



Captains Courageous

Rudyard Kipling

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RUDYARD KIPLING



BANTAM CLASSIC

CONTENTS

[TITLE PAGE](#)

[DEDICATION](#)

[ABOUT THE AUTHOR](#)

[CHAPTER 1](#)

[CHAPTER 2](#)

[CHAPTER 3](#)

[CHAPTER 4](#)

[CHAPTER 5](#)

[CHAPTER 6](#)

[CHAPTER 7](#)

[CHAPTER 8](#)

[CHAPTER 9](#)

[CHAPTER 10](#)

[ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER FOR THESE BANTAM CLASSICS](#)

[BIBLIOGRAPHY](#)

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To

JAMES CONLAND, M.D.

Brattleboro, Vermont

I ploughed the land with horses,

But my heart was ill at ease,

For the old sea-faring men

Came to me now and then,

With their sagas of the seas.

Longfellow.

RUDYARD KIPLING was born in Bombay, India, to British parents on December 30, 1865. In 1871 Rudyard and his sister, Trix, aged three, were left to be cared for by a couple in Southsea, England. Five years passed before he saw his parents again. His sense of desertion and despair were later expressed in his story “Baa Baa, Black Sheep” (1888), in his novel *The Light That Failed* (1890), and in his autobiography, *Something of Myself* (1937). As late as 1935 Kipling still spoke bitterly of the “House of Desolation” at Southsea: “I should like to burn it down and plough the place with salt.”

At twelve he entered a minor public school, the United Services College at Westward Ho, North Devon. In *Stalky and Co.* (1899) the myopic Beetle is a self-caricature, and the days at Westward Ho are recalled with mixed feelings. At sixteen, eccentric and literary, Kipling sailed to India to become a journalist. His Indian experiences led to seven volumes of stories, including *Soldiers Three* (1888) and *Wee Willie Winkie* (1888).

At twenty-four he returned to England and quickly turned into a literary celebrity. In London he became close friends with an American, (Charles) Wolcott Balestier, with whom he collaborated on what critics called a “dime store novel.” Wolcott died suddenly in 1891, and a few weeks later Kipling married Wolcott’s sister, Caroline. The newlyweds settled in Brattleboro, Vermont, where Kipling wrote *The Jungle Book* (1894), *The Second Jungle Book* (1895), and most of *Captains Courageous* (1896). By this time Kipling’s popularity and financial success were enormous.

In 1899 the Kiplings settled in Sussex, England, where he wrote some of his best books: *Kipling’s Stories* (1901), *Just So Stories* (1902), and *Puck of Pook’s Hill* (1906). In 1907 he received the Nobel Prize for literature. By the time he died, on January 18, 1936, critical opinion was deeply divided about his writings, but his books continued to be read by thousands, and such unforgettable poems and stories as “Gunga Din,” “If,” “The Man Who Would Be King,” and “Rikki-Tikki-Tavi” have lived on in the consciousness of succeeding generations.

CHAPTER 1

THE WEATHER door of the smoking-room had been left open to the North Atlantic fog, as the bellman whistling to warn the fishing-fleet. rolled and lifted,

“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 breeze 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? 'Gue 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 mama 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!*" 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. Pff! 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 the 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 shiny black cigar to Harvey.

"Dot is der broper apparatus to smoke, my young friendt," he said. "You vill dry it? Yes? Den yo

will 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 and near skelped the boom off a Frenchman since noon, an’ that’s close sailin’, ye may say.”

“You like my cigar, eh?” the German asked, for Harvey’s eyes were full of tears.

“Fine, full flavour,” 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 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 feet

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 n 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* 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 stateroom 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 flushed 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 flavour 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 that’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 quarterdeck. 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 the 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 all when his excuse is that he’s seasick.”

“Excuse!” cried Harvey. “D’you suppose I’d fall overboard into your dirty little boat for fun?”

“Not knowin’ what your notions o’ fun may be, I can’t rightly say, young feller. But if I was *you*, wouldn’t call the boat which, under Providence, was the means o’ savin’ ye, names. In the first place it’s blame irreligious. In the second, it’s annoyin’ to my feelin’s—an’ I’m Disko Troop o’ the *We’re Here* o’ Gloucester, which you don’t seem rightly to know.”

“I don’t know and I don’t care,” said Harvey. “I’m grateful enough for being saved and all that, of course! but I want you to understand that the sooner you take me back to New York the better it’ll pay you.”

“Meanin’—haow?” Troop raised one shaggy eyebrow over a suspiciously mild blue eye.

“Dollars and cents,” said Harvey, delighted to think that he was making an impression. “Coin dollars and cents.” He thrust a hand into a pocket, and threw out his stomach a little, which was his way of being grand. “You’ve done the best day’s work you ever did in your life when you pulled me in. I’m all the son Harvey Cheyne has.”

“He’s bin favoured,” said Disko, dryly.

“And if you don’t know who Harvey Cheyne is, you don’t know much—that’s all. Now turn him around and let’s hurry.”

Harvey had a notion that the greater part of America was filled with people discussing and envying his father’s dollars.

“Mebbe I do, an’ mebbe I don’t. Take a reef in your stummick, young feller. It’s full o’ *my* vittles.

Harvey heard a chuckle from Dan, who was pretending to be busy by the stump-foremast, and blood rushed to his face. “We’ll pay for that too,” he said. “When do you suppose we shall get to New York?”

“I don’t use Noo York any. Ner Boston. We may see Eastern Point about September; an’ your pa—
I’m real sorry I hain’t heerd tell of him—may give me ten dollars efter all your talk. Then o’ course
he mayn’t.”

“Ten dollars! Why, see here, I——” Harvey dived into his pocket for the wad of bills. All he
brought up was a soggy packet of cigarettes.

“Not lawful currency, an’ bad for the lungs. Heave ’em overboard, young feller, and try agin.”

“It’s been stolen!” cried Harvey, hotly.

“You’ll hev to wait till you see your pa to reward me, then?”

“A hundred and thirty-four dollars—all stolen,” said Harvey, hunting wildly through his pocket
“Give them back.”

A curious change flitted across old Troop’s hard face. “What might *you* have been doin’ at your
time o’ life with one hundred an’ thirty-four dollars, young feller?”

“It was part of my pocket-money—for a month.” This Harvey thought would be a knock-down
blow, and it was—indirectly.

“Oh! One hundred and thirty-four dollars is only part of his pocket-money—for one month only.
You don’t remember hittin’ anything when you fell over, do you? Crack agin a stanchion, le’s say. Old
man Hasken o’ the *East Wind*”—Troop seemed to be talking to himself—“he tripped on a hatch and
butted the mainmast with his head—hardish. ’Baout three weeks afterwards, old man Hasken he would
hev it that the *East Wind* was a commerce-destroyin’ man-o’-war, an’ so he declared war on Sab
Island because it was Bridish, an’ the shoals run aout too far. They sewed him up in a bed-bag, his
head an’ feet appearin’, fer the rest o’ the trip, an’ now he’s to home in Essex playin’ with little ra
dolls.”

Harvey choked with rage, but Troop went on consolingly: “We’re sorry fer you. We’re very sorry
fer you—an’ so young. We won’t say no more abaout the money, I guess.”

“Course you won’t. You stole it.”

“Suit yourself. We stole it ef it’s any comfort to you. Naow, abaout goin’ back. Allowin’ we could
do it, which we can’t, you ain’t in no fit state to go back to your home, an’ we’ve jest come on to the
Banks, workin’ fer our bread. We don’t see the ha’af of a hundred dollars a month, let alone pocket
money; an’ with good luck we’ll be ashore again somewheres abaout the first weeks o’ September.”

“But—but it’s May now, and I can’t stay here doin’ nothing just because you want to fish. I *can’t*
tell you!”

“Right an’ jest; jest *an’* right. No one asks you to do nothin’. There’s a heap as you *can* do, for Ot
he went overboard on Le Have. I mistrust he lost his grip in a gale we f’und there. Anyways, he nev
come back to deny it. *You’ve* turned up, plain, plumb providential for all concerned. I mistrust

though, there's ruther few things you kin do. Ain't thet so?"

"I can make it lively for you and your crowd when we get ashore," said Harvey, with a vicious nod, murmuring vague threats about "piracy," at which Troop almost—not quite—smiled.

"Excep' talk. I'd forgot that. You ain't asked to talk more'n you've a mind to aboard the *We're Here*. Keep your eyes open, an' help Dan to do ez he's bid, an' sechlike, an' I'll give you—you ain't wuth it, but I'll give—ten an' a ha'af a month; say thirty-five at the end o' the trip. A little work will ease up your head, and you kin tell us all about your dad an' your ma an' your money afterwards."

"She's on the steamer," said Harvey, his eyes filling with tears. "Take me to New York at once."

"Poor woman—poor woman! When she has you back she'll forgit it all, though. There's eight of us on the *We're Here*, an' ef we went back naow—it's more'n a thousand mile—we'd lose the season. The men they wouldn't hev it, allowin' I was agreeable."

"But my father would make it all right."

"He'd try. I don't doubt he'd try," said Troop; "but a whole season's catch is eight men's bread; an' you'll be better in your health when you see him in the fall. Go forward an' help Dan. It's ten an' a ha'af a month, ez I said, an' o' course, all f'und, same ez the rest o' us."

"Do you mean I'm to clean pots and pans and things?" said Harvey.

"An' other things. You've no call to shout, young feller."

"I won't! My father will give you enough to buy this dirty little fish-kettle"—Harvey stamped on the deck—"ten times over, if you take me to New York safe; and—and—you're in a hundred an' thirty by me, anyhow."

"Ha-ow?" said Troop, the iron face darkening.

"How? You know how, well enough. On top of all that, you want me to do menial work"—Harvey was very proud of that adjective—"till the fall. I tell you I will *not*. You hear?"

Troop regarded the top of the mainmast with deep interest for a while, as Harvey harangued fiercely all around him.

"Hsh!" he said at last. "I'm figurin' out my responsibilities in my own mind. It's a matter o' jedgment."

Dan stole up and plucked Harvey by the elbow. "Don't go to tamperin' with Dad any more," he pleaded. "You've called him a thief two or three times over, an' he don't take that from any livin' bein'."

"I won't!" Harvey almost shrieked, disregarding the advice, and still Troop meditated.

"Seems kinder unneighbourly," he said at last, his eye travelling down to Harvey. "I don't blame

you, not a mite, young feller, nor you won't blame *me* when the bile's out o' your system. Be sure you sense what I say? Ten an' a ha'af fer second boy on the schooner—~~an' all found—~~fer to teach you a fer the sake o' your health. Yes or no?"

"No!" said Harvey. "Take me back to New York or I'll see you——"

He did not exactly remember what followed. He was lying in the scuppers, holding on to a nose that bled while Troop looked down on him serenely.

"Dan," he said to his son, "I was sot again this young feller when I first saw him on account o' hasty judgments. Never you be led astray by hasty judgments, Dan. Naow I'm sorry for him, because he was clear distracted in his upper works. He ain't responsible fer the names he's give me, nor fer his other statements—nor fer jumpin' overboard, which I'm abaout ha'af convinced he did. You be gentle with him, Dan, 'r I'll give you twice what I've give him. Them hemmeridges clears the head. Let his sluice it off!"

Troop went down solemnly into the cabin, where he and the older men bunked, leaving Dan to comfort the luckless heir to thirty millions.

CHAPTER 2

I WARNED YE,” said Dan, as the drops fell thick and fast on the dark, oiled planking. “Dad ain’t no ways hasty, but you fair earned it. Pshaw! there’s no sense takin’ on so.” Harvey’s shoulders were rising and falling in spasms of dry sobbing. “I know the feelin’. First time Dad laid me out was the last—and that was my first trip. Makes ye feel sickish an’ lonesome. *I* know.”

“It does,” moaned Harvey. “That man’s either crazy or drunk, and—and I can’t do anything.”

“Don’t say that to Dad,” whispered Dan. “He’s set agin all liquor, an’—well, he told me *you* was the madman. What in creation made you call him a thief? He’s my dad.”

Harvey sat up, mopped his nose, and told the story of the missing wad of bills. “I’m not crazy,” he wound up. “Only—your father has never seen more than a five-dollar bill at a time, and *my* father could buy up this boat once a week and never miss it.”

“You don’t know what the *We’re Here’s* worth. Your dad must hev a pile o’ money. How did he get it? Dad sez loonies can’t shake out a straight yarn. Go ahead.”

“In gold mines and things, West.”

“I’ve read o’ that kind o’ business. Out West, too? Does he go around with a pistol on a trick-pony the same ez the circus? They call that the Wild West, and I’ve heard that their spurs an’ bridles was solid silver.”

“You *are* a chump!” said Harvey, amused in spite of himself. “My father hasn’t any use for ponies. When he wants to ride he takes his car.”

“Haow? Lobster-car?”

“No. His own private car, of course. You’ve seen a private car some time in your life?”

“Slatin Beeman he hez one,” said Dan, cautiously. “I saw her at the Union Depot in Boston, with three niggers hoggin’ her run.” (Dan meant cleaning the windows.) “But Slatin Beeman he own ’baout every railroad on Long Island, they say, an’ they say he’s bought ’baout ha’af Noo Hampshire an’ run a line fence around her, an’ filled her up with lions an’ tigers an’ bears an’ buffalo an’ crocodiles an’ such all. Slatin Beeman he’s a millionaire. I’ve seen *his* car. Yes?”

“Well, my father’s what they call a multi-millionaire, and he has two private cars. One’s named for

me, the Harvey, and one for my mother, the Constance.”

“Hold on,” said Dan. “Dad don’t ever let me swear, but I guess *you* can. ’Fore we go ahead, I wa you to say hope you may die if you’re lyin’.”

“Of course,” said Harvey.

“Thet ain’t ’nuff. Say, ‘Hope I may die if I ain’t speakin’ truth.’”

“Hope I may die right here,” said Harvey, “if every word I’ve spoken isn’t the cold truth.”

“Hundred an’ thirty-four dollars an’ all?” said Dan. “I heard ye talkin’ to Dad, an’ I ha’af looke you’d be swallered up, same’s Jonah.”

Harvey protested himself red in the face. Dan was a shrewd young person along his own lines, and ten minutes’ questioning convinced him that Harvey was not lying—much. Besides, he had bound himself by the most terrible oath known to boyhood, and yet he sat, alive, with a red-ended nose, the scuppers, recounting marvels upon marvels.

“Gosh!” said Dan at last from the very bottom of his soul when Harvey had completed an inventory of the car named in his honour. Then a grin of mischievous delight overspread his broad face. “I believe you, Harvey. Dad’s made a mistake fer once in his life.”

“He has, sure,” said Harvey, who was meditating an early revenge.

“He’ll be mad clear through. Dad jest hates to be mistook in his jedgments.” Dan lay back and slapped his thigh. “Oh, Harvey, don’t you spile the catch by lettin’ on.”

“I don’t want to be knocked down again. I’ll get even with him, though.”

“Never heard any man ever got even with Dad. But he’d knock ye down again sure. The more he was mistook the more he’d do it. But gold mines *and* pistols——”

“I never said a word about pistols,” Harvey cut in, for he was on his oath.

“Thet’s so; no more you did. Two private cars, then, one named fer you an’ one fer her; an’ two hundred dollars a month pocket-money, all knocked into the scuppers fer not workin’ fer ten an’ ha’af a month! It’s the top haul o’ the season.” He exploded with noiseless chuckles.

“Then I was right?” said Harvey, who thought he had found a sympathizer.

“You was wrong; the wrongest kind o’ wrong! You take right hold an’ pitch in ’longside o’ me, or you’ll catch it, an’ I’ll catch it fer backin’ you up. Dad always gives me double helps ’cause I’m his son, an’ he hates favourin’ folk. Guess you’re kinder mad at Dad. I’ve been that way time an’ again. But Dad’s a mighty jest man; all the Fleet says so.”

“Looks like justice, this, don’t it?” Harvey pointed to his outraged nose.

“Thet’s nothin’. Lets the shore blood outter you. Dad did it for yer health. Say, though, I can’t hav dealin’s with a man that thinks me or Dad or any one on the *We’re Here*’s a thief. We ain’t an common wharf-end crowd by any manner o’ means. We’re fishermen, an’ we’ve shipped together fo six years an’ more. Don’t you make any mistake on *that!* I told ye Dad don’t let me swear. He call ’em vain oaths, and pounds me; but ef I could say what you said ’baout your pap an’ his fixin’s, I say that ’baout your dollars. I dunno what was in your pockets when I driered your kit fer I didn’t loo to see; but I’d say, using the very same words ez you used just now, neither me nor Dad—an’ we wa the only two that teched you after you was brought aboard—knows anythin’ ’baout the money. Thet *my* say. Naow?”

The blood letting had certainly cleared Harvey’s brain, and maybe the loneliness of the sea ha something to do with it. “That’s all right,” he said. Then he looked down confusedly. “Seems to m that for a fellow just saved from drowning I haven’t been over and above grateful, Dan.”

“Well, you was shook up and silly,” said Dan. “Anyway there was only Dad an’ me aboard to see i The cook he don’t count.”

“I might have thought about losing the bills that way,” Harvey said, half to himself, “instead o calling everybody in sight a thief. Where’s your father?”

“In the cabin. What d’ you want o’ him again?”

“You’ll see,” said Harvey, and he stepped, rather groggily, for his head was still singing, to th cabin steps where the little ship’s clock hung in plain sight of the wheel. Troop, in the chocolate-an yellow painted cabin, was busy with a notebook and an enormous black pencil which he sucked ha from time to time.

“I haven’t acted quite right,” said Harvey, surprised at his own meekness.

“What’s wrong naow?” said the skipper. “Walked into Dan, hev ye?”

“No; it’s about you.”

“I’m here to listen.”

“Well, I—I’m here to take things back,” said Harvey very quickly. “When a man’s saved from drowning——” he gulped.

“Ey? You’ll make a man yet ef you go on this way.”

“He oughtn’t begin by calling people names.”

“Jest an’ right—right an’ jest,” said Troop, with the ghost of a dry smile.

“So I’m here to say I’m sorry.” Another big gulp.

Troop heaved himself slowly off the locker he was sitting on and held out an eleven-inch hand.

mistrusted 'twould do you sights o' good; an' this shows I weren't mistook in my jedgments." A smothered chuckle on deck caught his ear. "I am very seldom mistook in my jedgments." The eleven-inch hand closed on Harvey's, numbing it to the elbow. "We'll put a little more gristle to that 'fore we've done with you, young feller; an' I don't think any worse of ye fer anythin' thet's gone by. You wasn't fairly responsible. Go right abaout your business an' you won't take no hurt."

"You're white," said Dan, as Harvey regained the deck, flushed to the tips of his ears.

"I don't feel it," said he.

"I didn't mean that way. I heard what Dad said. When Dad allows he don't think the worse of an' man, Dad's give himself away. He hates to be mistook in his jedgments too. Ho! ho! Onct Dad *has* jedgment, he'd sooner dip his colours to the British than change it. I'm glad it's settled right eend up. Dad's right when he says he can't take you back. It's all the livin' we make here—fishin'. The men'll be back like sharks after a dead whale in ha'af an hour."

"What for?" said Harvey.

"Supper, o' course. Don't your stummick tell you? You've a heap to learn."

"Guess I have," said Harvey, dolefully, looking at the tangle of ropes and blocks overhead.

"She's a daisy," said Dan, enthusiastically, misunderstanding the look. "Wait till our mainsail's bent, an' she walks home with all her salt wet. There's some work first, though." He pointed down in the darkness of the open main-hatch between the two masts.

"What's that for? It's all empty," said Harvey.

"You an' me an' a few more hev got to fill it," said Dan. "That's where the fish goes."

"Alive?" said Harvey.

"Well, no. They're so's to be ruther dead—an' flat—an' salt. There's a hundred hogshead o' salt in the bins, an' we hain't more'n covered our dunnage to now."

"Where are the fish, though?"

"In the sea they say, in the boats we pray," said Dan, quoting a fisherman's proverb. "You come in last night with 'baout forty of 'em."

He pointed to a sort of wooden pen just in front of the quarterdeck.

"You an' me we'll sluice that out when they're through. 'Send we'll hev full pens to-night! I've seen her down ha'af a foot with fish waitin' to clean, an' we stood to the tables till we was splittin' ourselves instid o' them, we was so sleepy. Yes, they're comin' in naow." Dan looked over the low bulwarks at half a dozen dories rowing towards them over the shining, silky sea.

"I've never seen the sea from so low down," said Harvey. "It's fine."

~~The low sun made the water all purple and pinkish, with golden lights on the barrels of the long swells, and blue and green mackerel shades in the hollows. Each schooner in sight seemed to be pulling her dories towards her by invisible strings, and the little black figures in the tiny boats pulled like clockwork toys.~~

“They’ve struck on good,” said Dan, between his half-shut eyes. “Manuel hain’t room fer another fish. Low ez a lily-pad in still water, ain’t he?”

“Which is Manuel? I don’t see how you can tell ’em ’way off, as you do.”

“Last boat to the south’ard. He f’und you last night,” said Dan, pointing. “Manuel row Portuguese; ye can’t mistake him. East o’ him—*he’s* a heap better’n he rows—is Pennsylvania. Loaded with saleratus, by the looks of him. East o’ him—see how pretty they string out all along—with the humpy shoulders, is Long Jack. He’s a Galway man inhabitin’ South Boston, where they all live mostly, an’ mostly them Galway men are good in a boat. North, away yonder—you’ll hear him tune up in a minute—is Tom Platt. Man-o’-war’s man he was on the old *Ohio*—first of our navy, he says, to go araound the Horn. He never talks of much else, ’cept when he sings, but he has fair fishing luck. There! What did I tell you?”

A melodious bellow stole across the water from the northern dory. Harvey heard something about somebody’s hands and feet being cold, and then:

*“Bring forth the chart, the doleful chart,
See where them mountings meet!
The clouds are thick around their heads,
The mists around their feet.”*

“Full boat,” said Dan, with a chuckle. “If he give us ‘O Captain’ it’s toppin’ too!”

The bellow continued:

*“And naow to thee, O Captin,
Most earnestly I pray,
That they shall never bury me
In church or cloister gray.”*

“Double game for Tom Platt. He’ll tell you all about the old *Ohio* to-morrow. ’See that blue dory behind him? He’s my uncle,—Dad’s own brother,—an’ ef there’s any bad luck loose on the Bank she’ll fetch up agin Uncle Salters, sure. Look how tender he’s rowin’. I’ll lay my wage and share he’s the only man stung up to-day—an’ he’s stung up good.”

“What’ll sting him?” said Harvey, getting interested.

“Strawberries, mostly. Pumpkins, sometimes, an’ sometimes lemons an’ cucumbers. Yes, he’ stung up from his elbows down. That man’s luck’s perfectly paralyzin’. Naow we’ll take a-holt o’ th tackle an’ hist ’em in. Is it true what you told me jest now, that you never done a hand’s turn o’ wor in all your born life? Must feel kinder awful, don’t it?”

“I’m going to try to work, anyway,” Harvey replied stoutly. “Only it’s all dead new.”

“Lay a-holt o’ that tackle, then. Behind ye!”

Harvey grabbed at a rope and long iron hook dangling from one of the stays of the mainmast, whi Dan pulled down another that ran from something he called a “topping-lift,” as Manuel dre alongside in his loaded dory. The Portuguese smiled a brilliant smile that Harvey learned to know we later, and with a short-handled fork began to throw fish into the pen on deck. “Two hundred and thirty one,” he shouted.

“Give him the hook,” said Dan, and Harvey ran it into Manuel’s hands. He slipped it through a loo of rope at the dory’s bow, caught Dan’s tackle, hooked it to the stern-becket, and clambered into th schooner.

“Pull!” shouted Dan, and Harvey pulled, astonished to find how easily the dory rose.

“Hold on, she don’t nest in the cross-trees!” Dan laughed; and Harvey held on, for the boat lay the air above his head.

“Lower away,” Dan shouted, and as Harvey lowered, Dan swayed the light boat with one hand till landed softly just behind the mainmast. “They don’t weigh nothin’ empty. Thet was right smart fer passenger. There’s more trick to it in a sea-way.”

“Ah ha!” said Manuel, holding out a brown hand. “You are some pretty well now? This time la night the fish they fish for you. Now you fish for fish. Eh, wha-at?”

“I’m—I’m ever so grateful,” Harvey stammered, and his unfortunate hand stole to his pocket on more, but he remembered that he had no money to offer. When he knew Manuel better the me thought of the mistake he might have made would cover him with hot, uneasy blushes in his bunk.

“There is no to be thankful for to *me!*” said Manuel. “How shall I leave you dreeft, dreeft all aroun the Banks? Now you are a fisherman—eh, wha-at? Ouh! Auh!” He bent backward and forward stiff from the hips to get the kinks out of himself.

“I have not cleaned boat to-day. Too busy. They struck on queek. Danny, my son, clean for me.”

Harvey moved forward at once. Here was something he could do for the man who had saved his lif

Dan threw him a swab, and he leaned over the dory, mopping up the slime clumsily, but with gre good-will. “Hike out the foot-boards; they slide in them grooves,” said Dan. “Swab ’em an’ lay ’e down. Never let a foot-board jam. Ye may want her bad some day. Here’s Long Jack.”

A stream of glittering fish flew into the pen from a dory alongside.

“Manuel, you take the tackle. I’ll fix the tables. Harvey, clear Manuel’s boat. Long Jack’s nestin’ o’ the top of her.”

Harvey looked up from his swabbing at the bottom of another dory just above his head.

“Jest like the Injian puzzle-boxes, ain’t they?” said Dan, as the one boat dropped into the other.

“Takes to ut like a duck to water,” said Long Jack, a grizzly-chinned, long-lipped Galway man bending to and fro exactly as Manuel had done. Disko in the cabin growled up the hatchway, and the could hear him suck his pencil.

“Wan hunder an’ forty-nine an’ a half—bad luck to ye, Discobolus!” said Long Jack. “I’m murderin’ meself to fill your pockuts. Slate ut for a bad catch. The Portugee has bate me.”

Whack came another dory alongside, and more fish shot into the pen.

“Two hundred and three. Let’s look at the passenger!” The speaker was even larger than the Galway man, and his face was made curious by a purple cut running slantways from his left eye to the right corner of his mouth.

Not knowing what else to do, Harvey swabbed each dory as it came down, pulled out the footboards, and laid them in the bottom of the boat.

“He’s caught on good,” said the scarred man, who was Tom Platt, watching him critically. “There are two ways o’ doin’ everything. One’s fisher-fashion—any end first an’ a slippery hitch over all—an’ the other’s——”

“What we did on the old *Ohio*!” Dan interrupted, brushing into the knot of men with a long board on his legs. “Get out o’ here, Tom Platt, an’ leave me fix the tables.”

He jammed one end of the board into two nicks in the bulwarks, kicked out the leg, and ducked just in time to avoid a swinging blow from the man-o’-war’s man.

“An’ they did that on the *Ohio*, too, Danny. See?” said Tom Platt, laughing.

“Guess they was swivel-eyed, then, fer it didn’t git home, and I know who’ll find his boots on the main-truck ef he don’t leave us alone. Haul ahead! I’m busy, can’t ye see?”

“Danny, ye lie on the cable an’ sleep all day,” said Long Jack. “You’re the hoight av impidence, and I’m persuaded ye’ll corrupt our supercargo in a week.”

“His name’s Harvey,” said Dan, waving two strangely shaped knives, “an’ he’ll be worth five of an’ Sou’ Boston clam-digger ’fore long.” He laid the knives tastefully on the table, cocked his head on one side, and admired the effect.

“I think it’s forty-two,” said a small voice overside, and there was a roar of laughter as another

voice answered, "Then my luck's turned fer onct, 'caze I'm forty-five, though I be stung outer a shape."

"Forty-two *or* forty-five. I've lost count," the small voice said.

"It's Penn an' Uncle Salters caountin' catch. This beats the circus any day," said Dan. "Jest look a 'em!"

"Come in—come in!" roared Long Jack. "It's wet out yondher, children."

"Forty-two, ye said." This was Uncle Salters.

"I'll count again, then," the voice replied meekly.

The two dories swung together and bunted into the schooner's side.

"Patience o' Jerusalem!" snapped Uncle Salters, backing water with a splash. "What possess a farmer like you to set foot in a boat beats me. You've nigh stove me all up."

"I am sorry, Mr. Salters. I came to sea on account of nervous dyspepsia. You advised me, I think."

"You an' your nervis dyspepsy be drowned in the Whalehole," roared Uncle Salters, a fat and tubby little man. "You're comin' down on me agin. *Did* ye say forty-two or forty-five?"

"I've forgotten, Mr. Salters. Let's count."

"Don't see as it *could* be forty-five. *I*'m forty-five," said Uncle Salters. "You count keerful, Penn."

Disko Troop came out of the cabin. "Salters, you pitch your fish in naow at once," he said in the tone of authority.

"Don't spile the catch, Dad," Dan murmured. "Them two are on'y jest beginnin'."

"Mother av delight! He's forkin' them wan by wan," howled Long Jack, as Uncle Salters got to work laboriously; the little man in the other dory counting a line of notches on the gunwale.

"That was last week's catch," he said, looking up plaintively, his forefinger where he had left off.

Manuel nudged Dan, who darted to the after-tackle, and, leaning far overside, slipped the hook in the sternrope as Manuel made her fast forward. The others pulled gallantly and swung the boat in—man, fish, and all.

"One, two, four—nine," said Tom Platt, counting with a practised eye. "Forty-seven. Penn, you've got it!" Dan let the after-tackle run, and slid him out of the stern on to the deck amid a torrent of his own fish.

"Hold on!" roared Uncle Salters, bobbing by the waist. "Hold on, I'm a bit mixed in my caount."

He had no time to protest, but was hove inboard and treated like “Pennsylvania.”

“Forty-one,” said Tom Platt. “Beat by a farmer, Salters. An’ you sech a sailor, too!”

“Tweren’t fair caount,” said he, stumbling out of the pen; “an’ I’m stung up all to pieces.”

His thick hands were puffy and mottled purple white.

“Some folks will find strawberry-bottom,” said Dan, addressing the newly risen moon, “ef the heve to dive fer it, seems to me.”

“An’ others,” said Uncle Salters, “eats the fat o’ the land in sloth, an’ mocks their own blood-kin.”

“Seat ye! Seat ye!” a voice Harvey had not heard called from the foc’sle. Disko Troop, Tom Platt, Long Jack, and Salters went forward on the word. Little Penn bent above his square deep-sea reel and the tangled cod-lines; Manuel lay down full length on the deck, and Dan dropped into the hold, where Harvey heard him banging casks with a hammer.

“Salt,” he said, returning. “Soon as we’re through supper we git to dressing-down. You’ll pitch to Dad. Tom Platt an’ Dad they stow together, an’ you’ll hear ’em arguin’. We’re second ha’af, you an’ me an’ Manuel an’ Penn—the youth an’ beauty o’ the boat.”

“What’s the good of that?” said Harvey. “I’m hungry.”

“They’ll be through in a minute. Snff! She smells good tonight. Dad ships a good cook ef he c suffer with his brother. It’s a full catch to-day, ain’t it?” He pointed at the pens piled high with cod. “What water did ye hev, Manuel?”

“Twenty-five father,” said the Portuguese, sleepily. “They strike on good an’ queek. Some day show you, Harvey.”

The moon was beginning to walk on the still sea before the elder men came aft. The cook had need to cry “second half.” Dan and Manuel were down the hatch and at table ere Tom Platt, last and most deliberate of the elders, had finished wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Harvey followed Penn, and sat down before a tin pan of cod’s tongues and sounds, mixed with scraps of porridge and fried potato, a loaf of hot bread, and some black and powerful coffee. Hungry as they were, they waited while “Pennsylvania” solemnly asked a blessing. Then they stoked in silence till Dan drew breath over his tin cup and demanded of Harvey how he felt.

“Most full, but there’s just room for another piece.”

The cook was a huge, jet-black negro, and, unlike all the negroes Harvey had met, did not talk contenting himself with smiles and dumb-show invitations to eat more.

“See, Harvey,” said Dan, rapping with his fork on the table, “it’s jest as I said. The young an’ handsome men—like me an’ Pennsy an’ you an’ Manuel—we’re second ha’af, an’ we eats when the first ha’af are through. They’re the old fish; an’ they’re mean an’ humpy, an’ their stummicks has t

be humoured; so they come first, which they don't deserve. Ain't that so, doctor?"

The cook nodded.

"Can't he talk?" said Harvey in a whisper.

"'Nough to get along. Not much o' anything we know. His natural tongue's kinder curious. Come from the innards of Cape Breton, he does, where the farmers speak homemade Scotch. Cape Breton full o' niggers whose folk run in there durin' aour war, an' they talk like farmers—all huffy-chuffy."

"That is not Scotch," said "Pennsylvania." "That is Gaelic. So I read in a book."

"Penn reads a heap. Most of what he says is so—'cep' when it comes to a caount o' fish—eh?"

"Does your father just let them say how many they've caught without checking them?" said Harvey.

"Why, yes. Where's the sense of a man lyin' fer a few old cod?"

"Was a man once lied for his catch," Manuel put in. "Lied every day. Fife, ten, twenty-fife more fish than come he say there was."

"Where was that?" said Dan. "None o' aour folk."

"Frenchman of Anguille."

"Ah! Them West Shore Frenchmen don't caount anyway. Stands to reason they can't caount. Ef you run acrost any of their soft hooks, Harvey, you'll know why," said Dan, with an awful contempt.

*"Always more and never less,
Every time we come to dress,"*

Long Jack roared down the hatch, and the "second ha'af" scrambled up at once.

The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver. In the hold there were tramlings and rumblings where Disko Troop and Tom Platt moved among the salt-bins. Dan passed Harvey a pitchfork, and led him to the inboard end of the rough table, where Uncle Salters was drumming impatiently with a knife-haft. A tub of salt water lay at his feet.

"You pitch to Dan an' Tom Platt down the hatch, an' take keer Uncle Salters don't cut yer eye out," said Dan, swinging himself into the hold. "I'll pass salt below."

Penn and Manuel stood knee deep among cod in the pen, flourishing drawn knives. Long Jack, basket at his feet and mittens on his hands, faced Uncle Salters at the table, and Harvey stared at the pitchfork and the tub.

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