sfully beat was awarded O.B.E. for mes. London. sailed from st of Africa, rand Canary pster steamer ain W. S. Lobb, ve item from esent age is s 58, but he a rough old s (or used to ade, and the e me an opunced char e. Some day oyage and my Africa which s one of the ton Griffiths the voyage, uainted with n in Rhodesia t had never was, and i nides his light a Knight, a earned: but on ! Sir John

ure mended own as rup, for an old er fails drops

in St. John

so remember.

## SHOP **OPEN**

opened in ccupied by ght at the ling place. Wharf, so hurry it is vays been low and ness in the e to quote

are a few

Partners of ly dared knock on the dining room But whatever he may have expected the Tide to hear when that door opened, what he did hear was certainly a distinct surprise. Grandmother Baker, her head enveloped in a shawl, peeped out JOSEPH C. LINCOLN and said Author of "Cap'n Eri"

she didn't wish to interfere with any-

thing so important as your business

matters. You see, Sam Hammond

stopped here about ha'f past eight and

said he'd seen you and Cap'n Ezry go

The subscription ball was nearly half

over when Bradley came up the stairs

of the town hall. He tossed his ticket

in at the window and absentmindedly

checked his overcoat and hat. Then

he stood in the doorway looking at the

been walking up and down the side-

walk opposite the hall, remorsefully

hating himself one minute and fiercely

nursing his injured pride the next.

Twice he turned to go home, and each

The waltz quadrille was the particu-

lar dance then going on. Bradley

caught sight of Sam Hammond danc-

ing with one of the Rogers girls. Op-

posite them in the set, he noted vague-

ly, were Captain Titcomb and Clara

He spoke with Captain Titcomb but

once. That was during an interval be-

tween dances, when the captain, redhot

but smiling, came strolling toward him

"Hello, Brad!" he exclaimed. "Got here, didn't you?" Then, glancing at.

the young man's face, he added:

"Havin' a good time? Hope our stop-

pin' to talk didn't make any diff'rence?"

The subscription ball, extras and all, came to an end at 3 o'clock. By this

time Bradley was once more repentant

and humble. When Gus came out of

the cloakroom he went to meet her,

resolved to abase himself and plead

"Gus," he stammered. "Gus-I-I-

mayn't I walk home with you? You

But as Bradley's anger had cooled,

"Thank you," she answered, and

very word was crusted with ice.

"Mr. Hammond was gentleman enough

to escort me here, and I presume he

Bradley accompanied Miss Rogers to

the parental gate. It wasn't a hilari-

ous walk. The young lady said to her

"Julia, I honestly believe he didn't

speak one word from the time he left

the hall till he said good night. I had

to talk for two, or I should have gone

to sleep on the way. He may be good looking enough, but Gus Baker can

have him for all me. I'd as soon come

home with a wooden Indian."

The answer was noncommittal.

time he turned back again.

Hopkins.

for forgiveness.

his flancee's had arisen.

will see me home."

older sister later on:

know I"-

into the Traveler's Rest together, So

Gus went to the ball with him."

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Barnes & Co. There was to be what the posters called "a grand select subscription hall" at the Orham town hall on the evening of Oct. 10. Gus had expressed a desire to go to the ball, and

Bradley had subscribed-that is to say, he had paid \$2 for a ticket admitting "gent and two ladies." He dressed for the affair when the evening came with no very pleasant dancers. For almost an hour he had

14 3 2 Car

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anticipations. The relations between Gus and himself had not improved since the disagreement over Sam's vis-

The partners were expecting a check from New Bedford in payment of the first shipment of tar, and, as it was early when Bradley finished dressing, glanced over the crowded floor. He he determined to go down to the postoffice before calling for Gus. Captain Titcomb was out of town. He had not told where he was going, merely observing that he wanted a couple of days off for private business. What the private business was he did not

state. The expected check did not arrive on that mail, and as Bradley came down the postoffice steps some one laid a

heavy hand on his shoulder. He turned with a start. "Why, hello, Cap'n Ez!" he exclaimod. "You back again?" The captain hooked his arm into that

of his companion and led the way through the crowd of loungers on the sidewatk. Bradley protested. "Cap'n Ez, wait till some other time.

I must"-"Shut up! I'm so full of steam I'll

bile over in a minute. This ain't foolin': it's bus'ness." He dragged his puzzled partner along the sidewalk and across the road

to the Traveler's Rest. Then he led the way upstairs and into his own room.

"Now. Brad," he said, "you know mighty well I've got somethin' important to say or I wouldn't have snaked you up by the coat collar this way. But never mind that. If you ain't interested enough to"-

"You know I'm interested, Cap'n Ez. Only do hurry!"

The captain locked the door again. Then he took a bundle of papers from his overcoat pocket and, selecting a card from among them, said impressively, "Brad, what have you and me been prayin' for for the last three months or more?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Do you mean a big job?"

schooner-a wrecking schooner, and of

"Look at her!" cried the captain.

"Ain't she a dream? And that tintype

don't begin to do her justice. Now,

built in New Bedford two years ago and cost eight thousand to build. No

sham about her; built for wreckin';

good seasoned timber, tackles, patent

windlass, nice, light, roomy cabin, an-

chors, sails, all complete-and a first

class sixteen horsepower gasoline en-

gine. And, son," Captain Titcomb

raised his fist, "you and me can buy

the whole blessed outfit for \$5,000

The fist fell on the table with a bang.

When Captain Titcomb really en-

thused over a subject he was a won-

derful talker. Now, shaking a fore-

finger in his companion's face, he talk-

ed so fast that Bradley forgot every-

thing except to listen. The schooner

had been built for one Abijah Foster

Bradley gasped in delighted wonder.

Brad, that schooner's the Diving Belle,

modern build; so much was plain.

THE BEACON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1918 neglectful and selfish once before What would she say now? He scarce-

"Well, no, you haven't," answered the astonished Bradley dryly. "No. I presume likely it-er-must have slipped my mind. Well, I'll sell the bog shares and put up what's needed to finish buyin' the Divin' Belle. You can pay off your part as we earn it, Is it a go?" "All right." Bradley said finally; "I'll agree, of course. If you're willing to "Gus said if you called to say that

risk it. I ought to be." "Good! We'll take a day off tomorer and go up to the Haven and look her over."

4.9 - 5 A. The partners started for Vineyard Haven in the early morning. The cap- Now she was fast on the Razorback tain talked most of the way, for which shoal. Belle lying at the wharf, and Captain Titcomb watched his companion's face as they stood on the stringpiece look-

ing down at her. They bought the schooner. It remained only to bring over the check

and take away the schooner, and this Captain Titcomb had performed another miracle. He had hunted up a man who had expressed a desire to purbargaining, during which time the captain had twice pretended to give it up and return to Orham, had sold him the old schooner for \$750; also he sold his shares in the cranberry bog.

There was a good sized crowd of townspeople on the Orham wharf when the Diving Belle slid smoothly past the harbor mouth and up to her moorings. There was a splendid breeze, but they wouldn't have used the sails for any consideration. The sight of the moving pistons in that wonderful sixteen horsepower engine, the enchanting smell of the gasoline, the muffled drumming of the propeller under the sternthese were brand new, unadulterated joys of proprietorship that no mere item like the saving of unnecessary expense could induce them to forfeit. Captain Ezra put in the most of his spare time "improving" the new. purchase. Bradley told him it seemed like the Thomas Doane days to smell paint and trip over a bucket of water and a swab every little while.

Orham was just then in the throes of a burglar scare. Two houses in the village had been broken into, and the expressing their opinion of the selecta summer resident, which lay housed over for winter in the harbor, was boarded and ransacked.

It was on the day following this robbery that Captain Titcomb began tinand the sliding hatch above it had been to go because Cook knew him, but the fastened with a padlock. The captain's junior partner didn't agree. first move was to block the hatch so "You go, Cap'n Ez," he said, with that it would slide back but a little decision. "You're a better bargainer way. Then he sawed and hammered than I am, and it'll take a good talker away at the door.

And Bradley, in his own chamber, wo hours of hard work. "Brac here! S'pose one of them mean sneak thieves tries to bust into that cabin. He can pry the staple off that padlock easy, can't he? Yes, but the way that hatch is now 'twon't open fur enough for him to climb down; he's got to open that door. And that door's got on it arrived; no captain, and still no word. a three dollar patent lock that can't He determined to wait until the evenbe opened without the key, and no ten cent whistle down the barrel key either. The key that'll open that has lace first man off the train was Captain Titedgin' on it. You hear me! And I've took off the knob on the inside of the lock so it can't be worked that way. Now, when we want to go home we haul to the hatch and lock it with the padlock. Then we jest slam the door. Click! There you are! A spring lock. How's that for high? Thunderation! I've left the key inside!"

and learn the particulars, but Captain Titcomb was there before him. They met at the door. The captain's eyes were shining. "Come on, Brad!" he said. "I was

jest goin' to send for you. I know all He told the story as they walked to the wharf in the pouring rain. It was as Rogers had said. The great barge, twin sister of the Liberty, was on her way from Boston to New York, under tow. The storm had come up unex-

pectedly, and the hawser had parted. Bradley was, thankful. He didn't feel "Grimustee!" exclaimed the captain. like talking. They found the Diving "Won't she be a job! Brad, Brad, if you and me could only have the chance!"

> Alvin Bearse, who boarded nowadays at the house of a relative in Orham. was already on board the Diving Belle when the partners reached her.

"She's hard and fast for sure," mutthey did a week later. Meanwhile tered Captain Titcomb when they reached the hulk, "Five thousand tons of coal inside of her and this no'theaster drivin' her farther on chase the Lizzie and after two days of every minute. I swan to man, Brad, she's there for awhile! No tug-nor three tugs, fur's that goes-can haul her off. 'Member what I said when the Liberty come so near landin' where she is? It's an anchor and cable job. and we can do that as well as anybody and cheaper than the big fellers. If they'll only let us try! By crimustee,

they've got to!" That evening the train brought repesentatives of three large wrecking companies to Orham. The younger Mr. Cook came also. The partners saw/ him, but he would give them no satisfaction. "You must come to Boston tomorrow if ye's want to bid," he said. "But I tell you frankly, price isn't the only thing-we must be satisfied that the job can be carried through." It was evident that he didn't believe they could handle it.

But Bradley and the captain were certain they could handle it if the chance was given them. Seventy men. at least, would be needed, and to house and feed them was the problem. The Boston Salvage company had lighters and barges for this purpose and they had not. But there was the big shanty at the Point, the one in which the picnatives were talking of calling an in- nic had been held. Thirty men had dignation meeting for the purpose of lived and slept there before. By building new bunks and slinging hammocks men. Then a steam yacht belonging to twice that number at least could find room. The rest must occupy other shanties or come up to Orham at night. The partners schemed and figured until nearly 4 o'clock in the morning. One of them must go to Boston that kering with the cabin door. This door day. The captain said Bradley ought

"There!" he cried in triumph after, the face of the competition. Go, and

Bradley's objective point was the Limself and went out to paw over the figured there was sugar enough in the postoffice. He wanted to see Hardy directory. Inside of an hour I was to drop a lump in friend Obed's term directory. Inside of an hour I was to drop a lump in friend Obed's teaon an electric car bound for Brook cup providin' he stirred up their spoon. line and Cook's home. Well, good night, or good mornin', "Pretty soon down comes Cook in a

rather. It's double or quits with us swallertail coat. He looked mad. 'Is this time, son, for sartin, but if The it you? he says. "Didn't you git my comb & Nickerson do go under it'll message? I told him I'd got it, but be with colors flyin'."

that 'twouldn't be fair to him to let that end it. Pretty soon young Cook Within the week Setuckit Point, from a lonely, gull haunted sand pit, inhabited only by the life saving crew and the

"Fin'lly the old man says, 'Well, Titlighthouse keeper and his family, be comb. what's your figger?' I told him came a small town, the population of what you and me had agreed on. He which left each morning for the Resorseemed surprised, I thought. Then he back shoal and returned at night to and his son went into the next room eat and sleep in the big shanty and and talked. When they come back he those surrounding it.

says, 'Titcomb, you've got the perse-Captain Titcomb saw the people at the Wellmouth bank and placed a mortverance of the devil or that partner of yours.' Put you in good company, hey, gage on the Diving Belle. As the Brad? 'Your price, I don't mind tellin partners owned her free and clear, he was able to get her cost price, \$5,000. you,' he goes on, 'is lower than any one else has given. If you were a big-Placards announcing that men were ger concern I guess I'd give the job wanted at once and at \$3 a day and board were hung in the postomees and railway stations in Orhans, South Orto you. Anyway, you come in and see

ham, West Harniss, Harniss Center, 'Well, this mornin' I was at his office when the doors opened. And there I Wellmouth and other towns; also an set until after 2 this afternoon. A feladvertisement appeared in the Item. The response was immediate. Work at good wages was scarce in the winler from the Salvage company come in while I was there, and so did one from the South Boston tug people ter months, and men came from twen-They went into Cook's room and come out again. Fin'lly the old man sent ty miles away to obtain it.

The Diving Belle carried them down for me. He and his son were there to the Point. There, under Barney together. "Titcomb,' says he. T'm a Small's supervision, some set to work fool, and I know it, but I'm goin' to let building extra bunks in the big shanty, you try to git the Freedom clear.' slinging hammocks, putting up stoves -the partners bought five secondhand ranges-and making three neighboring abandoned fishing huts inhabitable. The rest worked over the stranded coal barge, getting out the anchors, stripping her of all unnecessary ironwork and rigging and preparing to bring the coal from her hold and dump it overboard.

> Seventy men were hired altogether. and to feed them it was necessary to buy large quantities of provisions. Captain Titcomb managed this part of the business, and the bargains be made with Caleb Weeks and other storekeepers were wonderful and in some cases not too profitable for the sellers. As Mr. Weeks said: "Ez Titcomb spent ha'f the forenoon with me today, and afore he got through talkin' he'd tangled me up so with figgers that I don't know whether I sold him.salt at a cent pound or commeal at a dollar barrel. I'll have to put in the rest of the day cal'latin' and addin' up, so's to know whether I've made money or lost it."

Soon the work on the Freedom was in full swing, and the great hull hum-

med like a beehive. Men were standing by the hatches and by the derricks. Men were working by the rail transferring ropes and ironwork to the Diving Belle. Down in the hold gangs of men with faces sooty black except where the sweat streaked them with pallid channels were shoveling the coal into the big iron buckets that the creaking derricks lifted and swung ver the side The donkey

says he. tell me that in givin' us the job he was riskin' a brand new vessel worth \$80.-000. 'Mind,' he says, 'I b'lieve you can do it if anybody can, but I won't risk another cent. I won't pay by the day. I'll give you \$15,000 when she's off the shoal and towed to Boston, but I

won't pay a red until she is. It's got to be a contract job, payment on dellyery of the goods."

Bradley's face fell. "Of course that



some in, and he listened too.

me tomorrer '

"I mean somethin' that'll give us the tools to do a good many big jobs with. I mean a new, up to date wreckin' vessel." He leaned across the table. "Brad, my son," he said slowly, "I've got that very craft." "You've got her?"

He tossed the card on the table, and Bradley picked it up. It was the photograph of a good sized, two masted

op Shoes,

or Leath

Brown

up. traps and

ts for any Machines and make

Two Ply. w store is n't forget on goods

aired

public.

MADE

of Vineyard Haven. She had been engaged in the wrecking business for two seasons along the south Jersey coast, and then her owner died. His widow was the only heir; and she needed money. The vessel had been

cash!"

bought by a Nantucket man, but when it came to paying the price there had been a bitch that resulted in the collapse of the deal. Bradley was now as wildly jubilant as his partner. He asked innumerable questions, but the captain had an an-

swer ready for each one. He had with him a rough plan of the schooner's rig, a photograph of her cabin, a drawing of her engine. These were laid on the table, and they moved from one to the other, the captain explaining, pointing and arguing. The pass-

ing of time was forgotten entirely. The junior partner awoke from his

trance with a start. And just then, in the sitting room below, the cuckoo clock struck 9.

Bradley furned white and then red. Nine o'clock! And the grand march at the subscription ball was to start "ompthy at 8!" And Gus had looked forward to this evening for over a month! 1000

It is doubtful if, even now, he could ell much about his trip from the capin's room to the Baker cottage. He most of the way. Over and over tain he reproached himself for his iprotifulness. Gus had called him

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptherin.

ared out o he window a in Gus' room and vowed that he would not get down on his knees to that young lady again; let her have her New York gentleman if she wanted him. Then he thought of that other dance and how happy he had been because she had given him the waltz that Sam asked for. And he went to bed

utterly miserable.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning he was more miserable still time to think it oven. But he resolved that no one should guess his feelings from his appearance. Therefore he was, at the breakfast table, outwardly calm, although a little more quiet than usual. Bradley had little appetite. He drank his coffee, and then, with an excuse that he was in a hurry, left the table and, putting on his cap, went out.

He was, to all appearances, in high spirits when he reached the wharf. He' dreaded meeting Captain Titcomb and Hammond, but he made up his mind they shouldn't know it. So he chatted with Barney and Peleg, laughed loudly at the flimsiest jokes and whistled as he stood at the Lizzie's wheel and

steered her out of the harbor. They worked at getting out the tar until 3 o'clock, when, at Captain Titcomb's suggestion, they quit for the day, and the Lizzie came back to her moorings. Then the crew went ashore, and the partners shut themselves in the cabin to once more discuss the project of buying the Diving Belle. The photographs and sketches were exhibited, the captain argued and enthused, and Bradley did his best to forget Gus and to be interested. He succeeded partially.

The junior partner agreed that the Vinevard Haven schooner was a won derful bargain, but he disliked the idea of going in debt for a part of her, as it seemed that they must do.

"You see, Cap'n Ez." he said. "we've got altogether less than \$4,000 between us if we put up every cent we've made. We shall have to borrow at least another thousand, and I hate to. - In a year, if things go as well as they have. we ought to be able to build a new vessel and pay for every stick of her. And yet," he added, "it seems a shame to let this chance go by."

The captain glanced at his companion and drummed with his fingers on the table. When he spoke there was a hesitancy in his manner.

"We can't let it go by," he said. We'd never git another like it. Now, Brad-now, Brad"- He stopped and drummed again. Then he went on without looking up. "I don't know's I mentioned this afore, but all my money ain't been put into this wreckin' deal yit. You see, I own some shares in that big cranb'ry bog of the Ostable folks. Must be about \$1,500 wuth altogether. I cal'late maybe I ain't oilskins, ran out of the house and down spoke of this to you afore, have I?"

Luckily the key was lying on the top step of the cabin stairs, and they were able to reach it with a fishhook on the end of a stick.

Getting up the tar with the aid of the patent windlass and the engine was simply fun. They took out all they could bring up through the hatchway and then began blowing out the side of the hull with dynamite. The explosive was stored in the Diving Belle's hold forward behind a bulkhead with only one small manhole in it and was carefully boxed in to prevent accident Bradley's whole interest in life now centered in his work. Gus he had not spoken with since the night of the dance; had, in fact, only seen her at a distance. Sam, while on board the schooner, was pleasant and, to all appearances, as friendly as Bradley would let him be, but from Captain Jabez and from other considerate and gossip loving souls the junior partner learned that Hammond was now a regular caller at the Baker cottage.

CHAPTER XV.

CTOBER had been a month of 0 exceptionally pleasant weather, but in the night of Nov. 1 Bradley woke to feel the old house trembling and to hear the rain thundering on the roof overhead and rattling against the windows. While he was dressing he heard voices in the road below and, opening the window, saw Jim Rogers, the fish draggin'. peddler, sitting in his wagon with the rain sluicing from the peak of his sou'wester and carrying on a shouted conversation with Mrs. Baker.

"What did you say 'twas, Mr. Rogers?" screamed the old lady, speaking through the closed blinds of her chamber window.

"The Freedom-big six masted coal barge. She's high and dry on the Razorback. Hawser parted. The tug's tryin' to git her off now, but Cap'n Knowles telephoned Sam Hardy that 'twan't no use."

Bradley didn't hear the last part of the conversation. He struggled into his clothes, and then, putting on his the road.

good luck be with you! So the captain went on the first train. He promised to telegraph as soon as a decision was reached.

But no telegram came that day. All the next forenoon Bradley hung about the station waiting. The noon train ing train arrived, and then, if the captain didn't come, to telegraph. But the comb.

"Didn't get it, hey?" asked Bradley. "Oh, I got it! Yes, I got it! Now. don't ask any more questions here. Come on down to my room."

He was silent all the way to the Traveler's Rest and, for a man who had just secured the greatest contract of his business life, seemed strangely downcast. When they reached the room he locked the door and threw his overcoat and hat on the sofa.

"Well," he said slowly, "I made Boston all right and stood for Cook & Sons' under full canvas. I hailed the young squirt with the hay on his upper lip and asked him if the old man was 'What do you want to see him in. for?' says he. 'Son,' says I, 'you trot along like a good little boy and tell the old man that the feller that's goin' to git the Freedom off Orham shoal is out here.' 'That kind of fetched him over with a slat, and he went in and told Cook. In a minute out he comes and pilots me into the skipper's state-

"I cal'late Cook was expectin' to see another feller. 'Are you from the Salvage company?' says he. 'No,' says I. takin' a chair; 'my name's Titcomb. this chance we must settle back and I'm from Orham. My partner's a -be nothin' but anchor draggers the rest Obed and close that insurance deal. It young feller name of Nickerson. He's of our lives. We've flunked once, and, the one you picked out to lift the no matter how good the reason is, no Liberty's anchor that time.' Well, that more big jobs 'll come our way. But way of puttin' it made him laugh, and if we make good-whew!"

he told me to go ahead and spin my yarn, only be quick. I spun it, but I ain't sartin that I was quick. I never talked so afore in my life, though I've beat it once sence. When I hove anon the table. chor fin'lly he says, 'Cap'n, there's nothin' the matter with your nerve, is

there?' I told him no, I hadn't had to take physic for it. 'Well,' says he, 'I'd like to give you the job, but you ain't big enough. This \ain't anchor "Then I got after him again, told

him about the new schooner, drew a diagram of the shoal and made it plain jest how she'd got to be got off If 'twas done at all and that we could do it as well as anybody else in the world and a whole lot cheaper. At last he told me to come in and see him

again late that afternoon. "I was round on time, you bet! The hay lip chap told me the old man had gone for the day, but that he'd left

big enough for the job. Says I to had the contract. hay lip, 'Where's the old man live?' arked him in an interested sort of way on it. You see, Brad, this job's a big

settled it." he said. "You couldn't accept, such an idiotic offer as that." Captain Ezra took his cigar from his mouth. "Well, Brad," he answered soberly, "that's what I did; I accepted

"Now, Cap'n Ez, look here! You and I have put almost our last copper into the new schooner. We've got practically no ready money. We must hire from seventy to a hundred men at \$3 a day and pay them every week. We must feed 'em. We must spend money fitting up the shanty to lodge 'em in. It'll take, maybe, a month before we get her clear-if we do clear her. We may have to spend five or six thousand before then. Where's the money coming from?"

"I know all that, We'll mortgage the Diving Belle and raise the cash." "Are you out of your head? We've been lucky so far and haven't had a failure. But failures are bound to come. Suppose we work on this barge for a month and then a heavy gale strikes."

"But, Brad, think of what it means to us if we make good."

"Cap'n Ez, we got that job because nobody else would take it that way. We can do it if anybody can, but nobody else would be fool enough to gamble against the Lord Almighty's weather. We'd be called fools from here to Provincetown."

The captain drew a long breath. "All right," he said gloomily. "Maybe you're right, Brad. It is a crazy gamble, I s'pose, and I was afraid you'd see it that way. Only you must make up your mind to this-if we give up

Now it was Bradley's turn to hesi tate. There was some sense in what, his partner said, but it was playing against odds and with the last dollar

Suddenly Bradley spoke. "Oh, hang it, what's the odds?" he exclaimed recklessly. "Go ahead, cap'n! I'll sink or swim with you!" Captain Ezra grasped his hand. "T

swore you would," he cried. "Son, this job's goin' to make us!" Bradley's laugh was short and rather hitter.

"Yes." he said, "make-or break."

## CHAPTER XVI.

T was close to day orcan. They the partners separated. They the partners and figured and estimated, and each now knew what his part in the great fight was to be. As he was leaving Bradley asked the captain how, in his opinion word that 'twas no use; our firm wan't Obed Nickerson had learned that they

"Phoned the Salvage company," re-He didn't know, bein' a good liar. I plied Captain Ezra decidedly. "I'll bet if he was dead sure where he lived one, and the selvage folks might have

puffed and whistled the chains rattled and ton after ton of good hard coal roared from the opening buckets and splashed into the tumbling waves of the channel.

The captain and Bradley, together for a moment, stood in the bows, where the heavy cable led, taut and rigid, from the windlass out to the submerged anchors. The Freedom had moved slightly in the last few days, and the partners were encouraged.

"By crimus, Brad," exclaimed Captain Titcomb, pointing, with a grin on his grimy face, to the stout little Diving Belle just then shooting off to the Point with a load of strippings from the Freedom, "that's the little critter that has made it possible for us to handle this job. I don't know what we'd 'a' done if we hadn't had her. See ber go, will you? Flies round like a flen in a fryin' pan, don't she? You never put your money into anything better for 'the size than her, and don't you let that fact slip your mem'ry."

The new schooner had proved her worth twice over. Equipped, as she was, with the engine, she performed the part of a steam launch, a tug and a ferryboat. She had carried out and dropped the anchors in the channel; she took her owners and a few of the hands to and from Orham every night and morning; she was always ready and always useful. In fact, as the captain said, they could scarcely have handled the job without her.

Bradley, dirty and bareheaded, looked at the little vessel.

"I shan't feel easy until we pay off that mortgage," he said. "And, 'anworries me to think she is not protected at all."

"That's so. Fact is, I've been so verlastin' busy lately that I'd forgit to eat if I hadn't got in the habit of it. But I must settle that right off. The only thing that's kept it from goin' through afore is on account of that dynamite in the hold. The papers are ready, only Obed won't dicker until we take that stuff off; his compiny won't insure against explosives."

A little of the dynamite that they had been using in blowing up the hulk containing the tar was still stored in the Diving Belle's hold. Captain Titcomb had promised to see that it was taken ashore, but he always forgot it. Bradley would himself have attended to the matter, but the captain seemed to take the offer as a personal reflection on his own management. It was the same with the insurance. Anything that the captain undertook to do he hated to give up to another.

(To be continued)

