

outcry about it. He called the captain, and said there must be a search. The boat must be searched, and all the passengers and all on board must be searched. Well, the captain he agreed to it; and at it they went, and overhauled everything from one end of the boat to t'other; but they couldn't find hide nor hair of it. And they searched all the passengers and all the hands, but they couldn't get no track on't. And the man that lost the pocket-book took on and made a great fuss. He said it wasn't so much on account of the money, for there wasn't a great deal in it; but the papers in it were of great consequence to him, and he offered to give ten dollars to any body that would find it. Pretty soon after that, I was fixin' up father's berth a little, where he was going to sleep, and I found the pocket-book under the clothes at the head of the berth, where the thief had tucked it away while the search was going on. So I took it, tickled enough, and run to the man, and told him I had found his pocket-book. He caught it out of my hands, and says he, 'Where did you find it?' Says I, 'Under the clothes in the head of my father's berth.'

"In your father's berth, did you?" says he, and he gave me a look and spoke so sharp, I jumped as if I was going out of my skin.

"Says he, 'Show me the place.'

"So I run and showed him the place.

"Call your father here," says he. So I run and called father.

"Now Mister," says he to father, 'I should like to know how my pocket-book come in your berth.'

"I don't know nothin' about it," says father.

"Then he turned to me and says he, 'Young man, how came this pocket-book in your father's berth?'

"Says I, 'I can't tell. I found it there, and that's all I know about it.'

"Then he called the captain and asked him if he knew us. The captain said he didn't. The man looked at us mighty sharp, first to father, and then to me, and eyed us from top to toe. We wasn't neither of us dressed very slick, and we could tell by his looks pretty well what he was thinking. At last he said he would leave it to the passengers whether, under all the circumstances, he should pay the boy the ten dollars or not. I looked at father, and his face was as red as a blaze, and I see his dander begun to rise. He didn't wait for any of the passengers to give their opinion about it, but says he to the man, 'Dod-rot your money! if you've got any more than you want, you may throw it into the sea for what I care; but if you offer any of it to my boy, I'll send you where a streak of lightning wouldn't reach you in six months.'

"That seemed to settle the business; the man didn't say no more to father, and most of the passengers begun to look as if they didn't believe father was guilty. But a number of times after that, on the passage, I see the man that lost the pocket-book whisper to some of the passengers, and then turn and look at father. And then father would look gritty enough to bite a board-nail off. When we got ashore, as soon as we got a little out of sight of folks, father caught hold of my arm and gave it a most awful jerk, and says he, 'Jack, you blockhead, don't you never tell where anything is again, unless you can first tell how it come there.'

"Now it would be about as difficult," continued Mr. Robinson after a slight pause, which he employed in taking a sip from his tumbler, "for me to tell to a certainty how I come by this lameness, as it was to tell how the pocket-book come in father's berth. There was a hundred folks aboard, and we knew some of 'em must a put it in; but which one 'twas, it would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to tell. Well, it's pretty much so with my lameness. This poor leg of mine has gone through some most awful sieges, and it's a wonder there's an inch of it left. But it's a pretty good leg yet; I can almost bear my weight upon it; and with the help of a crutch you'd be surprised to see how fast I can get over the ground."

"Then your lameness is in the leg rather than in the foot?" said Major Grant, taking advantage of a short pause in Mr. Robinson's speech.

"Well, I was going on to tell you all the particulars," said Mr. Robinson. "You've no idea what terrible narrow chances I've gone through with this leg."

"Then the difficulty is in the leg, is it not?" said Major Grant.

"Well, after I tell you the particulars," said Mr. Robinson, "you can judge for yourself. The way it first got hurt was going in a swimming, when I was about twelve years old. I could swim like a duck, and used to be in Uncle John's mill-pond along with his Stephen half the time. Uncle John, he always used to keep scolding at us and telling of us we should get sucked into the floome bime-by, and break our plaguy necks under the water-wheel. But we knew better. We'd tried it so much we could tell jest how near we could go to the gate and get away again without being drawn through. But one day Steeve, jest to plague me, threw my straw hat into the pond between me and the gate. I was swimming about two rods from the gate, and the hat was almost as near as we dared to go, and the stream was sucking it down pretty fast, so I sprang with all my might to catch the hat before it should go through and get smashed under the water-wheel. When I got within about half my length of it, I found I was as near the gate as we ever dared to go. But I hated to lose the hat, and I thought I might venture to go a little nearer, so I fetched a spring with all my might, and grabbed the hat and put it on my head, and turned back and pulled for my life. At first I thought I gained a little, and I made my hands and feet fly as tight as I could spring. In about a minute I found I didn't gain a bit one way nor t'other; and then I sprang as if I would a tore my arms off; and it seemed as if I could feel the sweat start all over me right there in the water. I begun to feel all at once as if death had me by the heels, and I screamed for help. Stephen was on the shore watching me, but he couldn't get near enough to help me. When he see I couldn't gain any, and heard me scream, he was about as scared as I was, and turned and run towards the mill, and screamed for uncle as loud as he could bawl. In a minute uncle come running to the mill-pond, and got there jest time enough to see me going through the gate feet foremost. Uncle said, if he should live to be as old as Methuselah, he should never forget what a beseeching look my eyes had as I lifted up my hands towards him and then sunk guggling into the floome. He knew I should be smashed all to pieces under the great water-wheel: but he run round as fast as he could to the tail of the mill to be ready to pick up my mangled body when it got through, so I might be carried home and buried. Presently he see me drifting along in the white foam that came out from under the mill, and he got a pole with a hook to it and drew me to the shore. He found I was not jammed all to pieces as he expected, though he couldn't see any signs of life. But having considerable doctor skill, he went to work upon me, and rolled me over, and rubbed me, and worked upon me, till bime-by I began to groan and breathe. And at last I come to, so I could speak. They carried me home and sent for a doctor to examine me. My left foot and leg was terribly bruised, and one of the bones broke, and that was all the hurt there was on me. I must have gone lengthways right in between two buckets of the water-wheel, and that saved my life. But this poor leg and foot got such a bruising I wasn't able to go a step on it for three months, and never got entirely over it to this day."

"Then your lameness is in the leg and foot both, is it not?" said Major Grant, hoping at this favourable point to get an answer to this question.

"Oh, it wasn't that bruising under the mill-wheel," said Mr. Jack Robinson, "that caused this lameness, though I've no doubt it caused a part of it and helps to make it worse; but it wasn't the principal cause. I've had tougher scrapes than that in my day, and I was going on to tell you what I s'pose hurt my leg, more than anything else ever happened to it. When I was about eighteen years old I was the greatest hunter there was within twenty miles round. I had a first-rate little fowling-piece; she would carry as true as a hair. I could hit a squirrel fifty yards twenty times running. And at all the thanksgiving shooting-matches I used to pop off the geese and turkeys so fast, it spoilt all their fun; and they got so at last they wouldn't let me fire till all the rest had fired round three times apiece. And when all of 'em had fired at a turkey three times and couldn't hit it, they would say, 'Well, that turkey belongs to Jack Robinson.' So I would up and fire and pop it over. Well, I used to be almost