

Here Mr. Fielding checked himself, being very imprudently about to say that he wished for his part he and she were both safe in England, with all their property; but discretion and the sight of Pedro coming around the house followed by a salt-water looking man, prevented this open confession of his prepossessions; and turning his words into "Here is my man," he descended the steps of the portico and met the stranger on the shelled walk in front.

"Well, Master Westcap, I hope you have made out?"

"All right an' abov board, sir," responded the salt-sea looking man with a touch of the back of his brown hand at the front of his tarpaulin, a motion which was doubtless meant for a polite bow. "Prowisions fresh—duff plenty and nice—and liquor good as smuggled. You keep your locker well stored, Admiral!"

"We have to in these war times, Master. Are you for your vessel now?"

"Steerin' straight for her, Admiral! Mean to be in deep soundin's 'fore the first night-watch. Don't feel safe ashore a'ter dark, nor nowhere near land. Smooth sea, deep sea lead, and long life, is my motto!"

Mr. Fielding saw that his man was a little tipsy, and he looked vexed; but taking hold of his arm with his fore-finger and thumb, he said to him—

"Come, I will walk down to your craft with you." He then turned to Pedro and said privately: "Did you see that he spoke to no one while he was at his food?"

"Yiss, señor! Me lock him in—find him lock in!"

"That is well! Now, Master Westcap, I will trouble you with this letter. Can you carry it safely?"

"Safe as I brought the other, Admiral," he responded with tipsy confidence in himself. "But I want to look about a bit first. They do say, Admiral, you've got the best 'state here on the coast from St. Johns to Portland bay. Yer house is like a palace any way; and—"