

配套听力  
免费使用  
纯正英文朗读

【名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版】  
世界儿童文学名著精选  
——献给孩子们的系列故事



诺贝尔文学奖获得者的经典著作  
世界儿童文学宝库中的不朽经典  
人与动物的心灵交流

*Captains Courageous*

# 勇敢的船长

[英] 吉卜林 著  
钱振宁 等 编译

清华大学出版社





名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版

世界儿童文学名著精选

——献给孩子们的系列故事



*Captains Courageous*

# 勇敢的船长

[英] 吉卜林 著  
钱振宁 等 编译

## 内 容 简 介

《勇敢的船长》是世界童话文学宝库中的不朽经典，是英国著名作家、诺贝尔文学奖获得者吉卜林的重要代表作之一。哈维曾经是一名传统意义上的富家子弟：有着千万富翁的父亲，游手好闲，不务正业，对生活充满不满与抱怨。但当他在一次出海时不慎从游轮掉落海中，而被“海上号”的船员救上来之后，他的人生轨迹从此改变了。神秘莫测的海洋与艰苦刺激的捕鱼生活逐渐磨去了哈维身上的浮荡习气，在孜孜不倦的学习与冒险中，哈维成长为一名真正的渔夫。在故事的末尾，哈维接受了高等教育之后，即将继承父亲的船舶事业，他将和在“海上号”结识的小伙伴丹尼一起，共同开拓崭新的航海历程。

作品文笔细腻传神，情节跌宕起伏，悬念丝丝入扣，展现了文学艺术的魅力。一个世纪以来，该书被翻译成几十种文字，在世界上广为流传。无论作为语言学习的课本，还是作为通俗的文学读本，本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况，进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平，在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。同时，为了读者更好地理解故事情节，书中加入了大量经典插图。

本书配有纯正的英文朗读，供读者免费学习使用。

本书封面贴有清华大学出版社防伪标签，无标签者不得销售。

版权所有，侵权必究。侵权举报电话：010-62782989 13701121933

### 图书在版编目(CIP)数据

勇敢的船长=Captains Courageous: 名著双语读物·中文导读+英文原版/(英)吉卜林著; 钱振宁等编译. —北京: 清华大学出版社, 2015  
ISBN 978-7-302-38868-5

I. ①勇… II. ①吉… ②钱… III. ①英语—语言读物 ②儿童文学—长篇小说—英国—近代 IV. ①H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2015)第004780号

责任编辑: 柴文强 李 晔

封面设计: 傅瑞学

责任校对: 胡伟民

责任印制: 宋 林

出版发行: 清华大学出版社

网 址: <http://www.tup.com.cn>, <http://www.wqbook.com>

地 址: 北京清华大学学研大厦A座 邮 编: 100084

社总机: 010-62770175 邮 购: 010-62786544

投稿与读者服务: 010-62776969, [c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:c-service@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

质 量 反 馈: 010-62772015, [zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn](mailto:zhiliang@tup.tsinghua.edu.cn)

印 刷 者: 清华大学印刷厂

装 订 者: 三河市新茂装订有限公司

经 销: 全国新华书店

开 本: 170mm×260mm 印 张: 13 字 数: 262千字

版 次: 2015年5月第1版 印 次: 2015年5月第1次印刷

印 数: 1~3500

定 价: 29.00元

## 前言

罗迪亚德·吉卜林（Rudyard Kipling, 1865—1936），英国著名作家，诺贝尔文学奖获得者。

1865年12月31日，吉卜林出生在印度孟买。他的父亲当时在孟买艺术学校担任建筑雕塑学教授。吉卜林在印度度过了美好的幼年时光，1871年他和妹妹一起被送回英国寄养。吉卜林中学毕业以后，离开英国，回到印度，并开始文学创作。

1884年9月，吉卜林发表了他的首部短篇小说《百愁门》。1888年，吉卜林出版了《山中的平凡故事》《三个士兵》《加兹比一家的故事》等七部引人注目的短篇小说集。吉卜林一生创作内容十分丰富，有长篇小说、短篇小说、诗歌、游记、儿童文学、随笔、回忆录等等。其中，儿童文学作品的成就最为突出，例如，《丛林之书》《丛林之书二集》《献给孩子们的故事》《原来如此故事集》《勇敢的船长》《基姆》《普克山的帕克》《奖赏和仙人》等，都是享誉世界的儿童文学作品。

在吉卜林的儿童文学作品中，《勇敢的船长》（Captains Courageous）是其中十分出色的一部，该书写于1897年，是作者旅居美国时写成的。作品描写了一个美国富家子弟在海上的一段奇遇，细腻且真实地刻画了他从一个骄横任性的公子哥到一个坚强乐观、自食其力的劳动者的转变，揭示了劳动和友爱在培养一个人健全性格中所起的巨大作用。该书自出版以来便受到各国青少年读者的热烈欢迎，已成为世界儿童文学的不朽经典。在中国，《勇敢的船长》同样是最受广大青少年读者欢迎的经典童话作品之一。作为世界文学宝库中的传世经典之作，它影响了一代又一代中国人的美丽童年、少年直至成年。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《勇敢的船长》，并采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作的风格。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读部分，



这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书是中文导读英文名著系列丛书中的一种，编写本系列丛书的另一个主要目的就是为准备参加英语国家留学考试的学生提供学习素材。对于留学考试，无论是 SSAT、SAT 还是 TOEFL、GRE，要取得好的成绩，就必须了解西方的社会、历史、文化、生活等方面的背景知识，而阅读西方原版名著是了解这些知识最重要的手段之一。

作为专门从事英语考试培训、留学规划和留学申请指导的教育机构，啄木鸟教育支持编写的这套中文导读英文原版名著系列图书，可以使读者在欣赏世界原版名著的同时，了解西方的历史、文化、传统、价值观等，并提高英语阅读速度、阅读水平和写作能力，从而在 TOEFL、雅思、SSAT、SAT、GRE、GMAT 等考试中取得好的成绩，进而帮助读者成功申请到更好的国外学校。

本书中文导读内容由钱振宁编写。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有纪飞、赵雪、刘乃亚、蔡红昌、陈起永、熊建国、程来川、徐平国、龚桂平、付泽新、熊志勇、胡贝贝、李军、宋亨、张灵羚、张玉瑶、付建平等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免会有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



CONTENTS

第一章/	
Chapter 1 .....	1
第二章/	
Chapter 2 .....	17
第三章/	
Chapter 3 .....	38
第四章/	
Chapter 4 .....	61
第五章/	
Chapter 5 .....	80
第六章/	
Chapter 6 .....	98
第七章/	
Chapter 7 .....	111
第八章/	
Chapter 8 .....	122
第九章/	
Chapter 9 .....	145
第十章/	
Chapter 10 .....	171
附录 .....	195



# 第一章

## Chapter 1



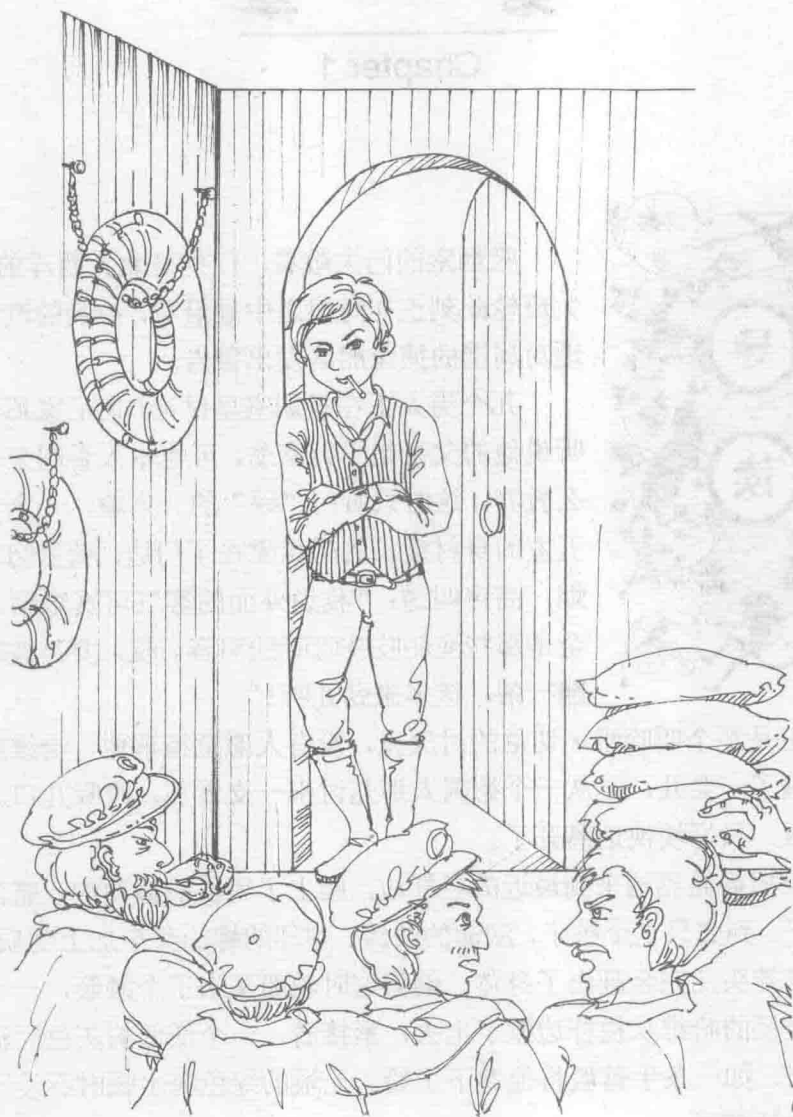
吸烟室的门大敞着，门外是北大西洋的浓雾。大班轮此刻正在海浪之中颠簸着，拉响的汽笛不断地对周围的捕鱼船队发出警告。

几个男人正在吸烟室里讨论“切尼家那小子”，听说他的父亲是千万富翁，可他本人看起来却没什么教养。这时只听门“砰”的一声响，一个约莫十五岁的身材瘦长的男孩靠在了门边，嘴里叼着一支烟，高声叫道：“我说外面的雾气可真浓啊，周围全是那些渔船吱吱呀呀的声音。哎，要是被咱们撞翻一条，该多来劲儿呀！”

这正是那个叫哈维·切尼的讨厌鬼，没有人愿意搭理他，哈维虚张声势地叫嚷了一会儿，又从一个德国人那儿讨来一支雪茄，没吸几口就觉得很不舒服，只好快快地离开了。

哈维摇摇晃晃地来到最近的栏杆边，爬上了甲板的最顶端，痛苦地弯下了身子。到底只是个孩子，汹涌的波涛、刺耳的螺旋桨声加上劣质雪茄，将他的精神头儿完全赶出了身体。偏偏这时轮船又来了个颠簸，一下子就把眼冒金星的哈维从栏杆边掀了出去，紧接着，一个低低的灰色巨浪从迷雾中跃出，如一条手臂般将他卷下了船。无垠的绿色海水顿时吞没了这个早已晕厥的孩子。

等哈维醒来时，他听到了大轮船第一遍的早饭铃声，不禁纳闷自己的特等舱怎么变得如此窄小。他的身体下面是一条邈里邈远的褥子，喧嚣的海水在他的耳边奔腾，船舱里的梁柱如泣如诉般地呻吟作响，周围充斥着油漆、胡椒、发霉烟草等混合的浓烈气味，令人作呕。而身旁则坐着一个



哈维靠在门边



与他年龄相仿的男孩，灰色的眼睛忽闪忽闪的，冲他咧嘴一笑：

“好点了吗？”

哈维接过男孩递给他的咖啡和满满一盘香脆的煎猪肉，狼吞虎咽地吃起来。男孩在一旁热心地说：“你可以叫我丹，收拾一下和我上甲板吧，我爸爸想见你。”

然而哈维和许多不幸的年轻人一样，这辈子从没接受过命令。他脱口而出：“你爸爸如果想见我，叫他自己过来。我要他立刻送我回纽约，少不了他的好处。”

但丹滑稽地大笑起来，劝他别犯傻了。于是哈维只好顺着垂直的梯子爬上甲板，一路上还被好些碍手碍脚的东西绊了好几个趔趄。楼梯旁的踏阶上坐着一个身量不高的壮汉，脸刮得很干净。

“早上好啊，小伙子，”这位水手似乎根本没把哈维的遭遇当回事，“让我们听听这件事的前因后果吧。”

哈维简单地说了自己的名字和事情经过，最后要求那人马上把他送回纽约，他父亲会答应任何要求。这壮汉却“哼”了一声，并不为之所动。

“你大概还不知道吧，在下正是来自格洛斯特的‘海上号’的船长——狄斯柯·特鲁普。对于在风平浪静的时候从大班轮上掉下来的人，我可不觉得有什么可以另眼相看的。”

“我能给你实打实的美元！”哈维不无得意地叫道，一边把手插进衣兜里——可是他母亲给他的一百多美元的零花钱不见了，“把钱还我，我的一百三十四块钱被偷走了！”

老特鲁普冷冷的脸上闪过一丝奇怪的神情：“像你这种年纪的人身上为什么会带着一百三十四块钱？不管怎么说，我们现在不能回去，除非九月初才会重新靠岸。记住你现在是在‘海上号’上，这儿没人愿意听你多说话。睁大眼睛，好好跟着丹干活儿，我会给你——十块半每个月，至于你老爹和你们家的钱，以后再说吧。”

他完全不理睬哈维嘴里恶狠狠地嚷着的“海盗行径”之类的话，仍然板着脸。

“不！”哈维喊道，“立刻把我送到纽约！要不然我不把你——”

他记不大清之后的事情了，只是发现自己躺在甲板的排水管边，捂着流血的鼻子，而特鲁普则安详地俯视着自己。

“丹，”特鲁普对儿子说，“现在我对他有点抱歉，因为他的精神很显然相当错乱，所以他胡言乱语的那些话，看来他都不能对此负责。对他客

气点儿，丹，把他的鼻血弄干净，叫他自己用水冲冲！”

接着特鲁普便走进了船舱，于是在甲板上只剩下了丹安慰着那位不走运的三千万美元家产的继承人。

The weather door of the smoking-room had been left open to the North Atlantic fog, as the big liner rolled and lifted, whistling to warn the fishing-fleet.

“That Cheyne boy’s the biggest nuisance aboard,” said a man in a frieze overcoat, shutting the door with a bang. “He isn’t wanted here. He’s too fresh.”

A white-haired German reached for a sandwich, and grunted between bites: “I know der breed. Ameriga is full of dot kind. I dell you you should imbort ropes’ ends free under your dariff.”

“Pshaw! There isn’t any real harm to him. He’s more to be pitied than anything,” a man from New York drawled, as he lay at full length along the cushions under the wet skylight. “They’ve dragged him around from hotel to hotel ever since he was a kid. I was talking to his mother this morning. She’s a lovely lady, but she don’t pretend to manage him. He’s going to Europe to finish his education.”

“Education isn’t begun yet.” This was a Philadelphian, curled up in a corner. “That boy gets two hundred a month pocket-money, he told me. He isn’t sixteen either.”

“Railroads, his father, aind’t it?” said the German.

“Yep. That and mines and lumber and shipping. Built one place at San Diego, the old man has; another at Los Angeles; owns half a dozen railroads, half the lumber on the Pacific slope, and lets his wife spend the money,” the Philadelphian went on lazily. “The West don’t suit her, she says. She just tracks around with the boy and her nerves, trying to find out what’ll amuse him, I guess. Florida, Adirondacks, Lakewood, Hot Springs, New York, and round again. He isn’t much more than a second-hand hotel clerk now. When he’s finished in Europe he’ll be a holy terror.”

“What’s the matter with the old man attending to him personally?” said a voice from the frieze ulster.

“Old man’s piling up the rocks. ‘Don’t want to be disturbed, I guess. He’ll find out his error a few years from now. ‘Pity, because there’s a heap of good in the boy if you could get at it.”

“Mit a rope’s end; mit a rope’s end!” growled the German.

Once more the door banged, and a slight, slim-built boy perhaps fifteen years old, a half-smoked cigarette hanging from one corner of his mouth, leaned in over the high footway. His pasty yellow complexion did not show well on a person of his years, and his look was a mixture of irresolution, bravado, and very cheap smartness. He was dressed in a cherry-coloured blazer, knickerbockers, red stockings, and bicycle shoes, with a red flannel cap at the back of the head. After whistling between his teeth, as he eyed the company, he said in a loud, high voice: “Say, it’s thick outside. You can hear the fish-boats squawking all around us. Say, wouldn’t it be great if we ran down one?”

“Shut the door, Harvey,” said the New Yorker. “Shut the door and stay outside. You’re not wanted here.”

“Who’ll stop me?” he answered, deliberately. “Did you pay for my passage, Mister Martin? ‘Guess I’ve as good right here as the next man.”

He picked up some dice from a checkerboard and began throwing, right hand against left.

“Say, gen’elmen, this is deader’n mud. Can’t we make a game of poker between us?”

There was no answer, and he puffed his cigarette, swung his legs, and drummed on the table with rather dirty fingers. Then he pulled out a roll of bills as if to count them.

“How’s your mamma this afternoon?” a man said. “I didn’t see her at lunch.”

“In her state-room, I guess. She’s ‘most always sick on the ocean. I’m going to give the stewardess fifteen dollars for looking after her. I don’t go down more ‘n I can avoid. It makes me feel mysterious to pass that butler’s-pantry place. Say, this is the first time I’ve been on the ocean.”

“Oh, don’t apologize, Harvey.”

“Who’s apologizing? This is the first time I’ve crossed the ocean, gen’elmen, and, except the first day, I haven’t been sick one little bit. No, sir!”



哈维看到了一个和他年龄相仿的男孩

He brought down his fist with a triumphant bang, wetted his finger, and went on counting the bills.

"Oh, you're a high-grade machine, with the writing in plain sight," the Philadelphian yawned. "You'll blossom into a credit to your country if you don't take care."

"I know it. I'm an American—first, last, and all the time. I'll show 'em that when I strike Europe. Piff! My cig's out. I can't smoke the truck the steward sells. Any gen'elman got a real Turkish cig on him?"

The chief engineer entered for a moment, red, smiling, and wet. "Say, Mac," cried Harvey cheerfully, "how are we hitting it?"

"Vara much in the ordinary way," was the grave reply. "The young are as polite as ever to their elders, an' their elders are e'en tryin' to appreciate it."

A low chuckle came from a corner. The German opened his cigar-case and handed a skinny black cigar to Harvey.

"Dot is der broper apparatus to smoke, my young friendt," he said. "You vill dry it? Yes? Den you vill be efer so happy."

Harvey lit the unlovely thing with a flourish: he felt that he was getting on in grownup society.

"It would take more 'n this to keel me over," he said, ignorant that he was lighting that terrible article, a Wheeling "stogie".

"Dot we shall bresently see," said the German. "Where are we now, Mr. Mactonal'?"

"Just there or thereabouts, Mr. Schaefer," said the engineer. "We'll be on the Grand Bank to-night; but in a general way o' speakin', we're all among the fishing-fleet now. We've shaved three dories an' near scalped the boom off a Frenchman since noon, an' that's close sailing', ye may say."

"You like my cigar, eh?" the German asked, for Harvey's eyes were full of tears.

"Fine, full flavor," he answered through shut teeth. "Guess we've slowed down a little, haven't we? I'll skip out and see what the log says."

"I might if I vhas you," said the German.

Harvey staggered over the wet decks to the nearest rail. He was very unhappy; but he saw the deck-steward lashing chairs together, and, since he

had boasted before the man that he was never seasick, his pride made him go aft to the second-saloon deck at the stern, which was finished in a turtle-back. The deck was deserted, and he crawled to the extreme end of it, near the flag-pole. There he doubled up in limp agony, for the Wheeling "stogie" joined with the surge and jar of the screw to sieve out his soul. His head swelled; sparks of fire danced before his eyes; his body seemed to lose weight, while his heels wavered in the breeze. He was fainting from seasickness, and a roll of the ship tilted him over the rail on to the smooth lip of the turtle-back. Then a low, gray mother-wave swung out of the fog, tucked Harvey under one arm, so to speak, and pulled him off and away to leeward; the great green closed over him, and he went quietly to sleep.

He was roused by the sound of a dinner-horn such as they used to blow at a summer-school he had once attended in the Adirondacks. Slowly he remembered that he was Harvey Cheyne, drowned and dead in mid-ocean, but was too weak to fit things together. A new smell filled his nostrils; wet and clammy chills ran down his back, and he was helplessly full of salt water. When he opened his eyes, he perceived that he was still on the top of the sea, for it was running round him in silver-coloured hills, and he was lying on a pile of half-dead fish, looking at a broad human back clothed in a blue jersey.

"It's no good," thought the boy. "I'm dead, sure enough, and this thing is in charge."

He groaned, and the figure turned its head, showing a pair of little gold rings half hidden in curly black hair.

"Aha! You feel some pretty well now?" it said. "Lie still so: we trim better."

With a swift jerk he sculled the flickering boat-head on to a foamless sea that lifted her twenty full feet, only to slide her into a glassy pit beyond. But this mountain-climbing did not interrupt blue-jersey's talk. "Fine good job, I say, that I catch you. Eh, wha-at? Better good job, I say, your boat not catch me. How you come to fall out?"

"I was sick," said Harvey; "sick, and couldn't help it."

"Just in time I blow my horn, and your boat she yaw a little. Then I see you come all down. Eh, wha-at? I think you are cut into baits by the screw, but



you dreeft—dreeft to me, and I make a big fish of you. So you shall not die this time.”

“Where am I?” said Harvey, who could not see that life was particularly safe where he lay.

“You are with me in the dory—Manuel my name, and I come from schooner *We’re Here* of Gloucester. I live to Gloucester. By-and-by we get supper. Eh, wha-at?”

He seemed to have two pairs of hands and a head of cast-iron, for, not content with blowing through a big conch-shell, he must needs stand up to it, swaying with the sway of the flat-bottomed dory, and send a grinding, thuttering shriek through the fog. How long this entertainment lasted, Harvey could not remember, for he lay back terrified at the sight of the smoking swells. He fancied he heard a gun and a horn and shouting. Something bigger than the dory, but quite as lively, loomed alongside. Several voices talked at once; he was dropped into a dark, heaving hole, where men in oilskins gave him a hot drink and took off his clothes, and he fell asleep.

When he waked he listened for the first breakfast-bell on the steamer, wondering why his state-room had grown so small. Turning, he looked into a narrow, triangular cave, lit by a lamp hung against a huge square beam. A three-cornered table within arm’s reach ran from the angle of the bows to the foremast. At the after end, behind a well-used Plymouth stove, sat a boy about his own age, with a flat red face and a pair of twinkling gray eyes. He was dressed in a blue jersey and high rubber boots. Several pairs of the same sort of foot-wear, an old cap, and some worn-out woollen socks lay on the floor, and black and yellow oilskins swayed to and fro beside the bunks. The place was packed as full of smells as a bale is of cotton. The oilskins had a peculiarly thick flavor of their own which made a sort of background to the smells of fried fish, burnt grease, paint, pepper, and stale tobacco; but these, again, were all hooped together by one encircling smell of ship and salt water. Harvey saw with disgust that there were no sheets on his bed-place. He was lying on a piece of dingy ticking full of lumps and nubbles. Then, too, the boat’s motion was not that of a steamer. She was neither sliding nor rolling, but rather wriggling herself about in a silly, aimless way, like a colt at the end of a halter.

Water-noises ran by close to his ear, and beams creaked and whined about him. All these things made him grunt despairingly and think of his mother.

"Feelin' better?" said the boy, with a grin. "Hev some coffee?" He brought a tin cup full and sweetened it with molasses.

"Isn't there milk?" said Harvey, looking round the dark double tier of bunks as if he expected to find a cow there.

"Well, no," said the boy. "Ner there ain't likely to be till 'baout mid-September. 'Tain't bad coffee. I made it."

Harvey drank in silence, and the boy handed him a plate full of pieces of crisp fried pork, which he ate ravenously.

"I've dried your clothes. Guess they've shrunk some," said the boy. "They ain't our style much—none of 'em. Twist round an' see if you're hurt any."

Harvey stretched himself in every direction, but could not report any injuries.

"That's good," the boy said heartily. "Fix yerself an' go on deck. Dad wants to see you. I'm his son,—Dan, they call me,—an' I'm cook's helper an' everything else aboard that's too dirty for the men. There ain't no boy here 'cep' me sence Otto went overboard—an' he was only a Dutchy, an' twenty year old at that. How'd you come to fall off in a dead flat ca'am?"

"'Twasn't a calm," said Harvey, sulkily. "It was a gale, and I was seasick. Guess I must have rolled over the rail."

"There was a little common swell yes'day an' last night," said the boy. "But ef thet's your notion of a gale—" He whistled. "You'll know more 'fore you're through. Hurry! Dad's waitin'."

Like many other unfortunate young people, Harvey had never in all his life received a direct order—never, at least, without long, and sometimes tearful, explanations of the advantages of obedience and the reasons for the request. Mrs. Cheyne lived in fear of breaking his spirit, which, perhaps, was the reason that she herself walked on the edge of nervous prostration. He could not see why he should be expected to hurry for any man's pleasure, and said so. "Your dad can come down here if he's so anxious to talk to me. I want him to take me to New York right away. It'll pay him."

Dan opened his eyes as the size and beauty of this joke dawned on him.

"Say, Dad!" he shouted up the foc'sle hatch, "he says you kin slip down an' see him ef you're anxious that way. 'Hear, Dad?"

The answer came back in the deepest voice Harvey had ever heard from a human chest: "Quit foolin', Dan, and send him to me."

Dan sniggered, and threw Harvey his warped bicycle shoes. There was something in the tones on the deck that made the boy dissemble his extreme rage and console himself with the thought of gradually unfolding the tale of his own and his father's wealth on the voyage home. This rescue would certainly make him a hero among his friends for life. He hoisted himself on deck up a perpendicular ladder, and stumbled aft, over a score of obstructions, to where a small, thick-set, clean-shaven man with gray eyebrows sat on a step that led up to the quarter-deck. The swell had passed in the night, leaving a long, oily sea, dotted round the horizon with the sails of a dozen fishing-boats. Between them lay little black specks, showing where the dories were out fishing. The schooner, with a triangular riding-sail on the mainmast, played easily at anchor, and except for the man by the cabin-roof—"house" they call it—she was deserted.

"Mornin'—Good afternoon, I should say. You've nigh slep' the clock round, young feller," was the greeting.

"Mornin'," said Harvey. He did not like being called "young feller"; and, as one rescued from drowning, expected sympathy. His mother suffered agonies whenever he got his feet wet; but this mariner did not seem excited.

"Naow let's hear all abaout it. It's quite providential, first an' last, fer all concerned. What might be your name? Where from (we mistrust it's Noo York), an' where baound (we mistrust it's Europe)?"

Harvey gave his name, the name of the steamer, and a short history of the accident, winding up with a demand to be taken back immediately to New York, where his father would pay anything any one chose to name.

"H'm," said the shaven man, quite unmoved by the end of Harvey's speech. "I can't say we think special of any man, or boy even, that falls overboard from that kind o' packet in a flat ca'am. Least of all when his excuse is that he's seasick."

"Excuse!" cried Harvey. "D'you suppose I'd fall overboard into your dirty