

" 'Keep quiet, my poor man,' says Pratt. 'We've rescued you, and if you just take this medicine, and lie still, you'll be all right in a little while.'

"The man looked at Pratt for a minute, and then he says to the steward, 'Who's this putty-faced fool, and what does he mean by his impudence about rescuing me?'

" 'I'm the master of this ship,' says the captain, 'and we've just picked you up and saved you from an awful death.'

" 'Picked me up, have you' says the man. 'Who gave you liberty to interfere with me?'

" 'You'll feel better presently,' replied Pratt, who was as patient a man as ever stepped. 'After you've had a sleep, and some food, and sort of generally calmed down, you can go forward and turn to.'

" 'Where's my boat?' demanded the chap. 'If you're sober enough to know what you did with her, perhaps you'll tell me.'

" 'I've cast her adrift,' says the old man, as patient as ever. 'There wasn't anything of value in her, and I couldn't have my deck littered up with no more boats.'

" 'So,' says the man. 'You've been and stole my boat, and you've been and kidnapped me, and then you've the impudence to talk about my turning to, and working your beastly ship for you. I'll see you and your ship—'

" 'Hold on!' says I. 'Don't you pay out any more of that. If you haven't common gratitude, you can keep your mouth shut.'

" 'And don't you give me any of your lip, Mr. Mate,' answers the man. 'You and that preaching old ass are nothing but a couple of pirates. You've stopped my boat on the high seas and took me forcibly out of her and you've scuttled her, or sent her adrift, which is the same thing, and now you're wanting to make a slave of me. If that ain't rank A1 piracy I'm a Dutchman, and I'll have the law on you.'

" 'You'd have died if I hadn't picked you up,' says Pratt, and what the fellow said about piracy startled him considerably.

" 'O! Would I?' said the man. 'Can't a gentleman go a-fishing in his own boat

without being insulted by being accused of starving? I'm a man that owns his boat and takes her where he pleases, which is more than you can do with this rotten old hooker.'

" 'Where were your fishing lines?' asked the old man. 'You weren't on the Banks, and you didn't have any lines in your boat.'

" 'Probably you stole the lines,' replied the man. 'You'll find that you'll have to pay precious dear for robbing and maltreating William Burrows, Esq.'

"I said to the captain that the man was half drunk, and that the sooner he was bundled into the fo'c'sle the better.

" 'Don't you shove your oar in while I'm conversing with this idiot,' says Burrows, addressing himself to me. And then he turns to Pratt and says: 'You forced me aboard here for your own infamous purposes, and I calculate to stay here for mine. You'll give me the best stateroom in this yer cabin, and the best grub you've got, and see that I get the best treatment that any of your passengers get and mebbe when we get to New York I'll be willing to compromise with you, provided you will pay me heavy damages. If you don't do as I say, I'll prosecute you for piracy, and if you're not hung as you deserve, you'll get ten or twenty years. Is anybody in that stateroom?'

'With that the man tries the door of the nearest state-room, and finding it empty—for we had no passengers that passage—he stepped in, telling the steward to call him in time for dinner and to bring him a stiff glass of brandy and water. He half shut the door, and then he turned round again and said to the steward: 'What's the name of the pirate who thinks he commands this ship?'

" 'My name is Pratt,' says the old man, 'and I'll—'

" 'Spratt, is it?' says Burrows. 'That's a name too big for the likes of you. So long, Spratt, and remember what I've said to you.'

" 'Pratt was by this time as mad as I ever saw him, but he tried not to show it.

" 'What do you make of the man, Mr.