

The storm increased. The mate's pipe again rang out, "Furl the fore and main topsail!"

Again the men left their resting-place and scrambled up the mast. Large waves fell on the deck, so that the ship was literally swept fore and aft with the angry water.

"All hands on deck!" the mate suddenly cried.

Carl made for the deck-house and gave the alarm. A ringing shout sounded from the port-watch as they fastened the gaskets safely around the fore-topsail. One by one the starboard watch came bounding on deck.

"Up aloft, you men!" shouted the mate, "and furl the main topsail."

"Aye, aye," they responded, as they bounded up the rigging.

"Mind the bunt-lines and clew-lines!" shouted the second mate.

"Aye, aye!"

"Furl the mizzen royal, you port watch!" the mate cried.

The excitement now was great. Above the roar of the waves and the never-ending howling wind could be heard the seamen's voices chanting as they took in the sails.

Carl crept up to the poop. He determined, with a boy's curiosity, to go down to the captain's quarters and see the man. Why drunk? Should he not be on deck giving orders? Is he