

HOW PAUL AND DAN MADE GOOD

ways a rare true lad. He were never shirkin' duty as he seen it. When he were just a wee lad I says t' he, 'Dan,' says I, 'when you has work t' do, do un th' best you knows how, an' you 'll always be findin' th' Lard standin' back o' ye t' help, but don't go askin' th' Lard t' do things for ye what ye can do yourself. I'm thinkin' 't is always Dan's way t' foller them precepts, an' t' do things he has t' do th' best he knows how. Dan's been a rare good son t' me an' his mother — a rare good son — always."

"Dan," suggested Paul, when Remington and Ainsworth had each said a word of congratulation, "before we go let's have some music. I'm sure you have a harmonica somewhere in your pockets."

"That mouth organ!" exploded Captain Bluntt. "Don't blow that mouth organ, you rascal, or I 'll wring your neck! By the imps of the sea I will!"

"Captain Bluntt let you play it once at our request," said Remington, when the laugh that followed the Captain's outburst had subsided, "and I'm sure he will again."