

enough. We got from them what was worth goin' on with the show for a year for.

"And there was somethin' comin' to old Isaac, too.—'Now,' he says, 'I suppose you'll be a-wantin' to get these lads safe under your hatches before night'

"'Captain,' says the lieutenant,—'I thought I could at first, but as I see the situation now, I can't take them from you, I can't really!'

"Well, at that old Isaac was about the hardest-jolted sea-farin' man between Table Bay and London.—'You can't take them from me?' he says.

"'No,' says the lieutenant, 'it'd be too cruel. We haven't so much as a magic-lantern a-board, and you,' (and he bites back a kind of whimperin' groan,)—'and you're giving them Earl's Court and Drury Lane all in one! And what's more,' he says, 'in this happy family of yours,—and God bless it,' he says,—'you're solving the native problem,—how to deal with subject races, y' know. And if I interrupted such an experiment, the Empire would never forgive me, it wouldn't really!—Cecil,' he says, startin' with his middy up the companion,—'it's time we made our return to the *Lapwing*.'

"For two minutes followin' old Isaac could only keep openin' and closin' his mouth. But Hutchins had the use of his tongue, and the language he came after them with was more blisterin' hot than the *harmattan*. He'd studied a lot of Admiralty law, along of tryin' to get the Captain of the Fleet court-martialled for runnin' into his garbage-tow in the manoevers off Portsmouth;—and law he give that lieutenant by the scorchin' cable's length!—'And it ain't on'y disregardin' of the Mutiny Act,' he shouts, windin' up, 'it's refusal to succor distressed shippin', and you can be hung at the yard-arm for it!'

"'In that case,' says the lieutenant, 'in

that case, Cecil, we can't make too much haste to get back under our guns.' And they tumbled down into their boat, both of them bustin' loose again. And the more and ragin'er Hutchins and old Isaac bawled after them, the more they rocked back and forward between the seats and yelled!

—"There ain't much more to tell. If there were ever two men in the world worse-tempered than the cap'n and the mate of the *Eliza* durin' the next fortnight, I've still to hear o' them. A pair of six-year-olds with the hives would have been smilin' cherubs beside them! And Andy and me had to stand for pretty nigh as much of their jaw and hands as them unfortunate Kru-boys did.

"As for *them*, after that last grand performance, they demeaned themselves mighty awed and subdued until we were steerin' into Freetown harbor. Then, first thing we knowed, they were all in one yellin' stampede for the upper deck and shootin' overboard like a string of frogs from off a boom-log. Nor they didn't stop swimmin' for any last long lingerin' looks back neither!

"And, seein' as there hadn't been no reg'lar contributors to that benefit concert, and seein' as none of them Krus ever come back for no wages, when we got into London the Company office decided that they couldn't do better than donate half the amount due them to Andy and me. And for our *part*, we didn't hesitate none about takin' it, for, in a point o' law them Krus certainly was the audience; and it was no more than just and right for them to do the payin'. Moreover, we couldn't but feel that if it had been left to them themselves, they'd have owned to the amount of real fine art we put into that whole 'continuous performance' and recompensed it accordin'."