

Horn. The father gave a gasp. 'It's born,' says he. 'More like 's if it's busted,' growled Jim Brag. 'You're a unfeelin' monster, Brag,' says I; 'an' though you *are* the ship's carpenter, I *will* say it, you 'aven't got no more sympathy than the fluke of an anchor!' Hows'ever the poor father didn't hear the remark, for he went down below all of a heap—head, legs, and arms—anyhow. Then there came another yell, an' another, an' half a dozen more, which was followed by another flash o' lightnin' an' drowned in another roar o' thunder; but the yells from below kep' on, an' came out strong between times, makin' no account whatever o' the whistlin' wind an' rattlin' ropes, which they riz above—easy.—Now, stooard, do you mean for to tell me that all that signifies nothink? Do you suppose that that babby could go through life like an or'nary babby? No, it couldn't—not even if it was to try—w'ich it *won't*!"

Having uttered this prophecy the cook resumed the contemplation of his bubbling coppers.

"Well, I suppose you're right, John Johnson," said the steward.

"Yes, I'm right, Tom Thomson," returned the cook, with the nod and air of a man who is never wrong.

And the cook *was* right, as the reader who continues to read shall find out in course of time.