Partners of the Tide

manded, "Git out. you brute!"

made matters worse.

mate. Sam Hammond

dents," she said.

"Here he is!" yelled one of the older

boys. "Here's your beau, Gus. He

won't let 'em plague his girl, you bet!"

"No," shouted Sam Hammond, "Gus-ty's all right now, ain't she? He'll take

"You shut up!" screamed Gus, break-

ing from the circle and stamping her

foot savagely. Her face was red, and

"It followed her to school one day,"

"What's the matter, Gus?" asked

"Haw, haw!" laughed Sam gleefully.

"What's the matter, Gus?" he added

"I told you so. Bradley 'll take care of

"Bradley Nickerson, so they say,

Goes a-courtin' night and day; Sword and pistol by his side,

And Gusty Baker 'll be his bride.

"Gusty had a little dog:

there were tears in her eyes.

continued the tormentor.

Bradley, coming up.

Ber.

mockingly.

Its fleece was black's a crow"

the fence.

care of her.

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

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Barnes & Co. ****** Go home, Winfield!" commanded

Bradley, coming to the rescue. Winfield had gone home by the shed route already that morning and didn't

propose to do it again. When his mistress tried to catch him he retreated to a safe distance and wagged his tail. "Oh, what shall we do?" wailed Gus. "Recess is 'most over, and if Mr. Daniels finds him here I flon't know what'll

happen!" Bradley made a dash at the dog, and the latter started on the run about the room. At length they drove him out the "boys' door" at the other side. Finally, being penned in with both doors shut and thoroughly frightened, he dashed into the closet which was between the doors, and hid behind the wood box.

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"Now." said Gus exultantly, "you watch that he don't get out, and I'll crawl in after him. Oh, my goodness, there's Mr. Daniels comin' now!"

The cowhide boots of the teacher were heard on the stairs. Bradley, in desperation, shut the closet door upon the imprisoned Winfield. Mr. Daniels stepped to the rope in the entry and gave it a pull. The bell above responded with a single note, and the scholars began to pour up the stairs.

'We will come to order," commanded the teacher. Bradley, glancing across the aisle at Gus, saw that she was as white as the whitewashed wall.

"First class in arithmetic," said Mr. Daniels, and then from the closet came a long, dismal whine. The first class in arithmetic stopped in its tracks and looked aghast. The whole school, with two exceptions, picked up its ears. The exceptions trembled.

"Ow-wow-wow!" came from the closet. Mr. Daniels strode across the floor and opened the door. "Whose dog is this?" he-demanded

sterniy. No one answered.

"Come out of that!" commanded the teacher savagely. He reached behind the wood box and, seizing the cowering Winfield by the scruff of the neck, tossed him into the room. "Whose dog is this?" he repeated.

Most of the scholars knew whose dog it was, but none of them told.

"I asked a question!" thundered the master. "Who put that-that creature in the closet?"

Bradley looked at his felle

THE BEACON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1918

and aiming a kick at the dog! he com-"I'll make you snivel worse 'n you" did in school this mornin'."

That kick was a mistake. Winfield "Well, Sam," exclaimed a spectator wasn't used to kicks, and this one scat- in huge disgust, "'fore I'd take that!" tered his doggish senses completely. The Hammond boy did not really He started on a panicky, yelping flight, want to fight, but, thus goaded, he sudhotly pursued by Bradley. Down the dealy gave Bradley a violent push aisle by the "boys' side," across the with both hands. The next instant back of the room among the feet of the both youngsters were clasped tightly "first class in arithmetic" and up the together, gripping each other about the aisle by the "girls' side" sped the chase, neck and wrestling savagely. In a At the end of the second lap the entire moment they fell with a thump and you'd speak to Bradley about it. You school was in an uproar. Mr. Daniels, -"olled" over and over, pounding, kicking white with rage, took a hand in the and scratching. The snow flew, and pursuit, and his efforts and those of the crowd whooped and pushed and two or three more volunteers only strained to see better.

Then there was a rush, a frightened At length the dog, hemmed in on scurry, and both combatants were both sides, hesitated in the middle of pulled apart and jerked to their feet, the broad aisle. Suddenly he darted while Mr. Daniels, holding each by toward the closet once more. Mr. Dan- the coat collar, glared down upon them. iels leaped to intercept him, -tripped, "You may come with me," he said, struck the stool upon which the bucket with chilling calmness. of drinking water was placed and

The scene in the school form that folsprawled upon the floor in the center lowed was brief, but exciting. Bradley of a miniature flood, while Winfield, held out his hand and bit his lip stub-leaping over him, darted through the bornly while the ferule descended entry and down the stairs, a shrieking once, twice, twelve times.

maniac. The dripping Mr. Daniels was phys- you may take your seat. For a new ically cool, but mentally very warm scholar you begin extremely well. liberality and two boys were

The Hammond hand having received "ferruled" before 12 o'clock came. One its share of beating and its owner also sent to his seat, Mr. Daniels said: "Both of you will lose your afternoon of these sufferers was Bradley's seat Bradley went home alone. When the recess. I shall also give each of you old maids asked him innumerable ques. a note, telling of your punishment, to tions concerning how he "got along" at school he simply answered, "All right," take home."

At half past 4 that afternoon Bradand gave no details. Miss Tempy was ley, with the note tightly clasped in somewhat worried at his silence and his hand, walked dismally up the walk confided to her sister the fear that he had been "studyin' too hard." "All our to the Allen back door. The thought that he had disgraced himself forever people have been dreadful keen stuin the eyes of his protectors burned like a fire under his new cap; also there It was nearly 1 o'clock when the boy was a bitter feeling that Gus, the cause re-entered the school yard. As he did of all his trouble, had not been near so a shout went up from a group near him to console or ask pardon.

not thought of destroying the note. He handed it to Miss Prissy the moment he opened the door. She read it and sat heavily down in the chintz rocker. "My soul and body!" she wailed. "Tempy Allen, come here this minute! Here, for mercy's sake, read this!"

more marked than that of her sister. "Oh, oh, oh!" she cried, waving the condemning sheet of paper like a distress signal. "How could you? How could you? I don't b'lieve a relation of the Allens was ever whipped in school before. What shall we do, Prissy? And his first day too!"

Bradley, with direful thoughts of self destruction in his mind, twisted his new cap into a ball, but said nothing. "He says you were fightin' and there was somethin' else," said Miss Prissy. "Tell the whole story now -every

word." The boy began slowly. He told of shutting the dog in the closet, but was

"She's noisy and a tomboy," said there were chores to do, but there was Miss Prissy decidedly. "Yes," said Miss Tempy; "and

likes those dreadful dogs." "Um-hum," answered their visitor, with unimpeachable seriousness. "Of. course that's a terrible drag, but maybe she'll cut 'em adrift when she gits older.'

"Well, we don't like her," said Miss Prissy, with decision. "And we wish excursion off Setuckit Point. know," she added, looking down, "I and fateful results. The captain had put a lot of dependence in your judgment, Cap'n Titcomb." "So do I," said Miss Tempy quickly;

"jest as much-as Prissy does.' I b'lieve in you absolutely, Cap'n Ezra." "Yes, yes, of course," hurriedly rethe Allen house the following Sunday.

plied the captain. "Well, I'll speak to But it happened that Peleg Myrick the boy by and by and see what I can wanted to make one of his infrequent do "Brad," he said, as they came out of the Allen gate after dinner, "what's

cathoat containing Bradley and Capthis I hear 'bout you gittin' the rope's end yesterday? Never mind spinnin' tain Ezra as it passed his quahaug dory and beg for a passage up. the whole yarn. I cal'late I've heard the most of it. You and the Hammond lived alone in a little two room shanty boy had a scrimmage, too, didn't you?" on the beach about half a mile from

"Yes, sir," said Bradley doggedly. Setuckit Point. He owned a concer-"Hum! Think you'd have licked tina that squeaked and walled and a

him if the skipper hadn't took a hand?". Mexican dog-gift of a wrecked skip-Bradley looked up at his questioner. per-that shivered all the time and saw the twinkle in his eye and an-



swered with a sheepish grin: "Don't know. Guess I'd have tried mighty hard.'

The captain roared. "I presume likely you would," he chuckled. "I understand you've sort of took that little Baker craft next door in tow. She seems like a smart girl. Do you like her?"

"Yes. sir." "I jedge Prissy and Tempy wouldn't

courtin' one of the old maids." enter her for the cup. Now, Brad, mind Captain Titcomb scowled and looked ain't coaxin' you to go back on a

ticular about his clothes now, and his also all sorts of fun along shore, dignecktles were no longer selected by ging clams on the flats, spearing flat-Miss Tempy. To be seen with girls fish along the edge of the channels or was not so "sissified" in his mind as it used to be, but he still stuck to Gun, rare and much prized trips to the fish weirs where the nets were hauled and she was his "first choice" at par-Captain Titcomb came home in August ties, and he saw her home from prayer for an intended stay of two weeks, meeting occasionally. and he made the boy happy by taking As for the "dog girl" herself, she, too, him for an all day sail and blue fishing

That fishing trip had unexpected

the morning of his arrival in Orham

Mr. Peleg Myrick was a hermit. He

Among his other accomplishments

paid more attention to clothes, and her pets-though still numerous and just as disreputable in appearance-were made to behave with more decorum. Her called on Miss Prissy and her sister / hair was carefully braided now, her dresses came down to her boot tops. and, as was his custom, had brought and Miss Tempy grudgingly admitted each of them a present-exactly alike, that "if 'twas anybody else, I should of course. He had promised to dine at say she was likely to be good lookin' when she grows up."

The "last day" came, and Bradley and Gus were to graduate. In Orham visits to the mainland that week, and there is no graduation day. The eventhe seized the opportunity to hail the ful ending of the winter term is the "last day," and all the parents and relatives, together with the school committee and the clergymen, visit the

school to sit stifly on the settees and witness the ceremonies.

That evening after the "last day" exercises at school Bradley sat at home reading in the dining room. Miss Tempy, in the sitting room, was going over, for the fortieth time since it was written, the wonderful argument in favor of a "republican form of government," which Bradley had composed and had read at the school that day. As her sister entered the room she dropped the roll of paper in her lab and said solemnly:

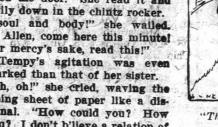
"Prissy Allen, it's my belief that when that boy first came here and I "smell a storm further 'n a cat can said that I wanted him to go to college and be a minister I was inspired. I declare I do! I've jest been readin' that piece of his again, and it beats any sermon I ever heard."

Miss Prissy seated herself in a rocker and looked solemnly at her sister. For a minute she gazed without speaking. Then suddenly, as if she had made up her mind, she rose, gave the dining room door a swing that would have shut it completely had not the corner of a mat interfered, and, coming back



It was typical of the boy that he had

Miss Tempy's agitation was even



spirator. Then he held up his hand. "I Bradley. did," he said.

Mr. Daniels' mouth opened in surprise. New pupils did not usually begin in this way. "You did?" he gasped.

"Yes, sir. He fol- I mean he came into the room when 'twas recess, and we-I tried to put him out, and he wouldn't go."

"So you shut him in the closet. Brilliant youth! As this is your first day here, I suppose I must stretch a point and believe it was not done on purpose. If it had been any other of the scholars I should have made an example of 'em. I am surprised that you should treat your little brother" (appreciative titter from the school) "in such a manner. You may put him out."

It was easy enough to command, but not so easy to do. The dog, frightened at the crowd, backed away when Brad-

ley approached. "Come here, Winfield," said the boy. his face a bright crimson. The school giggled at the name.

"Winfield?" repeated Mr. Daniels. Why that name, if you please?" "I-I don't know, sir."

"You den't know?"

"No, sir." And then the boy had a happy thought. "He's named after Gen'ral Hancock, I guess."

General Winfield Scott Hancock, in his role of statesman, was very much in the public eye just at this time. Mr. Daniels hesitated. He more than suspected the dog's real namesake, but wasa't sure and, being a weak man, was afraid of making a mistake. "Well, put the creature out!" he

marled. and then, losing his temper A New York man accused of marter was convicted of forgery. Evidently

he must have been clever both with the pen and the sword.

Dreadnoughts are built much arger not only will the Panama canal have to be widened out, but the oceans will have to be deepened.

A Frenchman has invented a device to test the energy. But we know nothing better than an old fashioned wood-pile on a Saturday afternoon.

Now that the gyroscope auto has appeared, some one should try to apply be same idea to chauffeurs who are at imes in special used of stabilizers.

A Kidney Remedy

Kidney troubles are frequently caused by badly digested food which overtakes these organs to eliminate the irritant acids formed. Help your stomach to properly digest the food by taking 15]to 30 drops of Extract of Roots, sold as Holler Seigel's Curative Syrup, and your hidney disorder will promptly disar. Get the g

his sho

maids won't know you."

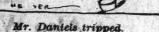
What is the repeated "None of your bus'ness!" snapped

Gus, who was in no mood to be friendly with any one. "You jest wait, Sam Hammond! I'll fix you! Got whipped in school! Ha, ha! Cry baby!" And she gave an exaggerated imitation of her enemy's facial contortions during

the "feruling" that morning. "Come on, Gus," interposed Clara Hopkins. "He isn't worth talkin' to. Come on, I've got somethin' to show VOD.

Gus reluctantly suffered herself to be led away amid the derisive hootings of Sam and his friends.

"Ain't you goin' with her?" asked Sam provokingly. "She wants her



Braddy, so's to take care of her if Winfeld comes to school again." Bradley's temper was slow to rise, but it was rising now.

"Who are you talkin' to?" he de-manded. A

"You. Who do you s'pose?" "Well, you'd better shut up." "I had? S'pose I don't want to?" "Then I'll make you-that's what!" "Yon will?" "Yes, I will."

"You ain't the size. Takes a man,

not a monkey." "I'll show you whether I'm the size ture. or not."

"You will?" "Aw, gee!" said one of the bigger boys. "T wouldn't take that from no Wellmouth kid, if I was you, Sam."

"Nor I, neither," said another. Thus encouraged, Sam bristled up to

his opponent and looked down at him sneeringly. Bradley didn't give way an inch, and the two boys rubbed jackets as they moved slowly about each other. The surrounding group

looked delightedly expectant. "Stop your shovin'!" commanded Sam, giving his enemy a push with

"Stop yourself," said Bradley, push-

"I'll put a head on you so's the old

interrupted by the older sister, who demanded to know whose dog it was. "Whose was it?" she asked. "Why don't you answer? Don't you know?"

"Yes'm." "Then whose was it?"

Bradley shifted his feet uneasily on the mat.

"I ain't goin' to tell," he muttered sullenly.

"Ain't goin' to tell? Why, I nev"-She was interrupted. The door behind Bradley flew open, and Gus appeared, tearful, but determined.

"Miss Prissy and Miss Tempy," she began, "don't you scold Bradley-don't you, now, a bit! It was all my fault. every mite of it. Oh, dear, dear!" And, with sobs and amid the ejacula tions of the astonished sisters, she told

the whole story, omitting nothing and sparing herself not the least. When the recital was finished Miss Prissy

was the first to comment upon it. "Well," she exclaimed, "this is the most-I never did- There, Tempy, if this ain't a lesson in keepin' bad comp'ny, then I don't know. Augusty,

you'd better go home, I think." Gus looked at Bradley appealingly, then at the sisters, and, with another burst of sobs, flung herself out of the deor and slammed it behind her.

"That awful dog girl!" sputtered Miss Tempy. "I knew what she was from the time she spolled this very floor with her dreadful critters. Bradley Nickerson, don't you ever speak to her again. Now promise."

But that promise the boy would not make, although the argument lasted for an hour and ended in his being sent to his room without his supper. "It looks to me," said Miss Prissy

that night, "as if we'd got about as much on our hands as you and me could handle, Tempy."

"It certainly does," agreed her sister nervously. "I think it's our duty te ask Cap'n Titcomb's advice right off."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the captain called, which be did the next forenoon, the tale of Bradley's eventful him in all its harrowing completeness. Miss Prissy, by previous agreement, acted as story teller, and Miss Tempy was a sort of chorus, breaking in every few moments to supply a neglected detail or comment on a particular fea-

"And we didn't know what to do." concluded Miss Prissy. "He wan't goin' to tell us whose dog it was, and"-"I don't b'lieve he ever would have told," broke in Miss Tempy, "if that 'dog girl' herself hadn't come bouncin'

"And he won't promise not to speak to her again, neither," continued the older sister. "We sent him to bed. without any supper"-

"That is, any real supper," interrupted the chorus. "Of course we took up some cookies and things when we found he wouldn't come down, but"-

"And he won't promise this mornin'. and he went to school without promisin'. What do you think we ought to do. Cap'n Titcomh?"

friend, but the old mai-that is, your ladies at home, have set out to make a man of you. They're your owners, and you're expected to sail 'cordin' to their orders. If there's one thing that I've always stuck to it's 'Obey orders or break owners.' Sometimes owners' orders don't jibe exactly with your own ideas, but never mind-they pay the wages, see?"

"She's a good girl," said the boy stoutly. "She came in and took my part when she didn't have to, and I like her. And I won't promise not to speak to her, neither."

The captain looked down at the lad's square jaw and whistled. "Well," he said, "I don't b'lieve you

need to promise, but don't whoop too loud about it. Run as close to the wind as you can, and don't carry all sail in a two reef breeze jest to show you ain't afraid to. Catch my drift?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bradley, rather doubtfully. "You mean be chums with the girl, but don't tell Miss Prissy and Miss Tempy about it." "No-q." Captain Ezra looked some-

what put out by the literal interpretation. "That ain't jest it. Be-well, be easy, and- Oh, thunder! Let it go at that. I guess you know what I mean. How do you think you're goin' to like your school?"

Bradley answered, "Pretty well, I guess, when I get more used to it;" but, although he did not say so, he was certain that it would take some time to get used to it. As a matter of fact. however, that very lively first day was the only serious trouble for him during the entire term. He was quick to learn and so found little difficulty with his

studies and advanced as rapidly as. other boys of his age. As for his behavior, it was no worse than that of any other healthy youngster. At the end of the year he was "promoted"that is, he was no longer a member of the fourth class, but instead proudly left his seat when the third was called. Gus was "promoted" also, much to the surprise of the "old maids," who

to do with her, for the very good reason that in this matter their urging was of no avail. They grew to understand | and unsatisfactory. their colt better as the months passed, and they learned just how tight a rein t was advisable to draw.

Bradley also grew to understand the sisters. He discovered that Miss Prissy was the business woman and that she paid all the bills, bought all the household supplies and did it without conmiling Mass Temps, whom she treated set sort of doll with a mechanism that

must not be jarred. Bradley made friends among the village boys and did not make any virulent enemies. He had his interrupted

fight "out" with Sam Hammond and emerged a conqueror with a black eye and a swollen nose, which were the cause of his being in disgrace at home for a week. Also he joined the "Jolly club," a secret society that met on Saturday afternoons in "Snuppy" Black's

uneasily at his passenger. "She did, hey?" he grunted. "Yes. I told her I didn't take no stock in that. 'Cap'n Ez,' I says, 'has been courtin' too many times sence I can remember,' I says. 'One time 'twas Mary Emma Cahoon, 'nother time 'twas Seth Wingate's sister's gal, then ag'in 'twas' "-

ried vit, be you?"

what's left."

"All right! All right!" broke in the captain, glancing hurriedly at Bradley. "Never mind that. How's the quahaugin' nowadays? Gittin' a fair price?"

"Pretty fair," replied Peleg. Then, with the persistency of the born gossip, not to be so easily diverted from his subject, he went on: "I told M'lissy that, but she said there wan't scarcely a doubt that you meant bus'ness this time. Said you fetched presents every time you come home. Said the only doubt in folks' minds was whether twas Prissy or Tempy you was after. Said she was sure you was after one on 'em, 'cause she as much as asked 'em one time when she was at their house, and they didn't deny it." Mr. Myrick talked steadily on this and other subjects all the way to the wharf, but Captain Ezra was silent and thoughtful. He shook hands with Bradley at the gate of the Traveler's

Rest and said goodby in an absentminded way. "I s'pose you'll be 'round to dinner Sunday, Cap'n Ez?' said the boy. "Hey? Sunday? Well, I don't know

It might be that I shall be called back to the schooner sooner than I expect. Can't tell." Sure enough, the next day the sisters received a note from their ex-

pected guest saying that he was obliged to leave at once for Portland and could not, therefore, be with them ou Sunday. The ladies were disappointed. but thought nothing more of the matter at the time. It was nearly six months before the captain visited Orham again, and during this visit he did not come pear the big house. He waylaid Bradley, however, asked him could not believe there was any good all about himself, how he was getting in the "dog girl." They gradually ceas- on at school and the like, but when ed to urge the boy not to have anything the boy asked if he, the captain, wasn't "comin'_round to see the folks pretty soon" the answer was vague

"Why, I-I don't know's I'll have time," was the reply. "I'm pretty busy, and- Give 'em my regards, will you, Brad? I've got to be runnin' on now. So long."

It was the same during the next "shore leave," the following November. Captain Titcomb saw Bradley several times, gave him a six bladed jackknife and took him for a drive

over to the big cranberry swamp owned by the Ostable company, but he did not call on the old maids. Three more years of school and va-

cations, with "chores" and sailing and cranberry picking, followed. Bradley was sixteen. His voice, having passed through the squeaky "changing" period, now gave evidence of becoming what Miss Tempy called a "beautiful louble bass, jest like father's." He was large for his age, and his shoul-Turing the long summer vacation ders were square. He was more par....

Tempy, we've hardly got any money left.

to her chair, said slowly, "Tempy, I'm afraid we'll never be able to send Bradley to college." The precious manuscript fell from

Miss Tempy's lap to the floor. "Why-why, Prissy Allen!" she ex-

claimed. "What do you mean?" "I mean we can't do what we've hoped to do. Oh, dear! I-I don't know what we'll do. Tempy, we're hardly got any money left!"

(To be continued)

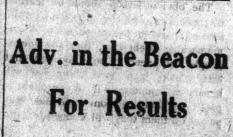
Farmers of Canada Have Much at Stake In the Victory Loan

Money From Loan Needed to Finance Exports of Farm Products to Britain.

The Canadian farmer stands to gain or lose much through the success or failure of the Victory Loan. He is much more dependent on # for the ready sale of his products than has generally been realized. Some there are, even to-day, who fail to grasp the facts of the situation. It is a mistaken idea that all a farmer has to do these days is to raise grain, cattle, hogs; or produce cheese, butter or eggs and he is sure to find a ready market at high cash prices. A keen demand for these products, of course, exists, and Great Britain will take all of them that Canada has to spare; but the demands of the war have been so heavy that she cannot pay cash for all these things. She must have credit. It is here that the Dominion Government steps in, and provides the cash. obtaining the necessary through the Victory Loan. funds

The farmers should be as enthus astic over the Victory Loan campaign as any other class. If it is no a decided success they stand to loss heavily/ But if they subscribe to B liberally and endeavor to get others do so, its complete success ssured.

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