

(Now go on with the story.)

"Man," said McTodd. "I'm out to beek my fortune. My father was gree Kirk meenister at Ballindrockfer, though there's many that's met his son have never guessed it, an ; a fine education was all the capital he

fine education was all the capital he could give me. Now you're looking prosperous yourself. Maybe you know of a billet?"
Capital Kettle was torn between gratitude and dity. "You're cedificated, of course?"
"I'd scorn to deosive you. Bu in the academic sense of the word, I'm not. I know more of my craft than half the ducks that carry a chief's ticket will ever learn all their black lives through, but the Board of Trade will no' believe it. Ye see—in your car—at times my spelling's phonetic, and that's fair ruib in an examination room."

room."
"Well, that makes it difficult, I'm

room."
"Well, that makes it difficult. I'm in want of a chief engineer. But the owner. I'm sure, would insist on his being fully qualified."

Mr. McTodd regarded his companion with an offensive eye. "D'ye mean to tell me some philanthropist's been fool enough to put you in command of a ship of your own? Well, well, there was a bumorist once said it takes all sorts to make a world."

The newly-made captain was growing more and more restrie under all this, and there were moments when his fingers tiched to take their accustomed course: but each time with an effort he called his new dignity to his aid, and gripped his teeth, into the butt of his cigar, and sat grinally non-intefferent in his corner.
"And who did you say was your owner:"
"I didn't say. He wishes to keep in the background. Nor can [tall you what's the real port of dedtination. We clear for Falmouth and beyond, but really, we sail with sealed erders."
"Ohe! More piracy, may I sakt'

uon, we clear for Falmouth and beyond, but really, we sail with sealed erdors."

"Oho! More piracy, may I sak!" That seems to be your taste, and I must say you've a pretty knack for it. For myself, I like to keep my skirts clear of this sort of thing; coming, as I've telled ye, from respectable stock. But for you, ot course, being without a pedigree, it's not matter if your inclinations rund that way."

"Now, just you listen here." said the exasperated sailor. "You'v', sot to the edge of my patienge. Oily me three more words of you'r lip and I'll throw you out of the window."

"Gosh!" said Mr. McTodd, "I'd love to see you try" and made an active spring. But Captain Kettle's expert flat shot out and caught him in midair accurately on the angle of the Jaw, and Captain Kettle's trained more thereafter invised his neck-cloth till he was three parts atrangled, and then Mr. McTodd was violently invokanted to corner of the carriage, and the said of the streep arts atrangled, and then Mr. McTodd was violently invokanted to corner of the carriage. I would not corner of the carriage. I would not be the carriage to the carriage of the said of the streep in word or the middle three in words that the's was no possibility of misunderstanding."

"You needed; shout." said the Sot, "And calve lock and the comment."