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# THE SCALLYWAG

## CHAPTER I.

### IN WINTER QUARTERS.



‘FOR my part,’ said Armitage, ‘I call him a scallywag.’

‘What is a scallywag?’ Nea Blair asked, looking up at him from her seat with inquiring wonder.

Armitage paused a moment, and perused his boots. It’s so hard for a fellow to be pounced upon like that for a definition off-hand.

‘Well, a scallywag,’ he answered, leaning his back, for moral support, against the big eucalyptus-tree beside which he stood, ‘a scallywag, I should say, well—well, is—why, he’s the sort of man, you know, you wouldn’t like to be seen walking down Piccadilly with.’

‘Oh, I see!’ Nea exclaimed, with a bright little laugh. ‘You mean, if you were walking down Piccadilly yourself in a frock-coat and shiny tall hat, with an orchid from Bull’s