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ear to ear, "but it was sich fun to see how dumbfounded them Dutchmen looked when I pulled that 'ere flag down!"

"When *you* pulled it down?" echoed Sir Christopher, staring at him, while all the men crowded eagerly forward.

"Yes, your honor; when the yards touched, I jumped from one to t'other, and up to the Dutchman's masthead; for, thinks I, if I can only get that flag down they'll think the ship's struck her colors, and not know which way to turn, and then we can beat 'em easy. So I just out with my knife and did the trick."

Here the sailors, unable to refrain themselves any longer, broke out in a deafening cheer. The gruff old quartermaster, quite for getting his usual respect for the admiral's presence, sprang forward, and seizing Jack's little hand in his great black fist, roared:

"Well, done, Curly Jack! Catch me ever say you ain't fit for men's work again. You're the best man of us all."

"Ay, that he is," cried Sir Christopher Mings, heartily, as he clapped the little hero on the shoulder. "Well done, my brave boy; if you go on as you've begun, I'll live to see you commanding a ship of your own yet."

And Sir Christopher did live to see it, and something more; for, thirty years later, little Jack had become Admiral Sir John Narborough, and was walking the quarter-deck of the very flagship in which he had once been a cabin-boy.