

him. 'Twan't no use, nobody dared to go into the smoke an' flame. The young man had a box under his arm. He said he grabbed it when he run from the house, an' that it was the old man's papers. He also said that the old man wa'n't in his room when the fire broke out, 'cause he run in there an' found the bed empty. While he was a-talkin' the sailor feller came up. The Squire's friend made an awful cry, an' pointed to the sailor an' said—

"That's the man that set the fire."

"I never see a more surprised chap than that sailor was. He just stared an' looked bewildered like, then he turned an' run for the woods on t'other side o' the point, with a whole gang a-runnin' after him. When he was most caught he turned an' aimed a pistol an' scared the crowd back. The selectmen offered a big reward for the feller, but they never got him, an' I suppose that crime won't never be cleaned up. The Squire's friend hung around Essex for three or four days just mopin' about the ruin's o' the Marshfield place. Everybody pitied him, he took on so. Then he left the Squire's box with the selectmen, an' it was put under lock an' key; 'twan't to be meddled with till Phoebe or her children come to claim the property. That's what the will said, an' the will was all right in the box. What surprised everybody was that there wasn't any money in the box.

"Four days after the fire there was an awful storm on the coast, an' the very ship that had Phoebe an' her children on board went down not more'n two miles outside o' Black Rock yonder. The sea gave Phoebe's body up, with a score o' sailors, but the boy an' girl went to the bottom, for they were never found. The Marshfield estate is waitin' for an owner."

"A most remarkable story," exclaimed Kipp.

The old man was noting the effect of his narrative with evident satisfaction.

"This was about ten years ago, you say," mused Mr. Grillis. "If these children had 'a' lived they'd be of age about ten years from now, so in ten years the friend can claim the property. What was the friend's name, do you remember?"

"His name was Crossnicks. A month after the ship foundered he claimed the property, but old lawyer Crump refused to give it over. 'Not till the time comes when the children would be of age,' the old lawyer said, 'there's no proof they're dead yet,' an' so the thing rests. Ah, here's our Phoebe," as the door opened and the tall, beautiful girl they had seen with Arthur by the creek came in. The girl stopped, looked about, flushed hotly, and would have withdrawn had not her father called her. "You've been runnin', Phoebe," he said, "you've got a high color. Lord! they used to say she looked like Phoebe Marshfield

when she was a baby, but she's the image of her now. I guess you don't see Mr. Burrows, Phoebe."

Burrows was watching her very closely. He flushed a little as the attention of all was thus directed to him, then he went to the girl, and taking her by the hand walked out with her.

"And now we'll tackle the ducks," said Ed.

"You'll come over to-morrow again, won't you, gentlemen?" the old man asked. "There's game enough in the woods here to keep you busy for a week."

"This is our last day here," replied Hawkes. "To-morrow our vacation ends, we've got to turn to the realities of life after to-morrow."

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BOOK TWO—PART I.

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MR. AND MRS. PATTERN,  
Cliff Street, St. Timothy's Hill.

**A**N extremely modest bit of cardboard, and equally modest inscription, when one takes into consideration the fact that the altitude attained by the Pattern family should be measured by their standing in society, as well as by the number of feet and inches their elegant residence towered above the sea.

Cliff street, St. Timothy's hill, in the city of Linn, is the thoroughfare par excellence of the entire ocean front; and of the many palatial residences which beautify Cliff street, the Patterns' stands pre-eminent. The old saying that "fools build houses for wise men to live in" is true in many instances, yet little John Pattern, who never in his life claimed a particle of wisdom, would have scouted the idea as applied to his case.

"It was just this way," Little John explained. Little John was rather short and spare, had a kindly, brown face, faded blue eyes, and a rather effeminate mouth. A straw hat with a wide blue band sat jauntily on his long, thin, white hair. He dressed in a suit of navy blue, and invariably carried a short, stout staff or cane. His presence was always heralded by the laughing, romping Cliff street children, with whom he was a prime favorite.

"It was just this way: I bought up all the resin. Resin was awful low in them days"—John would make a great mouth at "awful," and open his blue eyes very wide. "I had stacks an' stacks on it, storehouses an' barns full. Everybody thought I was crazy. I give notes an' done everything to get resin. Then come the war, an' I got rich. Oh, I had lots o' resin. Then mother must come up here, an' we bought this place, what cost \$100,000 to build, for \$40,000. Man wanted to sell an' we wanted to buy. We had the money an' bought."