

"Well, there was no harm in mentioning said Gadgett.

He took them up to the frame house in the cocoanut grove, where he lived, and showed them the god's drinks. Then he showed them the god's house where shell was stored and the Kanakas' shanties.

Then Blood and Harman went off for a walk by themselves to explore the horrible desolation of the place.

Said Harman, when they were alone, "Skunk—he's been tryin' to do us, him and me, spat! I know all about oysters, shell and pearl. Why, this place won't be no use in another fifty years after the way he's scraped it. He looks on us as a pair of mugs, wantin' about with a cargo of wheelbarrows like which we are. But we ain't such mugs as to pay him good money for lyin' yarns."

They walked to the only eminence on the island, a rise of ground some hundred feet above the sea level, and there they stood breathing the sea air and watching the g