

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 venerates 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 "Boss'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 real 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 Eversgreen 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 of Thomas 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 XXIII.

THAT was a wonderful ride. Emily sat in the captain's lap—he positively refused to let her sit beside him on the seat, although Peabody urged it, fearing the child might tire him—and her tongue rattled like a sewing machine. She had a thousand things to tell—about her school, about Georgianna, about her dolls, about Lonesome, the cat, and how many mice he had caught, and about the big snowstorm. "Georgianna wanted me to stay at home and wait for you, Uncle Cy," she said, "but I teased and teased, and finally she said I could come over. I came yesterday on the train. Mr. Tidwell went with me to the depot. Mrs. Peabody let me peek into your room last night, and I saw you eating supper. You didn't know I was there, did you?" "You bet I didn't! There'd have been a mutiny right then if I'd caught sight of you. You little sculpin! Play- in' it on your Uncle Cy, was you? I didn't know you could keep a secret so well." "Oh, yes, I can! Why, I know an ever so much bigger secret too. It is— Why, I most forgot! You just wait." The captain laughingly begged her to divulge the big secret, but she shook her small head and refused. The horses trotted on at a lively pace, and the miles separating Ostable and Bayport were subtracted one by one. It was magnificent winter weather. The snow had disappeared from the road, except in widely separated spots, but the big drifts still heaped the fields and shone and sparkled in the sunshine. Against their whiteness the pitch pines and cedars stood darkly green and the skeleton scrub oaks and bushes cast delicate blue penciled shadows. The bay, seen over the flooded, frozen salt meadows and distant dunes, was in its winter dress of the deepest sapphire, trimmed with whitecaps and fringed with stranded ice cakes. There were a snap and a tang in the breeze which braced one like a tonic. The party in the carriage was a gay one. "Getting tired, captain?" asked Peabody. "Why? Me? Well, I guess not. Most home, Boss'n. There's the salt works ahead there." They passed the abandoned salt works, the crumbling ruins of a dead industry, and the boundary stone, now half hidden in a drift, marking the beginning of Bayport township. Then, from the pine grove at the curve farther on, appeared two capped and contorted figures, performing a crazy fandango. "Who's them two lunatics," inquired Captain Cy, "whoopin' and carryin' on in the middle of the road? Has anybody up this way had a jug come by express or— Hey! What? Why, you old idiots you! Come here and let me get hold of you!" The board of strategy swooped down upon the carriage like Trumet mosquitoes on a summer boarder. They swarmed into the vehicle, Bailey on the front seat and Asaph in the rear, where, somehow or other, they made room for him. There were handshakings and thumps on the back. "What you doin' way up here in the west end of nowhere?" demanded Captain Cy. "By the big dipper, I'm glad to see you! How'd you get here?" "Walked," chuckled Bailey, "frogged it all the way. Soon's Mrs. Peabody wired you was goin' to ride, me and Ase started to meet you. Want you surprised?" "We wanted to be the first to say howdy, old man," explained Asaph. "Wanted to welcome you back, you know."

The captain was immensely pleased. "Well, I'm glad I've got so much popularity, anyhow," he said. "Guess 'twill be different when I get down street, hey? Don't callate Tad and Angle 'll shed the joyous tear over me. Never mind; long's my friends are glad I don't care about the rest." The board looked at each other. "Tad?" repeated Bailey. "And Angle? What you talkin' about? Why, they— Ugh!" The last exclamation was the result of a tremendous dig in the ribs from the Tidwell fist. Asaph, who had leaned forward to administer it, was frowning and shaking his head. Mr. Bangs relapsed into a grinning silence. West Bayport seemed to be deserted. At one or two houses, however, feminine heads appeared at the windows. One old lady shook a calico apron at the carriage. A child beside her cried "Hurrah!" "Aunt Hepsy 'listin' colors by mistake!" laughed the captain. "She ain't got her specs, I guess, and thinks I'm Heman. That comes of ridin' 'stern of a span, Peabody." But as they drew near the center flags were flying from front yard poles. Some of the houses were decorated. "What in the world!" began Captain Cy. "Land sakes! Look at the schoolhouse, and Simmons', and— and Stimpson's!" The schoolhouse flag was flapping in the wind. The scarred wooden pillars of its portico were hidden with bunting. Simmons' front displayed a row of little banners, each bearing a letter. The letters spelled "Welcome Home!" Tad's barber shop was more or less artistically wreathed in colored tissue paper. There, too, a flag was draped over the front door. Yet not a single person was in sight. "For goodness' sake," cried the bewildered captain, "what's all this mean? And where is everybody? Have all hands—?" He stopped in the middle of the sentence. They were at the foot of Whittaker's hill. Its top, between the Atkins' gate and the Whittaker fence, was black with people. Children pranced about the outskirts of the crowd. A shout came down the wind. The horses, not in the least fatigued by their long canter, trotted up the slope. The shouting grew louder. A wave of youngsters came racing to meet the equipage. "What— what in time?" gasped Captain Cy. "What's up?" "And then the town clerk seized him by the arm. Peabody shook his other hand. Boss'n threw her arms about his neck. Bailey stood up and waved his hat. "It's you, you old critter!" whooped Asaph. "It's you, d'you understand?" "The appropriation has at last gone through," explained the lawyer, "and this is the celebration in consequence. And you are the star attraction, because, you see, every one knows you are responsible for it." "That's what!" howled the excited Bangs. "And we're going to show you what we think of you for doin' it! We've been plannin' this for over a fortnite!" "And I knew it all the time," squealed Boss'n, "and I didn't tell a word, did I?" "Three cheers for Captain Whittaker!" bellowed a person in the crowd. This person—wonder of wonders!—was Tad Simpson. The cheering was, considering the size of the crowd, tremendous. Bewildered and amazed, Captain Cy was assisted from the carriage and escorted to his front door. Amid the handkerchief waving, applauding people he saw Keturah Bangs and Alpheus Smalley and Angelina Phinney and Captain Salters—even Alonzo Snow, his recent opponent in town meeting. Josiah Dimick was there, too, apparently enjoying a fit. On the doorstep stood Georgianna, and—yes, it was true—beside her, grandly extending a welcoming hand, the majestic form of the Hon. Heman Atkins. Some one else was there also, some one who hurriedly slipped back into the crowd as the owner of the Cy Whittaker place came up the path between the hedges. Mr. Atkins shook the captain's hand and then, turning toward the people, held up his own for silence. To all outward appearance he was still the great Heman, our district idol, philanthropist and leader. His silk hat glistened as of old; his chest swelled in the old manner; his whiskers were just as dignified and awe inspiring. For an instant, as he met the captain's eye, his own faltered and fell, and there was a pleading expression in his face, the lines of which had deepened just a little, but only for an instant; then he began to speak. "Cyrus," he said, "it is my pleasant duty, on behalf of your neighbors and friends here assembled, to welcome you to your—er—ancestral home after your trying illness. I do it heartily, sincerely, gladly. And it is the more pleasing to me to perform this duty because, as I have explained publicly to my fellow townspeople, all disagreement between us is ended. I was wrong—again I publicly admit it. A scheming blackleg, posing in the guise of a loving father, imposed upon me. I am sorry for the trouble I have caused you. Of you and of the little girl with you I ask pardon—I entreat forgiveness." He paused. Captain Cy, the shadow of a smile at the corner of his mouth, nodded and said briefly: "All right, Heman. I forgive you." Few heard him. The majority were applauding the congressman. Sylvanus Cahoon, whispering in the ear of Uncle Bedny, expressed as his opinion that "that was about as magnanimous a thing as ever I heard said—yes, sir, mag-na-mi-nous—that's what I call it!" "But," continued the great Atkins, "I have said all this to you before. What I have to say now—what I left my duties in Washington expressly to come here and say—is that Bayport thanks you, I thank you, for your tremendous assistance in obtaining the appropriation which is to make our harbor a busy port, where our gallant fishing fleet may ride at anchor and unload its catch, instead of transferring it in dorries, as heretofore. Friends, I have already told you how this man," laying a hand on the captain's shoulder, "came to the capital and used his influence among his acquaintances in high places, with the result that the \$20,000 which I had despaired of get-

ting was added to the bill. I had the pleasure of voting for that bill. It passed. I am proud of that vote. Tremendous applause. Then some one called for three cheers for Mr. Atkins. They were given. But the recipient merely bowed. "No, no," he said deprecatingly—"no, no, not for me, my friends, much as I appreciate your gratitude. My days of public service are nearly at an end. As I have intimated to some of you already, I am seriously considering retiring from political life in the near future. But that is irrelevant; it is not material at present. Today we meet not to say farewell to the setting but to greet the rising sun. I call for three cheers for our committee of one—Captain Cyrus Whittaker." When the uproar had at last subsided there were demands for a speech from Captain Cy. But the captain, facing them, his arms about the delighted Boss'n, positively declined to do so. "I—I'm ever so much obliged to you, folks," he stammered. "I am so. But you'll have to excuse me from speech-makin'. They—they didn't teach it afore the mast, where I went to college. Thank you just the same. And do come and see me, everybody. Me and this little girl," drawing Emily nearer to him, "will be real glad to have you." After the handshaking and congratulating were over the crowd dispersed. It was a great occasion; all agreed to that. But the majority considered it a divided triumph. The captain had done a lot for the town, of course, but the Honorable Atkins had made another splendid impression by his address of welcome. Most people thought it as fine as his memorable effort at town meeting. Unlike that one, however, in this instance it is safe to say that none, not even the adoring and praise chanting Miss Phinney, derived quite the enjoyment from the congressman's speech that Captain Cy did. "Ase," he observed irrelevantly when the five—Tidwell, Georgianna, Bailey, Boss'n and himself—were at last alone again in the sitting room, "it don't pay to tip over a monument, does it—not out in public, I mean? You wouldn't want to see me blow up Bunker Hill, would you?" "Blow up Bunker Hill!" repeated Asaph in alarmed amazement. "God-frey scissors, I believe you're goin' loony! This day's been too much for you. What are you talkin' about?" "Oh, nothin'," with a quiet chuckle. "I was thinkin' out loud, that's all. Did you ever notice them imitation stone pillars on Heman's house? They're holier inside, but you'd never guess it. And long as you do know they're holier you can keep a watch on 'em. And there's one thing sure," he added, "they are ornamental!" [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Great Frederick Fair.

The managers of the Great Frederick Fair have arranged a program for October 17, 18, 19 and 20 that is first class in every particular, and patrons of this big and always interesting Fair will surely get their money's worth this year. A new handsome grandstand, with private boxes, reserved chairs, comfortable seats, lavatories and every other modern convenience has been erected at a cost of nearly \$15,000, while many other improvements to the grounds and buildings have been made for the comfort of all patrons. A new feature will be the famous Bradock Heights Orchestra, stationed in the grandstand every day of the Fair. Besides the harness and running races, there will be motorcycle races, which proved so popular last year, and the most daring and sensational balloon artists will make daily ascensions with four and five parachute drops. The free attractions in front of the grandstand will include the Six Balloons, five women and one man, who do strikingly novel and original aerial "stunts" the Five Flying Dordons, daring aerialists; the Seven Mangans, star acrobats; the Two Franks, eccentric and grotesque comedians, and the Two Ortons, the cleverest jugglers before the public. In addition to all this there will be a midway crowded with clean, wholesome amusements that will please all. Special trains, with reduced rates of fare, will be run by all railroads entering Frederick.

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