

PAGE
224
235
242
250
257
264
271
280
289
297
308
318
326
334
340
348
356
363
372
379
386
393
401
408
415
423
430

THE SCALLYWAG.

CHAPTER I.

IN WINTER QUARTERS.

"For my part," said Armitage, "I call him a scallywag."

"What's a scallywag?" Nea Blair asked, looking up at him from her seat with inquiring wonder.

Armitage paused a moment, and perused his boots. It's so hard on a fellow to be pounced upon like that for a definition offhand. "Well, a scallywag," he answered, leaning his back for moral support against the big eucalyptus tree beside which he stood, "a scallywag, I should say, well—well, is—why, he's the sort of man, you know, you wouldn't like to be seen walking down Piccadilly with."

"Oh, I see," Nea exclaimed, with a bright little laugh. "You mean, if you were walking down Piccadilly, yourself, in a frock coat and shiny tall hat, with an orchid from Bull's stuck in your buttonhole! Then I think, Mr. Armitage, I rather like scallywags."

Mme. Ceriolo brought her eyes (and eyeglasses) back from space, where they had been firmly fixed on a point in the heavens at an infinite distance, and ejaculated in mild and solemn surprise, "But why, my dear Nea?"

"Oh, because, madame, scallywags are always far the most interesting people in the world. They're so much