

Ah, he's a great wee mahn is Proctor, wid his wooden leg—and a bad, bad mahn in some things, when his timper was up, an' his fingers gripped his Winchester; but a braver mahn nivir drew breath. As for Marina, the Portugee, he was the two ends and bight av a rogue, and was born dishonest. He couldn't help it—'twas the nature av the little baste. Ah, they were a quare pair, indade."

I turned to the captain and explained—"Proctor, Marina, and I were all employed as recruiters in the Kanaka labour trade, and, although in different ships, we often met at various islands. I was on the *Meteor*, of which Mr. Hanlon here was mate. Marina—who had once been a street-conjurer in Naples—had a glass eye, Proctor a wooden leg, and both were decided characters, and known all over the South Seas."

"Sure ould Nick touched 'em wid his forefinger on their foreheads when they were born," broke in the ex-mate; "d'ye moind the time at Mutavat, when Captain Niebuhr and yersilf lost fifty dollars to them?"

"Tell me the yarn," said the Holyhead skipper; "it's refreshing to hear a new story that doesn't come from a London music-hall, or from the unsavoury *répertoire* of a commercial traveller."

"Well, it's rather a long yarn, and is only one of a score about the two worthies. But, first of all, I must tell you that long before Proctor came into the 'labour' trade, he had made himself famous in Fiji by killing a chief of notoriously evil repute, who had tried to murder him under circumstances of the greatest treachery. To duly impress the chief's subjects, and