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CAP'N WARREN'S ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK CAUSES SOME CONSTERNATION

Attwood Cap'n Warren, New York lawyer, goes to South Denbore, Cape Cod, to see Captain Eliza Warren. Caught in a terrible storm while on the way, he meets Cap'n Warren by accident and goes with the latter to his home. The lawyer informs Cap'n Warren that his brother, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, had died and named him as guardian of his two children, Caroline aged twenty, and Stephen, aged nineteen. The captain tells Graves he will go to New York and look over the situation before deciding whether he will accept the trust.

CHAPTER III.

The New York Warrens.

It's a box of a place, though, isn't it?" declared Mr. Stephen Warren, contemptuously glancing about the library of the apartment. "A box, by George! I think it's a blooming shame that we have to put up with it, sis."

Mr. Warren sprawled in the most comfortable chair in the room, looking out through the window, across the wind swept width of Central Park West, over the knolls and valleys of the park itself, now bare of foliage and sprinkled with patches of snow.

His sister, Caroline, sat opposite to him, also looking out at the December landscape. She, too, was discontented and unhappy, though she tried not to show it.

"Maintain that we don't have to live like this," Steve went on. "We aren't paupers, even though father wasn't so well fixed as every one thought. With management and care we could have stayed in the old house, I believe, and kept up appearances, at least. What's the use of advertising that we're broke?"

"But, Steve, you know Mr. Graves said—"

"Oh, yes, I know. You swallowed what the whole box of Proverbs, by George, I don't, I'm from Missouri!"

Mr. Warren, being in the sophomore class at Yale, was of the age when one is constitutionally "from Missouri." Probably King Solomon at sixty-half doubts concerning the scope and depth of his wisdom; at eighteen he would have admitted all his embracing infallibility without a blush.

"I tell you," continued Stephen, "there's no sense in it, sis. You and I know plenty of people whose incomes are no larger than ours. Do they lecture as Graves is continually preaching? Do they not, publicly at least?"

"Yes, but every one knows they're bragging, as you call it."

"What of it? They don't really know they only suspect. And I met Jim Blaisdell yesterday, and he shook my hand after I had held it in front of his eyes where he couldn't help seeing it and had the nerve to tell me he hoped things weren't as bad with us as he had heard."

"I never liked the Blaisdells," declared Caroline indignantly.

Corcoran Dunn told me that every one was talking about them and wondering how long they could keep it up. And the newspapers have been printing all sorts of things and hinting that

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young Mr. Blaisdell's appointment as director after his father wrecked the bank was a scandal. At least, we haven't that to hear up under. Father was honest, if he wasn't rich."

"What makes me feel the worst about all this is that poor Richard's seat of father's. It's only one of age, so that I could go down there on the floor, I tell you it wouldn't be long before you and I were back where we belong, sis. But, no; I'm a kid, so Graves thinks, in charge of a guardian—a guardian, by gad!"

He snorted in manly indignation. Caroline, her pretty face troubled, rose and walked slowly across the room.

He will have his joke! Malcolm, apologetic!

"The command was sharp, and her sis obeyed it."

"Caroline is tired out, I'm sure," said Mrs. Dunn. "A little fresh air will do her good. I was going to suggest that Malcolm and she and Stephen go for a short ride. Our car is at the door, it's not at all a bad afternoon and the outing will be just what you need."

"Thank you, Mrs. Dunn," said Caroline gratefully. "I should like to. Indeed I should. But we have been expecting a business call from Mr. Graves, father's lawyer, and—"

"Oh, come on, sis!" interrupted Stephen. "I'm dying to get out of this jail. Let old Graves wait if he comes. We won't be long, and besides, it's not certain that he is coming today. Come on!"

"I'm afraid I ought not, Steve. Mr. Graves may come and—and it seems too bad to trouble our friends—"

"It's not trouble, it's pleasure," urged Mrs. Dunn. "Malcolm will be delighted. It was his idea."

When Caroline and her brother had gone for their wraps Mrs. Dunn laid a hand on her son's arm.

"Now mind," she whispered, "see if you can find out anything during the ride. Something more explicit about the size of their estate and who the guardian is to be. There are all sorts of stories, you know, and we must learn the truth very soon. Don't appear curious, but merely friendly. You understand?"

"Sure, mother," was the careless reply. "I'll pump."

The two departed, leaving their lady visitor ensconced in the comfortable chair. She remained in it for perhaps five minutes. Then she rose and snatched over the room.

Her reverie was interrupted by voices in the passage. She listened, but could hear nothing understandable. Evidently the butler was having an argument with some one. It could not be Graves.

Edwards reappeared, looking troubled.

"It's a—a gentleman to see Miss Caroline," he said. "He won't give his name, ma'am, but says she's expecting him."

"What sort of a person is he, Edwards?"

The butler's face twitched for an instant with a troubled smile; then it resumed its customary respectful calm.

"I hardly know, ma'am. He's an English man. He—I think he's from the country."

From behind him came a quiet chuckle.

"You're right, comendore," said a man's voice. "I'm from the country. You guessed it."

Edwards jumped, startled out of his respectful vein. Mrs. Dunn rose in dismay from her chair.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the intruder, appearing in the doorway. "You mustn't think I'm forcing my way where I don't want. But it seemed to take so long to make the admiral here understand that I was going to wait until Caroline came back that I thought I'd save time and bother by proving it to him. I didn't know there was any company. Excuse me, ma'am. I won't bother you. I'll just come to anchor out here in the entry. Don't mind me."

"Why?" Mrs. Dunn exclaimed in an alarmed whisper. "Why, I never heard of such brazen impudence in my life. He must be insane. He is a lunatic, isn't he, Edwards?"

"The butler shook his head. "I don't know, ma'am," he stammered. "I believe he is." Mrs. Dunn's presence of mind was returning and with it her courage. Her stout cheeks flamed a most vivid red, and her eyes snapped. "But, whether he is or not, he shan't bulldoze me."

She strode majestically to the door. The visitor was seated in the hall. He only needed a newspaper. Hat and suit case were on the floor beside him.

"What do you mean by this?" demanded the lady. "Who are you? If you have any business here state it at once."

The man glanced at her over his spectacles, rose and stood looking down at her. His expression was pleasant, and he was remarkably cool.

"Yes, ma'am," he said gravely. "I'm glad to tell you who I am if you'd like to have me. I haven't made any mistake, have I? I understood your steward—the fellow with the brass buttons—to say that (Abijah Warren's) children lived here. That's so, ain't it? If not, then I am mistaken."

Then Dunn regarded him with indignation. "You are!" she said coldly. "The family of the late Mr. Rodgers Warren lives here. I presume the slight resemblance in names misled you. Edwards, show the gentleman out."

"Just one moment more, ma'am. It was Rodgers Warren's children I was looking for. A Rodgers Warren he called himself, didn't he? Yes. Well, he stood for Abijah; that was his Christian name. And he left two children, Caroline and Stephen? Good! I thought for a jiffy I'd blundered in where I had no business, but it's all right you see, ma'am. I'm their uncle from South Denbore, Mass. My name is Eliza Warren."

Mrs. Dunn gaped, Edwards peering over her shoulder, breathed heavily.

"You are their uncle?" repeated the lady.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm Bile's brother. Oh, don't worry. It's all right. And I don't fear yourself about me either. I'll set right down here and read my paper and wait till Caroline or Stephen get home. They're expecting me. Mr. Graves, the lawyer, told 'em I was coming."

He calmly seated himself and adjusted his spectacles. Mrs. Dunn stepped back into the library and walked to the window. She beckoned with

an agitated finger to the butler, who joined her.

"Edwards," she whispered, "did you hear what he said? Is it true?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Did Mr. Warren have a brother?"

"I didn't know that he had, ma'am."

"Do you—do you think it likely that he would have a brother like—like that?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Was Miss Caroline expecting him?"

"I don't know, ma'am. She—"

"Oh, you don't know anything! You're impossible. Go away!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Edwards thankfully, and went.

Mrs. Corcoran Dunn stood for some minutes by the window, thinking, or trying to think, a way to the truth of this astounding development. Finally she recklessly crossed the room and spoke.

"Mr. Warren," she said, "I feel guilty in keeping you out there. Won't you come in to the library?"

"Why, thank you, ma'am. I'm all right. Don't trouble about me. Go right on with your reading or sewing or kitting or whatever you was doing and—"

"So you are the late Mr. Warren's brother?" asked the lady, making her first lead in the game.

"Yes, ma'am. His older brother. Bile was ten years younger. I am, Mrs.—"

"Bile?"

"I am an old friend of the family."

"That's good. I'm glad to hear they've got friends. When you're in I'll pump."

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