

which was silly, of course; but it had such a surprising amount of forked tongue, and really, you don't know how snaky it looked. I liked better the big eagle on his right shoulder, which Ezra said was "a noble old bird."

Though he was such an interesting man, my pirate spoke very little to the grown-ups. Indeed, with one exception, he was the most silent person I ever knew. I make the exception in favor of a young friend who was born dumb. And I was very proud when he would draw me to his knee, and teach me to tell time by his big gold watch, though, at the same moment, fright at being so near the sheath-knife sent goose-flesh all over my arms. When he gave me those lessons, he always sat on the edge of the wood-box behind the stove in the sitting-room. He never sat on a chair, if he could help it, except at table. He always seemed most comfortable and most cheerful when he sat on something with a very sharp edge. When he was away I tried to sit on the same things, but they brought tears to my eyes.