now you keep quiet and listen. If it'll be best for you, Heman, your cards ain't under the table any longer. I've seen your hand, and I know why you've been playing it. I know the whole game. I've been west, and Everdeen and I have had a talk. Mr. Atkins had again risen from the chair. Now he fell heavily back into it. His lips moved as if he meant to speak, but he did not. At the mention of the Everdeen name he made a queer choking sound in his throat. "I know the whole business, Heman," went on the captain. "I know why you was so knocked over when you learned who Bos'n was the night of the party. I know why you took up with that blackguard Thomas and why you've spent your good money hiring lawyers for him. I know about the mine. I know the whole thing from first to last. Shall I tell you? Do you want to hear it?" The great man did not answer. A drop of perspiration shone on his high forehead, and the veins of his big white hands stood out as he clutched the arms of his chair. The monument was tottering on its base. "It's a dirty mess, the whole of it," continued Captain Cy. "And yet I can see—I suppose I can see—some excuse for you at the beginning. When old man Everdeen and his crowd brought you and John Thayer out way back there in '54, after John died, and all the money was put into your hands I callate you was honest then. I wouldn't wonder if you meant to hand over the \$37,500 to your partner's widow. But 'twas harder and more risky to send money east in them days than 'tis now, and so you waited, thinkin' maybe that you'd fetch it to Emily when she come yourself. But you didn't come home for some years; you went tradin' down along the Feejees and around that way. That's how I reasoned it out these last few days on the train. I give you credit for bein' honest first along. "But never mind whether you was or not—you haven't been since. You never paid over a cent of that poor feller's money—honest money, that belonged to his heirs and belongs to 'em now. You've hung on to it, stole it, used it for yours. And Emily worked and scratched for a livin' and died poor. And Mary, she died after bein' abused and deserted by that cussed husband of hers. And you thought you was safe, I callate. And then Bos'n turns up right in your own town, right across the road from you! By the big dipper, it's enough to make a feller believe that the Almighty does take a hand in straightenin' out such things when us humans bungles 'em—it is so! "Course I ain't sure, Heman, what you meant to do when you found that the child you'd stole that money from was goin' to be under your face and eyes till you or she died. I callate you was afraid I'd find somethin' out, want'n you? I presume likely you thought that I, not havin' quite the reverence for you that the rest of the Bayporters have, might be sharp

enough or lucky enough to smelt a rat. Perhaps you suspected that I knew the Everdeens. Anyhow you wanted to get the child as fur out of your sight and out of my hands as you could. Ain't that so? And when her dad turned up you thought you saw your chance. Heman, you answer me this: Ain't it part of your bargain with Thomas that when he gets his little girl he shall take her and clear out, away off somewheres, for good? Ain't it now—that?" The monument was swaying, was swinging from side to side, but it did not quite fall—not then. The congressman's cheeks hung flabby, his forehead was wet, and he shook from head to foot. But he clinched his jaws and made one last attempt at defiance. "I—I don't know what you mean," he declared. "You—you seem to be accusing me of something—of stealing, I believe. Do you understand who I am? I have some influence and reputation, and it is dangerous to—to try to frighten me. Proofs are required in law, and—" "S-s-h-h! You know I've got the proofs. They were easy enough to get once I happened on the track of 'em. Lord sakes, Heman, I ain't a fool! What's the use of your pretendin' to be one? There's the deed out in Frisco, with yours and John's name on it. There's the records to prove the sale. There's the receipt for the \$75,000 signed by you on behalf of yourself and your partner's widow. There's old man Everdeen alive and competent to testify. There's John Thayer's will on file over to Orham. Proofs! Why, you thief, if it's proofs you want I've got enough to send you to state prison for the rest of your life! Don't you dare say 'proofs' to me again! Heman Atkins, you owe me, as Bos'n's guardian, \$37,500, with interest since 1854. What you goin' to do about it?" Here was one ray, a feeble ray, of light. "You're not her guardian," cried Atkins. "The courts have thrown you out, and your appeal won't stand either. If any money is due it belongs to her father. She isn't of age! No, sir, her father—" Captain Cy's patience had been giving away. Now he lost it altogether. He strode across the room and shook his forefinger in his victim's face. "So?" he cried. "That's your tack, is it? By the big dipper, you go to her father—just you go to him and tell him! Just hint to him that you owe his daughter thirty-odd thousand dollars and see what he'll do. Good heavens above, he was ready to sell her out to me for \$50 wuth of sand bank in Orham—almost ready, he was, till you offered a higher price to him to fight. Why, he'll have your hide nailed up on the barn door! If you don't pay him every red copper down on the nail he'll wring you dry. And then he'll blackmail you forever and ever, amen—unless, of course, I go home and stop the blackmail by printing my story in the Breeze. I've a precious good mind to do it. By the Almighty, I will do it unless you come off that high horse of yours and talk like a man." And then the monument fell—fell prostrate, with a sickly, pitiful crash. If we of Bayport could have seen our congressman then! The great man, great no longer, broke down completely. He cried like a baby. It was all true—all true. He had not meant to steal at first. He had been led into using the money in his business. Then he had meant to send it to the heirs, but he didn't know their whereabouts. Captain Cy smiled at this excuse. And now he couldn't pay—he couldn't. He had hardly that sum in the world. He had lost money in stocks. His property in the south had gone to the bad. He would be ruined. He would have to go to prison. He was getting to be an old man. And there was Alicia, his daughter! Think of her! Think of the disgrace! And so on, over and over, with the one recurring burden—what was the captain going to do—that was he going to do? It was a miserable, dreadful exhibition, and Captain Cy could feel no pride in his triumph. "There, there!" he said at last. "Stop it, man; stop it, for goodness sake! Pull yourself together. I guess we can fix it up somehow. I ain't goin' to be too hard on you. If it want'n for your meanness in bein' willin' to let Bos'n suffer her life long with that drunken beast of a dad of hers I'd feel almost like tellin' you to get up and forget it. But that's got to be stopped. Now, you listen to me." Heman listened. He was on his knees beside the bed, his face buried in his arms, and his gray hair, the leonine Atkins hair, which he was wont to toss backward in the heated periods of his eloquence, tumbled and cragled. Captain Cy looked down at him. "This whole business about Bos'n must be stopped," he said, "and stopped right off. You tell your lawyers to drop the case. Her dad is only hangin' around because you pay him to. He don't want her; he don't care



CAPTAIN CY LOOKED DOWN AT HIM.

to me as my own child ever could be, and I'll see that she is happy and provided for. I'm religious enough to believe she was sent to me, and I intend to stick to my trust. As for the money—" "Yes, yes—the money?" "Well, I won't be too hard on you that way, either. We'll talk that over later on. Maybe we can arrange for you to pay it a little at a time. You can sign a paper showin' that you owe it, and we'll fix the payin' to suit all hands. 'Tain't as if the child was in want. I've got some money of my own, and what's mine's hers. I think we needn't worry about the money part." "God bless you, Cyrus! I—" "Yes, all right. I'm sure your askin' for the blessing 'll be a great help. Now, you do your part and I'll do mine. No one knows of this business but me. I didn't tell Everdeen a word. He don't know why I hustled out there and back nor why I asked so many questions. And he ain't the kind to pry into what don't concern him. So you're pretty safe, I callate. Now, if you don't mind, I wish you'd run along home. I'm—I'm used up, sort of." Mr. Atkins arose from his knees. Even then, broken as he was—he looked ten years older than when he entered the room—he could hardly believe what he had just heard. "You mean," he faltered—"Cyrus, do you mean that—that you're not going to reveal this—this—" "That I'm not goin' to tell on you? Yup; that's what I mean. You get rid of Thomas and squelch that law case and I'll keep mum. You can trust me for that." "But—but, Cyrus, the people at home? Your story in the Breeze? You're not—" "No; they needn't know, either. It'll be between you and me." "God bless you, I'll never forget—" "That's right. You mustn't. Forgettin' is the one thing you mustn't do. And, see here, you're boss of the political fleet in Bayport; you steer the school committee now. Phoebe Dawes ain't too popular with that committee. I'd say that she was popularized." "Yes, yes; she shall be. She shall not be disturbed. Is there anything else I can do?" "Why, yes, I guess there is. Speakin' of popularity made me think of it. That harbor appropriation had better go through—" A very faint tinge of color came into the congressman's chalky face. He hesitated in his reply. "I—I don't know about that, Cyrus," he said. "The bill will probably be voted on in a few days. It is made up and—" "Then I'd strain a pint and make it over. I'd work real hard on it. I'm sorry about that sugar river, but I callate Bayport 'll have to come first. Yes, it'll have to, Heman; it sartin will." The reference to the "sugar river" was the final straw. Evidently this man knew everything. "I—I'll try my best," affirmed Heman. "Thank you, Cyrus. You have been more merciful than I had a right to expect." "Yes, I guess I have. Why do I do it?" He smiled and shook his head. "Well, I don't. For two reasons maybe—first, I'd hate to be responsible for tippin' over such a sky-towerin' idol as you've been to make runs for Angie Phinney and the other blackbirds to peck at and caw over, and, second—well, it does sound presump'tuous, don't it? But I kind of pity you, say, Heman," he added, with a chuckle, "that's a kind of distinction in a way, ain't it? A good many folks have hurrahed over you and worshiped you. Some of 'em, I guess likely, have envied you; but by the big dipper, I do believe I'm the only one in this round world that ever pitied you! Goodby! The elevator's right down the hall." It required some resolution for the Honorable Atkins to walk down that corridor and press the elevator button. But he did it somehow. A guest came out of one of the rooms and approached him as he stood there. It was a man he knew. Heman squared his shoulders and set every nerve and muscle. "Good evening, Mr. Atkins," said the man. "A miserable night, isn't it?" "Miserable, indeed," replied the congressman. The strength in his voice surprised him. The man passed on. Heman descended in the elevator and walked steadily through the crowded lobby and out to the curb, where his cab was waiting. The driver noticed nothing strange in his fare's appearance. He noticed nothing strange when the Atkins residence was reached and its tenant mounted the stone steps and opened the door with his latchkey. But if he had seen the dignified form collapse in a library chair and moan and rock back and forth until the morning hours he would have wondered very much indeed. Meanwhile Captain Cy, coughing and shivering by the radiator, had been summoned from that warm haven by a knock at his door. A bell-boy stood at the threshold, holding a brown envelope in his hand. "The clerk sent this up to you, sir," he said. "It came a week ago. When you went away you didn't leave any address, and whatever letters came for you were sent back to Bayport, Mass. The clerk says you registered from there, sir. But he kept this telegram. It was in your box, and the day clerk forgot to give it to you this afternoon." The captain tore open the envelope. The telegram was from his lawyer, Mr. Peabody. It was dated a week before and read as follows: Come home at once. Important. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Truths. Hypochondria rarely strikes busy people. Love gets around pretty well in spite of its blindness. Eternity is the time between a proposal and the answer. Similia similibus curantur is especially applicable to broken hearts. The question of free will and fatalism is an interminable argument indulged in by successful men on one side and unsuccessful men on the other.—Elias O. Jones in Lippincott's.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. PUBLIC SALE OF Farm, Grist Mill and Personal Property. Intending to quit farming, I will offer for sale my farm, located on the Manchester road, near Brummel, and four miles from Westminster, on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911, at 10 a. m., containing 100 ACRES, more or less. About 40 acres is in valuable timber. Stream of water runs through the farm. The improvements are a LOG FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, with 8 rooms and basement, 2 barns, wagon shed, corn crib, hog pen, spring house, &c. There is also a GRIST MILL and SAW MILL on the place, which is in fair condition. The land is under a good state of cultivation, and is convenient to schools, churches, and stores. Possession given at once. TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of purchase money to be paid on day of sale and the remaining two-thirds in 6 and 12 months from day of sale, with the purchasers giving their notes with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale; or all cash at the option of the purchaser. GABRIEL HAMMER. Also at the same time and place the following personal property: TWO HORSES, 3 hogs, 3-horse wagon, 2-horse wagon, spring wagon, 2 carts, harvester and mower, combined, 4 sets breechings, buggy harness, cart harness, plows, 2 harrows, sleds, sleigh, bushy, shovels, hoes, mattock, log chains and other chains. Also HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE, consisting of beds, bedsteads and bedding, stoves, organ, &c. TERMS OF SALE:—All sums of \$5, cash; on all sums over \$5, a credit of 6 months will be given, on note with approved security bearing interest from day of sale. GABRIEL HAMMER. TRUSTEE'S SALE OF CREAMERY & ICE HOUSE In Melrose, Carroll County, Md. By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, passed in No. 4704 Equity, wherein Edward W. Wine, Cornelius Shaffer and George Zapp are plaintiffs and Robert N. Fleagle defendant, the undersigned, Trustee, will offer at public sale, on the premises, at Melrose, on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., all the right, title and interest of Robert N. Fleagle in and to all the real estate conveyed by Reuben Shaffer and wife to Robert N. Fleagle by deed dated December 26th, 1894, and recorded among the Land Records of Carroll County in Liber B. F. C., No. 80, folio 444, situated in the village of Melrose, in Carroll County, Md., containing 30 1/2 Square Perches of Land, more or less, and improved with a good weatherboarded Creamery, Building and Ice House. No personal property or machinery is included in this sale, only the land and buildings thereon will be sold. This is a good business opportunity for any person desiring to engage in the creamery business. For further information apply to Ivan L. Hoff, Attorney at Law, Westminster, Md. Terms of Sale:—One-third cash on day of sale, or on the ratification of sale by the Court, and the residue in two equal payments of one and two years, or all cash at the option of the purchaser; credit payments to bear interest from day of sale and to be secured by notes of purchaser, with approved security. IVAN L. HOFF, Trustee, sep 8 ts Daniel D. Fuhrman, Auc't.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE FARM In Westminster District, on the Washington Road, in Carroll County, Md. By virtue of the power and authority contained in the last Will and Testament of Mary S. Hook, deceased, and by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, the undersigned executor of said last will and testament, will offer at Public Sale, on the farm and premises of which the late Mary S. Hook died seized and possessed, situate on the Washington Road, about 5 miles South of Westminster, Md., near Morgan Run and Shipley P. O., on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1911, at 2 o'clock p. m., all that valuable farm containing 124 ACRES more or less, and improved with a 2 1/2 Story Frame Dwelling House, large Barn, wagon shed and other out-buildings and now occupied by D. Grant Hook. This farm contains a good meadow, orchard and about 12 acres of timber. Possession will be given April 1, 1912. The tenant in possession will put out the fall crop and harvest same on 1912 and the purchaser upon payment of the seed wheat and fertilizer will receive it the crop. It being the same land conveyed by John A. Conaway and wife to Mary S. Hook by deed dated March 14, 1870, recorded in Land Record J. H. B., No. 38, folio 147, save and except 144 square perches sold off to Grove J. Shipley. Terms of Sale:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid to the executor on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the court, and the balance in two equal payments of 6 and 12 months from the day of sale, credit payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser with approved security, bearing interest from day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser. JOHN M. HOOK, Executor. Ivan L. Hoff, Attorney. sep 8 ts

FOR SALE. Brick House and Lot on E. Green street, opposite Westminster High School. Five Rooms, Bath and Basement Kitchen. Apply to N. H. BAUMGARTNER, Office Westminster Deposit & Trust Co. dec 9 tf

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