

**CAPTAIN
JANUARY**

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Captain January by Laura E. Richards

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LAURA E. RICHARDS

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JANUARY**



CAPTAIN JANUARY

One Hundred and Ninety-fifth Thousand

By
LAURA E. RICHARDS

Author of

"Snow-White," "Melody," "Three Margarets," "Queen Hildegarda," etc.



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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. STAR BRIGHT	1
II. THE STORY	16
III. INTRODUCING IMOGEN AND BOB	30
IV. THE VISIT	43
V. CAPTAIN JANUARY'S STAR	51
VI. THE SIGNAL	68

CAPTAIN JANUARY

CHAPTER I.

STAR BRIGHT

THE Captain had sold all his lobsters. They had been particularly fine ones, and had gone off "like hot cakes," every one who passed by the wharf stopping to buy one or two. Now the red dory was empty, and the Captain had washed her out with his usual scrupulous care, and was making preparations for his homeward voyage, when he was hailed by a cheery voice from the street.

"Hillo, January!" said the voice. "Is that you? How goes it?" and the owner of the voice, a sturdy man in a blue coat with brass buttons, came down the wharf and greeted the Captain with a hearty shake of the hand.

"How goes it?" he repeated. "I haven't seen ye for a dog's age."

"I'm hearty, Cap'n Nazro!" replied Captain Jan-

nary. "Hearty, that's what I am, an' hopin' you're the same."

"That's right!" said the first speaker. "'Tain't often we set eyes on you, you stick so close to your light. And the little gal, she's well, I expect? She looks a picture, when I take a squint at her through the glass sometimes. Never misses running out and shaking her apron when we go by!"

"Cap'n Nazro," said January, speaking with emphasis, "if there is a pictur in this world, o' health, and pootiness, and goodness, it's that child. It's that little un, sir. Not to be beat in this country, nor yet any other, 'cordin' as I've voyaged."

"Nice little gal!" said Captain Nazro, assenting. "Mighty nice little gal! Ain't it time she was going to school, January? My wife and I were speaking about it only the other day. Seems as if she'd oughter be round with other children now, and learning what they do. Mis Nazro would be real pleased to have her stop with us a spell, and go to school with our gals. What do you say?" He spoke very heartily, but looked doubtfully at the old man, as if hardly expecting a favourable answer.

Captain January shook his head emphatically. "You're real kind, Cap'n Nazro!" he said; "real kind, you and Mis Nazro both are! and she makin' the little un's frocks and pinafores, as is a great help. But I can't feel to let her out o' my sight, nohow; and as for school, she ain't the kind to abear it, nor