

CAPTAIN BILLY'S

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Author of "The Amber Gods," "The Thief in the Night," Etc. (Copyright, 1894, by McClure.)

"So, I'm off," said the captain. "Wind's fair, air's fine, down. Same blessed old story. George! I ain't tired carryin' you to Dunstable! Board your ship—goodbye, your trip—howd'ye. Get your freight money. Take your ballast. Home again. Same old lights. Same old rocks. Same old harbor. Same old story!"

"Same old story!" said Lide archly, standing with him at the head of the little pier, Kitty swinging back on one of her hands and the baby on her other arm making her cheeks rosy with the slapping of her little hands, every now and then staying the exercise to rub his sweet wet mouth over the field of operation.

"Dear old wife!" said Captain Billy. "But all the same, wet storm, dry storm, nothing happens. Not so much luck as a sight of the Flying Dutchman!"

"Oh, Billy!" said his wife reprovingly, looking at the handsome sea-tanned sailor with grave and loving eyes. "Oh, Billy, dear!"

"Why, it'd be a sort of mad adventure, Lide, ter stay ter home a trip! Jes' now, too, an' Thanksgiving comin' an' he's lookin' half indignantly at the Pretty Polly hanging her cables and waiting for his down the bay. "I do no ez I'd mind of we straddled Norman's Voe this y'age, fer the sake of a suthin' happenin'! That is, if I want ter Thanksgiving ter come!"

"Oh, Cap'n Billy, dear!" said his wife, taking the spray of red huckleberry leaves from Kitty's hand and plucking it into a basket. "How you talk! Providence fer Jes' this! Shant we be thinkin' Providence Thursday forint of your be safe? I guess you did not find out on the look here, an' I thought of Kitty an' me an' the baby, you'd remember sich words. Praps you do need stirrin' up a little. You go to Boston, now, an' take some of your freight money, like you do the schooner's unloadin' and go to the theater an' see the Country Circus."

"What in the world do you want to see the Country Circus for?" said the bluff little cap'n. "See it every day of my life. No sir, w'en I go ter the theater I want to be gilded, lorde an' ladies, an' I'll be gilded an' all that. This I don't see ter stay."

"Then you can go an' hear the preacher I read you a sermon of on Monday mornin' ez he's thinkin' 'His Ruggles' he's an' she see the singin's no did rent from a choir of angels!"

"Wal, ef there's angels in Min's Ruggles's choir, I'd like to see 'em. An' she see folks tears their gowns gettin' in their hair."

"I shant, then," said the cap'n, throwing down the sassaparilla stick he had been biting. "I guess Bibbys'll hev all the gospel words I want this run." "You've got Bibbys," said Lide, laughing, a little with a twinkle. "I shouldn't wonder if he give you all the stirrin' up you need!"

ter come, ez she lives ez long as Methuselah shall live. An' 'Thanksgivin' dinner all ready in case he comes, any way. That's her story."

"Wal, I shant, 'Thanksgivin' for this year, I'd like ter know ez the mate, 'er any other year. Allus hints of trouble. Allus brings yer troubles up like ghosts. Great she's got ter keep 'Thanksgivin' ter watchin' out fer the schooner!"

"They had never heard, these rough fellows, of the old Grecian king and his eager outlook and rash rove. But no Angus, watching from his rock for the sails of his son, should they be white or black with tidings of life or death, had in him more tragic quality than they found in Lide, looking for the flag on their bare and fatal peak, with her baby in her arms."

"By George, it's a shame!" said the mate, opening his knife again in a reckless squandering of tobacco. "It ain't right, er, I want—I want you was a week's sail out, instead of close in shore. Make the light now in less'n a hour, I guess. It gives a man—what's that?"

"By the Lord!" roared Bibbys. "No, no, no, I didn't! I swear it wasn't me! Oh, by the Lord God in heaven, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead! It's Cap'n Billy's ghost!"

"Hullo, there! Heave in a line, will ye!" cried a voice like the wildest, richest music in their ears. And there, looking up from the strange boat under the weather board, was the broad, brown face with the dimple in the eye and the flash of white teeth, the great blue eyes, the bright hair standing up like a nimbus, for his hat had blown off, the laughing countenance of Cap'n Billy.

"It's praycy on the claim save, them!" "It's praycy on the claim save, them!" "It is, cap'n!" called the mate in a loud and

joyous voice. And without knowing it, that moment, in the hearts of all those men was a religious service. "Wal, wal, wal," said the mate. "Here's 'Thanksgivin' afore the gov'nor's time for it, an' the gov'nor's time, an' slipped down the Dunstable stream for home."

"Who's goin' ter tell Cap'n Billy's wife—er widdler—about this 'ere 'Thanksgivin'?" "I shant tell 'er nothin'!" And Bibbys, as he came up for his watch with Bibbys, before the other men went below, on their last tack for home. "Till he's gull-durned if I can't widge to her," said Bibbys, his chin upon his breast.

"You hev? By gosh!" "I've wrote to 'er," said Bibbys. "That I guess Cap'n Billy's a-havin' the adventure he's been wantin'. I see to her, see I, ef she ken make it out that we wuz goin' ter bring the Polly home without him. But ef by good fortune he come aboard last gasp, we'd run up all the flags from stem ter stern, so 't she'd ken 'bout more words. An' ez we ain't a-sunnin' up any flags there won't be no use of tellin' 'er nothin'." And Bibbys, gazing over the blue water with his big wandering bleary eyes that made him look like a fish out of his element, and drew a long breath like the melancholy and mysterious sigh of the porpoise. "I kinder think the cap'n'll turn up. Don't you?" he said presently, for the hundredth time.

"No, I don't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."



AS HE CRIED, "POLL, AHOY!"

men were detained, although there was a general feeling that they ought to be, and the men were more or less aware of the feeling. And so, after a week of bewilderment and confusion, the schooner was ordered to slip down the Dunstable stream for home.

"Who's goin' ter tell Cap'n Billy's wife—er widdler—about this 'ere 'Thanksgivin'?" "I shant tell 'er nothin'!" And Bibbys, as he came up for his watch with Bibbys, before the other men went below, on their last tack for home.

joyous voice. And without knowing it, that moment, in the hearts of all those men was a religious service. "Wal, wal, wal," said the mate. "Here's 'Thanksgivin' afore the gov'nor's time for it, an' the gov'nor's time, an' slipped down the Dunstable stream for home."

"Who's goin' ter tell Cap'n Billy's wife—er widdler—about this 'ere 'Thanksgivin'?" "I shant tell 'er nothin'!" And Bibbys, as he came up for his watch with Bibbys, before the other men went below, on their last tack for home.

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

"Wal, 's'pos you go to comin' the Polly till let-ten."

"I wouldn't," said Charley Woods, giving the water a turn. "I wouldn't for a farm."

MORE BARGAINS. WE ARE doing the FURNITURE, CARPET and STOVE business of Omaha. Stacks of goods leave our warehouse daily loaded on wagons sky-high. It is good goods, low prices and easy terms that is doing it all. If you have never dealt with us you should do so at once in justice to yourself.

Table with 2 columns: CROCKERY and SILVERWARE. Items include Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets, Piano Lamps, Banquet Lamps, China Cuspadores, Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Berry Dishes, Knives and Forks, Sugar Shells.

Table with 2 columns: FURNITURE and Parlor Furniture. Items include Oak Center Tables, Wardrobes, Hall Racks, Folding Beds, Mattresses, Springs, Parlor Suits, Bed Lounges, Single Lounges, Divans, Push Rockers, Leather Coaches.

OUR TERMS BOILED DOWN ARE: Cash or Credit. Take your choice. Your trade is equally appreciated whether you pay cash or on payments.

Peoples Furniture & Carpet Co. 1315-1317 FARNAM ST. Formerly People's Mammoth Installment House. Open Monday and Saturday Evenings.

WM. LOUDON. Commission Merchant. Grain and Provisions. Private wires to Chicago and New York. All business orders placed on Chicago Board of Trade.

QUESTION OF COMMISSIONS. Transcontinental Lines Troubled Over the Old Score Again. EASTBOUND BUSINESS IS SETTLED.

Now an Effort Will Be Made to Root Out Payments on Westbound Traffic—Some of the Difficulties to Be Overcome.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—The eastern lines, having disposed of the question of commissions on eastbound business, have determined to root out their payment on all westbound business, and have called a meeting for December 12 to be held in New York City.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS. Nils Baur, Chicago, Cal., is a Millard guest. W. T. Wattle's of Chicago is at the Millard. M. B. Schaller, Deadwood, is a Paxton guest.

Business at Stock Exchange During the Week. LONDON, Nov. 25.—Business at the Stock exchange during the week was tolerably active, though it was not up to the level of the previous fortnight.

Weather During the Past Week Has Been Reasonable. LONDON, Nov. 25.—The weather during the past week has been more reasonable than for some time past.