

how to get hold of Attwater ! And we daren't even go ashore ; he would shoot us in the boat like dogs."

"Are you particular about having him dead or alive ?" asked Huish.

"I want to see him dead," said the captain.

"Ah, well !" said Huish, "then I believe I'll do a bit of breakfast."

And he turned into the house.

The captain doggedly followed him.

"What's this ?" he asked. "What's your idea, anyway ?"

"Oh, you let me alone, will you ?" said Huish, opening a bottle of champagne. "You'll 'ear my idea soon enough. Wyte till I pour some cham on my 'ot coppers." He drank a glass off, and affected to listen. "'Ark !" said he, "'ear it fizz. Like 'am frying, I declyre. 'Ave a glass, do, and look sociable."

"No !" said the captain, with emphasis ; "no, I will not ! there's business."

"You p'ys your money and you tykes your choice, my little man," returned Huish. "Seems rather a shyme to me to spoil your breakfast for wot's really ancient 'istory."

He finished three parts of a bottle of champagne, and nibbled a corner of biscuit, with extreme deliberation ; the captain sitting opposite and champing the bit like an impatient