

bent over the insignificant figure of Huish, where it grovelled, apparently insensible, at the base of the figure-head.

"Dead?" he asked.

"No, he's not dead," said Davis.

"And Attwater?" asked Herrick.

"Now you just shut your head!" replied Davis
"You can do that, I fancy, and, by God, I'll show you how! I'll stand no more of your drivell."

They waited accordingly in silence till the boat bumped on the farthest piers; then raised Huish, head and heels, carried him down the gangway, and flung him summarily in the bottom. On the way out he was heard murmuring of the loss of his cigar; and after he had been handed up the side like baggage, and cast down in the alleyway to slumber, his last audible expression was. "Splenn'l fl' Attwa'!" This the expert construed into "Splendid fellow, Attwater"; with so much innocence had this great spirit issued from the adventures of the evening.

The captain went and walked in the waist with brief, irate turns; Herrick leaned his arms on the taffrail; the crew had all turned in. The ship had a gentle, cradling motion; at times a block piped like a bird. On shore, through the colonnade of palm stems, Attwater's house was to be seen shining steadily with many lamps. And there was