

“While he was gone we went in and surveyed the intended victims. They were sound asleep. Fortunately they were dressed nearly enough like sailors to pass muster while they were under the effects of the drug. So we clapped their soft felt hats on their heads, and waited for the mate’s return.

“We had left the door ajar: so he came right in accompanied by two strong chaps, who at once picked up Flanagan and carried him off, Greenwood and I following with Morrison. When our burdens were safely deposited in the boat, the mate stepped back on the wharf, and motioned us to follow him. On reaching the street he stopped, and facing us, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

“‘Oh, boys,’ he gasped, at last, ‘this is the best joke I’ve heard of for many a day. D’ye think I didn’t see through it? I know the faces of those two damnable crimps as well as I know my own father’s. They tried to shanghai you, didn’t they, and you turned the tables on them? This is rich! We’re bound to Callao, and by the great horn spoon I’ll make sailors of them before they get back. I’ll fix it with our skipper. He’s a good fellow, but dead on crimps.’

“‘Now, look here, boys,’ he continued, ‘what can I do for you?’

“‘Tell us if you know of any ship that is going to sail soon, and is needing men,’ Greenwood replied.

“After some reflection, he said, ‘I have it! There’s a London ship lying at — wharf, bound to Barbadoes to load sugar for England. She sails the day after to-morrow, if she can get men. Now, that’s your plan, lads.

Good-bye! Keep a quiet tongue about this affair till after you leave St. John.’ And with a cordial handshake the genial American left us.

“You may depend we did not wait around there very long, but cleared off up town to a decent hotel which we had noticed during our walk in the afternoon.

“Early the next morning we went down to see the captain of the West Indiaman: and he said what he wanted was a first mate and one foremast hand.

“You may imagine how very surprised I felt when Greenwood answered ‘I should like to offer myself as chief mate. I was suspended for a year on account of a collision, and the time is more than up.’

“‘Humph!’ said the captain. ‘That is not much of a recommendation. What was the collision?’

“‘Between the *Penguin* and the *Royal Tar*, in the Channel,’ answered Greenwood.

“‘Ah! Which vessel were you on?’

“‘The *Royal*,’ replied my friend.

“‘In that case I’ll take you, for I read the report very carefully; and I know of several shipmasters who agreed with me that you were unjustly treated.’

“That ended the matter for Greenwood, and I shipped before the mast.

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“There, boys,” said Foggarty, “that’s the way we shanghai the crimps.”

“Mates!” said one of the seamen, “I axed Bill just now why he didn’t bear up for the church. But now I say this—our shipmate will be in parleyment yet, for he’s a born *horator*.”

