

BRIDGET : The bloodthirsty ould pirate ! the cannibal ! the thafe ! Me ould mither used to say——

MR. MANLEY : Be quiet, Bridget,—so there is good reason to believe that our darling will yet be restored to us in safety.

(Noise at the door : enter Dor with shells, coral and a Japanese doll in her arms. JACK close behind.)

DOR : See, mamma ! see papa ! I found Santa Claus. He does not ride in a sleigh, but in a big ship. I've seen it ; and see what pretty things he gave me ! And here is Santa Claus' brother (pointing to Jack).

DETECTIVE JOHNS : Aha, my fine fellow ! you tried to play a sharp game, but you'll have to give it up for this time. Guess you won't sail on this voyage, nor on some voyages yet to come.

JACK (*stepping back*) : Hands off, sir ! Don't you touch me. I'm not ready to drop anchor in your port just yet.

MR. MANLEY (*to detective*) : You will please retain him in custody until he accounts for the possession of our child.

DOR : Oh, papa, don't let him be hurt, he's good. See what he gave me, and Santa Claus, too, he sent this to Mamie ; I asked him to. (*Gives a box of foreign make to MAMIE, who takes from it a shell necklace.*)

MRS. MANLEY (*to JACK*) : Explain yourself, my good fellow. (*Aside to MR. MANLEY.*) He has a good, kind face ; I feel that he has befriended us.

JACK (*touching his cap to MRS. MANLEY*) : Thank you, ma'am. (*To MR. MANLEY.*) You see, cap'n, I was going along the street towards the dock. The Sea Foam was nearly ready to sail and I was in haste to get aboard, when I sighted this little craft astrand and in distress to the nor'ard of here. I couldn't go on