Partners of the Tide

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN Author of "Cap'n Eri"

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tagin racotada siys sie, v you se, what were you hidin in that set for? If you can stop sneezin' ang enough to answer, I should like'-"Saveze!" hollers Ez, gittin' ready another explosion. Sneeze! says kind of through his nose and wayin' his hand desp'rate. 'I guess maybe ou'd sneeze if you'd upsot the spice or right into your face and eves and aid your mustache full of red pepper!' "Seemed a likely sort of guess, when on come to think of it, but Prissy didn't pay no attention. ,

"Why was you hid in that closet? says she.

"Well, sir, that was the fust time in my life that I ever see Ez Titcomb clean out of soundin's! I snum! You could see he didn't know what to say, tud when Ez gits that way things must be consider'ble mussed up. He ti-legeted and stuttered and picked at lus watch chain.

"'Prissy,' says he, and then a opped. 'Prissy,' he says again and but up like a clam. 'Prissy'-

"Well? says Prissy in a sort of vinegar on ice voice.

'Prissy,' says Ez. He looked a her and at Tempy and at Brad. As for bree, there was a twinkle in his Henest, he looked almost as if he was havin' consider'ble fun out of the show.

'Priss,' says Ez once more; then he let everything go with a run and hotlers: 'Oh, thunder! What's the use? Chara, you know what I come here for. Why don't you tell 'em and be done with it?

"Course we all looked at Clara then. She blushed up pretty red, but she answered prompt.

"I s'pose you come here to see me, says she, though why you should hide I don't see.'

"''Cause I couldn't see you no other way; that's why! I've tried hard enough to speak with you for the last week, but you've cleared out every night 'fore I got the chance. I thought if I waited till you come to fix the bread I'd be here, and you'd have to see me and hear what I had to say. So I come in the back door and waited. Then I heard Prissy speak in the dinin' room and well, I got rattled and hid in that da-that everlastin' closet. That's the whole fool yarn! There!'

"Prissy looked as if she was goin' to say something, but Clara cut in ahead of her. 'Yes,' says she, 'but what you aven't explained are your actions Sunday. When a man asks the lady he's engaged to to go out drivin' with him and then calmly ups and takes somebedy else, why'-

"'I wrote you how it happened,' says Ez, pleadin' like.

" I never got the letter,' says Clara. "'One minute, if you please,' breaks in Prissy, calm, but chilly, like a January mornin'. 'Let's understand this thing. Cap'n Titcomb, are you and Clara enguged to be married?

"Ez swallered once or twice and looked round as if he was hopin' somebody'd beave a life line. But nobody did. Then he shoves his fists in his pockets and says, 'Why, yes, we-we

'Well, I never!' says Prissy.

"I didn't say nothin', neither did Brad, but I cal'late we both looked s'prised. Tempy, who'd been settin' on the foor ever sence Ez was mate rialized, tike one of the camp meetin' sperits, out of that closet, spoke up as if she was talkin' in her sleep, and says she, 'And it was Clara he was comin' to see all this time!'

"'Well, says Prissy. 'Well, I must say, Cap'n Titcomb, that I think it would have been more manly if you'd come and seen Clara instead of spendin your evenin's with us and lettin' us

"Come and see her!" bellers Ez. Didn't I try to come to see her? But every time I got to the kitchen door you or Tempy 'd take me in tow and head for the settin' room. I swan to man I ain't had a chance to breathe. you watched me so!"

Tempy started to say something, but Prissy was skipper jest then. 'Don't say any more, Tempy,' she says. 'Now that we know the cap'n is goin' to marry one'-I guess she was goin' to say servant, but didn't hardly dast to-'our young lady friend,' says she, 'we'll treat him as her comp'ny, not ours.

ome, we ain't wanted here.' "And, helpin' Tempy up, she took her by the arm and sailed out, all canvas sot and colors flyin'.

"Ez, he looked consider'ble like the feller that stole the hen's eggs and forgot and set down on 'em.

"Brad didn't speak. He jest looked ort of mournful at the partner and shook his head slow. I ain't a mind reader, but I'll bet he was thinkin', same as I was, that, for a chap who had the name of bein' the slickest kind a ladies man, Ez Titcomb sartinly ad upset the calabash this time. And we went out and left him alone with his best girl."

CHAPTER XIX.

RLL, Clara," observed Captain Titcomb a few hours later, standing on the step by the back door and buting his peajacket. "I s'pose it had come out some time, but I did hope would come more soothin' like, as the said to the dentist. The thing

orried me most of all-always

maids. And now it's kind of broke itsell as you might say."

Clara, standing in the doorway, with a shawl about her shoulders, smiled, but shook her head. "Yes," she said, "I should say it had. I guess the best thing I can do is to move back home right away. They'll never forgive me for letting you fall in love with me, Ezra, never in the world."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the captain hopefully. "That's where Brad 'll help out. He can do more than anybody else to square you and me with Prissy and Tempy. Land of love! As that 1 o'clock ?"

"Yes, it is. You must be going right away. I'd no idea 'twas so late."

The fog had entirely disappeared, and it was a clear, cold November night. The heavens were spattered thick with stars, and the horizon was dotted here and there with the sparks of lighthouses and lightships. Sleeping Orham lay still, and the surf hummed a restful lullaby.

"What was that?" asked Clara, pointing. "What was what?"

"I thought I saw a queer light out on the water there. Yes; see, there it is again."

The captain put up his hand to shade his eyes from the rays of the lamp in the kitchen and looked in the direction she was pointing. Out beyoud the strip of water at the foot of the long hill behind the house, beyond the point that divided it from the harbor, a speck of light glowed for an instant, flickered and went out.

"That's queer," he muttered. "That's off in the harbor, right by our moor-

The speck of light reappeared, grew larger, puffed for an instant into a ruddy flame that lit up the masts and hull of a schooner lying at anchor. "Lord A'mighty!" yelled Captain Titcomb. "It's the Diving Belle on fire!"

And from the darkness in the direction of the distant wharf came a faint shout, then another.

The captain plunged headlong for the back fence. "Call Brad!" he shout-

ed. "Quick!" Clara ran screaming into the house, and her companion vaulted the fence and dashed down the hill. The dead grass beneath his feet was wet and slippery. Blackberry vines caught him about the ankles, and tangled clumps of bayberry bushes tore his clothes as he scrambled through them. Once he fell head first into a sand pit, but the sand was soft and he was not hurt. The Diving Belle was on fire! The Diving Belle was burning up! His brain repeated it over and over again. Then came the thought of what her loss would mean to Bradley and him-

self, and he groaned aloud. He reached the foot of the hill and plowed through the soft sand of the beach. The tide was low, and he ran across the flats, splashing to his knees in the channels. As he climbed the bank by the bridge he heard some one running before him over the loose planks.

He crossed the bridge and panted up the second hill. As he reached its top the wind from the sea struck cold on his sweating forehead and brought to his ears the sound of shouting. There were lights in the upper windows of the houses he passed. Jonadab Wixon thrust a tousled head from the window of his bedroom and hailed, asking what was the matter.

Captain Titcomb could see the cluster of buildings at the landing plainly now and the masts of the cathoats alongside the wharf. The water of the harbor was black except in one spot. There the Diving Belle lay in a flickering halo of red light. Little jets of flame were shooting up from her bull amidships. The smell of

burning wood come on the wind. Lem Mullett, the livery stable keeper, was just ahead, puffing and stumbling in the middle of the narrow road. He seized the captain by the arm as

the latter overtook him. "How'd-how'd-she git-afire?" he gasped.

Captain Titcomb did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the burning schooner, and he pushed Mr. Mullett out of the way and ran on.

Just as he reached the bend by New- down the stairs. The sisters caught at comb's fish house a huddle of men, some with overcoats and bats and others bareheaded and half dressed, rushed wildly around the corner of the building. The captain's shoulder struck an instant to ask her to rouse some of the foremost man a blow in the chest that knocked him backward.

"Ugh! Ow!" grunted the man. Then he cried: "Hey? Is that you, Cap'n

The captain was fighting his way through. "Let me by!" he shouted. "Git out of my way!" Some obeyed, but others did not.

There were confused cries of "Stop him!" "Don't let him go!" He was seized by the arm. The crowd closed about him.

"Don't let me go!" roared the captain, striking right and left. "Who'll stop me? Are you crazy? Parker, by thunder. I'll- Alvin Bearse, take your bands off me!"

But Alvin held tight. "Cap'n Ez." he pleaded, "listen! Listen jest a minute! You mustn't go off to ber. Ira, hold his other arm."

Overpowered and held fast, the bewildered captain gazed at the faces surrounding him. "For the Lord's sake!" he cried. "You cowards! Are you goin' to let her burn up without liftin' a hand? What are you standin' here for? Why ain't you aboard your ship, Alvin Bearse? Did you set her afire yourself? Let me go! I'll"-He struggled frantically. "Cap'n Ez,"

pleaded Alvin, "listen to me. The dynamite's aboard—the dynamite!" Captain Titcomb stopped struggling.

excepting your giving me the mitten, as true dynamite in the hold! He had for- ward mm, pumped in. Luckuy ol. That was what they were running

way from. "Tain't safe to stay here!" shouted ome one from the outskirts of the rapfilly growing crowd. "We'll be blowed to slivers when she goes off Git back to the hill!"

"Bluey Bacheldor," yelled the capand pitch the stuff overboard? We'll save her vet! Come on!"

They were wavering, some of them. Bearse was a brave man; so was Ellis. The two looked at each other.

"Come on, boys!" shouted the captain, getting one arm free and waving it. Then, as a new thought struck him: 'What's the matter with you? Dynamite don't blow up in a fire. It burns like cord wood. Come on, you fools!" They might have followed him then,

but Captain Edward Taylor came up. A man of experience alongshore and one of the town's selectmen, his words carried weight. "Don't let him stir.' he commanded. "Dynamite boxed in as he's got it in that hold is sure to explode, and he knows it. The least back to the hill. Ez, you'll have to go with us."

ried by main force along the road to- the wood box in the galley below. He ward the hill by the bridge. Long tongues of flame were spouting from the Diving Belle's main hatch. Up in hatch. the village the schoolhouse bell was ringing.

"Don't let anybody go near the wharf;" ordered Captain Taylor. 'Warn 'em as fast as- What's that?" There was a scuffle on the road be-

running feet. Ira Sparrow rushed up the hill. His voice trembled. "He's got through! We didn't see

him in time!" he panted. "Who?" asked several voices. "Brad Nickerson. I'm afraid he's

goin' off to the schooner." Captain Titcomb gave a spring that almost cleared him. The tears came into his eyes.

"For the Lord's sake," he begged, "are you goin' to let that boy kill himself?" Then, bending forward, he shouted: 'Brad, Brad!' Don't go nigh her for your life! The dynamite's aboard!" · The crowd was still. Every one lis-There was no reply, but they for help. heard the rattle of oars in a dory's

When Bradley came out of the kitch- body help!" en after the "burglar" had made his asleep. He heard a steady hum of hatch shut. conversation from the old maids' room and knew the sisters were going over the astonishing events of the evening. Once Miss Tempy came to his door to old Captain Titcomb was. "Oh, about forty-eight or fifty," he answered, smil-

ing to himself. He had fallen into a dose and was dreaming a confused medley in which the sisters and he were chasing Sam Hammond from one room to another, while Gus locked the doors in front of them, when Clara's scream of "Fire!" rang through the house. He sat up in bed, not sure whether the

cry was real or a part of the dream. But the next moment he heard footsteps on the stairs. "Fire!" screamed Clara, rushing through the hall. "Oh, Brad, get up quick! The Diving Belle's

all on fire!" He was cool, surprisingly cool, as it seemed to him, when he thought of it afterward. His first move was to run to the window, open it and lean out. At first he saw nothing but the black night, the stars and the lights on the horizon. He noticed, too, how salty sweet the wind smelled as it blew from the flats at the foot of the hill. Then he saw the puff of flame on the

schooner in the harbor. Barefooted, bareheaded, dressed only in his trousers and shirt, but struggling into his jacket as he ran, he sprang his arm and cried something or other. but he did not heed them. Clara called after him that Captain Titcomb had gone to the schooner. He stopped for the neighbors and send them to the wharf. As he came out into the yard he noticed vaguely that there was a light in one of the rooms of the Baker cottage.

He took the same route that his partner had taken, but made better time. It was evident that the fire had been seen by others, for as he crossed the bridge the schoolhouse bell began to fing. It came to him like a flash, but too late, that he might have saved half the distance by taking one of the skiffs in the inlet and rowing straight

out past the point. There was a shouting crowd on the hill above the bridge, but he could see no boats about the Diving Belle and wondered why. Part of the crowd on

the hill came running to meet him. "Who's that?" shouted some one-Ira Sparrow, he thought.

Bradley did not answer. "Who is it?" cried Ira again. "Stop!" The junior partner did not stop. 'Squealer' Wixon got in his way and caught at his jacket. Bradley tripped

him up, jumped the rail fence by the

roadside and ran across the fields. He heard "Squealer" shouting his name. The wharf was empty. Not a man was there. He reached the stringniere caught at the painter of one of the dories alongside, and, pulling the boat to-

I'd begun to think you hid-was how gotten it entirely. That was why no were lying on the thwarts. He we was goin to break it to the old boats had put out to the burning ves-

the painter. And then he heard the captain's voice calling to him from the hill: "Brad, Brad! Don't go nigh her for your life! The dynamite's aboard!"

gotten the dynamite. Mechanically he a wall of flame and was shaking like built the ears in the rowlocks and sat tain, "you're a coward and always motionless. The captain had stopped Black smoke, powdered with sparks, was! But ain't there no men in this shouting. It was very, still. He heard gung? Bearse! Sparrow! Ellis! Are the bell ringing in the distance and Diving Belle was on fire from stem to you goin' to stand by and see me and the gurgle of the tide among the piles stern. Brad ruined? Who'll come with me water the wharf. A whiff of smoke from the Diving Belle blew across his face, and he turned and looked at the

He remembered reading in the Boston Herald a month or so before of a wrecking vessel that had caught on Hammond, half drunk when he left fire off Long Island somewhere. She, too, had dynamite on board, and her skipper and the mate had saved her by throwing the explosive overboard. But they were on deck when the fire start ed. He looked at his own vessel, the schooner that he and the captain had longed for and worked for and petted like a baby. Then he set his teeth and began rowing.

The crackle of burning timber was plain as he scrambled over the Diving Belle's rail. The flames were pouring shock 'll do it if the fire doesn't. Come up from under the covering of the main batch, and the smoke was rolling thick from the cabin companion. That settled it. Fighting, pleading, He would have given anything for an swearing. Captain Titcomb was car- ax, but the only one on board was by caught up the boat hook that was in its rack by the bulwark and ran to the

He put the point of the hook under the heavy cover and began prying the latter loose. It gave a little, slipped back and then pulled over the cleats. With the hook he got a firm grip upon its edge and turned it over with low, two or three shouts, the sound of clatter. The smoke belched up in a cloud, but as it cleared he fell upon his knees and peered below.

The fire was almost amidships, among some loose planks and an empty tar barrel. These were burning fiercely, and the beams of the deck were blazing above them. But the dynamite chest was farther forward. beyond the bulkhead, which was only beginning to burn, and he could see there was just a chance of reaching it if he was quick. With the dynamite once out of the way help from the shore might save the schooner. He drew a long breath and put his hands on the edges of the hatch.

Then he heard a faint voice calling

He thought for a moment that he must be going crazy, but the voice called again. "Help!" it wailed. "Some-

Bradley jumped to his feet and ran confession he shook hands with Cap- aft. The door at the head of the cabin tain Eri, bade the latter a laughing stairs had been left open when the good night and went up to his cham- partners went home the previous night, ber. It was a long time before he fell but Bradley had pulled the sliding Now the hatch was p back as far as it would go, and the door was shut tight

"Who is it?" shouted Bradley, stooping to the opening between the top of ask in a whisper if he knew just how the door and the hatch. The dense smoke in his face made him cough.

"Help!" the voice came up through the smoke. "It's me Hammond!" The junior partner started back. "Hammond?" he repeated. "Hammond?" And then in a changed voice. "What are you doing aboard here?" "I came after my things. I forgot

about the spring lock. Quick! Oh, quick!" "Came after your things! You Hol

You came to set this fire!" There was no reply for a moment, only a gasping, choking sound in the smoke. Then the voice began again. "Let me out!" it screamed. "I'm dying! Brad Nickerson, you want to murder me! Durn you, let me out! Oh, please, Brad! For God's sake,

please!" Bradley stood upright and looked about him. His beloved schooner or the sneaking enemy who had set her on fire and who was responsible for all his troubles—which? To force that cabin door meant that the flames in the hold would have time to burn through the bulkhead and then- He heaved a long sigh, and with that sigh he said goodby to the Diving Belle.

He turned and rushed to the main The prisoner in the cabin heard him go and screamed choking curses after him. But Bradley had gone only to get the boat hook. He came back with it and began the attack upon the door. That door was built of tough wood, almost new, and the captain's lock was new also. The boat hook only tore off splinters and chips. Finally the book broke just where the iron joined the

handle. Sam had ceased to yell and beg his rescuer to hurry. His cries changed to coughs and strangling moans. Then he was silent altogether. Bradley, desperate, threw down the broken boat hook and ran about the deek hunting, by the light of the fire, for something heavy, something that would break that lock. He picked up the stout beam, re-enforced with iron, that they alung over the vessel's fore quarter when they hoisted heavy chains on board.

It was so clumsy that he could scarcely carry it, but he stepped back by the wheel to get a start and, running forward, threw it against the door. The double oak panels cracked lengthwise. Three times he hurled the buttering ram, with his own weight behind it. At the fourth attempt the door burst inward and he fell on his face.

"Sam!" he shouted. "Sam, come on! But Hammond did not answer. Shutting his eyes and holding his breath. Bradley descended the cabin stairs. Hammond was lying unconscious at their foot. The innior partner drag-

ged him to the deck and away from the smoke. Then he shook and pounded him savagely. After a bit the fellow opened his eyes and gasped.

Then Bradley left him and ran to the main hatch. One glance showed him that the schooner was doomed and that the dynamite might explode at Like his partner, Bradley had for any moment. The thin bulkhead was a sheet of paper in the fierce draft.

was vomiting from the fo'castle. The Hammond yelled wildly from the after rail. "The dory's gone!" he shouted. "My dory's gone! Where's yours?" Bradley had not stopped to fasten

the dory when he boarded the schooner, and the boat had drifted away. the wharf, had bungled the knot with which his dory was fastened, and that, too, was gone.

"We'll have to swim!" cried Bradley. "Jump quick! She's going to blow

Sam sobbed in sheer terror. "I can't make it!" he screamed. "I'm too weak. I'll drown." "You've got to make it. Jump! I'll

keep close behind you." Hammond caught at a shroud, stepped upon the bulwark and stood there. turning a white face first toward the shore and then back at his companion. There was a muffled rumble from the held. The bulkhead had fallen.

"Jump!" shouted Bradley. "Jump! Sam threw up his arms and leaped from the stern. Bradley cast one glance over the poor Diving Belle, ran to the rail by the foremast and dived into the water.

At that moment, before his head appeared above the surface, there came but I wan't goin' to quit till you said a dull roar from the schooner's hold She rocked like a rowboat among breakers. A flame burst from her hatches and fo'castle and streamed to the top of her foremast, every rope of which caught fire. Her entire bow was a great torch that dipped now this way, now that.

Hammond, swimming for his life. yelled with fright. Bradley, caught in the waves made by the rocking of the Diving Belle, was for a moment unable to make any headway. Vaguely he wondered why he had not been killed. And then the foremast swung above his head and the noisy hoisting block in the forerigging snapped from its purning tackle, shot out into the air and fell, striking him on the fore-

He remembered almost nothing of what happened after that-nothing except fighting to keep afloat and the intense cold of the water.

* * * * * Captain Titcomb on the hill had fought and struggled and pleaded to be allowed to go to his partner's aid. But Captain Taylor said, "Better one than two," and most of the others agreed with him. "Squealer" Wixon was going through the crowd, telling all who would listen that if he had not had some fellows at his house "settin' up" playing cards the fire would not have been discovered. As the blaze grew brighter and Bradley could be seen running about the schooner's deck. Aivin Bearse volunteered to go with his skipper and attempt a rescue, but they would not let him try. In whispers people were asking one an-

other how long it would last. When Hammond appeared on deck there was a great commotion. No one knew who it was. But when he stood upon the rail, with the fire behind him, dozen shouted his name. Captain Titcomb shouted it and swore. A moment later came the explosion.

Fifty men started for the wharf then. but the captain was far in the lead. He leaped into a dory and pushed off. The harbor was almost as light as day. In the center of the light the two figures in the water were splashing silhouettes.

And suddenly the captain, rowing frantically, was aware that another boat was nearer the schooner than his own. A small skiff, rowed by a bareheaded girl, had come from behind the point and was speeding with long, sure strokes toward the swimmers.

Hammond saw it. "Help!" he shouted, waving one arm. "Help! I'm drowning! Save me!" The skiff was almost upon him. He

reached out to grasp its side. But the served Bill Taylor. Ellis simply nodrower, though she turned and looked ded and stepped forward. Others joindirectly into his face, did not stop. She kept straight on, past him. And Captain Titcomb as he seized Sam Hammond by the coat collar saw Gus Baker lean from her skiff and

ing to its low gunwale the helpless licks can do, why" form of Bradley Nickerson Then, with a hiss and wrapped in a

Belle dived to the bottom of the har-

CHAPTER XX

T 9 o'clock that morning Bradley, with his head bandaged, sat in the rooming chair by the window of his chamber, ooking out. On the table beside him vere medicine vials, teaspoons and a penciled memorandum in Dr. Palmer's handwriting: also there were an emuision bottle and a steaming pitcher of "pepper tea." These last were Miss Tempy's contribution. That lady herself, with a face whiter even than Bradley's own and with fingers that shook until holding a needle was next to an impossibility, was seated in a chair by the door, pretending to sew. Every now and then she looked up, seemed about to speak, and then, seeing the expression on the young man's face, remained silent. Occasionally she wiped her eyes with her handker-

chief. Bradley went to the Point that day in spite of his partner's protests and the old maids' pleadings and direful prophecies concerning his health. He

was kind, but so firm that they saw there was no use arguing.

Ira Sparrow took Bradley and Cap tain Titcomb to the Point in the You and I. Bearse, Ellis and some of the other men went with them. On the way Bradley and his partner discussed the situation. The work on the barge

was going on as if nothing had hap-



pened, although the news of the firm's oss had been telephoned to the life saving station early that morning. Barney Small met them as they climbed over the Freedom's rail. He was very sober and shook his employers' hands with silent sympathy.

"I told the boys to turn to," he said. "I didn't know what your plans was, the word.'

"Much obliged, Barney," said Bradley. "Call all hands aft. I want to

talk to them." The men came in groups, soot streaked and perspiring. They gathered in the waist, whispering to each other and glancing askance at Captain Titcomb and Bradley, who stood upon the raised deck by the wheel. In most of the grimy, sunburned faces there was a friendly concern. All looked embarrassed and awkward. When the whole crew was standing there, silently wait-

ing, Bradley came forward. "Fellows," he said, "when Cap'n Titcomb and I took the contract to get this barge off the shoals we risked every dollar we had. More than that, we mortgaged our new schooner to raise money to pay you with. She was burned last night, and, as the cap'n said, there is no insurance. The little money we have on hand belongs to the people who took the morigage. We couldn't pay you for another week's work. So. then, either we must give up the contract-which will ruin us and drive the firm out of the wrecking business for good-or we must come to you with another proposition. I think every man tho has worked for us knows that we don't play favorites. Every fellow crows that he'll be treated fair so long as he does his work. But this I want to say: We'll stick to those who stick by us. We shan't forget our friends. And this is our proposition: To the menvho will volunteer to help us get this arge affoat, we will pay \$4 a day-instead of \$3, as you're getting nowwhen we float her and get our money. If we fail, you get nothing, and so do we. If we win, you win. We can float her if the weather holds good. What I'm asking is that, you share our chances. It's up to you. What do you

Bradley stopped and put his hands n his pockets. The men shuffled their feet and looked at each other. One or two of them whispered behind their hands. Then Barney Small snatched his rusty cloth cap from his head, tossed it to the deck and jumped upon it with both feet.

"Stage is ready for Orham, South Orham, West Harniss and Setuckit P'int!" be \shouted. "Git aboard! Come on, you lubbers! Have me and Brad and Cap'n Ez got to work her off alone?"

Alvin Bearse struck the ex-stage driver a resounding thump in the back. You bet you ain't?" he cried. "I'm "Me, too!" said Ira Sparrow

"Present and accounted for," ob-

ed them by twos and threes. Then Peleg Myrick sanntered to the front. "I dunno's I jest understand what the boss wants," he drawled, "but if there's anything me and Skee-

That settled it. There was a cheer, and the men began pushing each other creat white robe of steam, the Diving out of the way to join the volunteers. In a few minutes there were only five

who had not come forward. (To be continued)

Make 1919 a Saving year.

KEEPING THE WATCH

One last word on hymn jokes: In a homely chat on favorite hymns the son and heir said he liked that one best where the little Jew boy stole the old gentleman's watch! The hymnal index was useless here, the reference took some searching for. Here it is, familiar to all:

The old man meek and mild. The priest of Israel, slept: His watch the Temple child, The little Levite kept.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

-London Chronicle