

**SINFUL PECK**

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Sinful Peck by Morgan Robertson

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**MORGAN ROBERTSON**

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BY  
MORGAN ROBERTSON

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TO  
ARTHUR HENRY  
SKIPPER OF THE "ISLE O' QUIRK,"  
WHOM I HAILED IN THE DARKNESS  
AND WHO STOOD BY ME UNTIL MORN-  
ING, THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY  
DEDICATED

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## SINFUL PECK

### I

**T**IME had dealt kindly with Captain Jackson. There were a few deep lines in his weather-worn face and a sprinkling of silver in his hair, but he carried his "six-foot-six" of bone and muscle as erect as in youth, his stride was as springy as ever, and his gray eyes seemed to have an added keenness coming of the years. None would have thought, as he paced the poop-deck beside his seasoned second officer, that there was a difference of thirty years in their ages, even though Mr. Brown had one of those wrinkled, good-humored, quizzical faces that look the same at twenty as at fifty. Mr. Brown was thirty years old, the captain sixty.

It was about four bells of the morning watch, and the captain had risen early to observe the condition of his big ship after the first night out with an unproven crew, more than half of whom had been hoisted aboard drunk or drugged on the preceding evening, and less than half of whom might be sailors. For the new seamen's law, reducing allotment of wages to one month's pay, had just gone into effect, and coincident with its going into effect had come a strike of the sailors—or, rather, of the crimps who controlled them—to raise this one month's pay to an amount on which an honest crimp could do business—he being the favored creditor to whom the pay was allotted. On account of this strike Captain Jackson