

be rushed by the niggers, and all hands on board would have their throats cut in no time. No white man that ever put foot on shore at Mutavat has returned to his ship—he went into an oven and came out in cooked sections.’ Then I named three well-known instances.

“Marina grinned contemptuously—he was as plucky and as cunning as a wild-cat, although such an anointed little cut-throat—and Proctor chewed his cigar meditatively.

“‘Well, sonny, I mean to get at least five-and-twenty sturdy buck niggers from Mutavat in two days from now,’ said the American.

“‘And I as many, too,’ said the Portuguese. ‘Por Dios! Here am I two months out from Samoa with only seventeen measly-looking, scaly New Ireland niggers on board, while you, only a month out, have ninety-eight. I’m not going to let you be cock-of-the-walk in Samoa if I can help it.’

“‘Oh, well; I wish you both luck,’ I said; ‘but I’ll bet you each twenty-five dollars even money that you do not get half a dozen natives from Mutavat between you, except that you, Marina, play one of your many little tricks, which will one day land you in a place where the crows can’t peck at you.’ Then Niebuhr, the skipper of the *Meteor* (a smart young German), backed me up and made the same bet as I had.”

“You know that poor Niebuhr was lost at sea, three years ago, don’t you, Terry?” I inquired of our visitor, who was now placidly stretched out at full length, having collapsed owing to the “tadious journey from London.”