



A Two-Master Went Booming By Just Under Our Stern.

MR. PRATT.
By Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of "CAPT. ERI" "PARTNERS OF THE TIDE"
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SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began comical narration of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastwick, Hartley rescued a boy known as "Reddy" from under a horse's feet and the urchin proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt landed safely and a search for the other two revealed an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt rented it from Scudder and called it Ozone Island. In charge of a company of New York poor children Miss Talford and Miss Page visited Ozone Island. In another storm Van Brunt and Hartley narrowly escaped being wrecked, having aboard chickens, pigs, etc., with which they were to start a farm. Eureka Sparrow, a country girl, was engaged as a cook and Van Brunt and Hartley paid a visit to her father, who for years had been claiming consumption as an excuse for not working. Upon another island visit by Miss Page, Eureka diagnosed Hartley's case as one of love for Agnes. At a lawn fête, Van Brunt shocked the church community by raffling a quilt for the church's benefit. Hartley invented a plan to make Washington Sparrow work. In putting the plan into effect Hartley incurs wrath of Miss Page, for whom the sick man sent. Agnes then appealed to Van Brunt. Sparrow to escape the treatment proclaimed himself well and went to work. Storm-bound on Ozone Island, Van Brunt and Hartley tired of the "Natural Life."

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

I expected for sure that they'd lick Nate Scudder for charging his dry-season rates for secret keeping. But they never mentioned it to him. When I spoke of it to Van Brunt, he laughed. "Oh, Scudder's all right," he says. "He had a corner in secrets and squeezed the shorts, that's all. That's legitimate. Scudder has a talent of his own."
"Yes, and he's making it ten talents in a hurry, like the feller in Scripture," says I.
"Well, he doesn't hide it in a napkin, anyway," laughs Van.
"No," says I. "I believe he uses one of Huld's Ann's stockings."
"About three o'clock we got into the skiff, the three of us, and rowed to the main. 'Twas a hard wet row. I judged the gale wa'n't all over yet. We walked up as far as Nate's and there he was waiting in his buggy to drive Van Brunt to the Wellmouth depot. Martin and Van said good-by and had a final pow-wow over the Tea Lead.
"Good-by," says I. "Ain't got any real gilt-edged expensive secrets you want kept when you're gone, have you? I'd like to squeeze a short or two, myself."
You ought to have seen Nate Scudder bristle up and glare at me. But his passenger only laughed as usual.
"No," he says, "not a one. My conscience is clear. But I may unearth a few while I'm away."
Well, he did. But not the kind he expected.
I had to step into Nate's house to get a few eggs. Our own hens was too weighted down under the Natural to be working overtime. Huld Ann had the remnants of a nicked blue set of dishes that was handed down from her great aunt on her grandmother's side, and she thought maybe Hartley'd be interested at a dollar a nick. It took so long to make her believe he wa'n't, that we wasted an hour or more there. When we got to the hill by the beach 'twas 'most five o'clock.
"The wind's hauled clear around,"

We was silent for a second. Then Eureka jumped up in the buggy and clapped her hands.
"You can get him!" she cried, her black eyes snapping sparks. "Oh, you can!"
"How?" Martin and me said together.
She pointed towards Ozone Island. "The sailboat!" she said. "The Dora Bassett! Sail over in her. Then he'll come on the morning train."
I swung around and looked at the waves and the clouds. Wapatomac was clear across the bay miles and miles away. And a night like this was likely to be!
"Lord!" says I. "It's crazy! We'd never live!"
But Martin Hartley was already half way to the skiff. Of course he didn't know the risk, and I did, but—well, there.
"I'll go," says I. "You head for the school fast as your horse can travel. Tell the Page girl not to let Duncan touch the boy till the Jordan man comes or the train comes without him. You understand?"
"You bet you!" says she. "It's splendid! We'll save the boy and Mr. Hartley will be all right with her. Oh, I'm so glad Mr. Van Brunt wa'n't here!"
She whirled the horse around and off she went. I gave one more look at the weather and then ran after Hartley. Save the boy! A considerable bigger chance of not saving ourselves. Well, my school teacher always used to say I'd be drowned some day—if I wa'n't hung first.
I had one reef in when the Dora Bassett swung clear of the outside point of Ozone Island cove. I hated to take another, for I wanted to make time. But I had to take it afore we tackled at the end of the first leg. 'Twas pretty nigh a dead beat and the sloop was laying over till I thought sure she'd fill. The waves was as big, almost, as ever I see in the bay, and when one would fetch us on the starboard bow the biggest half of it would shoot clean from stem to stern. We was soaked afore we'd hardly started. It couldn't have been much worse unless 'twas the middle of February.
I had the tiller and Hartley was for'ard in the cockpit. I was using the mainsail altogether, although later on I did use some of the jib to help her point up to wind'ard. There was plenty of water and would be for hours, so I could give her the center-board full. That didn't bother us—no then.
I was too busy to speak and Martin didn't seem to care to. He set there, looking out ahead, and when he turned, so's I could see his face, it was set and quiet. And in his eyes was the look that I'd seen there once afore—the day of the pig race. I wouldn't have known him for the reckless, lazy chap he'd been for the last month or so.
The only thing he said to me at this time was, as I remember it, something like this:
"I know that Dr. Jordan," he says. "I met him at Cambridge at a football game. I was there at college and father came over for the game. The doctor was one of father's friends."
"That's lucky," says I. "Maybe that'll give you some pull."
"Perhaps so," says he.
"If he won't come," I asks, "what'll you do?"
"He'll have to come," was all the answer he made.
Even this little bit of talk meant hollering your lungs loose. The wind was rising all the time, the sea kept getting more rugged as we got where the bay was wider, and the splashing and banging was worse than a water-wheel working double watches. After awhile I made Hartley set side of me, so that, when I wanted anything, I could grab his arm.
This was after it got dark. And it got dark early. Likewise it began to rain. The storm that we'd had for the last few days seemed to be blowing back over us. Seems as if it ought to have rained and blown itself out by this time, but we had proof that it hadn't.
We wa'n't making scarcely anything on our backs. The Dora Bassett's a good wind'ard boat, too, but she'd fall off and fall off. By that and the dark and rain got so thick that I couldn't see the shore lights, and I had to run by compass and guess. There wa'n't likely to be any other blame fools afloat to run into us, still I gave Hartley a horn to blow in case there should be.
'Twas lucky I did. Along about 12, when we was somewhere in the middle of the bay—off Sandy Bend, I should think—it seemed to me that I heard a toot in answer to one of Hartley's. He heard it, too, I guess, for he commenced to blow hard and fast. 'Twan't much use, for anything that was to wind'ard of us wouldn't have heard a sound. And we only heard that one, I judge, as the noise was blown past us down the gale. We listened and listened, but no more come.
All at once we both yelled. Out of the middle of rain and black comes popping a big jibboom and a bowsprit. Next minute a two-master, with only a jib and reefed fo'sail set, went booming by us just under our stern. I could see a wink of her for'ard lights and a glimpse of a feller holding a lantern by her rail and staring down at us. His face was big-eyed and scared. I've wondered since how ours looked to him. All the rest was black hull and waves and roaring. A mackerel boat trying to run into Naubekit harbor, I guess she was. I cal'late the afternoon lull had fooled 'em into trying.
We didn't say nothing. Only Hartley looked up at me and grinned. I could see him in the lantern light. I shook my head and grinned back.
All the time I kept thinking to myself: "Sol Pratt, you old gray-headed

fool, this is your final bust of craziness. You can't make it; you knew afore you started you couldn't. You'll be in among the shoals pretty soon and then you and the Dora Bassett'll go to smithereens and cart that poor innocent city man with you. He don't know that, but you do. And all on account of a red-headed little toughy from the back alleys of New York, and a girl that ain't none of your relations. You deserve what's coming to you."
And yet, even while I was thinking it, I was glad I was making the try. Glad for Reddy's sake; particular glad on account of what it might mean to Martin and Agnes; and glad, too, just out of general cussedness. You see, 'twas like a fight, and there's a heap of satisfaction once in a while in a real old-fashioned, knock-down and drag-out, rough-and-tumble fight—that is, when you're fighting for anything worth the row.
The storm kept on; seemed as if 't would never let up. And we kept on, too, three reefs by this time, and the jib down. And with every tack I cal'lated we was making better headway towards the bottom than any where else. I couldn't see nothing to get my bearings from, and hadn't no idea where we was, except the general one that, up to now, and by God's mercy, we was afloat.
Then, at last, the gale began to go down. A landsman wouldn't have noticed the change, but I did. It stopped raining, and the wind was easing up. By and by the haze broke and I caught a glimpse of Middle Ground light, almost abreast of us. I unbuckled my fleekin jacket and looked at my watch. Half-past two, and only three-quarters of the way to Wapatomac. We'd been eight hours and a half coming a distance that I've made over and over again, in that very sloop, in less than three. Hartley caught my sleeve.
"Will we get there?" he shouts. His face was all shining with the wet and his hair was too heavy with water even to blow in the wind.
"Don't know," I hollers back. "We'll try."
He nodded. The clearing of that haze had helped me considerable. I could sight my marks, the lights, now, and we made faster time.
At last, after what seemed a fortnight more, come the first streak of gray daylight. The clouds was breaking up and it would be a nice day later on, I judged. But there was a living gale still blowing and the waves was running savage over the shoals ahead. The channel was narrowing up and I had to watch out every second. I sent Hartley amidships to tend center-board.
We beat in through Long Point reach. The life-saving station is on the Point, just abast the lighthouse. I see the feller in the station tower open the window and lean out to watch us. I cal'late he wondered what asylum had turned that pair of lunatics loose.
Past the Point and now we come about for the run afore the wind up the narrows. Wapatomac village was in plain sight.
"With any sort of luck," says I, "we'll be alongside the dock by quarter-past five. The down train leaves at 25 minutes to eight. You can thank your stars, Mr. Hartley."
'Twas a pretty cock-sure thing to say, and I ought to have known better than to crow afore we was out of the woods. But we'd come through so far enough sight better than a reasonable man could expect.
The narrows is a wicked place. The channel is fairly straight, but scant width, and on each side of it is a stretch of bars and rips that are bad enough in decent weather. Now they was as good an imitation of a salt-water Tophet as I want to see. Strip after strip of breakers, with lines of billing, twisting slicks and whirlpools between. And the tide tearing through.
I sent Hartley for'ard to look out for shoals. He had one knee on the edge of the cabin roof and was climbing up, when I happened to glance astern. There was an old "he" wave coming—a regular deep-water grayback.
"Look out!" I yells. "Stand by!"
That wave hit us like a house tumbling down. I'd braced myself and was, in a way, ready for it, but Hartley wa'n't. He was knocked for'ard on his face. Then, as the bow jumped up, he was chucked straight back-wards, landing on his shoulders and left arm against the centerboard well. He turned a full somersat and his feet knocked nine from under me. Down I went and the tiller was yanked out of my hands.
Waves like that hunt in droves, generally speaking. The next one was right on schedule time. Up we went, and sideways like a railroad train. Then down, "Bump!" on the bottom.
Up again, and down. "Thump! Crunch!"
That time we struck with all our heft. The Dora Bassett shook all over. She riz, still shaking, and the next wave threw her clean over the bar. We was in deep water for a minute, but just a little ways off was another line of breakers. And astern was the rudder, broke clean off, and floating away.
'Twas no time for fooling. Hartley got to his knees, white, and holding his left arm with his right hand. I jumped and cast off the sheet. She floated then on a more even keel. Then I yanked loose the oar from its cleats alongside the rail and got it over the stern to steer with.
This got her under control, and down the lane, between two lines of breakers, we went, me with the sheet in one hand, the oar braced under t'other arm, and the three-reefed mainsail well out. The cockpit was half full of water.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A TRAIN LOAD OF TOBACCO.
Twenty-four Carloads Purchased for Lewis' Single Binder Cigar Factory.
What is probably the biggest lot of all fancy grade tobacco held by any factory in the United States has just been purchased by Frank P. Lewis, of Peoria, for the manufacture of Lewis' Single Binder Cigars. The lot will make twenty-four carloads, and is selected from what is considered by experts to be the finest crop raised in many years. The purchase of tobacco is sufficient to last the factory more than two years. An extra price was paid for the selection. Smokers of Lewis' Single Binder Cigars will appreciate this tobacco.
—Peoria Star, January 16, 1909.

Some Resemblance.
A little girl in a California public school complained to her teacher that a Mexican boy had struck her. The teacher took Joe, the only Mexican boy in the school, sharply to task for the offense, but the boy denied it. "Mary," said the teacher, "Joe says he didn't strike you."
"Oh, no," said Mary. "twan't Joe; twuz that t'other boy over there," and she pointed to the blackest of negro boys in the school.
"But, Mary, that boy isn't a Mexican," said the teacher.
"Well, anyhow," said Mary, "he's very much tanned."

Took It Personally.
An author engaged a young lady typewriter to take down his new novel from dictation. At the passage: "Oh! my adorable angel, accept the confession from my lips that I cannot exist without you! Make me happy; come and share my lot and be mine until death do us part!"—his fair secretary paused and ingeniously inquired: "Is that to go down with the rest?"

Breaking the News Gently.
A good example of the extremely courteous in public correspondence was the notice sent to Charles James Fox that he was no longer a member of the government of George the Third. It read thus: "His gracious majesty has been pleased to issue a new commission, in which your name does not appear."

How Could He Tell?
Hiram—Was yer house damaged by that cyclone?
Ike—Dunno. I hain't found it yet.
—Cleveland Leader.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes
Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Laws. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Try Murine in Your Eyes. At Druggists.

Nine men out of a possible ten wear a sad look after they have been married a year.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
RAZU OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

The professional tramp never punctures his tire.

Use Allen's Foot-Powder.
Cures itchy, aching, swollen feet. Trial package free. A. S. Gilmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It is what it is "cracked up to be," if it is ice.

FIDO DULY WARNED.

Look here, Fido, if you can't be a better horse than this I shall have to discharge you an' get an automobile!

And It Was Overruled.
Judge Hoar and Gen. Butler were opponents in a case of a new trial. Gen. Butler quoted: "Eye for eye, skin for skin, tooth for tooth, eye, all that a man hath, will be given for his life." To which Judge Hoar replied: "Yes, the devil quoted that once before in a motion for a new trial."

A Bad Break.
"That was a bad break Dr. Green made."
"What was it?"
"He advised our traveling man to give up work for a while and travel for his health."
—Detroit Free Press.

He who is false to duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.—H. Ward Beecher.

A pessimist needs Garfield Tea, the Herb laxative which regulates the liver, corrects constipation and brings good health and good spirits.

Women would have no use for mirrors that would enable them to see themselves as others see them.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of L. W. GRIFFIN. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in the Head. 25c a bottle.

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Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. You pay for the cigars not so good. Your dealer or Lewis' Cigar Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A man's idea of value depends on whether he wants to buy or sell.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A good sermon is often spoiled by a bad dinner.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE
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