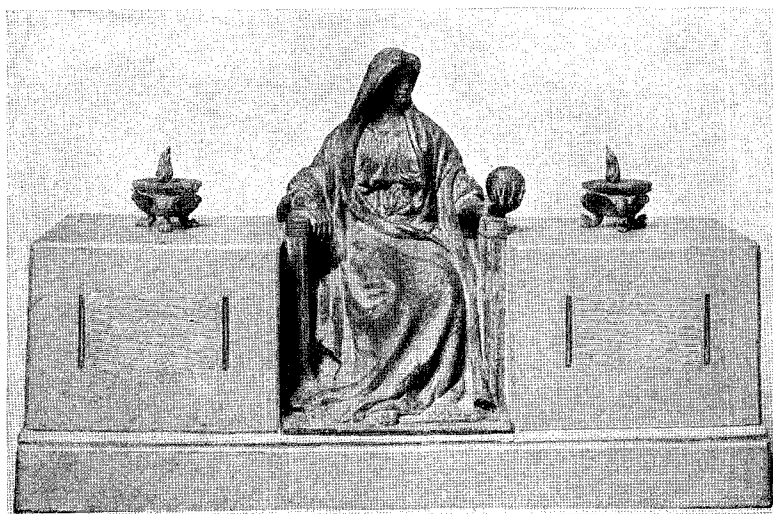




DETAIL OF THE STATUE OF "SCIENCE" BY BELA PRATT



"SCIENCE"

From the bronze statue by Bela Pratt to be placed in front of the Boston Public Library.
The base is from the unfinished sketch in clay.



DETAIL OF THE STATUE OF "ART" BY BELA PRATT



"ART"

From the bronze statue by Bela Pratt to be placed in front of the Boston Public Library.
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A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Shanty-man," "The Widow's Stratagem," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I

CAPTAIN AMOS COSGROVE and Captain Zebulun Webster had been boys together in Horeb, but for years they had rarely met; for though Captain Amos had never ventured far beyond the ports on the sound, Captain Zebulun had sailed under all the stars of the seven seas, and knew the Strait of Malacca and the Sulu Sea far better than he knew the Race and Execution Light. Yet when chance brought them home together, they were never far apart. Under the grape-vine on Captain Amos's back stoop or on a log in the shipyard, they would sit and whittle for hours, and laugh over old stories of the days when they had been boys together, and Captain Amos had been the adventurous spirit and Captain Zebulun the one who had never wandered much or far.

"I kind o' drifted to sea in the first place," Captain Zebulun used to say, "and, once there, it always seemed easier to stay than to make a break; but what I've wanted for years was to smell fresh-plowed land and to walk in the furrows again. Why, Amos, there've been times out there in the East when I've set under the awning on deck, and watched them miserable critters poling their sampans about on the yellow river, with the heat beating down on the huddles and huddles of houses as far's your eye could see, that I'd 'a' give' ten years of my life just to see that old back lot of father's in the spring, and smell the mint coming up through the orchard on a wet morning. I have n't seen it since I left, and that's fifty years ago; and now I guess I never shall. Don't seem much to want, either."

"Same here, only diff'rent," Captain

Amos would reply. "I've always had an idee I'd like to git away from old things just once—take the *Mary Ellen* South some winter an' trade among the islands, an' see them pa'm-trees, an' pass the time o' day with the natives. Well, here I am, same as ever, laid up for the winter at home."

One autumn Captain Amos was earlier than usual in coming home to lay up, and almost the first bit of news that he heard as he stepped ashore was that Captain Zebulun had bought the Parker place, a little farm of ten acres on the edge of the hill overlooking Blackwater. He whistled with surprise. That afternoon he met Captain Zebulun driving down from his new home in a box wagon, drawn by a sedate white horse. They hailed each other joyfully.

"But, Zeb," said Captain Amos, "I always thought ye wanted to buy the old place back, an' feel ye was a boy again over there."

"Why, I did," replied Captain Zebulun—"I did; but when I come home, meaning to stay, and went over there to look around, the place seemed kind o' different and lonesome. Somehow I felt I could n't take things up just where I dropped 'em fifty years ago. And this Parker place is sightly, an' about all the land I guess I can look after."

"That's so," agreed Captain Amos, and thought no more of the matter.

But one blustering afternoon in October, having nothing better to do, he climbed the steep Horeb Road to call on his friend. As he turned the corner of the house to enter the back door, bracing himself against the gale, he stopped short and stared. Captain Zebulun was standing on the porch, peering through the