

pleasure-trip, and when that's over we can return the ship to the owners—if so disposed. You'll join us in that, Grummidge, won't you? And we'll make you skipper—or first mate, if you're too modest to take command."

This sally was received with a subdued laugh, and with marks of such decided approval, that Grummidge was carried with the current—at all events, he held his tongue after that.

An earnest undertoned discussion followed, and it was finally arranged that Big Swinton should sound Master Trench about the propriety of running to Newfoundland instead of returning on their track to Norway. The seaman was not slow to act. That afternoon, while at the helm, he made the suggestion to the skipper, but met with a sharp rebuke and an order to attend to his duty.

No word did Big Swinton reply, but that very night he entered the cabin with a dozen men and seized the skipper, his son, and Paul Burns, while they slept. Of course, being greatly outnumbered, they were overcome and bound. The two officers of the vessel were also seized by another party on deck, and all the five were imprisoned in the hold.

Next morning they were brought on deck, and made to stand in a row before Big Swinton, who had, in the meantime, been appointed by the mutineers to the command of the ship.

"Now, Mast'r Trench," said Swinton, "we are no pirates. We have no desire to kill you, so that whether you are killed or not will depend on yourself. If you