

GOING HOME.

Going home—the blithe birds singing Soft from every bank and spray. Faint winds to the uplands winging Incense from the new-mown hay; O'er her brow the first year's roses, In her heart Love's first delight; Going home as sunset closes— Good-night, pretty one, good-night!



PART VI.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

The sea cook looked at what had been given him. "The black spot! I thought so," he observed. "Where might you have got the paper? Why, hill! look here, now; this ain't lucky! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?" "Ah, there!" said Morgan—"there. Wot did I say? No good'll come o' that, I said."

go down with the tide. 'Who's that?' says one. 'That! Why, that's John Silver. I knowed him well,' says another. And you can hear the chains a-jangle as you go about and reach for the other buoy. Now, that's about where we are, every mother's son of us, thanks to him and Hands, and Anderson, and their ruination fools of you. And if you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver my timbers! isn't he a hostage? Are we going to waste a hostage? No, not us; he might be our last chance, and I shouldn't wonder. Kill that boy? Not me, mates! And number three? Ah, well, there's a deal to say to number three. Maybe you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor come to see you every day—you, John, with your head broke—or you, George Merry, that had the ague shakes upon you not six hours ago, and has your eyes the color of lemon peel to this same moment on the clock? And maybe, perhaps, you didn't know there was a consort coming, either? But there is, and not so long till then; and we'll see who'll be glad to have a hostage when it comes to that. And as for number two, and why I made a bargain—well, you came crawling on your knees to me to make it—on your knees you came, you was that down-hearted—and you'd have starved too, if I hadn't—but that's a trifle! you look there—that's why!"

And the doctor it was. Although I was glad to hear the sound, yet my gladness was not without admixture. I remembered with confusion my insubordinate and stealthy conduct; and when I saw where it had brought me—among what companions and surrounded by what dangers—I felt ashamed to look him in the face. He must have risen in the dark, for the day had hardly come; and when I ran to a loop-hole and looked out I saw him standing, like Silver once before, up to the mid-leg in creeping vapor. "You, doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir!" cried Silver, broad awake and beaming with good nature in a moment. "Bright and early, to be sure, and it's the early bird, as the saying goes, that gets the rations. George, shake up your timbers, son, and help Dr. Livesey over the ship's side. All a-doo-in' well, your patients was—all well and merry."

your word of honor as a young gentleman for a young gentleman you are, although poor born—you word of honor not to slip your cable?" I readily gave the pledge required. "Then, doctor," said Silver, "you just step outside o' that stockade, and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and I reckon you can yarn through the spars. Good-day to you, sir, and all our dooties to the squire and Cap'n Smollett." The explosion of disapproval, which restrained, broke out immediately the doctor had left the house. Silver was roundly accused of playing double—of trying to make a separate peace for himself—of sacrificing the interests of his accomplices and victims, and, in one word, of the identical, exact thing that he was doing. It seemed to me so obvious, in this case, that I could not imagine how he was to turn their anger. But he was twice the man the rest were, and his last night's victory had given him a huge preponderance on their minds. He called them all the fools and dolts you can imagine, said it was necessary I should talk to the doctor, flattered the chart in their faces, asked them if they could afford to break the treaty the very day they were bound a-treasure hunting.

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