

CAP'N GID

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Cap'n Gid by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould

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ELIZABETH LINCOLN GOULD

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CAP'N GID

By

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Cap'n Gid

ROY WOOD
CLUB
MAY 1916



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CHAPTER I

A ROARING March wind tore along the road, but old Asa Dean in his sun-parlor rejoiced at the sight of dry leaves and twigs and stray bits of paper whirling and rattling past while he sat safe and warm behind the sheltering glass.

“Just the kind o’ day to blow folks’ heads clear o’ nonsense,” he muttered. “Town Meeting work is two days old now, and it’s high time those that have been yappin’ like dogs at one another for weeks should begin acting like

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human bein's. I suspect it's taken Cap'n Gid most o' the time to get calmed down, though he's never one o' the yappin' kind."

On a small table at Mr. Dean's elbow lay a backgammon board with the men set out in proper order, ready for the first move. The old man looked at it longingly, and then consulted a big silver watch that lay beside it.

"Gid's a full half hour later'n he's been any Thursday morning for the last five years since he began coming to play," he said reproachfully to his daughter who stepped out from the house to see if he had everything he wished at hand. "Do you suppose that Widow Mason has waylaid him?"

"Marilla says he steers clear of her house," said Mrs. Gaynes. "Maybe he isn't coming to-day. You know, father, he got real worked up at Town Meeting and he spoke pretty sharp to Henry about the drinking fountain."

"What o' that?" demanded her father. "Supposin' he does think Henry and the others have been short-sighted not to take the advice of a man fifty-two years old that's had wide

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experience, what's that to do with our rubber o' gammon?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Gaynes hastily, wishing she had held her tongue. "Look, father! Here comes Eddy Foss running down the hill. Maybe he's been up there; the cap'n makes a lot of him, and he's at the house more than half the time, his mother says. Marilla sends him on errands."

"Hail him, won't ye?" besought Mr. Dean. "Like as not he'll tear right past to the post-office if you don't. They may talk all they like about that boy's being delicate and being kept out of school on that account, but he beats any other child ever I saw for running. Hail him!"

Mrs. Gaynes obediently waved her apron and called from the end of the piazza while her father rapped as sharply as he dared on the glass. The boy turned and ran up the path, beginning to talk before he was fairly admitted to the sun-parlor.

"I was—coming—anyway," he gasped. "You—needn't—have—screeched—so loud!"

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"Here, catch your breath, sonny," counseled Asa Dean, although his curiosity had mounted high. "Your news'll keep a minute or two. I don't see anybody on the horizon that can get here an' tell it before ye. There now, what is it?"

"Cap'n Gid has gone!" said little Eddy Foss, his voice still breathless, but apparently because of his weight of importance rather than his recent haste. "Yes, s'r, he's gone, an' his trunk's gone the same train, an' he took his big valise, an' he'd gone when I got there, an' Miss Marilla she don't know when he's coming back nor whether he ever is, an'——"

"Hold on!" roared old Asa Dean. "Where's he gone? What kind o' tomfoolery is this you're talking, boy?"

"She said he'd gone to the city." Eddy Foss was delighted with the effect of his announcement, eyeing the old man's crimson face with great satisfaction; it had seldom been his privilege to impart news of much importance to any one. "She said he was 'snapping mad, an' wouldn't brook any questioning,'" quoted