

CHAPTER XX.

SUDDENLY the bell struck out. The port watch was awakened from their slumber by one of the starboard men.

"Out you get; out you get!" he shouted.

"Gad, how it blows!" exclaimed one of them, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"You bet. It's a gale. We have furled the top-gallant sails. Reckon you people will be busy. Glad it's our watch below."

The ship gave a sudden lurch to port; a wave rose and came bounding against the deck-house door.

"My, that's great!" exclaimed Carl.

"Yes, but ye'll not think so when ye go on deck," said the sailor, slamming the door behind him as he went out.

Eight bells rang out. There was a rush for the door. The starboard watch entered, and the port went on deck. Dark was the night, an inky darkness. The wind howled and shrieked, the masts cracked and groaned, the ship rolled and pitched—shook fore and aft as the waves thundered again and again on deck.