

he shall surely see that he has caught a hornet if he wishes to tame me and Jerry."

CHAPTER III.

When they had been out at sea for three days, Jerry Bowes came post haste down to Master Dick's room with wildly staring eyes and hair soggy and dripping red. He had, he said, been attacked in the dark hatch-way by the captain himself, who had struck him savagely with a chair leg. As he uttered this awful statement a low wail broke the midnight air. 'Twas the voice of Captain Kuttlefish, intoxicated to his full capacity and savage as a wild boar.

It was when in such moods as this that the captain was at his worst. Once he had cut the throats of four of his crew, in such a stupor, and had complained for months of ghosts haunting him in his cabin, on deck and everywhere.

"Hist!" whispered Redbuckle. "Follow me!"

Once in this luxurious cabin they hung silently behind a tall screen and awaited developments.

Before many minutes passed in shuffled the captain with a wet knife 'twixt his teeth. He shambled about the room muttering oaths, glared in the empty bed with a savage curse. "Gone!" he screamed, "Gone! by heaven! The young toad's watched!! by all that's powerful. And he's off, like as not, with that precious will. Ugh!"

At this juncture he lurched 'gainst the screen, which toppled over and exposed the two adventurers, who stood smiling coolly at the swollen visage of Captain Kandy.

"Eaves-droppin', b'thunder," growled he. "Now, my pretty young gazelle, where's the will? Yes! you may look s'prised, but I mean it! Where's it? Where's your snivelling old grand-sire's grave-paper? Out wi' it, I say, or by all that's evil I'll tan thy powdered hide!"

For answer Master Redbuckle stepped forth and caught the intruder a terrific blow 'twixt the eyes. Down he went like a log and arose, white with fury, tearing out his whiskers and coughing, unable to speak.

Next instant a change flashed over

his face. The scowl left it, and in its place there came the same wicked old smile he had smiled that night in the lawyer's house. He stepped to the side and touched a hidden bell.

In a second the room was astrir with picaroons. Their ear-bells jangling, their gaudy silken 'bockers rustling, their cutlasses clashing—they presented a gorgeously picturesque appearance. In a trice they swarmed over Jerry and Dick, passed a rope round them and dragged them before the captain, who stood wiping the blood off his face with his leathern sleeve.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed wickedly, his teeth clicking. "Monstrous! 'Pon my soul and honor! Monstrous! Now, my fine gay malapert we'll have some sport, or I'm a black-souled sinner. Sport! Sport! Sport! Eh, comrades? What say? D'ye think he'll squirm with the big old parson nipping at his heels? Eh? Ho! Ho! Ho! Ha! He! He! But he don't understand. No, but he will. Aye, he shall. Come lads!"

(To be Continued.)

IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT.

A frightened group of new-boys
Were standing in a row,
While a prefect tall just told them all
The things they ought to know,
For he said: "Unless you mind
yourself
There's not a bit of doubt—
Mr. Somerville'll get yer!
If you don't watch out."

"You must not make a triple buck
Along the crowded hall,
You must go in for British games,
And never play baseball!
And if you steal your neighbor's books,
Or in the prayer hall shout,
Mr. Somerville'll get yer!
If you don't watch out."

"So never go to midnight feeds,
Or smoke a cigarette,
'Cause if you go out the front door,
You know just what you'll get.
And if you skip your algebra,
Or throw your lunch about,
Mr. Somerville'll get yer!
If you don't watch out."

--J. S.