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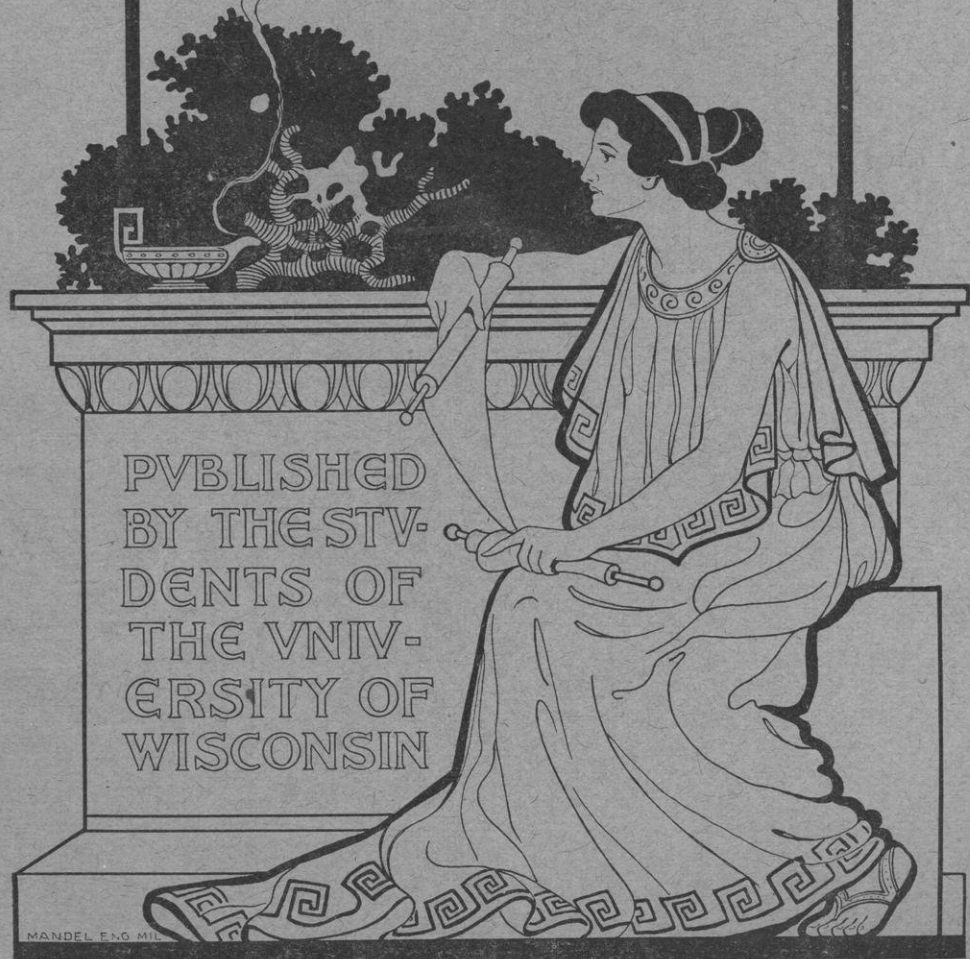
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THE WISCONSIN LITERARY MAGAZINE



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DECEMBER, 1905

No. 3

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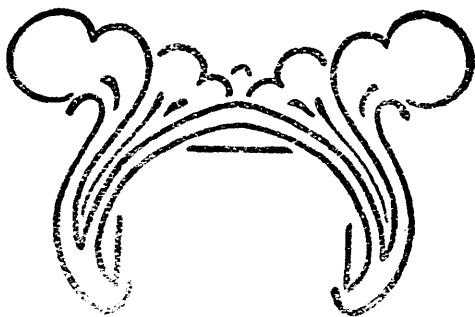
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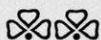
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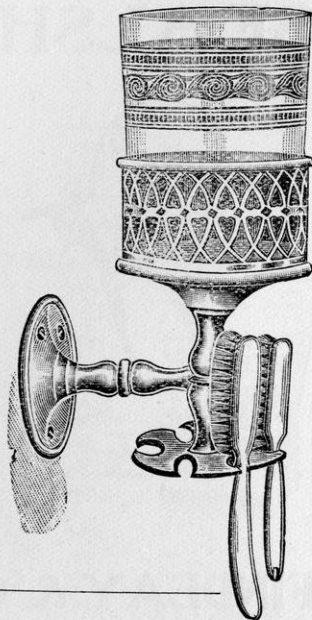
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THE
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DECEMBER, 1905

VOLUME III

NUMBER 3

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**THE REFORM MOVEMENT AT QUARTZ
CITY**

By R. T.

Graft and vice must depart from Quartz City. Such was the word that went forth from the self-appointed committee, consisting of Tom Andrews, Ike Thompson, Gus Smith, "Doughy" Wilkins, and thirty other determined and self-reliant men, who had lost their month's wages in drink and gaming at the Red Light saloon.

It was along towards noon that the idea had received its inception. "Doughy" Wilkins, in dirty garments, with rumpled hair, sleepy, blood-shot eyes, and a down-cast, dissipated, lackadaisical expression all over his face, rose from a heavy slumber precisely at eleven o'clock and dragged his weight listlessly out into the street. The summer sun shone

fiercely upon the baked, dusty road, and "Doughy," as he stood there, irresolute in its fiery shafts, felt a compelling thirst come over his whole being. His eyes, painfully conscious of the intense glare, throbbed, his skin was so dry and hot that when "Doughy" expanded his jaws in a spiritless yawn it seemed to crackle like parchment, his throat burned as though it formed a bed for all the fires of hell.

"Doughy" was decidedly wretched. His case would yield to nothing but homeopathic treatment. A few minutes past eleven "Doughy" Wilkins dragged his well-nigh smoking carcass under the refuge of the Red Light's roof. He called for whisky, and got it; he called for brandy, and got it. Two more whiskies, a cocktail, a seltzer, four glasses of beer and another seltzer made "Doughy" begin to feel like a man once more.

Now "Doughy" was short of change, the hangers-on around the Red Light being too sharp at cards for the visiting cowboys. On demand for payment, "Doughy" succinctly stated his case.

"Money be d——d; how the h—ll can a man be expected to have money in a blood-sucking den like this?"

The man behind the bar retorted in an ungenerous and heartless manner, and ordered "Doughy" to go out and stay away till he had the money wherewith to slake his thirst.

It was beneath "Doughy's" dignity to argue the matter further. He went out and sat down in the shade of the building that served as general store and postoffice besides. He was in a thoughtful mood, consequently in an ugly one, for "Doughy's" mind, when it worked, labored, and thereby irritated him considerably. And as "Doughy" sat there his crude ideas gradually began to assume some shape, and when Ike Thompson came forth a little later, looking weary and morose in the heat of the day, and also rubbing the sleep from his eyes, just as "Doughy" had done some few minutes before, his ideas had assumed a well-nigh definite plan. His countenance brightened up as Ike crossed the

street and entered the portals of the Red Light saloon. His face became positively cheerful, as the sound of loud words, given proper weight and importance by an intermingling of timely and appropriate oaths, reached his ears.

Presently Ike came out, evidently in high dudgeon, spitting imprecations from his lips and hurtling his fists through the air like two brown balls.

At sight of "Doughy" his eyes blazed still more fiercely, for he beheld in the former a sympathizer with him in his wrath.

When he paused at length for breath, "Doughy" perceived the psychological moment, and took the opportunity to insert his plan in the gap.

"Let's reform Quartz City of its graft," he said laconically.

"Hey?" said Ike.

"I say, let's rescue our beloved city from its depths of degradation and corruption," said "Doughy," happily recalling the words of the Philadelphia Times.

"What in h—ll do you call corruption?"

"The Red Light's methods of doing business," said "Doughy."

"By Gawd, yes, let's string the blasted bar-keep up." Ike was still in a towering passion.

By this time most of the boys were up and had gathered around in a curious group.

"What's up anyway?" asked Gus Smith.

First Ike told the story of how, being penniless, the bartender at the Red Light had brutally denied him a drink. Then "Doughy" sprang his project of reform.

It was received with acclamation.

Tom Andrews, the orator, arose. He said:

"Philadelphia has had her Weaver, New York City her Jerome, Missouri her Folk, and Quartz City has her 'Doughy' Wilkins."

When the applause had subsided, some one asked:

"What is your plan, 'Doughy'?"

“Go to the Red Light to-night, chase out all the gamblers, fire the bar-keep, and blow the old shooting match up.”

“But sakes alive, man, don’t you know that this is the nearest place where we can get a drink?” said Toby Hendricks, who always drank copiously, but without hilarity, and thoughtfully.

“Yes, I know,” said “Doughy,” a trifle sullenly at this unexpected opposition to his plans, “but we’ve jest got to have reform, boys, no matter what the cost may be.”

“Oh h—ll!” some one ejaculated.

“You fellows are too damnably bestial,” said “Doughy.”

His thirst had been slaked, it will be remembered. Hence, he could afford to play the stoic.

“I say,” continued “Doughy,” “you can’t have a reform movement without sacrificing something, can you? Don’t Minneapolis go dry on Sunday? There’s graft to-day in everything—in patent medicines, in football—and I say that graft must go from Quartz City.”

“Why, look here; we can fire graft and the bar-keep too,” said Toby Hendricks. “It isn’t hard to find a bar-keep. There’s many an honest man that’s willing to take the job.”

And so the matter was agreed upon.

It was growing dark in Quartz City. The shadows of the great mountains crept over the plains as though searching for company in their isolation and loneliness. To one seeing from afar, the lights of the little town began to twinkle here and there. With the sinking of the sun a coolness had crept over the earth. In the western sky shone the evening star and the new moon.

Then slowly the reformers of Quartz City began to assemble within the walls of the Red Light saloon itself. First appeared Tom Andrews, who silently took his seat at one of the tables. There was the usual gang of gaming men about, and one of them asked Tom if he would not play.

“No,” said Tom; “my last cent went last night.”

"Oh, in that event," said the man, good-naturedly, "I'll lend you twenty-five, and double my stakes against yours. But first let's have something to drink."

"Now I call that handsome of you," said Tom.

The next one to step in was "Doughy" Wilkins. He entered with a sullen, defiant air that but too plainly betrayed something was amiss.

"Why," said the bar-tender, grasping firmly "Doughy's" hand before the latter could withdraw it; "you surely ain't mad at what I said this morning? Come, I'll stand the rounds. I was only joking. The boss here has been sore at me ever since."

But "Doughy" was made of sterner moral fibre than this. "No," he said firmly. And resolutely knocked the proffered glass of whisky from the saloon man's hand.

A wave of apprehension passed from face to face, but all were silent. In good truth the Red Light seemed in danger not only of having its goose with golden eggs killed, but of having it cooked as well.

Slowly the thirty other odd men drifted in, some few taking the attitude that "Doughy" took, but the majority sitting down to the drinks and cards so freely offered.

Gradually, however, one after another of these abstainers fell in line with the rest, and by midnight "Doughy" himself was half-way uncertain of his faculties.

Still the hangers-on of the place did not part with their looks of anxiety altogether. The mine upon which they were sitting might explode at any minute, they knew.

And then, as the clock again began a recount of the hours, "Doughy" Wilkins rose to the occasion. He could stand but with difficulty. Nevertheless, there he was upon a table, swaying about somewhat, but with his perceptions fairly clear.

"Boys," he began in a loud voice, and instantly the click of dice, the loud talk and noisy laughter died away. Every eye was turned upon him. The waiters leaned on their el-

bows at the bar, the professional gamblers turned an apprehensive eye in his direction, every cowboy was alert, feeling that the signal for the fray was about to be given.

"Doughy" perceived the effect his speech was likely to produce, and warmed up to the occasion.

"Boys," he said, "this won't do. The reform movement is trembling in the balance. Look at the fight in Noo York, in Philadelphia, in Maryland. We'll be called a bunch of four-flushers if we don't put this thing through. One good scrap of half an hour or so, an' its all over."

He swayed so heavily that it looked for a moment as though he was about to fall. But he recovered himself.

"You remember what we're here for tonight. This ain't no jollification. We ain't assembled here just to throw down liquor and sport with their d——d borrowed dough. No, sir. We've come here for reform—for reform, I say. We must wipe out once an' forever the graft in the Red Light saloon."

"Doughy" had finished, but his retirement was not as magnificent as his peroration, for with his last words his legs shot from under him and he sat down upon the table with a resounding crash.

For an instant there was a dead silence. Then some one laughed, and presently the place shook with merriment.

"Oh, hell!" said Ike Thompson, in derision.

And the gaming and drinking went on.

MIKE AND MAMIE

BY MARION E. RYAN.

The Browns have a new pet. I first saw it about a fortnight ago: a weak, spindly-legged little lamb, blatting and stumbling about the kitchen floor. If it succeeded in taking a respectable step or so, it ended always with its legs suddenly shooting out helplessly in four different directions, whence they were reassembled only with the greatest difficulty and a deal more slipping and sliding.

Just yesterday I stopped at the Brown farm on one of my Sunday strolls, and again saw the lamb. It had grown, and comported itself on the slippery floor with remarkable dexterity. It looked strong and healthy, and I should have wondered at its still remaining in the house, had I not known the complete and joyful subjection of the Browns to whatever animal chances to stand highest in favor at the moment.

I had scarcely seated myself and delivered an appropriate eulogy on the beauties of Mrs. Brown's flowering cactus, when the lamb plunged into the room, followed by a diminutive pug puppy, hurtled against my legs, trod on my toes, and tumbled, finally, up against Mrs. Brown with the air of one who has found a refuge. The puppy, having acquitted himself with honor, went to sleep on the rug.

"Mamie's a little coward. Aren't you, you rogue?" said Mrs. Brown, rubbing the lamb's black nose, and then gently essaying to withdraw her skirt from beneath Mamie's feet. But Mamie seemed to feel that, on those few square inches of blue serge, she was safe, and she quietly but firmly refused to budge.

"Well, then, stay if you want to," was Mrs. Brown's good-natured conclusion. And she turned her attention once more to me.

The talk rambled on, as talk will in a farmer's house. I was pretty well acquainted in the neighborhood, and I had

been brought up on a farm, so that we found topics a-plenty of common interest. We had discussed all the neighborhood news and the present outlook for crops, and I was just thinking it time to be stirring if I wished to finish my intended journey before dark, when I heard a curious little rough noise. I felt somehow that I had been hearing it for some time. Tipping my chair back on two legs so that I could get a glimpse of a certain part of the adjoining room, I craned my neck a little, and there was Mamie, lap, lap, lapping away upon the wall. I noticed then a row of little tongue-marks all around the room, at about the height of Mamie's head.

"Well, look at that lamb!" I exclaimed.

"What's she doing?" inquired Mrs. Brown, very unconcernedly.

"Licking the wall as fast as she can make her tongue go."

"Wood-work or calcimine, which?"

"Calcimine."

Mrs. Brown sprang from her chair.

"She mustn't do that. Here, Mamie, stop that now. Shoo! Scat!" And Mamie was routed from her evident relish of the calcimine by a great flapping of blue serge and a deluge of rebuke. Away she clattered into the kitchen and lay down on an old red comforter in the corner, for all the world like a scolded dog.

"I don't mind her licking the paint—Pa says he's going to get her a ladder and let her do the house-cleaning—but she mustn't lick the calcimine—Well, if there isn't Miss Skinner," she broke off suddenly, "and she's got that new bull pup of hers along, too. Bought it to protect her'n and Sally Biggs against tramps."

Looking over Mrs. Brown's shoulder as she stood at the window, I beheld, coming up the path, Miss Marthy Skinner, who lived something over a mile and a half down the road. Report had it that she dominated, terribly, her co-worker, Sally Biggs, and that the reason Sally never went anywhere

was because, when there was anything worth going to, "Skinny"—as the children irreverently dubbed her—went, and left the weaker member of the firm to tend the farm. Doubtless, this was pure slander. Probably Sally was of a retiring disposition and preferred staying at home. But, certainly, if Miss Skinner's emphatic strides were any criterion—however, I refuse to gossip. Suffice it to say that those same strides were bringing rapidly into evidence the sagging abbreviation of Miss Skinner's skirt, the buttonless condition of her jacket, and the rustiness of a pair of wool mitts which went wherever their owner went. I had never seen her without them, and my desire was great to know whether, as the story went, she wore them when she tramped over the fields behind her plow.

The bull pup was ambling along behind his mistress, the bow of his forelegs like two arcs of circles; a round black patch over one eye produced an unpleasantly leering effect, and he had a very short upper lip that left a row of extremely white teeth constantly in view. Altogether, I decided I would rather not meet the dog if I were in the character of a tramp or other not wholly reputable role.

"Quite a remarkable specimen, I should judge, from the paradoxical æsthetic standard of the bull-bog, which is to say, uncomeliness." I like to bewilder Mrs. Brown occasionally.

"Ex-actly," replied my hostess, evidently feeling the need of showing her appreciation of my lucid remark.

Miss Skinner was getting perilously near the house. Guiltily, we resumed our seats, and looked surprised when the bell rang. Mrs. Brown hastened into the hall, whence she returned, presently, with Miss Skinner—and the dog.

Having greeted me with a nod and a gruff "How-do?" Miss Skinner sat down. Then, once more, we viewed the crop situation from all sides, and turned over the neighborhood news with such additions as the last comer was able to supply. But it was evident that Miss Skinner's chief interest

lay in her dog. What way soever the subject might turn, it was sure to bring up, abruptly, against the dog. Thus:

“Ain’t his’n beauties? Did you ever see teeth like them?” Miss Skinner exclaims, lifting up the bull pup’s chin in her mittened hand, when we were discussing Mrs. Blankenstein’s improved appearance since her recent trip to the dentist’s. Similarly, a discussion of some fine cattle Neighbor Willis has just purchased, called forth a detailed pedigree of Michael IV.

But, evidently Mike was modest, and had no great desire to hear his praises rumbled out by Miss Skinner, for, presently, he arose deliberately and strolled off into the kitchen, closely followed by the little pug. Though the pug pranced about him, barking, and making frequent dashes through the circle of those wonderful front legs, Mike paid no attention, but kept his deliberate pace out through the dining room into the kitchen—where Mamie was.

The spring onslaught of tramps had just launched Miss Skinner upon a description of a recent effective display of Mike’s patch and teeth, when there arose in the kitchen a tremendous blatting and clatter of small hoofs, accentuated by a series of short, sharp barks. Simultaneously we all leaned forward to get a view of proceedings. Mamie was huddled up against the door. Standing in front of her was Mike, wagging his stump of a tail in solemn good-nature—while the pug puppy ran frantically from one to the other, barking excitedly. There, in the midst of a whirlwind of small dog, the two principal actors stood motionless for a moment. Then Mamie attempted to escape. She jumped, stumbled, slid, got, some way or other, across the room and under the table. The bow legs followed. I think I detected a twinkle of merriment in the unencumbered eye of Michael IV.

“Come here, Mike,” called out Miss Skinner, after we had laughed our fill over the manœuvres that ensued.

With one lingering glance, Mike turned away obediently.

Out dashed Mamie, evidently making for the pantry this time—drew up short, slipped back upon her haunches, and toppled over, in dismay at the suddenness with which the bobbed-off tail of Mike had been replaced by a pair of bow legs and a dazzling row of teeth.

Then Miss Skinner got Mike by his glittering, studded collar and dragged him ignominiously back into the parlor. The last I saw of Mamie, she was contentedly licking away at the paint on the kitchen door, Mike and all else forgotten.

A PIECE OF CHERRY PIE

BY IRVING P. SCHAUS.

Jack Carruthers came down the upper hallway in his bath-robe and sandal-like slippers. He looked bored and cross. Just then, Helen, his wife, appeared at the foot of the stairs, carrying a pitcher, on her way to the front room to water the palm. She saw her husband and stopped.

"Going to take a bath, Jack?" she asked, disappointment in her eyes.

"Yes."

"Oh please don't," pleadingly. "Wait until after dinner. Emma will ring the bell almost any minute."

Jack looked deliberately unconcerned.

"Sorry, Helen," he said, "but the water is in the tub waiting for me."

"Then everything will be——"

Jack showed signs of losing his patience.

"Now, Helen," he interrupted, pausing for a moment at the head of the stairs, "if you're going to persist, I'm liable to get mad. I've been chasing around all afternoon in that boiling sun and I feel just like jumping out of my skin. I've got to take a bath,"—he walked on to the bath-room and opened the door,— "that's all there is——" The door slammed.

"Oh dear," sighed Helen, "I suppose he must have his own way. When he's cross no one can reason with him. Well," her mind becoming active, "I'll go out and tell Emma to wait."

She returned to the pitcher, informed the servant of the delay, and then started again for the parlor.

* * *

A half hour later Jack came down and joined his wife at the table, where she was patiently waiting for him. He looked belligerent.

Helen essayed to coax him.

"Smile just a little, Jack," she said, jingling the diminutive dinner bell. "You look as if you would like to eat me up."

Jack was visibly annoyed.

"Now cut it out, Helen," he cautioned her, unfolding his napkin and tucking it about his lap. "I'm in no mood to-night to be babied."

"Dear! dear!" Helen responded in an oh-how-particular-you-are tone.

Emma came in with the warm supper.

"Say, Helen," Jack growled, as they ate, "I wish you'd tell Emma not to cook the steak so hard. Look at this," turning a piece over on his plate several times; "it's regular shoe leather!"

Helen was shocked at her husband's uncouth comparison.

"Why, Jack, how you talk," she remonstrated. "You always wanted yours well done," she ventured a moment later.

"I know, but not like this."

"Now, Jack," she queried, "isn't it the hot sun this afternoon that makes you so fault-finding, and not the condition of the meat?"

"No, it isn't," he retorted decisively. "I'm mad. When a man has a cold lunch at noon he'd like something pretty good for supper, Instead he's got to eat a piece of dry bark!"

Helen did not reply; she was pained too sorely. Both ate on in silence, a grieved look on Helen's face and an ugly one on Jack's. Finally Jack crossed his knife and fork on his plate and asked grouchily:

"Got any dessert?"

Helen was still kindly disposed.

"Yes, dear," she replied, and tinkled the bell. "The pie, Emma," when the servant appeared.

Emma picked up the dishes and returned to the kitchen. Presently she reappeared with two triangles of cherry pie and the accompanying coffee.

Helen passed the cream and sugar to her husband and then helped herself. After stirring his coffee for a moment, Jack began with his pie. He pressed off the apex with his fork and put it in his mouth. Almost instantly his face became distorted and he shoved his chair quickly back from the table, at the same time setting up a distracted coughing and clearing of the throat.

A look of fright swept over Helen's face.

"What is it, Jack? What is it?" she cried in alarm, jumping up from her chair and rushing to his side.

"I'm cho-o-o-ok-ing, ca-a-a-n't you see?" Jack managed to say with strenuous effort, glaring up at her. "One of those c-c-cursed stones is c-c-c-caught in m-m-my——" Another spasm of frightful coughing cut off further speech.

In her impatient effort to relieve her husband Helen began to pound him on the back.

This gave him instant relief, and settling back in his chair with a breathless sigh he took the offending stone from his mouth.

"There," he said accusingly, "there is the little miscreant that nearly killed me."

Then he demanded:

"Don't you know enough to stone the cherries when you make cherry pie?"

"The pie is more solid and the juice doesn't all run out if you leave them in," Helen defended herself.

Her explanation acted as a rebuff to further complaint.

"Well," Jack said after a moment, as if dismissing the thing, "no more of that damn pie for mine."

Helen's stoicism was at last disintegrated, and, dropping her head in her arms on the table, she began to cry.

"I spent—lots of time—this morning, making that cherry pie," she sobbed pathetically, "be—because—I kn—now you—you like it so—so well, be—because you always t-t-take it at the ho—hotel."

Jack remained inexorable.

"That's right," he said, "beller now and look for sympathy. Oh, I'm disgusted," rising from his chair and throwing his napkin down snappishly on the table. "I'm going to bed. Don't disturb me."

* * *

It was about midnight when Helen suddenly awoke and sat upright in bed, listening fearfully. Wasn't that a noise somewhere downstairs? Yes, for in a moment she heard it again.

Her first impulse was to arouse Jack, who slept in an adjoining room; but, remembering how cross he had been and afraid that in case the sound proved to be nothing more than one of the usual noises in a still house at night she might regret awakening him, she resolved to investigate for herself.

She slipped quietly out of bed, and, subduing as best she could a horrible fear, tiptoed hesitatingly down the hallway to the head of the stairs. She stopped here and waited for a reiteration of the noise.

It came at once and seemed to proceed from the kitchen.

"A burglar, and he's after my silverware," was her first thought, with woman-like anxiety. "I'll go downstairs," she hastily concluded, "lock the dining room door and call out that I know he's in the house. That'll scare him and he'll surely leave."

She bravely descended the stairs and found the dining room door, directly ahead at the end of the small hall, ajar. Glancing through the opening she was startled to see a light in the pantry, which was partly visible from where she stood.

Instead of locking the door and calling out as she had planned to do, she became suddenly filled with a strange eagerness to see the supposed burglar. She vacillated an instant between going on and notifying the burglar of her presence. Finally she stepped noiselessly through the dark dining room, deftly avoiding chairs, and hid herself behind

the door leading into the kitchen, which opened against the adjoining wall, though leaving a space between sufficient for her body.

What she saw as she looked through the crack in the door at the pantry interior, which was fully visible now, her eyes dim with that peculiar dizziness which one feels when looking into an abyss, made her say "Oh!" with precipitation.

Instead of beholding the burglar she had pictured to herself—rough, unshaven, his slouch hat well pulled down over his eyes and his coat collar turned up about his neck, engaged in packing knives, forks and spoons into a bag—she beheld a tall, familiar figure, in a bath-robe, his feet in sandal-like slippers, and his dark hair all tousled about his head, busily and hungrily engaged in eating cherry pie. It was Jack.

She was about to air her vindictive feelings when her burglar remarked aloud, although manifestly unconscious of her presence :

"Gee, this pie is good! I'm sorry I——"

That was enough. Helen stole noiselessly back to bed.

A few minutes later, when he had finished lunching, Jack put out the light and started for his room.

At the top of the stairs he paused, and he thought to wake Helen and ask her forgiveness.

With this resolve in mind, he tiptoed down the hallway into Helen's room and over to her bed. He bent over her. She was sleeping peacefully. The smile of perfect happiness and contentment which rested so placidly on her face restrained his hand.

THE KID'S CHANCE

BY JENKINS.

A bright light swung around the curve at the west end of the yard. A shrill blast broke the stillness of the night, and "58," the "Midnight Flyer," drew puffing and panting up to the station platform.

Billy White, better known as the "Kid," climbed to the engine cab after his engineer, Pat McTigh, the oldest and best in the company's employ. Pat's fireman had been taken suddenly sick, and the "Kid," the youngest fireman on the division, was the only stoker on hand when "58" pulled in.

"Blokes," the foreman at the round-house, had told him, but a short time before the shriek of the whistle had announced the flyer's arrival, that he would have to go. Now, dinner-pail in hand, Billy climbed nervously into the cab.

There was a hurried exchange of comment on the orders between engineer and conductor. Then, as the "All aboard" of the conductor rang out, the "Kid" grasped the bell-rope while Pat reversed the lever, and, as he jerked the throttle back bit by bit, "58," slowly at first, but ever gaining, started on its long night trip across the plains of Nebraska to Omaha, where it would land its passengers safely on the morrow.

* * *

They were but half way across the state at midnight, when the flyer stopped at Kearney, to coal and water. The "Kid's" arms and back were aching, but he said nothing to Pat, and continued to work like a veteran. Kearney is at the bottom of one of those great undulations of the great plains. There is nothing there but a shack where the operator works the block signals, the great, dripping, stilted water-tank and a quite modern coal-shed, with a rusty spur of

track leading to the dump at the top. There is no siding. Not enough trains pass to make one necessary. The track rises from here in both directions, sweeping gradually upwards until lost in the distance.

The flyer was just about to pull out, when the operator came flying out of his little shanty, yelling at the top of his voice for them to wait. When he came puffing down to the engine cab his face was the picture of terror. He tremblingly handed Pat a yellow slip of paper.

"Listen!" he said. A faint rumbling came from the west. "Go! go!" he yelled, and jumped from the cab.

Pat had not waited to be told. Glancing at the yellow sheet, he listened a moment. Then, thrusting it into the "Kid's" hands, he jumped for the throttle and pulled it back with a jerk.

The "Kid" wonderingly read the order:

"Ogden.

"Operator at Kearney: Runaway engine and two empty freights just passed at full speed. Could not stop them. Notify Engr. 58. Must reach siding at Ridgely ahead of runaway."

Ogden was at the top of the grade behind, Ridgely at the top of the one ahead. Billy White asked no questions. He needed no instructions from Pat. He knew he must keep the big engine under full pressure of steam in order to beat the runaway. He bent to his work with a will. For the next few minutes he fed a continuous stream of coal into the fiery furnace. Up, up, went the little hand on the dial of the indicator, and there it stayed until "58" pulled upon the siding at Ridgely.

It was not a moment too soon. For, as the brakeman closed the switch with a bang, a sound like that of an approaching cyclone caught the ears of the passengers, who, awakened by the rumble of the cars as they swayed from side to side in the mad race, were wondering what was the

matter. Those who were peering out of the windows saw an engine and two cars flash by.

* * *

The flyer had been saved. In the cab of the big engine, Pat McTigh, grim and dirty, was bending over the limp figure of a boy. As he tenderly bathed the "Kid's" face, two great drops trickled down his grimy cheeks. The "Kid's" eyes slowly opened, and as he looked into Pat's moist ones, a smile broke over his face, and he gasped, "Pat, we saved her, didn't we?"

WHERE INNOCENCE IS WISE

BY CORA C. HINKLEY.

“Say, Tark!”

“Yes, Bill.”

“Know the tall one?”

“Nope. Looks like the goods, though.”

“Well, then here goes. Faint fratne’er won a fair freshman.”

For the one-fifteen had just pulled in, and the returning students, old and new, were crowding each other off the train. Everyone seemed to be met by some one. Fellows slapped each other on the backs, and girls flung themselves into each other’s arms, going into rhapsodies over stunning new hats, suits, or gowns. Everyone seemed to be expected by some one, except a tall young fellow in gray tweed. He looked about him with hesitancy, combined with smiling assurance. He was perfectly sure of himself, for he was conscious that his long newmarket, his rakish hat, and his high-heeled pumps were at last in their right environment. With his gray glove he flecked a bit of dust off his sleeve, rearranged his grips, and smilingly waited for the crowd to pass by. He showed no apparent surprise when a man touched him on the shoulder.

“Anyone to meet you, old man?”

“Seems not.”

“Come along with us fellows, then. We’ve got a bubble out in front. Oh, that’s all right. Everybody does it here. My name’s Tarkington—Blake Tarkington.”

“Mine’s Smith.”

“All right, Smith. This way. Here, I’ll manage those grips.”

Then Smith was hustled into the machine and driven across the town. They came to a sudden stop before a large, pleasant-looking house. Smith noticed that there were some queer-looking characters in the front door and several fellows strolling aimlessly about the place. In a dazed sort of

way he followed Tarkington up the steps and into a big, well-furnished living-room. Here were more fellows, lazily sprawled out, smoking or playing cards. They all greeted him with the greatest effusiveness and he immediately began to feel perfectly at home. It had always been easy for Smith to carry off situations, and he carried this off with a vengeance. When the fellows laughed he laughed; when they told jokes, he offered a few on his own hook, and when they sang he sang too—humming along when he couldn't get the words.

Then followed three strenuous days—three strenuous days of rushing. Smith was carried from pillar to post. He was feted, dined, driven, smoked, and sailed. He scarcely had time to catch his breath—there was no time for explanation.

One night, after a late supper up town, the fellows were all sitting around the chapter room. They were smoking—all but Smith, who sat before the great fireplace. In one dark corner of the room Bill was picking away at his mandolin and a few of the fellows were humming snatches from "Nordland." One by one, however, they got up and slowly left the room—casting a sly look at the stranger as they passed him. Presently they were all gone—all but Tarkington and Bill, who still kept up his soft picking. Tarkington reached up and turned out the light and slipped down beside Smith's chair. The music grew fainter.

"Say, old man, we don't know who you are, or where you're from; but the minute we saw you we said: 'There's a man for Kappa Psi.' We like you, Smith, and we want you to wear this little butt——"

Then a sudden light seemed to dawn on Smith—a sudden great, illuminating light. He pulled a card from his pocket and handed it to Tarkington.

Tarkington took the pasteboard and held it toward the fire. Then a sudden great light seemed to dawn on him too.

"John R. Smith, representing Wheeler & Wilson," he read, and the rest was all a blur.

AN UNFORESEEN CONTINGENCY

BY R.

"Say, now!" The man in the red muffler held up a wicker box of cheap perfume and addressed the druggist.

The druggist, hastily snapping off an end of purple twine, looked up inquiringly.

"Why," he of the muffler continued, "I know what a person could do with one of these here perfumery boxes. Now that box"—he held it away from him for better inspection—"that box could be lined with pink satin and it would make a bang-up jewel case. Wouldn't it, now?"

The drug clerk nodded: "That's what they're intended for."

"You don't say so." The enthusiasm of the prospective purchaser seemed somewhat dampened by the discovery that his idea was not wholly original. But further inspection of the box re-encouraged him.

"How on earth?" He adjusted his coat-collar contemplatively. "How on earth can you afford to sell a box of perfumery like that for seventy-five cents? I should say the perfumery must be worth that much, let alone the box."

"It's supposed to be," was the non-committal reply.

After a few moments more of inspection, the man drew forth a greasy pocket-book, counted out seventy-five cents in small change, pulled his muffler a little more closely about his neck, and tucked under his arm a parcel tied with purple twine.

As he started for the door he remarked to the clerk that "this here perfumery-jewel-box combination ought'er make a bang-up Christmas present for *Somebody*." Then the door banged merrily behind him, and he trudged off into the dusk, whistling.

That evening a man with something bulky carefully but-

toned inside his coat, rang the door-bell of a boarding-house on Miller street. Ushered into the parlor, he sat down in evident embarrassment, looked around at the couples scattered about the room, and then fixed his attention on a gilt-framed marriage group and bridal wreath combination that hung above the piano. The picture seemed very appropriate and of good omen in his present state of mind.

After an interminable length of time a stiff rustle of skirts turned his attention toward the parlor door. A large girl, in a maroon skirt and purple silk shirt-waist, was coming toward him. He stood up, and it seemed to him that the bundle under the left side of his coat must be rising and falling perceptibly: the pink of her cheeks had never been so glowing; her thick yellow hair—evidently still warm from the curling-tongs—never so soft and fluffy as now.

When he sat down again, it was with scarcely any hope remaining—such radiance, surely, could not be for him. But she was especially gracious tonight—she who had been wont to tantalize him almost beyond endurance.

In half an hour he was more at his ease than he had ever been in her presence. His heavy mouth and colorless eyes had grown, for him, animated. He talked, tensely, eagerly, of his recent "raise" of salary, of his prospects in general. Then, with a dexterity unusual, inspired, he led the conversation around to Christmas gifts and Christmas giving. And, finally, with apparent sudden remembrance of the bundle under his coat—as if he had not been supremely conscious of it every moment of the time—he drew forth a package tied with purple twine and handed it to the girl.

As she slowly untied the twine and undid the paper, he fairly glowed with anticipation.

"Gee!" whispered a man across the room, joggling the elbow of the girl who sat beside him on the sofa. "Look at old Bimps. Ain't he happy!"

Slowly, deliberately, the girl undid the wrappings. It seemed to Bimps she would never come to the box. At

length it stood forth to view, in all its stiff newness. She turned it around, opened it, sniffed at the glass stopper of the bottle, and remarked:

“It’s very pretty.”

Full of the joy of his gift, the man did not even notice that she had spoken. He had already entered into a rapid explanation of its future possibilities as a jewel case. When he had finished he sat back with a triumphant expression on his face.

“Ah, I don’t know,” she said; “Jim Ellson gave me a *silver* jewel box tonight. I won’t need to use this.”

A NEW-YEAR TROTH

BY EDGAR A. HALL.

Mistress Margaret Pettibone,
 By your hearth-side musing lone,
 Old-Year dreams and fancies flown,
 Are you not a bit forlorn
 Spite of your reputed scorn
 Of the "best man ever born"?
 Coming through the night so rude,
 Do I, too, as much intrude
 As the others who have wooed?

Mistress Margaret Pettibone,
 Rising from your hearth-side lone
 To admit me, tempest-blown,—
 Holding wide your door the while,
 Bid me welcome with the smile
 That did first my love beguile;
 Give me greeting in a way
 That occultly shall convey
 All that I would have you say.

Mistress Margaret Pettibone,
 Never have we thus alone
 Shared the warmth of one hearth-stone,
 And I find it likes me well.
 Mistress Margaret, soothly tell
 Are you minded aye to dwell
 In unblest, unwedded lot,
 Heaven's ordinance forgot?—
 Mistress Margaret, check me not.

Mistress Margaret Pettibone,
 'Tis not well to live alone;
 This you in your heart must own:

I am come to kneel to you
 As a knight of old would do,
 Kneel and swear I love you true,
 Boldly, though on bended knee,
 Suing you to stoop to me,
 Asking you my bride to be.

Mistress Margaret Pettibone,
 On my breast, no longer lone,
 Though inaudible your tone,
 You restrain me not, to guess
 Whether I have found success,
 Whether it is no or yes;
 And I very gently dare
 Just to kiss your waving hair,
 And anew my love declare.

Mistress Margaret Pettibone,
 Now 'tis but the storm is lone;
 And its desolate, mad moan
 Round the walls that snugly house
 Two fond lovers plighting vows,
 Only serves the fire to rouse
 That, neglected, flickers low;—
 What can we of winter know,
 Young love warms the bosom so!

Mistress Margaret Pettibone,
 I must leave you now alone,
 For the minutes hours have grown;
 But I hold your promise here,
 In my breast, to bring me cheer
 All the newly-born New Year;
 And 'twill keep my heart aglow
 Through the night-storm and the snow,
 Let the winds their wildest blow.

THE MAKING OF A REPUTATION

BY MAUDE E. WATROUS.

The so-called phrenologist gave a keen, comprehensive glance at the rather delicate-looking boy coming toward him, amid the joking remarks and applause of the other students in the big chapter room of the Kappa Mu fraternity. As might have been expected, when this boy, so evidently a hard student, took the examination chair, the old phrenologist immediately proceeded to tell him his head was of the mental-moral type. With his somewhat watery eyes fixed on some distant, unseen point, he proceeded to tell the æsthetic-looking youth that he had a remarkably fine head, with the region for classical literature developed to an unusual degree.

"Young man," he proclaimed solemnly, his hand still resting beneficently on the classical bump, "young man, you ought to devote a great deal of time to good literature. Read the classics—lots of 'em. Probably Emerson would be somewhat beyond you now, so you might begin on Ik Marvel's 'Reveries of a Bachelor' and 'Dream Life.' Yes, read the classics!"

Then, with a truly wonderful display of phrenological lore, he drew the startling conclusion that the examinee was a classical student rather than an engineer. The aged sage explained to his interested audience that he could always distinguish the engineers by the prominence above the eyes, which indicated mechanical ability. The onlookers thought to themselves that the "bumpologist" could have decided that point quite as easily if he had only glanced a little lower and read in an instant that those reflective, thoughtful eyes did not know a dynamo from a magic lantern. But, as the old man said himself, he was not a physiognomist, but a phrenologist, and so the diagnosis was wonderful anyway.

He then felt another part of the subject's cranium, and announced that he had a very large amount of approbative-ness, explaining that by this technical term was meant that the man was extremely fond of applause and had a great regard for other people's opinions of him.

The old man then proceeded—and proceeded, alas! to a pitfall, dragging with him the unconscious victim. Now, he had told the last subject that he had great musical ability. It would not be politic to tell this man the same thing. He must endow him with some gift, however; so, after a thoughtful pause, he said:

“This young man has a very remarkable talent for elocution or declamation.”

He saw at once by the row of astonished and incredulous faces before him that he had made a mistake, and he was the further confirmed in this opinion by the protest of one of the subject's fraternity brothers:

“Why, Bim never did a stunt in all his life!”

The phrenologist was a wily old sage, and never entirely retreated from an opinion once given. But he could qualify it.

“Now don't be too sure of that,” he said to the protestant. “If he hasn't already displayed that gift, it is latent. Perhaps he doesn't even know he has it. It is latent yet. Some time, if he awakens it, he will become a passionate, eloquent speaker. Besides, I didn't say just what form it would take. You know there are many different varieties of declamation. I know he has the gift of speaking in some form.”

When Francis Bimington was alone that evening, he fell to thinking over what the “bumpologist” had said. He unconsciously proved the truth of the man's statement about his amount of approbative-ness, when he reflected how glorious it would be to hear his fellow-students wildly applauding him. And the phrenologist said he could win that praise. Oh, yes! even now his blood coursed excitedly through his veins at the thought of the plaudits he would receive after rendering some such thing as “Curfew Shall Not Ring To-

night." He ought not to allow that great gift to remain latent when he might be able to do some wonderful thing with it. There was no time like the present.

The next evening, when the men were sitting around the fire, singing and talking sociably before going to work in the library, Bim suddenly sprang to his feet, strode dramatically to the middle of the room, and raising his hand as if to command silence of a great mob, broke out with :

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen!"

At first, when he rose so unexpectedly, his companions were dumb with astonishment, and waited to see what "quiet old Bim" was going to do. Then, as he began to declaim so ultra-tragically, a wave of comprehension seemed to pass over them, and they all broke out in loud bursts of laughter and applause.

"Good work, Bim! Keep it up, old fellow!"

"Why didn't you ever show us before what you could do?"

"The old man struck it right after all!"

"The best burlesque I ever saw."

Amid this chorus of shouts, Bim descended from the heights as suddenly as he had ascended. What were the fellows saying? Did one of them call his wonderful declaiming of that great speech a burlesque? At first he was angry. Those chaps never could appreciate talent anyway. But here is where his bump of approbateness rose to the surface again. They had been applauding him honestly, and from sincere admiration of what they thought his "stunt" was. If they discovered their mistake, he would be the butt of their unending raillery. He could not stand that. His mind was made up. He had suddenly made a reputation as a clever burlesquer. He must maintain it. He smiled quizzically at his admiring friends and remarked carelessly :

"Yes, the old 'bumpologist' did strike it right in a way. You know he said he didn't know just what form my power of declamation would take. Now you fellows know what I can do—and so do I," he added under his breath.

HOME

By O. R. S.

He was home. The fussy engine with its train of coaches puffed away from the station, leaving him alone on the platform. Around him lay the snow, like a rumpled sheet, kept white by the great starry flakes lazily, aimlessly, wandering down. Through the gathering dusk he could see the squatty red depot well back from the track. In the windowed jut, with its solid sheet of dingy panes in front and sides, sat Jim, as of old, stooping slightly forward, absorbed in the rhythmic "click, click" of his instrument. Above and behind him in its bracket stood the lamp, whose reflector, clouded with the smoke of years, cast a few half-hearted rays on the fallen snow. In the waiting-room, about the queer, pot-bellied stove, lounged the usual group of loafers, chewing tobacco and swapping stories. There, too, was John, the busman, stamping up and down the rear platform past his ramshackle carry-all, perfectly unconcerned as to his prospective passengers. The young man looked and smiled. This was indeed home.

Grip in hand, he approached the snow-covered figure and tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"Halloa, John," holding out the grip, "will you take this up to the house?"

"Where's that?" inquired the old man.

"Why, John, I'm surprised at you. You never used to ask me that question.

The busman, seeming to recognize something familiar in the other's voice, peered questioningly into his face. Then—

"Well, I vow! ef it ain't Jack Dodd's boy. Come home fer Christmas, I reckon. Four years! Well, well, well! It do beat all how boys will grow up. Your ma will be certain tickled to see y'u. Goin' to walk up? Yas, things be 'bout

as usual. Know the way all right, do y'u? Yas, I'll sure bring it up right off."

With a hearty handshake the young man turned and began his walk northward. Know the way! He could have followed it blindfolded. There, ahead and a little to the west, must be the dam of the old sawmill. Yes. His ear, attuned to the familiar sound, caught the low, dull roar of falling water. How well he knew it! How often had he, during hot summer days, squatted on the blistering, pitch-oozing planks, and, bamboo in hand, fished and fished, until the very "finnies" themselves grew weary of taking the bait. How often, too, had Rob, Ed, Frank and he raced from the school-house to the bend just below the dam because, by agreement, the last one in was a fool! Where were they now? Rob was out West somewhere, he believed. Ed must still be in town. Frank—poor little Frank! the dark river had robbed them all of his rollicking laugh.

On he walked, meeting no one, hearing nothing save the sharp "crunch, crunch" of the snow beneath his feet. Something, perhaps the rhythmic protest of the trodden snow, called to mind an old tune, and he caught himself whistling it. It was one he had learned in school. He recalled now how the little girl who had sat in the seat ahead used to sing that song; how, when her shrill soprano reached the highest note, he, with a slyness born of Satan, had been accustomed to tweak her braided "pig-tail," thereby bringing the song to tears. She had never told the teacher, though. She had been a "bully" girl, even if she had cried, and somehow he knew that she had liked him.

Lost in the past, he reached the town ("down town" he had always called it) before he was aware. Here all was dressed in its Christmas finery. The store windows, bright with electric lights, were filled with wonders surpassing the wealth of fairyland. Before one of the more imposing clustered a group of eager, excited children. There, in the glass front, stood a pine reaching from floor to ceiling, and on its

branches, festooned with glittering tinsel, hung dolls, tops, books, skates—in a word, everything for which the childish heart could long. At its base nestled a doll-house, and, wonder of wonders! in the chimney was Santa Claus, a “really” Santa Claus, red and smiling, in spite of the fact that his fair round belly so filled the flue that it would have been impossible for him to move either up or down. Dodd laughed, a low, amused laugh, and passed on.

Christmas spirit was in the air. Here a crowd of school-girls, arm in arm, rushed down the street; there a group of little fellows tumbled about, deluging each other with arm-fuls of snow; here again were other youngsters, somewhat older, busily engaged in pelting the passers-by.

At the head of the street he met a party of young people preparing for a sleigh-ride. A deep dray, filled with straw and fur robes, stood ready at the edge of the walk. A few had clambered in. The rest, however, disputed on the walk, and so thoroughly blocked his path that he could not hope to escape notice. As he approached nearer he heard:

“No.”

“Yes, it is.”

“No, it can’t be.”

“Yes, as sure as you live, that’s Henry Dodd.”

Immediately they surged upon him.

“Why, where did you come from?”

“Just get here?”

“Home for Christmas?”

“Tickled to death to see you.”

“No, you ain’t changed a bit.”

“Shake, ‘Hen;’ how are you, old man?”

“Can’t you go with us?”

“Not been home yet? Well, we won’t urge you, then.”

“See you tomorrow, won’t we? All right. So long.”

They tumbled into the sleigh and he started on. He had taken but a few steps, however, when a shrill feminine voice called after him:

“Oh! Henry, I forgot to ask—you ain’t married, are you?”

“Not’s anyone knows of,” he replied. “Why?”

“Oh, nothing. Milly wanted to know, that’s all.” The sleigh-box shook on its runners with the exuberant merriment.

Dodd walked on thoughtfully. Milly? He wondered; had she wanted——

Here was home. The great lawn, the lawn where he had played tag and “pull-a-way;” where, later, the village football team had rendezvoused, lay a wide, billowy sea, stretching away to the south. He almost imagined that he could see, through the network of falling snow, the outline of the apple-tree whose crabs had been so luscious even in their infancy. And there stood the house itself, beginning anywhere and rambling back, indifferent to proportion and propriety.

The shades of the windows were down, but from around their edges the light glinted, while an occasional shadowed figure passed to or fro. Quietly he stole to the door and knocked. He would surprise them. A patter of quick feet and the door swung open. A girl of perhaps sixteen eyed him inquiringly.

“Good evening, Miss; is your mother——” He got no further. With a cry of delight she was upon him, while at the same time she called in a voice that bubbled with excitement, “Mama, Mama, oh Mama! Hennie’s come home!”

TOMMY

Tom was an "awful" good boy. He hadn't said "What for?" since the Sunday before; he brought the wood up from the basement every day without being told; he did not kick the cat half-way across the room when she inadvertently crossed his path, In a word, he refrained from doing the countless things the old Tommy had always done, and, instead, followed the example of the model little boy who lives in story-books. Mother was worried. She did not know what to make of it. She had felt his pulse; had gagged him with a teaspoon while she peered anxiously down his throat; had even eyed the bottle of cod-liver oil which stood in its particular nook on the pantry shelf. To no purpose. Tom continued to grow better. He said "Yessum" and "No'm" with clock-like regularity. He made not the slightest remonstrance when asked to go "down town" on an errand.

The climax came one day when his baby sister got her fist in his hair and—he failed to box her ears. Mother consulted father. She was sure that a doctor ought to be obtained immediately. Father called Tom to him and looked him over, poked him here, thumped him there; to which process Tom submitted with the sobriety of a deacon. Then, with a "Hu-um, I thought so," father picked up his paper. To mother's inquiry as to what he thought, he did not reply, but looked at her quizzically for a moment. Then, with a seriousness that equaled Tom's, he pointed with his forefinger to the top of his newspaper.

There, in the upper margin, mother read: "Wednesday Morning, December 20, 1905."

THE DREAM HOUR

BY O. R. S.

In the twilight hour,
When the day is done,
Build I fancy's tower
'Neath the future's sun :
Dreaming—dreaming—dreaming,
Moments swift away ;
Gleaming—gleaming—gleaming,
Visioned phantoms play.

In the meadow vale
Calls the whip-poor-will,
Soft, with ling'ring wail,
Calls, and then is still :
Loaming—loaming—loaming,
All the royal west ;
Gloaming—gloaming—gloaming,
Twilight's gray unrest.

Faint the molten glow,
Dying on the hill,
Shoots, with golden bow,
Shafts upon the rill :
Shimmer—shimmer—shimmer,
Sunssets's fading beams ;
Dimmer—dimmer—dimmer,
Shadowy house of dreams.

In the twilight hour,
When the day is done,
Build I fancy's tower
'Neath the future's sun :
Sighing—sighing—sighing,
Echoes call to me ;
Dying—dying—dying,
Voiceless melody.

HIS "SPRINT"

BY H. F. PARKER

The U. S. Revenue Cutter "Sprint" lay at the coal docks, her usually spotless decks and superstructure covered with fine coal dust. From the open coal hatches, a lazy, dusty cloud arose into the air, then, apparently giving up hope of rising higher, it settled spitefully on the trim little ship.

Presently, a boyish lieutenant strode hurriedly up the gangway steps. Hastening aft, he went below to the captain's quarters. Hardly waiting for the gruff bellow, "come in," in response to his knock, he opened the door. Coming to a rigid attention, he saluted, and passed the grizzled commander a telegram.

"Humph!" mumbled Capt. Burton, taking the dispatch, "What's this?"

Tearing it open, he studied it for a minute.

"One of those damned ciphers," he grumbled. "Here, Blaine, see what you can make out of this—key number three. Key hook's on that shelf."

Blaine found the key, and slowly began to decipher.

"Ami—is—reported, active. Boyd."

"Get under way," ordered capt. Burton.

The night settled down ugly and threatening. A nasty northeast wind kicked up a good bumpy sea, into which the "Sprint" charged gracefully. Capt. Burton, muffled in a great coat, for the wind was raw and cold, walked over to where Blaine was leaning against an impudent six pounder.

"This will be a night for you, my boy, he said to Blaine, we're after the worst out-fit of smugglers on the coast." "The Ami's their craft, a shallow-draft little steamer, as fast as a destroyer. Burrows is the chief rascal of the lot, and a merrier sailor never wore oil skins. Knows this coast like a book. Could tell you to within a half foot how much

water is ouer every bar at any stage of the tide. Three months ago he slipped through me, and cleaned up a pile on rum and opium. To-night I'll sink or capture him or the 'Sprint' will go to the bottom. These are nasty waters for night work, too—rocks, shoals everywhere."

The two walked back to the bridge-ladder and climbed up. The wind, rushing in fram the vague blackness of the night, whistled and howled through the rigging. As the night advanced the seas became larger, until "Sprint," pounding along at ten knots an hour, sometimes staggered a bit. From the bridge, the searchlight shot out a nervous shaft over the tumbling furrows of water, lest a careless fishing yawl should be anchored without a light.

"Just the sort of a night that Burrows would try to make land," complained the captain, following the playing of the search-light with his night glass, "How far are we off Devils Shelf?" he bellowed into the chart-house window.

"Light ahoy! six points to starboard," shouted the starboard lookout.

"Light ahoy!" chimed a second and a third.

"Out lights, full ahead," roared Captain Burton, glueing his eyes to his binoculars.

The last light on the "Sprint" had hardly winked out, when the vibration of the screw increased.

Minute in and minute aut, all eyes watched the light hanging in the black somewhere of the night, while the "Sprint," her propeller kicking the water at the rate of one hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, slammed and splashed, dove and rose through the black froth-capped rollers.

"It's a green lamp—her port lamp," shouted the second officer.

Sure enough. The "Sprint" had brought the anxious crew close enough to distinguish the color.

"Shan't we give 'em a blank shot," suggested Blaine.

"No," and turning, the commander went into the chart-house.

"The old man's worried," thought Blaine, "That's the third time he's gone in there in the last ten minutes. It's a bad night and the shoals are a blamed sight worse."

A minute later the captain emerged from the chart-house, his grizzled jaw set, his hands jammed deeply into the pockets of his ulster, drawing it tightly around his erect, athletic figure. For a minute he stood, silent, beside the wheelsman, then—

"Port a little more."

"Port a little more, sir," chanted the wheelsman.

"That'll do," ordered the captain.

"That'll do," sir" repeated the wheelsman.

With the stinging spray driving back into their faces, the party on the bridge waited and watched expectantly. Meanwhile the little "Sprint" wedged though the pounding seas, slowly, very slowly, overhauling at an angle the green light.

"Breakers to sta' board," cried the starboard look-out.

"Breakers to port," echoed the port look-out.

Instantly the skipper grabbed the indicator handle and shoved it down to "reverse." The engines ceased their throbbing for a moment, then began again. Breathlessly the crew stood, half stunned with fear. With a sickening shiver and a final "crunch" the "Sprint" grounded.

"Man boats," cried Captain Burton, and the calm assurance in his voice brought order in the half frenzied crew.

A boat was lowered to starboard, but a huge wave crushed it against the side of the doomed "Sprint." All but one of the port boats, however, were safely launched and put away. As the last was being lowered, Blaine hastened to the bridge, where the captain's figure was silhouetted against the breaking dawn of the east. Blaine shouted to him, but got no response.

The "Sprint" had begun to settle at the bow, and had, by now, a list to starboard.

Blaine bounded up the bridge-ladder and grasped his chief by the shoulder, "Come on, sir," he cried.

"No, Blaine, my boy," and the voice of the hardened old sailor softened pathetically, "I wont leave the little 'Sprint' now. She's stood by me for twelve years and I can't leave her now—now that I've killed her, killed her," he finished with a sob.

Blaine stared at the man before him. His shoulders drooped, the head hung forward, and the eyes lost their old lustre and fire.

Taking hold of the captain's arm, Blaine attempted to pull him from the bridge, but the captain wrenched himself free.

"To your boat, sir." It was the same commanding voice, the same set chin as of old, and to further emphasize his order the captain leveled a navy revolver at Blaine.

A further list to starboard urged Blaine to haste. He ran aft to the last boat, which was now in the water. There he stopped and looked forward to the bridge. There stood the figure, facing the reddening east, waiting, waiting—waiting for his "Sprint" to give up the unequal struggle.

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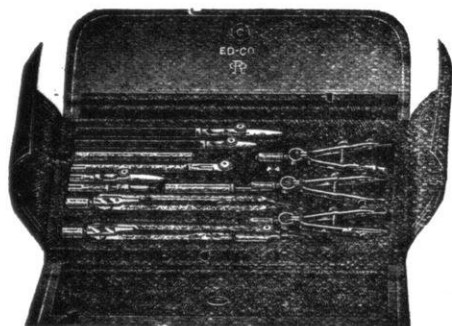
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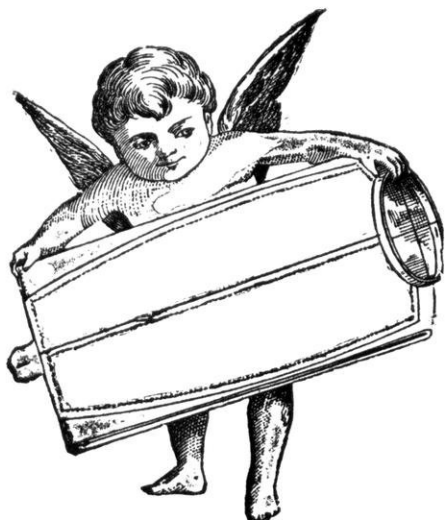
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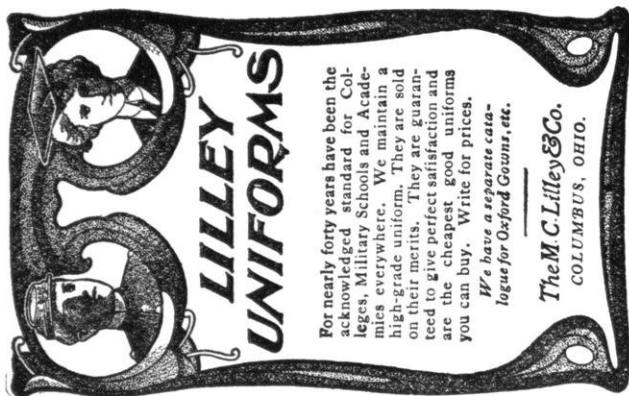
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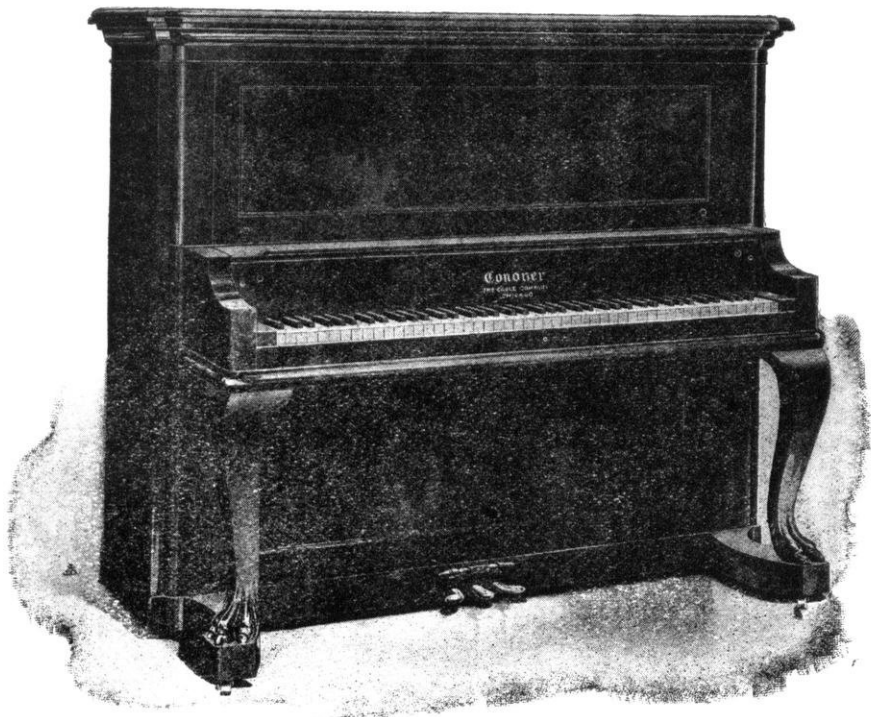
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