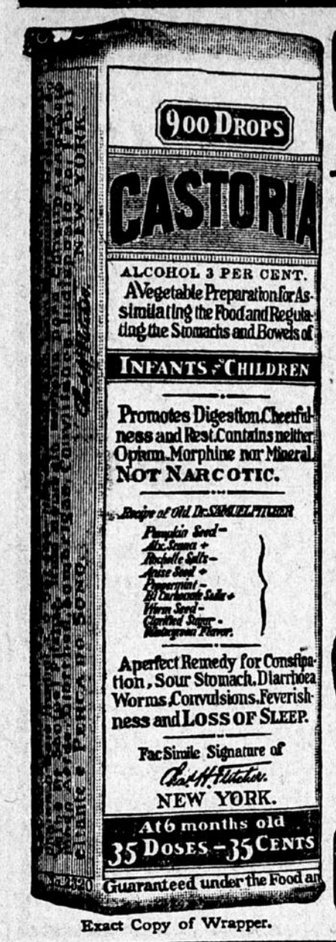

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SHOWS NECESSITY OF TARIFF.

In last Sunday's Chicago Tribune, Frank G. Carpenter, writing from India, has a very interesting article on the development of that country. The head of the cotton manufacturing there, is D. J. Tatta. In speaking of the condition of the cotton business of India, Mr. Tatta said:

"It is rapidly growing. We now have in India over 200 mills, and 200 more could be established and run at a profit. Most of our mills work day and night, and we cannot supply the demand. Our home market is enormous. We have 300,000,000 people and they all dress in cottons. Just over the way is China, which is waking up to the western civilization and increasing its wants. There are 400,000,000 there who wear cottons. There is a big market in farther India. Indeed the markets for cotton mills of this part of the world are so great that we do not need those of either Europe or America.'

"Tell me something about your labor element. Mr. Tatta. Can the Hindoos handle machinery?" asked Mr. Carpenter.

"Yes. They are excellent factory hands. Our boys are especially good. We have many little children of 10 or 12 in the mills whose supple fingers can do quite as well as those of the full grown women employed at Manchester. Indeed, I think they do better."

"What are the wages paid in the mills?"

"The average is fifteen rupees a month. That means about $5, or over 15 cents a day. That is good wages for India."

The protective tariff is levied for the purpose of protecting the worker in American cotton mills from having to compete with labor that is paid only 15 cents a day, or about $5 a month. The average wage in the cottitled to protection from competition ton mills of the United States, is $37 per month, or nearly $1.50 per day. The American laborer is certainly enwith the child labor and poorly paid people of India.

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THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

"Has the center of the country's population moved westward in the past ten years? Probably it has, but if so the distance has been short," says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "It has been moving westward since the beginning, but it traveled only fourteen miles in the ten years ending with 1900 as compared with forty-eight miles in the decade immediately before that, and fifty-eight miles in the one just previous. In the ten years from 1890 to 1900 the westward swing of the population focal point was far shorter than in any precious equal period in the history of the government under the constitution.

"The movement has undoubtedly been much shorter in the decade which has ended this year. Rhode Island, the first state to have its population total furnished in the census of 1900, has increased 26.6 per cent in the decade. This growth is far above the average for the forty-six states. In the ten years ending with 1900 the country's aggregate increase in population was less than 21 per cent It will probably be found to have been less than 20 per cent in the past ten years. Texas, Oklahoma, Illinois and one or two other western states have increased in population in a large ratio in the decade, the growth in Illinois being chiefly confined to Chicago and a few other towns. But the aggregate growth of New York has undoubtedly been much greater than that of any western state, while large gains have been made by Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and other industrial commonwealths of the east.

"In 1900 the population center was near Columbus, in the middle of Indiana. It will probably be only a short distance from that point when the account is made up this year. The west's wide spaces have been pretty well filled in recent times. Except to Oklahoma and Texas, there has been no heavy migration to any western state in the past ten or fifteen years. As the population becomes diffused throughout the country the growth in the various localities tends more and more to uniformity. On the average the industrial communities grow faster than the agricultural, and most of the industrial states are east of the population center."

THE WORK OF FARMER JIM.

The Chicago Evening Post notes that Farmer Jim Wilson, secretary of agriculture, still has his hand at the plow, although for five or six years at intervals the Washington correspondents have been resigning him. The Post says that already the secretary has taken stock of the appropriations for the year and has apportioned them among the different bureaus of his department in sums and after the manner that he thinks will do the most good. Among the things enumerated that come under his jurisdiction are good roads, birds, bugs, cattle, plants and a half dozen other things. The Post adds:

It is said that today the department of agriculture is the greatest investigating organization in the world. All sorts of experiments are conducted by the officials of the different bureaus for the purpose of trying to make two ears of corn grow where one grew before, for doubling the milk supply and for the increase of good and necessary things generally. The secretary never has felt that he need apologize for the work of his department. As a rule, after his bureau managers have made their statements to the committees of congress they have been given the money that they have declared necessary for the upgrowing work.

The Post prints this paragraph from an article by the Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript concerning a part of the experiment and investigating work of the department:

The bureau of animal industry has $1,234,450 at its command for this year. It will use $50,000 for experiments in animal feeding and breeding; $42,000 for investigations and experiments in animal husbandry; $108,000 for scientific investigations in disease of animals, including the maintenance of the bureau experiment station at Bethesda, Md.; $174,000 for investigations and experiments in dairy industry, including cooperative investigations of the dairy business in the various states; $623,000 for the eradication of scabies in sheep and cattle, the inspection of southern cattle, the supervision of the transportation of live stock, etc. This bureau has just purchased another farm of 500 acres in the District of Columbia that is to be used for experimental purposes. For one thing, it is purposed to conduct on this farm a model dairy.

And this comment is added by the Chicago paper:

The bureau of biological survey of Secretary Wilson's department has been at work for years, and few persons except those engaged in farming and fruit raising have known the excellence of its endeavors. So little was known of the bureau that at one time the house committee on agriculture was inclined to withhold the appropriation for biological work. Instantly the farmers of the country raised their voices in protest. The committee, which knew little of the biological survey, found that the agriculturists knew much of it, and that they held it in high regard. The year after the committee thought of wiping the bureau out of existence by refusing it an appropriation the members were forced by public opinion to increase the sum usually allotted for the work of the scientists.

Uncle Jim Wilson has been secretary of agriculture for a great many years. No one wants him to hand in his resignation. He is of sturdy stock and his body and brain are as they have been all his life, in sound working condition. The records of the agricultural department for thirteen years give the best reason why one cabinet member should be kept in office.

The correspondents have not been doing much with the Wilson rumor lately. They have forecasted the retirement of the Iowan so many times, only to be forced to take it back, that they seem to be content to allow him to continue the work for which he is so peculiary fitted.

WISH CARROLL SUCCESS

That Governor Carroll's friends and well wishes are not confined to this state was evidenced in the following telegram received Saturday at the office of Iowa's chief executive under date of August 12:

Hon. B. F. Carroll, governor of Iowa, Des Moines, Ia.: The Iowa association of Tacoma, Wash., was 3,000 strong in annual picnic assembled today. Send to you and your constituency greetings and best wishes for your success and prosperity, and extend to you and all Iowans a hearty welcome to Tacoma.

S. J. Smyth,
President.
H. T. Laubach,
Secretary.

WELLIVER ON ROOSEVELT.

"Jud" Welliver, a well known Washington correspondent for Iowa newspapers, in an article on Roosevelt, in Hampton's magazine, makes the following summary:

But after all Roosevelt, as we have known him thus far, is essentially the agitator. Perhaps, with his limitless versatility, he will presently appear in a new phase as a constructor; but his genius for construction will be doubted until he shall give more demonstration than has been had thus far. If the country needs more agitation, it needs more Roosevelt; if it wants constructive statesmanship, it wants a leader of proved capacity for constructive statesmanship.

"The best recent testimony to the revived good sense and reviving good feeling of the Ohio republicans," says the New York Sun, "is the marked heartiness of approval with which the state convention welcomed the mention of Mr. Foraker's name.

"Congressman Longworth do doubt did as well as he could in his Ohio convention speech, in view of his family connections by marriage," says the Springfield Republican, "but to describe President Taft merely as the 'greatest Ohioan' left something, perhaps, to be desired."

Three pages of manuscript that were recently found in Central Asia, are bothering the wise men of the east. The report says that they "are on brownish paper and are paged, showing that they are part of an extensive work, and are written in an unknown tongue, no clue having been found to the translation." Some stenographer's notes have blown out of the car window.

Just eat it right off the cob. Forget the dignity, enjoy the corn.

"Why" asks a Massachusetts pastor, "is it not safe to prophesy that baseball will have its place in heaven?" Why not? Heaven has its place in baseball when the home team wins.

The selection of Congressman Nicholas Longworth as one of the judges at a baby show in Cincinnati is likely to elicit some sarcastic comment by Father-in-law Roosevelt.

The.... SILVER HORDE

By REX BEACH,

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"When you got drunk that night you not only worked a great hardship on all of us, but afterward you allowed me to misjudge a very faithful man," declared Boyd. "Fraser's ways are not mine, and I have said harsh things to him when my temper prompted; but I am not ungrateful for the service he has done me and the sacrifices he has made. No, Alton, you have chosen to join us in a desperate venture, and the further we go the more vigorous will be the resistance we shall meet. If you can't keep a close mouth, and do as you are told, you'd better go back to Chicago. By rare good luck we have averted this disaster, but I have no hope of being so fortunate again."

"Don't climb any higher," admonished "Fingerless" Fraser. "He's all fluffed up now, I'll lay you eight to one he don't make another break of that kind."

"No, I was so com-cussed-pletely pickled that I forgot I even spoke about the salmon canning business. I'll break my corkscrew and seal my flask, and from this moment until we come out next fall the demon rum and I are divorced. Is that good news?"

"Everything is a joke to you, isn't it?" said Boyd. "If this trip doesn't make a man of you, you'll never grow up. Now I've got work for all of us, including you, Fraser.

"What is it?"

"Go down to the freight office and trace a shipment of machinery, while I—"

"Nix! That ain't my line. If you need a piece of rough money quick, why I'll take my gat and stick somebody up in an alley, or feel out a safe combination for you in the dark; but this chaperoning freight cars ain't in my game. I'd only crab it."

"I thought you wanted to help?"

"I do, sure I do! I'll be glad when you're on your way, but I most respectfully duck all bills-of-lading and shipping receipts."

"You are merely lazy," Emerson smiled. "Nevertheless, if we get in a tight place, I'll make you take a hand in spite of yourself."

"Any time you need me," cheerfully volunteered the other, lighting a fresh cigar. "Only don't give me child's work."

As if Hilliard's conversion had marked the turning point of their luck, the partners now entered upon a period of almost uninterrupted success. In the reaction from their recent discouragement they took hold of their labors with fresh energy, and fortune aided them in unexpected ways. Boyd signed his charter, securing a tramp steamer then discharging at Tacoma;

Balt closed his contracts for Chinese labor, and the scattered carloads of material, which had been lost enroute or mysteriously laid out on sidings, began to come in as if of their own accord. Those supplies which had been denied them they found in unexpected quarters close at hand; and almost before they were aware of it The Bedford Castle had finished unloading and was coaling at the bunkers.

A brigade of Orientals and a miniature army of fishermen had appeared as if by magic, and were quartered in the lower part of the city awaiting shipment. Boyd and Big George worked unceasingly in the midst of a maelstrom of confusion, the center of which was the dock. There, one throbbing April evening, The Bedford Castle berthed, ready to receive her cargo, and the two men made their way toward their hotel, weary, but glowing with the grateful sense of an arduous duty well performed. The following morning would find the wharf swarming with stevedores and echoing to the rattle of trucks, the clank of hoists, and the shrill whistles of the signalmen.

"Looks like they couldn't stop us now," said Balt.

"It does," agreed Emerson. "We ought to clear in four days—that'll be the 15th."

"It smells like an early spring, too," the fisherman observed, sniffing the air. "If it is, we'll be in Kalvik the first week in May."

"Is you sense of smell sharp enough to tell what's happening up there?"

"Sure."

"Suppose it's a backward season?"

"Then we'll lay in the ice alongside the Company boats till she breaks. That may be in June."

"I would like to get in early and have the buildings started before Marsh arrives. There's no telling what he may try."

George gave his companion a short nod. "And there ain't no telling what we may try right back at him. Anyhow, he'll have to fight in the open, and that's better than this shadow-boxing that we've been doing."

"I'm off to tell Cherry," said Boyd. "She'll need to be getting ready."

His course took him past Hilliard's bank, and when abreast of it he nearly collided with a man who came hurrying forth, an angry scowl between his eyes giving evidence of a surly humor. In the well-groomed, fiery-haired, plump-figured man, who, absorbed in his own anger, was rushing by without raising his eyes, Emerson recognized the manager of the North American Packers' Association.

"Good evening, Mr. Marsh."

Marsh whirled about. "Eh? Ah!" With a visible effort he smoothed the lines from his brow; his full lips lost their angry pout, and he showed his teeth in a startled, apprehensive smile.

"Why, yes—it's Emerson. How are you, Mr. Emerson?" He extended a soft hand, which Boyd took. Apparently reassured by this mute response, Marsh continued: "I heard you were in town. How is the new cannery coming on?"

"Nicely, thank you. When did you arrive from the East?"

"I just got in. Haven't had time to get straightened out yet. We—Mr. Wayland and I—were speaking of you before I left Chicago. We were—somewhat surprised to learn that you were engaging in the same line of business as ourselves."

"Doubtless."

"I told him there was room for us all."

"You did?"

"Yes! I assured him that his resentment was unwarranted."

"He resents something, does he?"

"Well, naturally," Marsh declared, with a wintry smile. "In view of the circumstances I may truthfully say that his feelings embrace not only a sense of resentment, but the firmly fixed idea that he has been betrayed—however, you are no doubt aware of all that. You have an able champion on the ground." He looked out across the street abstractedly. "Miss Wayland and I did our utmost to convince him you merely took a legitimate commercial advantage in dining at his house the night before you left."

"It was good of you to take my part," said Boyd, with such an air of simple cordiality that Marsh shot a startled glance at him. "Now that we are to be neighbors this summer, I hope we will get well acquainted, for Mr. Wayland spoke highly of you, and strongly advised me to pattern after you."

Marsh hid his bewilderment behind an expression which he strove to make as friendly as Emerson's own. "I understand you are banking here," he said, jerking his head toward the building at his back.

"Yes. I was offered a number of propositions, but Mr. Hilliard was so insistent and made such substantial inducements that I finally placed the business with him."

The animosity that glimmered for one fleeting instant in Marsh's eyes, amused Boyd greatly, advertising as it did, that for once the Trust's executive felt himself at a disadvantage. The younger man never doubted for an instant that his coup in securing Hilliard's assistance at the eleventh hour was responsible for his enemy's sudden appearance from cover, nor that the arrival of The Bedford Castle had brought Marsh to the banker's office out of hours in final desperation. From the man's bearing he judged that the interview had not been as placid as a spring morning, and this awoke in him not only a keen sense of elation but the very natural desire to goad his opponent.

"All in all, we have been singularly fortunate in our enterprise thus far," he continued smoothly. "We were held up on some of our machinery, but in every instance the delay turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for it enabled us to buy in other quarters at a saving."

"I'm delighted to hear it," Marsh declared. "When do you sail?"

"Immediately. We begin to load tomorrow."

"I have changed my plans somewhat," the other announced. "I'll follow in your tracks before long."

"What is your hurry?"

"Repairs. Kalvik is our most important station, so I want to get it in first-class shape before Mr. Wayland and Mildred arrive."

"Mildred!" ejaculated Boyd, surprised past resenting Marsh's use of the girl's first name. "Is she coming?"

The other's smile was peculiarly irritating.

"Oh, indeed yes! We expect to make the trip quite an elaborate excursion. Sorry I can't ask you to join us on the homeward voyage, but—" he shrugged his fat shoulders. "Run in and see me before you leave. I may be able to give you some pointers."

"Thank you. I hope you'll enjoy the summer up there in the wilderness. It will be a relief to get away from all conventions and restraints."

The men extended their hands and the Trust's manager said, in final invitation, "Drop in on me any day at the office. I'm at the National Building."

"Oh, you've moved, eh?" Boyd said with a semblance of careless interest.

"Moved? No!"

"Indeed! I thought you were still at 610 Hotel Buller." With a short laugh and a casual gesture of adieu he turned, leaving the manager of the Trust staring after him, an astonished pucker upon his womanish mouth, a vindictive glare in his eyes. Not until his rival had turned the corner did Willis Marsh remove his gaze. Then he found that he was trembling as if from weakness.

"The ruffian!" He reached into his pocket and produced a gold cigarette-case, repeatedly snapping the heavy sides together with vicious force. When he attempted to light a match it broke in his fingers, then in a temper he threw the cigarette from him and hurried away, his plump face working, his lips drawn into a spiteful fold.

For the first time in a fortnight Boyd allowed himself the luxury of a long sleep and a late breakfast on the following morning. But the meal came to an abrupt conclusion when Balt, who always arose with the sun, rushed in upon him and exclaimed:

"Hey! come on down to the dock, quick. There's hell to pay!"

"What's up now?"

"Strike! The longshoremen have walked out on us. I was on hand early to oversee the loading, but the whole mob refused to commence. There's some union trouble because The Bedford Castle discharged her cargo with scab labor."

"In Tacoma?"

"No. In Frisco; next to her last trip."

"Why, that ridiculous! What does Captain Peasley say?"

"He says— I'll have to wait till we're outside before I can repeat what he says."

Together the two hurried to the water-front to find a crowd of surly stevedores loafing about the dock, and an English sea captain at breakfast in his cabin, his attention divided equally between toast, tea, marmalade and profanity."

"The beggars are mad, absolutely mad," declared the captain. "I can't understand it. I'm still in my bed when I'm aroused by an insolent loafer who calls himself a walking delegate and tells me his union won't load me until I pay some absurd sum."

"What did you tell him?" inquired Emerson.

"What did I tell him?" Captain Peasley laid down his knife gently and wiped the tea from his drooping mustache, then squared about in his seat. "Here's what I told him about as near as my memory serves." Whereupon he broke into a tornado of nautical profanity so picturesquely British in its figures, and so whole-souled in its vigor, that his auditors could not but smile. "Then I bashed him with my boot, and bloody well pursued him over the rail. Two thousand dollars! Sweet mother of Queen Anne! Wouldn't I look well, now, handing four hundred pounds over to these highbinders? My owners would hang me."

"So they demand two thousand dollars!"

"Yes! Just because of some bally rot about who may and who may not work for a living on the docks of Frisco."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to make a swimming delegate out of the next walking emissary that boards me. Two thousand dollars!" He hid half a slice of toast behind his mustache and stirred his tea violently.

"It's Marsh again," said Big George.

"I dare say," Emerson answered. "It's a hold-up, pure and simple. However, if ships can be unloaded with non-union labor they can be loaded in the same manner, and Captain Peasley talks like a man who would like to have the argument out. I want you to stay here and watch our freight while I see the head of the union."

CHAPTER XVII.

A New Enemy Appears.

When Boyd returned some two hours later he found the dock deserted save for Big George, who prowled watchfully about the freight piles.

"Well, did you fix it up?" the fisherman inquired.

"No," exclaimed Boyd. "It's a rank frame-up, and I refused to be bled."

"Good for you."

"There are some things a fellow's manhood won't stand for. I'll carry that freight aboard with my own hands before I'll be robbed by a labor union at the bidding of Willis Marsh."

"Say! Will you let me load this ship my way?" George asked.

"Can you do it?"

Balt's thick lips drew back from his yellow teeth in that smile which Emerson had come to recognize as a harbinger of the violent acts that rejoiced his lawless soul.

"Listen," said he, with a chuckle. "Down the street yonder I've a hundred fishermen. Half of them are drunk at this minute, and the rest are half drunk."

"Then they are of no use to us."

"I don't reckon you ever seen a herd of Kalvik fishermen out of a job, did you? Well, there's just two things they know, fishing and fighting, and this ain't the fishing season. When they hit Seattle, the police force goes up into the residence section and stuffs cotton in its ears, because the only thing that is strong enough to stand between a uniform and a fisherman is a hill."

"Can you induce them to work?"

"I can. All I'm afraid of is that I can't induce them to quit. They're liable to put this freight aboard The Bedford Castle, and then pull down the dock in a spirit of playfulness and pile it in Captain Peasley's cabin. There ain't no convulsion of nature that's equal to a gang of idle fishermen.'

"When can they begin?"

"Well, it will take me all night to round them up, and I'll have to lick four or five, but there ought to be a dozen or two on hand in the morning." George cast a roving eye over the warehouse from the heavy planking under foot to the wide-spanning rafters above. "Yes," he concluded, "I don't see nothing breakable, so I guess it's safe."

"Would you like me to go with you?"

The giant considered him speculatively. "I don't think so. I ain't never seen you in action. No, you better stay here and arrange to guard this stuff till morning. I'll do the rest."

Boyd did not see him again that day, nor at the hotel during the evening, but on the following morning, true to his word, the big fellow walked into the warehouse followed by a score or more of fishermen. At first sight there was nothing imposing about these men; they were rough garbed and unkempt, in the main; but upon closer observation Boyd noticed that they were thick chested and broad-shouldered, and walked with the swinging gait that comes from heaving decks. While the majority of them were neither distinctly American nor markedly foreign in appearance, being rather of that composite cast that peoples the outer reaches of the far west, they were all deeply browned by sun and weather, and spoke the universal idiom of the sea. There were men here from Finland and Florida, Portugal and Maine, fused into one nondescript type by the melting pot of the frontier. Some wore the northern mackinaw in spite of the balmy April morning, others were dressed like ranch hands on circus day, and a few with the ornateness of Butte miners on parade.

Certain ones displayed fresh contusions on cheek and jaw, or peered forth from lately blackened eyes, and these, Boyd noticed, invariably fawned upon Big George or treated him with elephantine playfulness, winking swollen lids at him in a mysterious understanding which puzzled the young man, until he saw that Balt himself bore similar signs of strife. The big man's lips were cut, while back of one ear a knot had sprung up over night like a fungus.

They fell to work quickly, stripping themselves to their undershirts; they manned the hoists, seized trucks and bale hooks, and began their tasks with a thoroughly non-union energy. Some of them were still so drunk that they staggered, their awkwardness affording huge sport to their companions, yet even in their intoxication they were surprisingly capable. There was a great deal of laughter and disorder on every hand, and all made frequent trips to the water-taps, returning adrip to the waist, their hair and beards bejewelled with drops. Boyd saw one, a well-dressed fellow in a checked suit, remove his clothes and hang them carefully upon a nail, then painfully unlace his patent-leather shoes, after which, regardless of the litter under foot and the splinters in the floor, he tramped about in bare feet and red underwear. Without exception, they seemed possessed by a spirit of boys at play. Having seen them well under way and the winches working, George sought out Boyd and promptly inquired:

"What do you think of them, eh?"

"They are splendid. But where are the others?"

"Well, there are two or three that won't be able to get around at all." He meditatively stroked the knuckles of his right hand, which were bady bruised. "But the balance will be here tomorrow. These are just the mildest mannered ones—the family men, you might say. The others will show up gradual. You see, if there had been any fighting going on here, I'd have got most of them right off the bat, but there wasn't any inducement to offer except hard work, so they wasn't quite so anxious to commence."

"Humph! There ought to be enough excitement before long to satisfy any one," said Boyd with a trace of worry in his voice.

"As sure as you're a foot high!" exclaimed George, hopefully. "It's the only way we'll get that ship loaded on time. All we need is a riot or two."

A man passed them trundling a heavy truck, but seeing Big George, he paused, wiping the sweat from his face, then grinned and winked fraternally.

"Hey! If this work is too heavy for you, why don't you quit?" growled Balt, but strangely enough the fellow took no offense. Instead, he closed his swollen eye for a second time, then spat upon his hands, and, as he struggled with his burden, grunted pleasantly:

"I pretty near—got you, Georgie. If you hadn't 'a' ducked, we'd 'a' been at it yet, eh?"

Balt smiled in turn, then gingerly felt of the knob behind his ear.

"Did you have a fight with him?" queried Emerson.

"Not exactly a fight, but he put this nubbin on my conch," answered the fisherman. "He's a tough proposition, one of the best we've got."

"What was the trouble?"

"Nothing! I used to have to lick him every year. We've sort of missed each other lately."

"Then you were merely renewing a pleasant acquaintance?" laughed the younger man. "He hit you in the mouth, I see."

"No, I got that from a stranger. I was bedding him down when he kicked me with his boot. He ain't here this morning."

"If I were you, I'd go up to the hotel and get some sleep," Boyd advised. "I'll oversee things."

George hesitated. "I don't know if I'd better go or not. They're all hang-overs and they're liable to bu'st out any minute if you don't watch them. They ain't vicious, understand; they just like to frolic around."

"I'll watch them."

After a contemplative glance at his companion's well-knit figure, Balt gave in, with the final caution; "Don't let them get the upper hand, or there won't be no living with them."

After his departure Boyd was not long in learning the cause of his hesitancy, for no sooner did the men realize the change in authority over them than they undertook to feel out the mettle of their new foreman. Directly one of them approached him, with the demand:

"Get us a drink, boss; we're thirsty."

"There is the water-tap," said Emerson. "Help yourself."

"Go on! We don't want water, tie up a keg of beer, will you?"

"Nothing doing."

He turned back to his task, a moment later Boyd saw him for the shore end of the dock, a few strides placed himself in path.

"Where are you going?"

"After a drink, of course."

"You want to quit, eh?"

The man eyed him for a then answered: "No! That's right, but I'm thirsty."

Those working near ceased their labors and gathered around, whereupon their companion addressed them:

"Say! It's a great note when a fellow can't have a drink. Come on, boys, I'll set 'em up." There was a general laugh and a forward movement of all within hearing, which Boyd checked with a rough command.

"Get back to work, all of you." But the spokesman, disregarding his words attempted to pass, whereupon without warning, Boyd knocked him down with a clean blow to the face. At this the others yelled and rushed forward, only to be met by their foreman, who had snatched a bale-hook. It was an ugly weapon, and he used it so viciously, that they quickly gave him room.

"Now get to work," he ordered quietly. "You can quit if you want but I'll lay out the first fellow goes after a drink. Make up minds what you want to do. Quick."

There was a moment's hesitation and then, with the absurd vagary of a crowd, they broke into loud laughter and slouched back to work, two of them dragging the cause of the outburst to the water-faucet, where they held his head under the stream until he began to sputter and squirm. Before those at the gangway had noticed the disturbance, it was all over, and thereafter Boyd experienced no trouble. On the contrary, they worked the better for his proof of authority, and took him into their fellowship as if he had qualified to their entire satisfaction. Even the man he had struck seemed to share in the general respect rather than to cherish the least ill-feeling. The respite was brief, however, for the work had not continued many hours before a stranger made his way quietly in upon the dock and began to argue with the first fisherman he met. Boyd discovered him quickly, and, approaching him, demanded:

(To be Continued.)