

and narrow and ran down in the line of his slanting jaw, with hardly any tendency toward the erect. He was clean-shaven, long of nose, close of brow, had a chin that announced a mixture of strength and weakness. His hair stuck out behind, from under the kerchief, in a tuft. He wore a long gallant coat that had seen some salt service, the buttons, of gold, all there, but many hanging loosely. A fancy waistcoat looked out brazenly and a little worn from the sagging coat, yellow lace from his sleeves, on the brown wrists, and silver buckles shone on his heavy shoes. John gathered him together with his eye, felt himself in the presence of an extreme devil and yet, evil as the man looked, terribly evil, his face wearing the sear of a knife and all the sears of debauchery, found him attractive. His mother could never have seen the man attractive—nor could his father; and he should not perhaps have been attractive from any standpoint. From the romantic standpoint of youth he was. There was in his evil eyes a glitter of comradeship.

"Hullo, ship-mate. You're the bloody boy," the piratical person hailed him. "Shaken the da' off, have you?"

Upcott for some reason laughed recklessly.

"Yes," said he.

"That's the bold lad. Come and have a tot of brandy, lad."

"No, thank you, sir," said Upcott, casting off the recklessness.

"Eh? Oh, you are still on clotted cream. Well, I forgive the insult, for you're a well plucked un."