

THE WRECK OF THE CATTLEBOAT.
BY CUTLIFFE LYNE.
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The next incoming wave swept them clear.

"Oh, aye," said McTodd, "and we'll keep a seat for yersel', skipper."
"You needn't bother," said Kettle. "I take no man's place in this sort of tea party." He splashed off across the streaming decks and found the cattleboat's captain sheltering under the lee of the companion wringing his hands. "Out, you blitherer," he shouted, "and save your mangy life! Your ship's gone now. You can't play hash with her any more." After which pleasant speech he worked his way below, half swimming, half wading, and once more beat against Miss Carnegie's door. Even in this moment of extremity he did not dream of going in unasked. She came out to him in the half swamped alleyway, fully dressed. "Is there any hope?" she asked. "We'll get you ashore, don't you fear."
He clapped an arm around her waist and drew her strongly on through the dark and the swirling water toward the foot of the companion. "Excuse me, miss," he said, "this is not familiarly, but I have got the firmer sea legs, and we must hurry."
They pressed up the stair, battling with great green cascades of water, and gained the dreadful turmoil on deck. A few weak stars gleamed out above the wind and showed the black wave tops dimly. Already some of the cattle had been swept overboard and were swimming about like the horned beasts of a nightmare. The din of surf came to them among the other noises, but no shore was visible. The steamer had backed off the reef on which she had struck and was foundering in deep water. It was indeed a time for hurry. It was plain she had very few more minutes to swim.
Each sea now made a clean breach over her, and a passage about the decks was a thing of infinite danger, but Kettle was resourceful and strong, and he had a grip round Miss Carnegie and a hold on something solid when the waters wrenched him, and he contrived never to be wrested entirely from his hold.
But when he had worked his way aft a disappointment was there ready for him. The quarter boat was gone. McTodd stood against one of the davits cool and philosophical as ever.
"You infernal Scotchman, you've let them take away the boat from you!" Kettle snarled. "I should have thought you could have kept your end up with a mangy crowd like that."
"Use your eyes," said the engineer. The boat's in the wash below there, at the end of the tackles, with her side stove in. She drowned the three men that were lowered in her because they'd no sense enough to fend off."
"That comes of setting a lot of farmers to work a steamboat."
"Awoel," said McTodd, "steamers have been lost before, and I have it in mind, captain, that you've helped."
"By James, if you don't carry a civil tongue, you drunken Geordie, I'll knock you some teeth down to cover it!"
"Oh, I owed you that!" said McTodd. "But now we're quits. I bided here, Captain Kettle, because I thought you'd maybe like to swim the leddy off to the shore, and at that I can bear a useful hand."
"Mac," said Kettle, "I take back what I said about you're being Scotch. You're a good soul!" He turned to the girl, still shouting to make his voice carry above the clash of the seas and the bellow of the siren and the noises of the dying ship: "It's our only chance, miss, swimming. The life buoys from the bridge are all gone. I looked. The hands will have taken them. There'll be a lot of timber floating about when she goes down, and we'll be best clear of that. Will you trust to us?"
"I trust you in everything," she said. Deeper and deeper the steamer sank in her wallow. The lower decks were swamped by this, and the miserable cattle were either drowned in their stalls or washed out of her. There was no need for the three to jump. They just let go their hold, and the next incoming wave swept them clear of the steamer's spar deck and spurned them 100 yards from her side.
They found themselves among a herd of floating cattle, some drowned, some swimming frenziedly, and with the inspiration of the moment laid hold of a couple of beasts and so supported themselves without further exertion. It was no use swimming for the present. They could not tell which way the shore lay. And it behooved them to reserve all their energies for the morning, so well as the numbing cold and the water would let them.
Of a sudden the bellow of the steamer's siren ceased, and a pang went through them as though they had lost a friend. Then came a dull, muffled explosion, and then a huge, ragged shape loomed up through the night like some vast monument and sank swiftly straight downward out of sight beneath the black, tumbled sea.
"Poor old girl," said McTodd, spitting out the sea water. "They'd a fine keg of whisky down in her messroom."
"Poor devil of a skipper!" said Kettle. "It's to be hoped he's drowned out of harm's way or it'll take lying to keep him any rags of his ticket."
The talk died out of them after that and the miseries of the situation closed in. The water was cold, but the air was piercing, and so they kept their bodies submerged, each holding on to the bovine raft and each man sparing a few fingers to keep a grip on the girl.

comes to the pinch you are just like the rest. Go! Go!"
"You say you don't understand," said Kettle. "I think you deliberately won't understand, miss. You remember that I said I was disappointed in you, and I stick to that now. You make me remember that I have got a wife and family I am fond of. You make me ashamed I have not gone to them before. Goodby, miss!"
"Goodby," she sobbed from her pillow. "I wish I could think you are right, but perhaps it is best as it is."
In the village street outside was McTodd, clothed in rasping serge and inclined to be sententious. "They've whisky here," he said, with a jerk of the thumb. "Irish whisky that's got a smoky taste that's rather alluring when once you've got over the first dislike. I'm out of siller myself or I'd stand you a glass, but if you be in funds I could guide you to the place."
Kettle was half tempted, but with a wrench he said "No," adding that if he once started he might not know when to stop.
"Quite right," said the engineer, "you're quite (hic) right, skipper. A man with an inclination to level himself with the beasts that perish should always be abstemious."
He sat against a wayside fence and prepared for sleep. "Like me," he added solemnly, and shut his eyes.
"No," said Kettle to himself, "I won't forget it that way. I guess I can manage without. She pretty well cured me herself, and a sight of the missis will do the rest."
Great Speed.
An extract from the New York Evening Post of Oct. 2, 1897, may afford some amusement to travelers by water in this progressive age:
Mr. Fulton's new invented steamboat, which is fitted up in a neat style for passengers, and is intended to run from New York to Albany as a packet, left here this noon with 90 passengers, against a strong head wind. Notwithstanding which, it was judged that she moved through the waters at the rate of six miles an hour.
Missed His Train.
Baxter—An awful accident happened at the station this morning. Hustle was hit by a locomotive and carried half a mile up the road. It is not expected he will recover from his injuries.
Scott—Up the road! Then it wasn't his train. It must have made Hustle mad to be taken half a mile the wrong way.—Boston Transcript.
Realistic.

"Dear me, what a vivid literary style! I can almost smell the smoke!"—Chicago News.
Unavailing.
"If I could but digest!" implored the dyspeptic.
Fate was quite deaf to his entreaty. "Well, then, if I could jest die!" the hapless mortal exclaimed.
Now, this was genuine Anglican humor, and fate laughed immoderately, but yielded nothing.—Detroit Journal.
A Serious Blunder.
"You make a great mistake in sayin my daddy wuz lynched fer hoss stealin."
"Impossible!" replied the editor.
"No, sir! I know what I'm talkin about. Hit wuz a mule he stole!"—Atlanta Constitution.
Force of Habit.
Customer—What's this? Seventy-five cents for a 2 cent stamp? Why, that is outrageous!
Druggist—Beg pardon, sir. I thought you had a prescription for it.—Baltimore American.
Its Leading Features.
"Pa, what is 'art for art's sake?"
"Oh, it would take me a long time to explain the thing to you, but the principal parts of it are solled cuffs and a hungry look."—Chicago Times-Herald.
Not Playing Fair.

Swordfish—Hold on; that hurts! Don't you know we're playing French duel?—Chicago News.
First Inspection.
"Your doom is sealed!" said the sheriff solemnly.
"Doesn't matter!" responded the prisoner absently. "My wife will open it!"—Chicago News.

Second Thought.
"It cannot be," sighed the maid. "I respect you highly, Mr. Hunniwell, but we are incompatible."
"Well, I suppose it cannot be helped," the young man replied, pocketing his chagrin and looking about for his hat. "But it defeats all my cherished hopes. I had planned a house in which I fondly imagined we might be happy. It was to have had a pantry twice as large as the ordinary size, with a roomy closet in which to stow away the new cooking utensils and things that a woman naturally buys when a peddler comes along."
"Stay, Harry," she said fastidiously. "Perhaps I have been too hasty. Give me a day or two to think it over. It is not impossible that—that—"
—Chicago Tribune.

Those Sweet Girls.
"Yes, he knelt at my feet," said the one in blue.
"Indeed?" returned the one in gray.
"For fully 15 minutes," went on the one in blue.
"Some of those shoe clerks are awfully slow in fitting one, are they not?" suggested the one in gray.—Chicago Post.
Gave Her an Opening.
Mr. Gayboy (over his paper)—Well, well! Here's another shocking story of crime. Truly, one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Mrs. Gayboy (significantly)—Yes, and very frequently a man's better half doesn't know how the other half lives.—Philadelphia Press.
Failed to Work.
"If you would always think twice before you speak, Johnny, dear, you never would get into any of these troubles with your playfellows."
"Huh! You don't know Arch Stapleford! You ain't got time to think once fore he hits you!"—Chicago Tribune.
One to Fit.
Mr. Houskeep—I want to get a servant girl.
Employment Agent—What sort of girl do you want?
Mr. Houskeep—I'd like to get one about 2 by 5. We're living in a flat at present.—Philadelphia Press.

When Mother Scrubs.
When mother scrubs us Sunday morn,
There's lively times, you bet;
There's faces wry, with howl and cry
To keep out of the wet.
There's argument and weak excuse
And faces full forlorn
When mother scrubs and digs and rubs
Us every Sunday morn.
When mother scrubs us, there's a glow
Of white comes o'er the scene,
A shuddering of the old, and new
Comes where the old has been;
A shrinkage in more ways than one,
A wish we'd ne'er been born.
When mother scrubs with all her powers
On every Sunday morn.
When mother scrubs us Sunday morn,
She gets all out of breath;
She pants and sweats and sighs and frets
And scrubs us most to death.
She scrubs our backs till they are sore,
Till skin and flesh are gone,
Then wonders why we'd rather die
Than wash on Sunday morn.
No wonder Billy Buzzeby says
That I'm a thin skinned jay;
I've got to be, 'cuz ma, you see,
Has scrubbed it all away.
Oh, won't we be a happy lot,
The wildest ever born,
When we're too big for ma to dig
And scrub on Sunday morn?
—New York Herald

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