

...the boat, and how glad it is to have the fault that the good resolution shall be kept - Ah, Horace Moore, you did a good thing for me when you saved me from that half, and if you did not do a good thing for yourself, then I am wild in my calculations.

It was evening when Sugg Witkall approached Matt again, and this time he spoke freely, but yet there was sign of effort enough to denote that he had resolved to say his mind.

"By the way, Matt, have you seen Lyon Hargrave lately?" "No." "Have you heard from him?" "No word. Have you?" "No."

"Do you know, Sugg, if I had not got this chance, I should have been tempted, in case of trouble, to come down on him for help. He has come into a fat thing. But it is well as it is. I get clear of New York, he is welcome to all I've done for him."

"So say I," responded Witkall, in a tone of relief. "But say, Matt, have you noticed who our second mate is?" "Of course, I have. I know him the moment I saw him. And I tell you, Sugg, I rather like him. It's a lucky thing that he don't know us."

"Very lucky. And, as you said, Matt, I like the fellow myself." "Sugg Witkall walked away whistling, and Matt Hargrave nodded mysteriously as he watched the slouching retreat."

On Tuesday morning the crew of the Speedwell were all on board, and the boat had been hauled out into the stream, and a couple of tug-boats engaged to take her down through the Narrows.

The first mate, Charles Huxton, had assumed command of his watch. He was a man of forty, or thereabouts; a native of Salem, Mass., stocky and strong; with thick, sandy hair, and complexion to match. In some respects he might be called a tiger, but he was a great good tiger to all who cheerfully and manfully did their duty.

The third mate was named William Lander - a man of eight-and-seventy - and a good seaman. If he was ever to be escaped from official advancement, it would be from intellectual lack.

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