

restrained his arm and opened his hand. Paul met it with a friendly grasp, while the faces of both men expanded in smiling goodwill.

"Y—you're a trump, P—Paul," said the captain. "I—I—won't drink a—another d'op!"

And Master Trench kept his word. From that day forth, till circumstances rendered drinking impossible, he drank nothing stronger than water.

Soon after this event the weather improved, damages were again repaired, and the skipper—in whom there was much of the spirit of the old vikings—once more laid his course for Norway, resolving to steer, as the said vikings were wont to do, by the stars. But a spirit of mutiny was abroad in the forecastle by that time. If hard work, hard fare, and hard fortune are trying even to good men and true, what must they be to bad men and false?

"Here's how it lays, men," said Big Swinton, in a subdued voice, to a knot of friends around him. "Blowin' hard as it has bin ever since we left England, it stands to reason that we must have pretty nigh got across the western sea to that noo land discovered by that man wi' the queer name—I can't remember rightly——"

"Columbus, you mean," cried George Blazer. "Why, my father sailed with Columbus on his first voyage."

"No, it wasn't Columbus," returned Swinton, in a sharp tone, "an' you needn't speak as if we was all deaf, Blazer. It was John Cabot I was thinkin' of, who, with his son Sebastian, discovered land a long way