

THE STORY OF HUNCH BADEAU.

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CHAPTER XI.

Bruce came down to the station in the evening and was standing on the platform when Hunch stepped off the train. They walked together a few feet, and then Hunch went to the room before Bruce said:

"It's bad. She didn't have enough to eat. Keep her warm. She's going to live at Joe Carlier's place and take her meals there. It's a good deal cheaper on Sundays."

"You was coming down here, Hunch? What'd she say? Anything special? Tell me about it."

"Guess there ain't nothing to tell."

"Seems to me it's kind of funny if a man can't find out nothing about his own wife. You was down there and you see her all day. I don't see why I ain't got a right to know."

"Oh, shut up. You ain't got a right to nothing from her. You've treated her."

"Look here, Hunch Badeau, you've got to tell me how long you been saying what I got to do."

"That's all right, but—"

"Yes, it's dead right."

Bruce stopped and took Hunch's arm.

"Take your hand off me."

Bruce's hand dropped.

"Now, don't get ugly, Hunch. I just wanted to know about her. I ain't seen her for a good while."

"Well, do you think that's my fault? It's you that's got her fixed up where she'll go to eat and drink, and she's got to go to the station on Sunday."

"If you're man enough to keep her, you should find me in your way. If you ain't, you can go to bed."

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Bruce's hand dropped.

"Come back here, McGuire. Pick that up."

McGuire muttered.

"What's that you say? I ain't saying nothing. Hunch started toward him, but checked himself.

"Pick up that cathook, McGuire."

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McGuire was coming in from the kitchen, and she hurried forward.

"Don't let him go on, Joe. His dinner's all ready."

"That's right, Joe, Joe. You see you can't go, Hunch."

"I'm sorry, said Hunch. "Good day."

He hurried out, and left Joe and his wife looking at each other.

Hunch had been back in Manhattan nearly a week when he received a letter in a perfumed envelope, like the ones Bruce used to send them together in the afternoon.

It was carried in his pocket all the afternoon, and at night, wondering what she could have to say, and what she would do with it, he took it out, set it upon his bureau, taking it up every few minutes and turning it over in his hand, as if he were afraid to look at it.

In the morning when he awoke and got out of bed to light the lamp and dress it was there on the bureau staring at him, the letter in the left several inches from the end of the envelope and drew out the letter.

It was a stiffly worded note, thanking Hunch for bringing Bruce's things, and was signed, "Yours truly, Mary Considine." Hunch could not tell why, made the first letter she had ever written to him, and the first letter any one had ever written to him.

Then suddenly he thought of Bruce, and the letter dropped to the table and he looked at it for a long time intently, while he dressed with clumsy fingers. But before he went out he took it up and read it again.

It stayed there for a long time, and sometimes in the evenings, long afterward, he would take it out and read it again.

To be continued.

HOW SHAG ROCK WENT UP.

The Night Produced by Firing Ten Tons of Nitro-Gelatine in San Francisco Bay.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Ten tons of nitro-gelatine were exploded at 2:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon on the summit of Shag Rock No. 2, half a mile north of Alcatraz Island and seven miles from the city of San Francisco.

The explosion was a result of the hidden menace to navigation was shattered and spectators were afforded one of the grandest spectacles ever witnessed in this part of the world.

Impressive as was the picture presented by the blowing up of Shag Rock No. 1 on the morning of April 20 last, it could not be compared with the picture presented yesterday.

Not only did the amount of explosive materials used yesterday exceed by an entire ton the quantity used in leveling the first rock, but the column of water which shot upward from the depths was unspotted by the smoke of powder.

Every few minutes he put a sovereign into his pocket and went to the public house, always beginning with Cummins's own house, the Welcome Home. Cummins, you see, couldn't refuse to serve him—the law wouldn't allow it. So he'd put out a brand new sovereign and slap it on the counter and eye it.

"Ah," he'd say, "it's a dear friend gave me that, that's his heart's in the right place. Two penny worth of gin, please, your Worship."

And the end was that he'd be up before the Mayor on Monday morning charged with drunkenness. No use to fine him; he wouldn't pay.

But now he was in the shop, he'd say, addressing the waiter, "along with his Worship there, I don't know what 'twould appear to him who come back and got the Welcome Home, but I didn't, and ten days don't frighten me."

Now they'd be wanting to know what made these two men hate each other, for friends they had been as long as they could remember.

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