

# THE VOICE IN THE CROSS TREES

# THE YARNS OF BOB'S BILL

CRIPES! WOT'S THAT?  
FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST!  
YO-HO-HO!  
AHOY-Y!

BY ARMI-

This is a yarn about a haunted ship—that is, all aboard thought she was haunted. But here's th' yarn:

Kangy and I were still cruisin' with Tops'l Barney on his schooner, th' Lanui. It was a tropic night in th' Bay of Bengal. Overhead th' stars were shinin' like lanterns in th' sky. Up in th' lee of th' fo'c'stle, one of th' crew was spinnin' a yarn. He was goin' good when from high up aloft, somewhere near th' fore-crosstrees, there came a cacklin' laugh. At first th' hands thought it was one of th' crew makin' fun of th' yarn-spinner, but a look around showed everybody forward accounted for.

Then from aloft th' same voice bawled out: "Git, you lubbers, I'm comin' aboard!" You should have seen th' men dive into th' fo'c'stle. One of 'em, though, th' one

that had been spinnin' th' yarn, started aft on th' run, his eyes fairly poppin'.

Tops'l Barney and I had heard th' rumpus and were standin' at th' break of th' quarter-deck, when th' yarn-spinner came gallopin' up, yellin' that th' bloomin' ship was haunted. Barney and I started forward, and had gotten as far as th' foot of th' foremast when th' ghost-voice up aloft yelled: "Overboard with that fat lubber!"

Barney, bein' th' only fat man aboard, was mad enough to bite nails. Up th' fire-riggin' he went, with fire in his eye. Then down he came with a parrot on his arm, chatterin' away like an old maid over a cup of tea. We figured later that th' parrot came aboard while we were loading cargo at Sumatra. Anyway, that was th' last of th' ghost on th' Lanui.

