

“‘How are you, Trots?’ said he. ‘Give me a drink of water, that’s a good fellow.’

“Well, the old chap didn’t answer, so he repeated it louder; but the critter wouldn’t speak.

“‘What in natur’ ails you?’ said he; and he went close up to him, and called out agin, at the tip eend of his voice: ‘Give me a glass of water, old feller, will you?’

“Trots stared him in the face, and never said a word, or offered to move. Now, as the Captain was in a hurry, and it was gettin’ late, he turns out into the road quick, just leaving a parting tough word for the old man to digest, and thought no more about it. In the mornin’, he goes to Colonel Freeman to report the vessel, and tell him about the sale of his lumber and fish, and so on, in the West Indies.

“Says the Colonel, ‘Jemmy,’ sais he (for he was a great hand for patronisin’ smart young men, and a putting of them forward in the world), ‘did you see anything of my servant on the road last night.’

“‘No!’ said he, ‘the only man I saw was old Trots; and he—’

“‘Pooh!’ said he, ‘Trots! why Trots has been dead and buried these three weeks.’