

heavy as lead, he shivered and closed them at intervals.

As he gazed with hazy eyes at the fire on the bank of the lagoon he sprang into momentary wakefulness on hearing a slight splash, but with a muttered "Dam' sea-lion havin' a bath!" he relapsed again into a semi-somnolent state. The tired feeling began to take complete possession of him, while the snores of the foc'sle gang coming up through the open scuttle acted as a lullaby upon the watchman's soporific nerve, and stowing his pipe inside the furl of the foresail, he crossed his arms and found a soft streak in the mast for his back.

When he awoke again, it was suddenly and with a smothering sensation. Regaining his faculties, his slow mind took in the fact that a heavy hand had him by the throat and a voice was hissing in his ear.

"Make a sound, yuh swab, and I'll choke ye!"

He opened his mouth to shout, but a plug of ball-ed up marline filled his facial orifice, and he was unable to utter a sound. Gently, but with tremendous strength, his assailant bore him to the deck and, casting off a coil of halliard, lashed him from neck to heels in the strong hemp rope.

"Got th' beggar fast?" inquired a hoarse voice.

"Aye, for sure," answered McDonald out of the gloom. "He's sarved with good foretops'l halliard from head t' foot, an' a hank o' mousin' in his mug ter keep him quiet. Draw that foc'sle hatch, there, Corby, an' stan' by it with yer gun. Slocum kin do th' same aft.

Silent forms flitted around the sealing schooner's decks in stockinged feet, and McDonald peered down the open hatch, feeling with his hands.

"They're all aboard," he whispered to Simons. "They must ha' found th' cave without any trouble.