

"Well, and 'oo wants Him to?" returned Huish, shrill with fury. "You were damned years ago for the *Sea Rynger*, and said so yourself. Well, then, be damned for something else, and 'old your tongue."

The captain looked at him mistily. "No," he pleaded, "no, old man! don't do it."

"'Ere now," said Huish, "I'll give you my ultimatum. Go or st'y w'ere you are; I don't mind; I'm goin' to see that man and chuck this vitriol in his eyes. If you st'y I'll go alone; the niggers will likely knock me on the 'ead, and a fat lot you'll be the better! But there's one thing sure: I'll 'ear no more of your moonin', mully-grubbin' rot, and tyke it stryde."

The captain took it with a blink and a gulp. Memory, with phantom voices, repeated in his ears something similar, something he had once said to Herrick—years ago it seemed.

"Now, gimme over your pistol," said Huish. "I 'ave to see all clear. Six shots, and mind you don't wyste them."

The captain, like a man in a nightmare, laid down his revolver on the table, and Huish wiped the cartridges and oiled the works.

It was close on noon, there was no breath of wind, and the heat was scarce bearable, when the two men came on deck, had the boat manned, and passed down, one after another, into the