

The Cruise of the SHINING LIGHT

'Twas with difficulty he got to his feet, but he managed it; and then he turned to me, though I could see him ill enough in the dark.

"Dannie, lad," says he, "I 'low I've fetched ye up very well. Ye is," says he, "a—"

"Hush!" says I; "don't say it."

"I will!" says he.

"Don't!" I pleaded.

"You *is*," he declared, "a gentleman!"

The night and the abominable revelations of it were ended for my uncle and me in this way. . . .

And so it came about that the Honorable was troubled no more by our demands, whatever the political necessities that might assail him, whatever the sins of other days, the black youth of him, that might fairly beset and harass him. He was left in peace, to follow his career, restored to the possessions my uncle had wrested from him, in so far as we were able to make restitution. There was no more of it: we met him afterwards, in genial intercourse, but made no call upon his moneybags, as you may well believe. My uncle and I made a new partnership: that of Top & Callaway, of which you may have heard, for the honesty of our trade and the worth of the schooners we build. He is used to taking my hand, upon the little finger of which I still wear the seal-ring he was doubtful of in the days when Tom Bull inspected it. "A D for Dannie," says he, "an' a C for Callaway, an' betwixt the two," says he, "lyin' snug as you like, is a T for Top! An' that's