

“ Oh, I never did anything to them, you know. Just once I broke up a coffin to get wood to make a fire for our coffee; but when we opened it the body just fell to pieces. But it was juicy wood, that, better to burn than the best fir-roots—such a fire as it made!

“ One of the others now remarked, ‘ Wasn’t it the devil that used a skull for his coffee-cup?’

“ Well, he hadn’t anything else, you see, and he just happened to find one. There was no harm in that, was there?’

“ Then Jacobsen began to hold forth: ‘ It’s not at all such an uncommon thing to use skulls for shooting at, either because people fancy them for targets, or because of some other reason; they shoot in through the eyeholes,’ etc., etc.

“ I asked Peter about ‘ Tobiesen’s ’ coffin—if it had ever been dug up to find out if it was true that his men had killed him and his son.

“ No, that one has never been dug up.’

“ I sailed past there last year,’ begins Jacobsen again; ‘ I didn’t go ashore, but it seems to me that I heard that it had been dug up.’

“ That’s just rubbish; it has never been dug up.’

“ Well,’ said I, ‘ it seems to me that I’ve heard something about it too; I believe it was here on board, and I am very much mistaken if it was not yourself that said it, Peter.’

“ No, I never said that. All I said was that a man