

Tarbox?' says he after he had puffed a while at his cigar.

"I'd make a spreadeagle of him if I had my way," says I.

"All that yarn about his having gone a-fishing can't be true," says the Captain.

"My notion is," says I, "that the fellow stole a boat from a ship that can't be very far from us. He calculated that he was near the Newfoundland coast, and he didn't have time to lay in any provision to speak of."

"How's a man going to steal a ship's boat at sea?" asked Pratt. "Were all hands asleep when he lowered her away?"

"It ain't my business to explain the details of crimes," says I. "He's a thief as well as a liar, and if I'm not mistaken, he called you Sprat."

"That hit the old man where he lived, for he was mighty proud of his name."

"I don't like the man," says he "but what he said about piracy sounded a little alarming. I'm a family man, if I get into trouble I shall lose my ship."

"That talk about piracy was all rubbish," says I. "The boat wasn't his, for he stole her, and if he didn't consent to come aboard here it was because he was too drunk to speak. Leave him to me and I'll promise to have him in the fore'sle inside of ten minutes, doing his work, and giving us no check beyond the ordinary!"

"Wait till after dinner," says Pratt, "perhaps the poor chap is a lunatic, and the best thing we can do is to humor him. It's a great affliction to be a lunatic, and maybe when he's had a good dinner he'll come to his senses and remember my name."

"Please yourself," says I. "This is your ship, and I'll try to keep my hands off the scoundrel unless he gets too insulting to live."

"When dinner came Barrows came out of his room and sat down opposite to me, and began sneering at the victuals. Neither of us said anything to him but when he ordered brandy Pratt braced up and said that no wines nor liquors could be served to passengers unless they were paid for on the spot. The fellow growled, and made remarks about old women, but he

couldn't help himself. When he ordered a cigar Pratt handed him one of his own, for he was that tender-hearted that he couldn't see a fellow-creature suffering for tobacco.

"Mind you send a box of those into my room, Sprat!" says the man after he had lit his cigar, and that was all the thanks Pratt got for his kindness.

"He went on deck after dinner, leaving Burrows below. Pratt was feeling gloomy at having been called 'Sprat' a second time, and I took pity on him."

"See here, sir," said I. "I'm going to have that fellow out of the cabin in double quick time, if you give me permission."

"But there mustn't be any violence used," says Pratt. "He may be a lunatic after all." So I promised not to use any violence, and I went back to the cabin where Barrows was sitting with his cigar in his mouth and his feet on the table.

"Says I: 'You're a smart liar, but you forgot one thing when you told that yarn about going a-fishing!'"

"What did I forget?" says he.

"You forgot that I knew the boat we took you out of. That was a boat that you stole from the Swallow-tail liner Eagle not two days ago."

"That's a lie!" said he. "But I could see from the look of him that I had hit the mark."

"The Eagle will be in port about the same time as ourselves," says I, "and I'll hand you over to the police for stealing the Eagle's boat the moment we are berthed. In the meantime you'll go forrard and turn to, and if you don't do your duty, and if you give the officers any of your cheek, you'll go to hospital for a spell before you go to gaol!"

"You're a gang of pirates," says he, "and I'll have the law on you if I get to New York alive."

"Which you probably won't do, unless you put a stopper on your tongue," says I. "Now get up and go forrard, where you belong or take a licking right here!"

"The fellow glared at me a minute, and seeing that I meant business, got up without a word and went forrard. We didn't have much trouble with him during the