

Partners of the Tide

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

Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

"We're so glad you've come, cap'n," said Miss Prissy, after the fans were laid on the table. "We've got so many things to talk to you about, and we want to ask your advice. Bradley, don't you think you'd like to go out into the dinnin' room a little while?"

The boy, acting upon this decided hint, went into the dining room, and Miss Prissy shut the door after him.

"Now, Cap'n Titcomb," she began, "I s'pose you were awfully surprised to hear we'd took a boy to bring up? Well, you ain't any more surprised than we are to think we should do such a thing. But it seemed as if we just had to or else give up bein' Christians altogether. I'll tell you how it was."

And she did tell him, beginning with the exact relationship between Bradley's mother and the Allens, expatiating upon the shiftlessness of the boy's father and how he "never saved a cent," nor even took out an insurance policy to provide for his son in case of his own death.

"But, mercy me," she exclaimed, lifting her hands, "what on earth we'll do with a boy is more'n I know. What shall we do?"

"Bring him up in the way he ought to go. I guess," replied the captain calmly. "Send him to school first thing. How is he off for clothes?"

"Hasn't got any that are fit for anything but the rag bag," replied Miss Prissy with decision. "And that's another thing. Who's goin' to buy 'em for him? I'm sure I don't know what a boy needs to wear any more than a cat."

"I'll buy his fit out, if you want me to," said the captain. "Take him down to Weeks' store right now, if you say the word."

"Oh, I wish you would. You pay Mr. Weeks, and I'll pay you."

They pressed the captain to stay for dinner, or at least to return for that meal, but he declined, promising, however, to dine with them before he went back to his vessel.

"Come on, Brad," he said, entering the dining room; "you and me's goin' on a cruise downtown."

Bradley put on the shabby overcoat and cap for the last time and walked down to the back gate and along the sidewalk with the captain.

Meanwhile Miss Tempy, seated in the rocker by the window and holding a fan in each hand, was examining them with the greatest care.

"Prissy," she said at last in a solemn tone, "they're jest exactly alike."

"Yes," said her sister, with a stifled sigh, "they're jest alike."

CHAPTER III.

IN "Weeks' store" was to be found an assortment of wares ranging from potatoes and razors to molasses and ladies' dress goods. Somewhere within this extensive range was a limited supply of what Mr. Weeks' advertisement in the item called "Youths', Men's and Children's Clothing in Latest Styles at Moderate Prices." The styles were "late"—about a year late—and the prices were moderate when the lengthy period of credit given to customers is taken into consideration.

Captain Titcomb, exchanging greetings with the half dozen loungers by the stove, whose business there was, as Mr. Weeks himself said, "to swap had tobacco smoke for heat," passed to the rear of the store, followed by Bradley. There he proceeded to select an entire outfit for the boy calculated to clothe him in successive layers from the skin outward. When the pile of garments on the counter was complete the captain and Mr. Weeks entered into a lengthy argument concerning price. There was a "Sunday hat" involved in the transaction, and about this piece of headgear the battle waged fiercest.

"It's too much money, Caleb," said the captain finally. "I guess I'll try the New York store. Tom Emery's always treated me fair enough, and I'll give him a chance. Come on, Brad."

"I'll take off a quarter on the suit," conceded the storekeeper, who was loath to see so much custom go to a rival.

"No," was the reply, "that ain't enough to amount to anything. Tell you what I'll do, Caleb. Throw in that Sunday hat and I'll take the lot and pay you cash for it and run my risk of fittin' the money."

So the bargain was concluded on that basis. Bradley retired to his back room and emerged clothed in his new garments and tremendously conscious of the fact. The captain said he looked so fresh that you could "smell the paint on him."

"Say, Caleb," said "Squealer" Wixon after Captain Titcomb and his protégé had left the premises, "did Ez tell you who that boy was?"

"No, he didn't. I hinted two or three times, but he wouldn't say."

"Well, I'll tell you. 'Twas the old maids' boy—Ben Nickerson's son. Barney said he brought him over in the coach last night."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the chopfallen Mr. Weeks. "Well, if that ain't enough to— Ez made me throw in a hat that was wuth a dollar 'n' a half 'cause he said he'd pay cash for everything and take his chance of gittin' his money back. And Prissy and Tempy always pay cash for everything. Regular Titcomb trick!"

The loaters about the store roared with delight.

"Oh, I tell you," remarked "Squealer," "you've got to keep your weather eye peeled when you're dealin' with Cap'n Ez. He'll have you, head and scales, if you ain't careful!"

"That's all right," grumbled "Bluey" Bachelor, "but he'll git fetched up all standin' some of these days. You can call him smart if you want to, but it's pretty risky smartness, most folks think. You notice his schooner's always makin' record trips, and he's always havin' presents give him and all that. How many presents did you have give to you, Cap'n Jabez, when you was runnin' a coaster?"

"Not a one," indignantly replied the person addressed, Captain Jabez Bailey. "Not a one. What I got I had to work for."

It may be that Captain Jabez overworked during his sea experiences. Certainly no one in Orham had known him to do a stroke of work since he retired to live on his wife's earnings as a dressmaker.

"Well," commented Captain Eri Hedge, who was not a member of the circle, but had dropped in to buy some tobacco, "I like Cap'n Ez. He does love to git the best of a bargain, and he's a 'driver' on a vessel, and perhaps he likes to shave the law pretty close sometimes. Ez is a regular born gambler for takin' chances, but I never knew him to do a mean trick."

"What do you call that game he put up on the old maids?" asked "Squealer." "You know 'bout that, didn't you, Jabez? Seems Prissy and Tempy wanted to sell that little piece of cranberry swamp of theirs 'cause it didn't pay them to take care of it and keep it in shape. Prissy told Seth Wingate about it, and Seth said he didn't want it, but that he'd give them so and so a fair price, consid'rin'." Well, they was goin' to sell it to Seth, but Ez comes home 'bout that time, hears of the deal and goes to Prissy and buys it for \$50 mor'n Seth offered. And inside of three months along comes that Ostable company and buys all that land for their big swamp. They say Titcomb made more'n a hundred dollars out of that deal. If you don't think that's a mean trick, Cap'n Eri, you ask Seth Wingate what he thinks of it."

"I know about that," said Captain Eri calmly, "and I think it was jest another case of Ez's takin' chances; that's all. Seth's growlin' is only sour grapes. Ez knew the Ostable folks was talkin' 'bout layin' out a big swamp over here some time or other. He jest bought the Allen piece and run his risk. You notice Prissy and Tempy ain't findin' no fault. They think he's the only man in town. Fact is, he is the only man, outside of the minister, that they'll have any dealin' with. Queer pairin' off that is—Ez and the minister!" he chuckled.

"Oh, women's fools, anyhow," snorted Captain Jabez savagely. "Ez Titcomb always could wind 'em 'round his fingers. He's been next door to keepin' comp'ny with more girls'n a few in this town sence he was old enough to leave school, but he don't go far enough to git engaged or nothin' like that. Minute there's any talk that he's likely to git married to one of 'em, away goes Ez, and that's the end of that courtin'. And yet, spite of their talk 'bout his bein' slick and hints that he's tricky they're always heavin' up to a feller. 'How smart Cap'n Titcomb is,' and 'Why don't you make money same as Cap'n Ezry?' 'Nough to make an honest man sick."

Captain Eri made his purchases and went home, but the others continued to dissect Ezra Titcomb's character, and the general opinion seemed to be that he would "bear watchin'."

Meanwhile the captain, unconscious of all this, plotted Bradley to the corner of the road upon which the Allen sisters lived, and there left him with a message to the effect that he (the captain) would call next day. Then he sought his room at the "Traveler's Rest," there to read the paper of the day before, while the boy, with his big bundle of old clothes and new "extras," walked homeward alone.

The Allen house was on the "lower road," and to reach it you turned the corner just above "Web" Saunders' billiard room and went on past "Lem" Mallett's stable, and the Methodist "buryn' ground"—the sects in Orham cannot, apparently, agree even after they're dead, for each denomination has its separate cemetery—past the late Captain Saunders' estate and on up the hill overlooking the bay. Bradley had just reached the little house next door to the Allens, when, through the side gate of its yard, there darted a small, ragged looking dog, barking as if it went by steam. It was followed by a big dog, also barking, and this in turn was followed by another and still another. None of the animals was handsome and none looked as if it was good for much except to bark, but each seemed to feel that it was its special duty to devour the boy before the others got a chance at him. On they came, a noisy procession, growling and snapping.

Bradley put down his bundle and looked about for a stone, but the snow covered the road, and there were no stones in sight. He poised himself on one foot and held the other ready for a kick. The dogs formed a circle about him and the racket was blood curdling.

Out of the gate darted a slim girl in a red dress, brandishing a broom. "They won't hurt you!" she screamed, running to the rescue. "Stop it, Peter! Be quiet, Rags! Go home, Tuesday! Winfield, I'll give it to you!"

The dogs dodged the broom and retired to a safe distance, wagging their tails and doing their best to indicate that they were only making believe anyhow. Winfield, the small dog that had led the attack, was the most persistent, and he snapped at the broom in high glee, evidently considering that it was waded for his particular amusement.

"They got away before I could stop 'em," panted the girl. "Grandma's gone to the store, and I went out in the woodshed to play with 'em, and they jumped out of the door first thing. They don't mean anything; they're just full of it, that's all."

"I wasn't scared," said Bradley. "I didn't believe they'd bite, I like dogs." "Do you?" said the girl eagerly. "So do I. Grandma says she does, too, in moderation. The old maids don't though. Oh, I forgot. You're the old maids' boy, ain't you? I saw you out in their yard with Miss Prissy this mornin'."

"Yes, I saw you too. You live in here, don't you?"

"Um-hum. Oh, my goodness! I haven't got any rubbers on, and grandma said if I got my feet wet today she didn't know but she'd skin me. I must go right back and dry 'em before she comes. I've had a cold; that's why I ain't to school. How'd I ever get these dogs in?"

"I'll help you if you want me to," volunteered Bradley. "Will you? That's splendid. Come on!"

Bradley carried his bundle to the back steps of the little house and then returned to assist at the dog catching. It wasn't an easy operation, but a tin dish scientifically rattled by his new acquaintance tempted all but the wary Winfield, and a bone finally decoyed the latter inside the woodshed, and the door was slammed and bolted upon the humbugged pack.

"There!" exclaimed the girl, "that's all right! I hope grandma won't notice the tracks in the snow. If she's only forgot her glasses it's all right. Now come into the kitchen hill I put my feet in the oven. What's your name?"

"Bradley Nickerson. Most folks call me Brad."

"That's a good name. My last name's Baker. I hate my first one—it's Augusta. Ain't that the worst? Grandma calls me 'Gusty.' Ugh! You can call me 'Gus' if you want to. It sounds more like a boy's name. I wish I was a boy."

"Why?"

"Oh, because a boy can do things and doesn't have to be 'ladylike.' If I was a boy nobody would think it was funny for me to like dogs, and I could have as many as I wanted."

"I should think you had a good many now. Where did you get 'em all?"

"Oh, just found 'em. Rags came here one day himself. I call him Rags because he looks as if he was all ravelled. And Peter, the blacksmith gave me. Said I could have him if I'd get him out of his sight. He sort of named himself. And Tuesday was named that because I found him on Tuesday when I was on a picnic over to East Harniss. And Winfield—he's the newest one—came on Cap'n Burgess' fishing schooner and nobody wanted him, so they gave him to me. I named him Winfield because his face looks like our schoolteacher, Winfield Scott Daniels; hateful old thing! Wouldn't he be mad if he knew I named a dog after him! You're goin' to school, ain't you?"

"I s'pose so. They haven't said anything about it yet."

"I hope you will. You'll be upstairs, of course."

"Upstairs" means, in Orham, the grammar and higher grades. "Downstairs" is the primary department. Bradley answered that he supposed he should be "upstairs." He was just beginning to go "upstairs" in Wellmouth.

"How do you like the old maids—Miss Prissy and Tempy. I mean? Ain't they awful strict?"

"I don't know; I haven't been with 'em long enough to find out. They're mighty clean, ain't they?"

"Oh, dreadful! And they don't like a noise, and they don't like dogs, and they don't like me. They call me the 'dog girl.' I heard 'em. One time I went in there for grandma, and Tuesday and Peter followed me, and first thing you know, they tracked mud all over the dinnin' room. My, but wasn't Miss Prissy mad! But you just ought to have seen that floor," she chuckled.

Bradley thought of the spotless oil-cloth and appreciated the situation. In the course of the conversation that followed he learned that Gus was an orphan, like himself, and that she lived there alone with her grandmother. Suddenly the girl snatched her steaming shoes out of the oven to run to the window.

"I thought I heard the gate shut," she exclaimed. "Yes, it's grandma. Praps you'd better dodge out of the other door. She'll ask questions and find out about my feet if you don't. Goodbye. Praps I'll see you at school tomorrow."

Bradley picked up his bundle—he had brought it in with him—and slipped out of the side door, presenting himself a moment later in the glory of his new clothes to the critical gaze of the old maids.

When Bradley started for school the next day his head was ringing with instructions from the old maids concerning his behavior and attention to his studies.

"Now, be a good boy, Bradley," said Miss Prissy.

"Yes, Bradley," said Miss Tempy. "Remember, we expect a great deal of you. All our people have been smart scholars."

"Just as he turned into the main road he heard some one calling and turned to see his acquaintance of yesterday, the girl next door, running to catch up, her hood slipped back from her hair and a dented tin pail in her hand. Being a girl, Gus carried her noon luncheon during the winter months instead of coming home to eat it.

On the way to school they met another girl, whom Gus introduced as Clara Hopkins, a chum of hers. "She's tiptop. I sit with her. She's got most as many checks as I have," was her recommendation.

Upstairs at the schoolhouse was a large room, with rows of double desks on each side and a wide aisle in the center. One side of the aisle was the girls' side, and the other was the boys. Mr. Daniels stiffly shook hands with the new scholar, asked him some questions concerning his progress in his studies and showed him where he should sit. The more advanced pupils occupied the desks at the rear of the room, and the younger ones—Bradley among them—sat in front. Bradley's seat mate was an older boy than he, rather good looking, with curly hair. His name, so he whispered before school began, was Sam Hammond.

As recess Bradley went out on the playground for a little while, but he felt rather lonesome among so many strangers and so returned to the schoolroom. It was empty, the teacher taking his customary "constitutional" in the yard. After a few minutes Gus came bounding in.

"Why, Brad," she exclaimed, "where've you been? I've been lookin' for you. Why didn't you come on out?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the boy. "I don't know any of the feller's yet."

"Well, you're goin' to know 'em. Oh, my goodness! Winfield!"

The stub tailed dog sat panting at her feet, three inches of red tongue hanging from its mouth.

"You naughty, naughty dog!" cried Gus almost in tears. "How dare you! Go home this minute!"

(To be continued)

PATROL STEAMER LOST

Victoria, B. C., Oct. 31.—"Hold full of water send help."

This was the faint wireless message picked up at three o'clock yesterday morning from the Canadian patrol steamer *Galiano* by wireless. Although the worst is feared, in view of the fact that no further message has been picked up, in answer to the calls finished since the first one was received from the foundering steamer, it is considered possible that the naval steamer's aerial apparatus was carried away during the high gale blowing off Triangle Island during Tuesday night.

Furthermore it is realized that the emergency dynamo may have been put out of commission by the heavy seas, which, according to the first message sent out, must have flooded the vessel as she was battling against the storm.

The vessel left Triangle Island at nine o'clock Tuesday night from Ikeda Bay, and it is expected that disaster overtook the vessel off cape St. James, a rocky point at the southern end of the Queen Charlotte group. Rescue vessels have been rushed to the scene and are now patrolling the vicinity in an effort to locate the vessel or get some trace of her.

While it is impossible to secure any official information regarding the number of men on the ship when she cleared from Esquimalt naval yards, it is understood that she carried a crew of fifty. The majority of her officers are residents of Victoria.

The complement of the *Galiano* follows: Lieut. M. P. Pope, commander; F. Greenfields, chief engineer; J. Gilbert, chief officer; M. J. Neary, wireless operator; J. Vinnie, boatswain; P. W. Watson, P. J. Edmund, P. Williamson, A. J. Ewekes, A. O. Jones, W. A. Webbs, Wm. Guffin, R. E. Newlen, F. G. Peters, R. McLeod, A. E. Hume, C. Chadbury, H. Musty, C. S. Bale, J. Sandborne, chief steward; R. Stewart, second engineer; A. E. P. Munro, F. C. Poere, T. F. Kane, W. G. Ferrialt.

T. Wallace, W. J. Stafford, W. G. King, H. Merco, J. Young, M. Dobbin, P. Aitken and A. R. Ordoño.

When the *Galiano* left here for the west coast she did not carry her full complement, a number of the men falling victims to the influenza epidemic.

The *Galiano* was a vessel of 393 tons gross, and was built at Dublin, Ireland, in 1913, to the order of the Dominion Government. She was 162 feet long. She was designed for the Canadian fisheries patrol services, and since the war she was used as a patrol ship.

The naval service department announces that all hands of the auxiliary patrol vessel *Galiano* were lost when the vessel sank on October 30. The next of kin have been informed by the Department of Naval Service.

Ottawa, Nov. 4.—The Department of Naval Service has given out the official list of officers and men of the patrol boat *Galiano*, wrecked off the coast of British Columbia last week, missing and drowned. The missing number 36, including five boys who were in training, while three are given as drowned because their bodies have been recovered. The list includes: N. L. Prince, Pointe St. Charles, Montreal; George H. Musly, Lennoxville, P. Q.; Wm. G. Theriault, Deer Island, N. B.

Freemen Buy Bonds.

Slaves Wear Them!

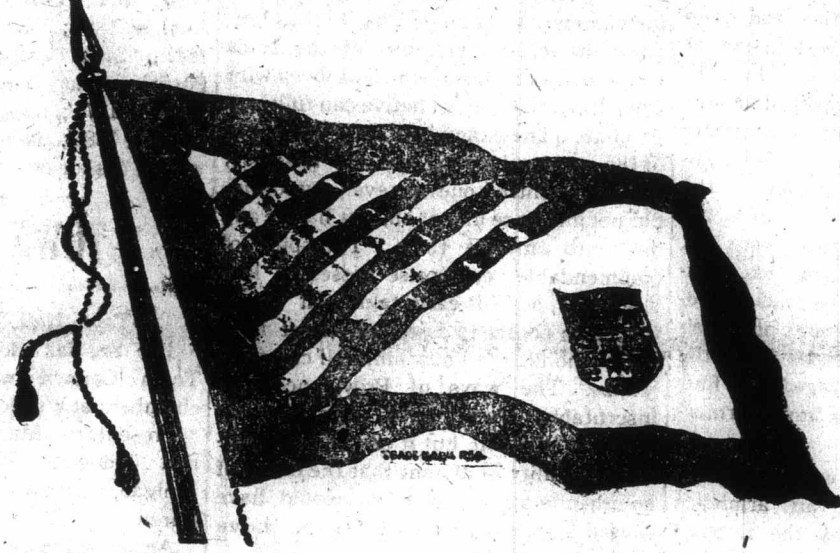
DRINKING LIKE A SPONGE

Unable Seaman—"When I come round again the surgeon e' says to me, 'I'm blooming sorry, mate, I don't know what I was thinking about,' he says, 'but there's a sponge missin', and I believe it's inside yer.' 'What's the odds?' I says, 'let it be. And there it is to this day.'"

Gullible Old Gentleman—"Bless my soul!"

Unable Seaman—"I don't feel no particular pain from it, but I do get most uncommonly thirsty."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.



How Many Crowns for Your Honor Flag?

Of course every city, town and district (will earn its Honor Flag.

But how about the crowns?

For every twenty-five per cent. in excess of its quota, each city, town and district will be entitled to add a crown to its flag.

Can you do fifty per cent. better than your quota—that means two crowns for your Honor Flag.

But double your quota and it means four crowns.

Hang a Flag in your hall, that for years to come will show that your city, town or district did better than well—

That it was a real factor in the huge success of CANADA'S VICTORY LOAN 1918.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada

Adv. in the Beacon
For Results