

Partners of the Tide

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

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(Continued.)

Seventy men were hired altogether, and to feed them it was necessary to buy large quantities of provisions. Captain Titcomb managed this part of the business, and the bargains he made with Caleb Weeks and other storekeepers were wonderful and in some cases not too profitable for the sellers. As Mr. Weeks said: "Ez Titcomb spent her't the forenoon with me today, and afore he got through talkin' he'd tangled me up so with figgers that I don't know whether I sold him salt at a cent a pound or cornmeal at a dollar a barrel. I'll have to put in the rest of the day ca'latin' and addin' up, and to know whether I've made money or lost it."

Soon the work on the Freedom was in full swing, and the great hull hummed like a beehive. Men were standing by the hatches and by the derricks, some were working by the rail transverse ropes and ironwork to the Diving Belle. Down in the hold gangs of men with faces sooty black except where the sweat streaked them with white channels were shoveling the coal into the big iron buckets that the creaking derricks lifted and swung over the side. The donkey engine pulsed and whistled, the chains rattled, and ton after ton of good hard coal tumbled from the opening buckets and splashed into the tumbling waves of the channel.

The captain and Bradley, together for a moment, stood in the bows, where the heavy cable led, taut and rigid, from the windlass out to the submerged anchors. The Freedom had moved slightly in the last few days, and the partners were encouraged.

"By crimus, Brad," exclaimed Captain Titcomb, pointing, with a grin on his grimy face, to the stout little Diving Belle just then shooting off to the west with a load of strappings from the Freedom, "that's the little critter that has made it possible for us to handle this job. I don't know what we'd do if we hadn't had her. See her? You will? Flies round like a flea in a flyin' pan, don't she? You never get your money into anything better than the size than her, and don't you let that slip your mem'ry."

The new schooner had proved her worth twice over. Equipped, as she was, with the engine, she performed the part of a steam launch, a tug and a buoyboat. She had carried out and lowered the anchors in the channel; she took her owners and a few of the hands to and from Orham every night and morning; she was always ready and always useful. In fact, as the captain said, they could scarcely have handled the job without her.

Bradley, dirty and bareheaded, looked at the little vessel.

"I shan't feel easy until we pay off that mortgage," he said. "And, another thing, you mustn't forget to see Obed and close that insurance deal. It worries me to think she is not protected at all."

"That's so. Fact is, I've been so worried lately that I'd forgot to eat if I hadn't got in the habit of it. But I must settle that right off. The only thing that's kept it from goin' through afore is on account of that dynamite in the hold. The papers are ready, only Obed won't dicker until we take that stuff off; his comp'ny won't insure against explosives."

A little of the dynamite that they had been using in blowing up the hulk containing the tar was still stored in the Diving Belle's hold. Captain Titcomb had promised to see that it was taken ashore, but he always forgot it. Bradley would himself have attended to the matter, but the captain seemed to take the offer as a personal reflection on his own management. It was the same with the insurance. Anything that the captain undertook to do he hated to give up to another.

"Don't you want me to attend to that dynamite?" asked the junior partner.

"No, no. I'll tend to it myself. Told you I would, didn't I?"

Bradley saw that it was time to change the subject. He looked across the ocean to the horizon. The air was clear and cold and the November sunlight lay upon the water with a steely metallic glitter that had no warmth in it.

"Wind to the south'ard," he observed, "and seems likely to hold that way. If it only holds fair long enough we'll win out yet."

"Where's that special weather bureau of ours?" asked the captain. "Ain't had a prophecy for two days or more." He stepped to the hatchway. "Ez, Peleg!" he shouted. "Peleg Myrick, ahoy!"

A distant voice from the hold replied that Peleg was aboard the Diving Belle.

"That's so," said Captain Titcomb. "So he is. Well, we'll see him later."

human. "Know me! Course he does." "Well, I didn't know. You look so much like a cross between a darky and a Kickapoo Sagwa peddler in his war paint that I shouldn't think your mother'd know you, let alone a dog."

Mr. Myrick pondered. "Well, you see," he replied slowly, "mother, she's been dead for a considerable spell, and Skeezlecks—"

"Skeezlecks ain't I, see. That's the best reason I know of. Say, how about gales? Got any marked on the calendar?"

The prophet's dreamy gaze wandered mournfully to the sky.

"No," he drawled; "I don't callate there'll be a storm for the next week. After that—well, I don't know. I've been havin' a feelin' that the weather'd shift, but p'raps 'twon't. Still, I'm kind of scart—kind of scart of the week after next."

Captain Titcomb looked troubled. "Thunder!" he muttered. "I swan I hope that ain't so!"

Bradley looked at him in puzzled surprise.

"Now, honest, Cap'n Ez," he exclaimed, "you aren't worried because that half baked chap says—here, Peleg! Come back here a minute! Say, how do you get your tips on the weather?"

Mr. Myrick hesitated and looked troubled. "Waal," he replied, "I—I—you see, I don't gin'rally tell that 'cause folks laugh at me; but, bein' as you're my boss, I s'pose I ought to tell you a little. You see, I jest sort of feel it in my bones."

"Any particular bones?"

"Why, my laig bones mostly. If a no'theaster's comin', my right laig sort of aches, and if it's a sou'easter it'll fetch me in the left oie. Then there's other—"

Bradley interrupted him by a roar of laughter. The prophet looked hurt.

"There!" he sighed. "I knew you'd laff."

"All right, Peleg; trot along. There, Cap'n Ez, does that satisfy you?"

The captain laughed, too, but he shook his head.

"I don't know," he replied. "Them leg bones of Peleg's seem to have been pretty good barometers afore now. Well, what is to be will be, as the fellow with dyspepsy said when he tackled the miuce pie. My, this won't do for me or for you either, Brad!"

They separated to plunge again into their work. But Bradley's hint about the dynamite still troubled Captain Titcomb's conscience. When the Diving Belle came back from her next trip to the beach he hailed Peleg and, calling him to him, said:

"Peleg, I've got a job for you. I want you to git out that dynamite we've got in the hold for'ard and take it ashore some'ere."

Now, that dynamite was Mr. Myrick's particular dread. He was more afraid of it than he was of anything else on earth. The captain knew this, and that was why he always selected Peleg to bring up a stick of the stuff when the latter was needed. "It's the scared man that's always careful," said the skipper. "Peleg hangs to them sticks like a sucker to a barn door. He won't drop 'em unless his knee j'ints rattle loose altogether from nervousness."

When the weather prophet heard the captain's order the visible parts of his countenance turned white.

"Oh, my soul and body!" he gasped. "You don't want me to tech them pesky things, do you, Cap'n Ez? Git somebody else, do!"

"No," replied the skipper gravely. "I wouldn't trust nobody else. Tumble 'em out!"

"Tumble 'em out! Don't talk in that careless kind of way, Cap'n Ez. What'll I do with 'em?"

"Oh, dig a hole and bury 'em; put 'em under your bunk in the shanty; feed 'em to Skeezlecks, only git 'em out of the schooner some time pretty soon!"

"Will—will Sunday do?"

"Yes, yes! Whenever you have the time. Hi, Sam Hammond! What are you settin' there for? Git back to your engine."

Mr. Hammond was still with them, although his usefulness as a diver was gone owing to the temporary abandonment of the tar venture. But because they anticipated returning to this work if the Freedom should be floated he

was retained at his old wages and was now running one of the hoisting engines, a labor with which he was more or less familiar, although he considered it beneath him and shirked whenever he could.

This shirking irritated Captain Titcomb.

"Consarn him!" he growled. "Let him either fish or cut bait, one or t'other. If he's too good for the job, why, then, the job's too good for him. If I had my way we'd come to a settlement in about half a shake."

The majority of the men hired by the partners were intensely loyal and thoroughly optimistic. They knew the circumstances under which the contract had been taken and would not consider the possibility of failure for a moment. But Hammond was the head of a little coterie of pessimists, among whom were Henry Simmons and a few others from Orham and Lea Clark and Ike Bodkin from Harmiss. These croakers sneered at Captain Ezra when his back was turned and pretended to pity Bradley. When the pay envelopes were distributed they congratulated themselves loudly and wondered if this time was the last.

Bradley was aware of all this, because Barney told him, but he would not permit his partner to call Hammond to account. Sam should not have the opportunity of telling Gus that he was the victim of persecution by an unsuccessful rival—not if Bradley could help it, he shouldn't. Captain Titcomb understood, and so Sam was not reprieved and grew more and more intolerable.

All day long the Freedom's deck was a whirl of industry. The captain and Bradley were always in the thick of it and were dog tired when 6 o'clock came. Then the cable was tightened and choked, the watch was set and most of the crews were transferred in relays to the beach to eat supper in the shanty and shout, sing, and play cards until bedtime. The partners, with Hammond, Bearse and a few others, went up to Orham in the Diving Belle.

The old maids had been very solemn of late. When Bradley first told them that his firm had secured the biggest wrecking contract ever handled by Orham men they were jubilant. But then came Miss Busted, brimming over like a sort of living "extra"—with exaggerated reports of village opinion concerning that contract, and the sisters began to worry. Other callers, whose views were more weighty than Melissa's, came also, and now even Miss Prissy was nervously anxious.

Bradley went to bed early nowadays. On the night following the conversation with Peleg he took his lamp from the shelf soon after supper was cleared away. Captain Titcomb called, but remained only a little while.

As the young man rose from his chair Miss Prissy, who had been watching him over her glasses while pretending to mend some stockings, dropped the work in her lap and asked, "Bradley, how are you gettin' on down at the Point?"

"Tiptop," was the reply.

"Yes, you always say that, but are you gainin' as fast as you ought to? You don't think there's any—any chance of your not bein' able to git that vessel off, do you? Folks seem to think—"

Bradley laughed. "Has Melissa been here today?" he interrupted.

"No, she hasn't, but Mr. Langworthy has. Oh, Bradley, we hear such dreadful things! Mr. Langworthy came here almost on purpose to try to git us to coax you to give it up 'fore it's too late. He says the whole town thinks you can't carry it through. Men that know all about wreckin' say—"

"Who says the Jeremlah club?"

The Jeremlah club was Captain Titcomb's name for the daily gathering about the stove in Weeks' store.

"No, indeed! Men like Cap'n Jonadab Wixon and Mr. Wingate and lots more. They say that you've mortgaged your vessel and that if you fail you'll be ruined—absolutely ruined. They lay it all to Cap'n Ezra. Of course Tempy and me stand up for you and the cap'n and pretend we ain't a mite anxious; but, oh, Bradley, if any such awful thing should happen to you, to our boy, 'twould break our hearts!"

Bradley felt a pang of reproach. Miss Prissy's eyes were wet, and the tears were running down Miss Tempy's cheeks. He was very grave as he answered.

"Miss Prissy," he said, "please don't worry. I know how people are talking; but, honestly and truly, I think we shall succeed. If we do, it means everything to us. If we don't—well, whatever happens, if God lets me live, you and Miss Tempy shall never suffer. I owe everything in the world to you. I'll promise you something else too. If we win out now, I'll never take another contract where the risk is as big as this. Now, good night, and, to please me, don't worry any more."

"As he was leaving the room Miss Tempy said timidly: "Bradley, you don't go to prayer meetin' any more. Prissy and me pray for you every night. I hope you won't let your bus'ness crowd out your religion."

Bradley shook his head, answered hurriedly that he was working hard nowadays and was tired and went up to his room. The last time he had been to prayer meeting Gus went with him. He had no wish to go there now and perhaps see her in Sam's company.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Raising the Ante.

Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "Hit only cost me a string er fish ter git married, judge, but, please God, I'd give a whole ter git rid er her."

Wanted the Earth.

Browne—Did you ever see a man who really wanted the earth? Towne—Oh, yes. Browne—Who was he? Towne—A first trip passenger on an ocean liner.

FOR COTTON MONOPOLY.

Daniel L. Sully, so well known this country over for his dealings on the cotton market, has an article in the Cosmopolitan for April on the formation of a cotton trust. He speaks of the possibilities of immense fortune to be made by a combination to control the cotton produced in this country as has been done with the iron and oil products. But because of the immense amount of capital such movement would require he despairs of its being done through private means and therefore, proposes that the government enter into this scheme. This article by Mr. Sully has brought forth the following editorial by the New Orleans Picayune:

"These Southern States of the great American Republic enjoy through the peculiarities of soil and climate a virtual monopoly of the production of the cotton fiber, but for various reasons, largely lack of capital and organization, this is one of the monopolies that has failed to control the world's markets, although the staple is in universal demand.

"Petroleum and steel are in the hands of American combinations that are able to control the markets of the world, and it would appear that cotton could be brought under some such conditions. The steel and oil trusts have not only proved enormously profitable to those who control them, but, although they are owned by private parties, they cannot be brought under the operation of the United States laws against trusts and combinations, and seem to enjoy special and peculiar privileges.

"These conditions have encouraged the notion that if cotton could be brought under the control of a sufficient combination, and be enabled also to secure exemption from the operation of the laws which are enforced against ordinary prohibited trusts, it would soon develop into a power that would control the world's market and place its managers among that wonderful and almost omnipotent class, the world's richest men."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss.

Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. 4-4-1m.

You may have both a legal right and a moral right to please yourself but it is not always policy to do so.

"Foley's Honey and Tar is a safeguard against serious results from Spring colds, which inflame the lungs and develop into pneumonia. Avoid counterfeits by insisting upon having the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar, which contains no harmful drugs. W. W. Sibert.

A fan is used to brush away warmth.

"We often wonder how any person can be persuaded into taking anything but Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung trouble. Do not be fooled into accepting 'own make' or other substitutes. The genuine contains no harmful drugs and is in a yellow package. W. W. Sibert.

The best of us have faults. We can find them if we try, and we can oust them if we really want to.

"You should not delay under any circumstances in cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble. You should take something promptly that you know is reliable, something like DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are unequalled for weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, etc. When you ask for DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, be sure you get them. They are antiseptic. Accept no substitutes; insist upon getting the right kind. Sold by all druggists.

FLOYD TO SUCCEED POINIER.

Brother of Spartanburg Mayor Almost Certain of Appointment.

Washington, April 1.—L. W. C. Blalock, of Laurens County, and M. W. Floyd, of Spartanburg, the latter an applicant for the postmastership at Spartanburg, reached Washington this morning, and at once went into conference with Postmaster General Hitchcock and John G. Capers.

Swept Over Niagara.

"This terrible calamity often happens because a careless boatman ignores the river's warnings—growing ripples and faster current—nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the kidneys need attention if you would escape fatal maladies—Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see Backache fly and all your best feelings return. "After long suffering from weak kidneys and lame back, one \$1.00 bottle wholly cured me," writes J. R. Blankenship, of Belk, Tenn. Only 56c at Sibert's Drug Store.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *W. W. Sibert*

STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

Meets This Year at Summerville in April.

The annual meeting of the State Medical Society, will be held in Pine Forest Inn, Summerville, April 20, 21 and 22.

The entertainment committee, headed by Dr. Carroll of Columbia, has arranged for a reception of the delegates at the Pinhurst tea gardens (the only tea gardens in North America), by the way, to be tendered by the hospitable founder, Dr. Charles U. Sheppard, on the afternoon of the 22nd.

There will also be a reception the evening of the 21st at Pine Forest Inn, one of the finest winter hostels in the South. A smoker will be tendered the delegates at the same place on the evening of the 22nd.

An effort is to be made at this meeting of the society to organize a county secretaries' association. A meeting for this purpose is called for the morning of the 20th.

A number of papers of more or less general interest even to the laymen always mark the meetings of the society.

Words to Freeze the Soul.

"Your son has Consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens, a leading merchant of Springfield, N. C., by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. "After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for Coughs and Colds, its safest, surest cure of desperate Lung diseases on earth. 50c. and \$1.00 at Sibert's Drug Store. Guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free.

Anti-Tuberculosis Literature.

Health Officer Reardon has distributed among the schools of the city, white and colored, about one thousand primers or first lessons in regard to the best methods of preventing tuberculosis and the precautionary methods to be adopted by consumptives to protect others against the disease. This is a step towards the teaching of hygiene in the schools. A number of placards containing short but comprehensive instructions to the general public on how to avoid tuberculosis have been distributed among the various schools, and in some of the factories, and have also been posted in and around the passenger stations, city hall and other public places. These placards will be placed in every factory and store in Sumter and around the different public places as soon as the health officer has time to get them distributed.

"If you have backache and urinary troubles you should take Foley's Kidney Remedy to strengthen and build up the kidneys so they will act properly, as a serious kidney trouble may develop. W. W. Sibert.

Every man on the job thinks he knows more than the boss.

"I'd Rather Die, Doctor," "than have my feet cut off," said M. L. Eingham, of Princeville, Ill., "but you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten away eight toes) if you don't," said all doctors. Instead—he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve till wholly cured. Its cures of Eczema, Fever Sores, Boils, Burns and Piles astound the world. 25c. at Sibert's Drug Store.

Mr. R. B. Bell, who lives two miles east of Laurens, had his barn destroyed by fire Sunday. In the barn were six fine mules, two horses, 600 bushels of corn, several thousand bundles of fodder and a number of hogs. Nothing of the feed stuff, nor one of the animals, was saved, and the barn was burned to its foundations.

Up Before the Bar.

"N. H. Brown, an attorney, of Pittsfield, Vt., writes: "We have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we wouldn't be without them." For Chills, Constipation, Biliousness or Sick Headache they work wonders. 25c. at Sibert's Drug Store.

The Rev. W. E. Hurt, a native of Virginia, and who for about four years previous to January, 1906, was pastor of the Yorkville Baptist church, and who since resigning the pastorate of that church has charge of several churches in York county, recently accepted an invitation to become pastor of the Baptist churches at Kingstree and St. Stephen's, and expects to enter upon the discharge of his pastoral duties next Sunday.

SOUTHERN WAREROOMS

5 W. Trade St. CHARLOTTE, :: N. C. C. H. Wilmoth, Manager.

(Mention this paper.)

*DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the best known pills and the best pills made, are easy to take and act gently and are certain. We sell and recommend them. All druggists.

There are 42 convicts on the chain gang in Spartanburg county. There are two gangs in the county, one being at work at Glenn Springs, the other at Apalache. The gang at Apalache has about 18 men and the Glenn Spring gang has 24 convicts. The gangs have been stationed at these points for some time and are now finishing the road work in these sections.

*Mr. F. C. Fritts, Oneonta, N. Y., writes: "My little girl was greatly benefited by taking Foley's Orino Laxative, and I think it is the best remedy for constipation and liver trouble." Foley's Orino Laxative is best for women and children, as it is mild, pleasant and effective, and is a splendid spring medicine, as it cleanses the system and clears the complexion. W. W. Sibert.

An election on the question of issuing bonds for the erection of a high school building at Olanita, in the lower part of Florence county, was held on last Saturday, and the vote was unanimously in favor of the issue of \$5,000 in bonds. The commissioners of the district will go ahead at once to have the buildings erected, as the bonds have already been placed.

*Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by all druggists.

Do not envy those who seem more successful. You don't know the loads they are carrying.

*People past middle life usually have some kidney or bladder disorder that saps the vitality, which is naturally lower in old age. Foley's Kidney Remedy corrects urinary troubles, stimulates the kidneys, and restores strength and vigor. It cures uric acid troubles by strengthening the kidneys so they will strain out the uric acid that settles in the muscles and joints causing rheumatism. W. W. Sibert.

It is noticeable that since President Taft visited Yale the Administration's desire to have Mr. Elliot go to England as Ambassador has been more eager than ever.—Boston Journal.

*During the Spring every one would be benefited by taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. It furnishes a needed tonic to the Kidneys after the extra strain of winter, and it purifies the blood by stimulating the kidneys, and causing them to eliminate the impurities from it. Foley's Kidney Remedy imparts new life and vigor. Pleasant to take. W. W. Sibert.

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The Sumter Clothing Company.

Readers, Read Stieff's Ads Every Week

YOU will find them not only interesting, but instructive, and if you expect to buy a piano and will be guided by our knowledge gained from sixty-six years' experience, you can secure a piano that will always be good, and buy at the Right Price.

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5 W. Trade St. CHARLOTTE, :: N. C. C. H. Wilmoth, Manager.

(Mention this paper.)