

HE COMES UP SMILING

boam Martin, son of the late Reverend Mr. Martin, in temporary financial embarrassment that could be soon remedied. He would work for Billy and they would be happy on his wages. He drew himself up and held out his hand. Bartlett could take it or not as he pleased. The Watermelon had sought or desired no man's favor, and Jeroboam Martin would not stoop to do so.

For one second the two stared at each other grimly, square jaws shut, lips unsmiling, then Bartlett's hand shot forth and he clasped the Watermelon's.

"Ah, Martin," said he, "how are you, boy?"

And still holding him by the hand, he patted the Watermelon on his arm, jovially. After all he liked the boy, and right or wrong, wise or foolish, fate was against any other action, fate in the form of a half-drowned poodle dog.

The Watermelon rested his arm on Bartlett's shoulder with boyish affection. "Say, Bartlett," said he in a low voice, "I got drunk, hon-