

not responsible for the safety of the ship and the crew? He knew he was. All hands were doing their best, and he, the captain, who should have been the first to have attended to their safety, who held command—was drunk, heedless of their peril! He softly crept down the hatchway into the captain's quarters. With a glance he saw the man huddled up in the wicker chair with his head on his breast. Empty and half-empty bottles of rum rolled to and fro with every lurch of the vessel along the floor of the cabin.

A sudden terror passed over Carl. He turned deathly white and shook all over. "Father! father!" he screamed, wildly.

The captain half opened his dazed eyes and stared stupidly before him. His eyes rolled wildly, and he partly rose. "Carl, my son, my son!" he shouted, huskily. He tried to walk but staggered and fell heavily on the deck in a fit.

Carl turned and ran wildly up the hatchway on to the upper deck. He seized the first mate by the coat. "Father—" he panted, "the captain's in a fit. Come, come quickly."

The first mate stared in amazement at him. The boy's eyes looked aflame. He was trembling all over. The mate turned to the second mate, who stood close by. "Take command, Welsh," he said, "I'll go. Come," he said to a sailor