

rather have a little brandy,' said I 'but I am not particular.'

"Well, b'yes, here's some Scotch whiskey, as good as any ye can get in St. John,' said our host: 'just taste it, Mister Foggerty, and if yez don't like it, I will see if I can foind ye some brandy.'

"As he spoke, he produced the decanter from the left-hand corner of the sideboard, and poured out for each of us a moderate dose. We added a little hot water and sugar, and then at his suggestion squeezed in some lemon juice.

"I guess, Mike,' said he, with a grin, as he fetched out the other decanter, 'we'll have to content ourselves with some Oirish. There is not enough Scotch to go round.'

"We supped our grog unconcernedly, and praised the quality.

"Flanagan poured out two stiff bumpers of the medicine, and, after a plentiful flavoring of lemon, pushed one over to his friend, Mr. Morrison.

"Yes,' said Greenwood. 'This is very good Scotch, but it has a rather peculiar taste'

"It'll be the wood, me b'ye,' hastily exclaimed Flanagan, as he drained his own glass. 'Take a little more lemon.'

"Morrison had already finished his glass and was looking dubiously at the dregs. 'Seems to me, Flan,' he growled, 'it does not taste altogether right. You didn't make any mistake, did you?'

"Mistake, nothin',' ejaculated Flanagan, with a cunning look. 'Think I don't know Scotch from Irish? It's what you have drunk before has put your mouth out of taste. Take another and it will be all right. Go easy, now; leave some for me, and remember you've got a walk ahead of you.'

"Noticing that Greenwood was feigning a half-tipsy attitude, I did my best to imitate him, for I saw Flanagan was watching us as closely as the liquor he had imbibed would allow. So when our kind entertainer

offered to refill our glasses, I held mine out as eagerly as did Greenwood.

"The second drink was beginning to have a very visible effect on the two crimps—both seemed to have an inclination to sleep. Just then, Greenwood rolled off his chair with a crash, and lay on the floor breathing heavily.

"Flanagan gave a drowsy chuckle, and then suddenly exclaimed: 'D—if I don't believe the confounded woman has fixed both!'

"Both what?' growled the amiable Morrison.

"Both-both-de-de,' muttered Flanagan. He had risen to his feet apparently with the intention of going to the door, but, losing his balance, he fell over his brother-in-law, and they rolled on the floor together.

"After a few minutes' quietness, Greenwood cautiously picked himself up, nearly choking with suppressed laughter.

"Come,' he said. 'Let us clear out. It will not do to be found here.'

"Before I could reply, there was a ring at the door.

"We looked at one another in dismay—we were certainly in a tight box now.

"Come with me to the door,' whispered Greenwood, 'and see what turns up. Be ready for a run.'

"When we opened the door, we found ourselves confronted by a burly-looking seaman—a mate or captain by his dress.

"Good evening,' said he. 'Is this the place where the two hands are staying who shipped to-day on the American ship, the *Indian Maid*?'

"To my horror, Greenwood answered, 'Yes! But they are both in the parlor dead drunk. I don't think they can get aboard to-night.'

"Oh! they'll have to: we go out with the tide at two o'clock. Wait here; my boat is at the wharf across the street. I will go and fetch two of the fellows up, and we will carry them down.'