

you open your eyes tomorrow." With these words, an extra kiss and a good natured laugh at her fears, the man hurried off.

From the porch Gussie watched him go down the hill and turn toward the dock where his boat was moored.

"This wind is mighty cold," she exclaimed as she went into the house. "I wonder if he took any brandy."

Surely not. There in its accustomed place was the flask Adolph so rarely used. Police duties, as he had told his companions, had taught him "to leave the stuff alone."

"Perhaps I can catch him before he gets started." She picked up the flask and calling to her neighbor's daughter who was standing the next yard to come and stay with the children, she quickly hastened after her husband who was already out of sight.

As the wife turned the last corner she gave an exclamation of relief. "The Gussie" was still in its place. She could see the flag she had made for the mast a few weeks before. But the men were almost ready to go, for the sail was partly raised.

"Hold on there, Lundberg," called a man from the racks as Gussie appeared at the end of the docks, "Somebody wants you."

She came up breathless just as her husband climbed the ladder to meet her.

"What's up? Polly sick?"

"No. You must take this," she answered, as she gave him the flask of brandy.

"What a thoughtful girl you are! A hot drink may come in handy before this time tomorrow. Goodbye again, and take care of the youngsters." With these words the big fisherman gathered his wife close to him with an unwonted show of feeling. He was not a demonstrative man.

"Dolph, I know I'm silly, but I wish you wouldn't go out tonight."

"But I must. It's for your sake and the children's. Nothing is too good for you and the babies."

"Well, then, stay home for us. You know I'm satisfied with what you give me."