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PART I.

Capt. Polson sat in his comfortable parlor smiling benignly upon his daughter and sister. His ship after an absence of eighteen months was once more berthed in the small harbor of Sunset Bay and the captain was sitting in that state of good-natured affability which invariably characterizes his first appearance after a long absence.

"No news this end, I suppose," he inquired, after a lengthy recital of most extraordinarily uninteresting adventures.

"Not much," said his sister Jane, looking nervously at her niece. "Young Metcalfe has gone into partnership with his father."

"I don't want to hear about those sharks," said the captain, waxing red. "Tell me about honest men."

"Joe Lewis has had a month's imprisonment for stealing fowls," said Miss Polson, meekly. "Mrs. Purton has had twice as long for the same crime. She has named one of them Polson after you—the greedy one."

"Any deaths?" inquired the captain, snappishly, as he eyed the innocent lady suspiciously.

"Four old Jasper Wheeler has gone," said his sister. "He was very resigned. He borrowed enough money to get a big doctor from London, and when he heard that there was no hope for him he said he was just longing to go, and he was sorry he couldn't take all his dear ones with him. My Howson is married to Jack Draper, and young Metcalfe's name goes up for the third time next Sunday."

"I hope he gets a tartar," said the vindictive captain. "Who's the girl? Some silly thing with a name, I know. She ought to be warned."

"I don't believe in interfering in marriages," said his daughter Chrissie, shaking her head sagely.

"Oh," said the captain, starting, "you don't? Now you've put your hair up and taken to wearing long frocks, I suppose you're beginning to think of it."

"Yes, Auntie wants to tell you something," said the daughter, rising and crossing the room. "I know, but I don't want to tell you."

"No, I don't," said Miss Polson hastily. "You'd better do it," said Chrissie, giving her a little push. "There's a dear, I'll go up and lock myself in my room."

The face of the captain, whilst this conversation was passing, was a study in suppressed emotions. He was a firm advocate for imposing the manners of the quarterdeck into private life, the only drawback being that he had to behave behind him the language usual in that locality. To his omission he usually ascribed his failures.

"Sit down, Chrissie," he commanded. "Sit down, Jane. Now, miss, what's all this about?"

"I don't like to tell you," said Chrissie, folding her hands in her lap. "I know you'll be cross. You're so unreasonable."

"The captain started—frantically. "I'm going to be married," said Chrissie, suddenly. "There! To Jack Metcalfe—there! So you'll have to learn to love him. He's going to try and love you for my sake."

To his sister's dismay, the captain got up and, brandishing his fists, walked violently to and fro. By these simple but unusual means decorum was preserved.

"If you were only a boy," said the captain, when he had regained his seat. "I should know what to do with you."

"If I were a boy," said Chrissie, who, having braced herself up for the fray, meant to go through with it. "I shouldn't want to marry Jack. Don't you say 'father'."

"Jane," said the captain, in a voice which made the lady address start in her chair, "what do you mean by it?"

"It isn't my fault," said Miss Polson, feebly. "I told her how it would be. And it was so gradual. He admired my geraniums at first, and of course, I was deceived. There are so many people who admire my geraniums, whether it is because the window has a south aspect—"

"Oh!" said the captain, rudely; "that'll do, Jane. If he wasn't a lawyer, I'd go round and break his neck. Chrissie is only nineteen, and she'll come for a year's cruise with me. Perhaps she'll see a'll strengthen her head. We'll see who's master in this family."

"I'm sure I don't want to be master," said his daughter, taking a weapon of fire from out of her pocket and getting ready for action. "I can't help liking people. Auntie likes him, too. Don't you Auntie?"

"Yes," said Miss Polson, bravely. "Very good," said the autocrat, promptly. "I'll take you both for a cruise."

"You're making me very unhappy," said Chrissie, burying her face in the handkerchief.

"You'll be more unhappy before I've done with you," said the captain, grimly. "And while I think of it, I'll step around and stop those banns."

His daughter caught him by the arm as he was passing and laid her face on

his sleeve. "You'll make me look so foolish," she wailed.

"That'll make it easier for you to come to sea with me," said her father. "Don't cry all over my sleeve. I'm going to see a tarson. Run upstairs and play with your dolls, and if you're a good girl I'll bring you in some sweets."

He put on his hat, and, closing the front door with a bang, went off to the rear to knock two years off the age which his daughter kept for purposes of matrimony. The rector grieved at such duplicity in one so young, met him more than half way, and he came out from him smiling placidly until his attention was attracted by a young man on the other side of the road who was regarding him with manifest awkwardness.

"Good evening, Captain Polson," he said, crossing the road.

"Oh," said the captain, stopping. "I wanted to speak to you. I suppose you wanted to marry my daughter while I was out of the way to save trouble. Just the manly thing I should have expected of you. I've stopped the banns, and I'm going to take her for a voyage with me. You'll have to look after her for me."

"The ill-feeling is all on your side, captain," said Metcalfe, reddening.

"Ill-feeling?" snorted the captain. "You put me in the witness box and made me a laughing stock in the place with your silly attempts at jokes, loss me five hundred pounds and then try and marry my daughter while I'm at sea. Ill-feeling be hanged!"

"That was business," said the other. "It was," said the captain, "and this is business, too. Mind, I'll look after it, I promise you. I think I know who'll kill you this time. I'll sooner see my girl in Heaven than married to a rascal of a lawyer."

"You'd want good eyesight," retorted Metcalfe, who was becoming ruffled. "I don't want to bandy words with you," said the captain with dignity, after a long pause devoted to thinking of something worth bandying.

"You're a lawyer, aren't you?" asked Metcalfe. "I know a lawyer, but I know a cleverer. You're quite welcome to marry my daughter if you can."

He turned on his heel and, refusing to listen to any further remarks, went on his way rejoicing. Arrived home, he lit his pipe and, throwing himself into an armchair, related his exploits. Chrissie had recourse to her handkerchief, and, more for effect than use, but Miss Polson, who was a tender soul, took hers out and wept unreservedly. At first the captain took it well enough. It was a tribute to his power, but when they took to sobbing one against the other his temper rose, and he sternly commanded silence.

"I shall be like this—every day at sea," sobbed Chrissie, weeping violently; "only worse, making us all ridiculous."

"Stop that noise directly," vociferated the captain.

"We can't," sobbed Miss Polson. "And we don't want to," said Chrissie. "It's all we can do, and we're going to do it. You'd better go—can't stop us."

The captain took the advice and went, and in the billiard room of the "George" heard some news which set him thinking. He had been told by the stewardess what earlier than he had at first intended. A small group at his gate broke up into its elements at his approach, and the captain, following his sister and daughter into the room sat down and eyed them severely.

"So you're going to run off to London to get married, are you, miss?" he said fiercely. "Well, we'll see. You don't go out of my sight until we sail, and if I catch that petting lawyer round at my gate again, I'll break every bone in his body. Mind that."

For the next three days the captain kept his daughter under observation and never allowed her to stir abroad except in the company of the stewardess of the third day, to his own great surprise, he spent at Dorcas. The company was not congenial, several of the ladies putting their work away and glaring angrily at the intruder, and though they could see clearly that he was suffering greatly made no attempt to put him at his ease. He was very thoughtful all the while, and the next day took a partner into the concern in the shape of his boatswain.

"You understand, Tucker," he commanded, "that you are to stand in a cringing attitude before Chrissie, that you never let my daughter out of your sight. When she goes out you go with her."

"Yes, sir," said Tucker, "and suppose she tells me to go home, what am I to do then?"

"You're a fool," said the captain, sharply. "It doesn't matter what she says or does; unless you are in the same room you are never to be more than three yards from her."

"Three," said the captain, "and mind, she's awful. All girls are, and she'll try and give you the slip. I've had my favorite prescription for her. It's a good one, and it'll keep her from going. Whatever happens you are not to leave her."

"I wish you'd get somebody else, sir," said Tucker, very respectfully. "There's a lot of chaps aboard that'd like the job."

"You're the only man I can trust," said the captain, shortly. "When I give you orders, know they'll be obeyed. Your watch now."

He went out humming, Chrissie took up a book and sat down, utterly ignoring the whole scene before the terrible glance of his mistress.

"Ho," said Susan, who took the state of affairs as an insult to the sex in general. "And what might you be wanting?"

"Cap'n's orders," murmured Tucker feebly.

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"I'm captain here," said Susan, confronting him with her bare arms akimbo.

And credit it does you," said the boatswain, looking admiringly round.

Is it your wish, Miss Chrissie, that

this image comes and stalks into my kitchen, as if the place belongs to him?" demanded the late Susan.

"I didn't mean to come in in that way," said the astonished Tucker. "I can't help being here after you, but I don't want him here," said her mistress. "What do you think I want him for?"

"You hear that," said Susan, pointing to the door, "now go. I don't want people to say that you come into this kitchen and disturb my sister."

"I'm here by the cap'n's orders," said Tucker, faintly. "I don't want to be here. Far from it. As for people saying that I came here after you, I know as knows me would laugh at the idea."

"If I had my way," said Susan in a hard, rasping voice, "I'd box your ears for you. That's all I've got to say, and you can go and tell the cap'n I said so. Spys!"

This was the first verse of the first stanza and the many verses. To add to his discomfort, he was confined to the house, as his charge manifested

no desire to go outside, and as neither he nor his wife were in the habit of bringing him to a fit and proper state of subjection, the task became a labor of love for the energetic Susan, who, by the aid of her hands, ever, he stuck to his guns, and the indignant Chrissie, who was in almost hourly communication with Metcalfe through the medium of a respectable handmaiden, was rapidly becoming desperate.

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GRAND COMPLIMENTARY LECTURE TO THE Ladies of Scranton

BY THE CELEBRATED Madam Josephine LeFevre, Of Paris, France.



This famous Lecturer and Dermalogist, who is honored by the Press and Public of Europe and America, will deliver her lecture

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MONDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 16, AT 2 30 O'CLOCK. SUBJECT: Physical Beauty

AND THE Art of Attaining and Retaining It. Music by the Regular Theater Orchestra.

Tickets FREE to Ladies and can be secured at drug store of MATTHEWS BROTHERS, 320 Lackawanna Avenue.

Secure seats at once, as the supply will be limited.

Read the Press Extracts!

A most wonderful woman who has proven to be a friend to all women—Beauty and grace superior to any woman, intellectual and fascinating, has won hosts of friends.—Washington Star, March 18, '95.

Madame LeFevre, who lectured at the Chestnut Street Theatre yesterday afternoon, packed the house from pit to dome. Hundreds turned away. A most beautiful woman, who thoroughly understands the art of beauty.—Philadelphia Record, May 18, '95.

She travels and studies on the art of beauty in all countries, places her at the head of all. Rightly is she crowned "Queen of Beauty."—Philadelphia Press, May 18, '95.

A tremendous crowd packed the Boston Museum yesterday afternoon to hear Madame LeFevre lecture on beauty. Her audience of three thousand women were charmed for over one hour by this most beautiful woman.—Boston Herald, December 1, '95.

Do not fail to hear the most beautiful woman in America, if you wish to know how to cultivate and retain your beauty on sound scientific principles.

Madame Josephine LeFevre is also the manufacturer of the famous "Cellnart" Preparation that bears her name and controls the large establishments in Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Paris and London. Her

NEW WAY TO TEST COAL. From the Philadelphia Stockholder.

Professor Elmer Thomson, of the General Electric Company, has discovered a new method for testing the quality of coal. He was led to experiments in this direction by his study of the various methods of testing coal, and he has discovered that by using a few simple tests he can determine the quality of coal with accuracy. The tests are as follows: 1. The color of the coal. 2. The weight of the coal. 3. The amount of ash in the coal. 4. The amount of sulfur in the coal. 5. The amount of phosphorus in the coal. 6. The amount of nitrogen in the coal. 7. The amount of oxygen in the coal. 8. The amount of hydrogen in the coal. 9. The amount of carbon in the coal. 10. The amount of iron in the coal. 11. The amount of manganese in the coal. 12. The amount of zinc in the coal. 13. The amount of lead in the coal. 14. The amount of copper in the coal. 15. The amount of nickel in the coal. 16. The amount of cobalt in the coal. 17. The amount of selenium in the coal. 18. The amount of tellurium in the coal. 19. The amount of iodine in the coal. 20. The amount of bromine in the coal. 21. The amount of fluorine in the coal. 22. The amount of chlorine in the coal. 23. The amount of sulfur in the coal. 24. The amount of phosphorus in the coal. 25. The amount of nitrogen in the coal. 26. The amount of oxygen in the coal. 27. The amount of hydrogen in the coal. 28. The amount of carbon in the coal. 29. The amount of iron in the coal. 30. The amount of manganese in the coal. 31. The amount of zinc in the coal. 32. The amount of lead in the coal. 33. The amount of copper in the coal. 34. The amount of nickel in the coal. 35. The amount of cobalt in the coal. 36. The amount of selenium in the coal. 37. The amount of tellurium in the coal. 38. The amount of iod