

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

'if them graves is goin' t' trouble you, I'll move un an' pay the cost o' labor. There, now!' says he; 'that's kind enough.'

"Bill Hulk got up on his elbow. '*What* 'll you do along o' my plot?' says he.

"Move them graves,' says Neverbudge.

"You leave my plot be, Tom Neverbudge!' says Bill. 'What you think I been wantin' t' lie in that plot for, anyhow?'

"Tom Neverbudge 'lowed he didn't know.

"Why,' says ol' Bill Hulk, 'jus' t' lie alongside them poor lonely little kids!'

"I let un fall back on the pillow.

"I'm through, Tumm,' says he, 'an' I 'low I'll quit.'

"Straightway he quit. . . ."

Wind astern, moonlight and mist upon the sea, a serene and tender sky, with a multitude of stars benignantly peeping from its mystery: and the *Good Samaritan* dawdled on, wing and wing to the breeze, bound across from Sinners' Tickl' to Afterward Bight, there to deal for the first on the catch. Tumm looked up to the sky. He was smiling in a gentle, wistful way. A little psa'm from his Bible? Again I wondered concerning the lesson. "Wink away," said he, "you little