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"O, you'll do, young man, I can see; don't you be afraid. Won't he, Mr. Cardew? Clear, straightforward eyes, and all aboveboard..."

"What for? Why, for this. The first mate, as he is, had the lading of the vessel... 'Well, what did he do, running the help of some second-rate friend of his, shipping agent, but remove two-thirds of the machinery from the cases, unknown to Mr. Blizard, and pile them up with old iron, unknown to the captain, who was away because his father was dying, and now they would sink the vessel and then go home and sell the plunder...'"

"The pursuer was in his cabin, the twentieth day after the Shooting Star had started... He was head down at his accounts, and the luminous green shade over the lamp threw a golden light upon rows of figures and the red lines that divided them. It was working silently, honest, zealous fellow that he was, when a low tap came at the cabin-door..."

"The pursuer was the last to leave the cabin when the service was over... 'Well, Thompson,' said the pursuer looking up with an overworked and troubled expression, 'what is it?' 'The quartermaster sat down with a hand on either knee. 'I tell you what it is, Mr. Pennant, between you and me, there's mischief brewing...'"

blocked with ice packs. A sabbath calm reigned over the vessel. The men were lying down by the trip-rope coils, some reading, some conversing; not a plank but was as clean as a pink; not a bolt-head or brass bit shone as well as anything could shine in that lurid light..."

"The first mate, as the man said this, came up and took the wheel from him insolently, as if in defiance of the captain... 'Jackson's steering right,' he said. 'Right you call it,' said the captain storming. 'I'm a plain man, and I like plain dealing. Mr. Cardew, I've had enough of your lying tricks; let the wheel, sir, and go to your cabin. Consider yourself under arrest for mutinous conduct...'"

"The electric light lit the pale face of the captain and his fellow-prisoners... 'Why, here are the merry dancers,' said the captain, already himself. 'We're not the first mate, you see, and he's not the first mate, you see, and he's not the first mate, you see...'"

"The next day brought no hope. The pack proved to be of enormous size, and a deep iceberg prevented its complete exploration... 'The food was fast decreasing. The few penguins on the pack would not come within gun-shot. Once they saw a white bear, it divided, and appeared no more. The men's hearts began to sink; half the spars had been used up for the fires; one day more and the fuel would be gone; the ram gone; the men gone. Frost and starvation awaited them...'"

stood up, his musket in his hand, for he had all this time kept watch at night like the other man, and shared every labor and privation... 'If this voyage had only turned out well, he said, 'I might have got a ship again; for the firm promised me a ship again; if I only kept from drink and did my duty, and this time I have done it by them, I should have saved the vessel if it hadn't been for this mutiny...'"

"The exploration destroyed the men's last hope... 'The party instantly made for it. Harrison being light of foot, was the first to reach the top of the hill to reconnoitre. He was soon followed by the rest of the party... 'I wish it had been the mate, said the pursuer...'"

"The first tried the quartermaster with another vessel, and he created himself well, and as for Ritson, he is now the most respected captain in his service... 'A joke is told of Horace Greeley, who occupies a part of each day at the Bible House building, in preparing the second volume of 'History of the American Conflict...'"

"The next day the pursuer shot two penguins, and ate greedily of the delicious food... 'The fourth day the provisions were exhausted at the first meal. Then Captain Ritson said the quartermaster, 'She'll fight her way, I bet...'"