

and next moment the round shot had struck the enemy's dinghy, sending the woodwork flying in all directions. We saw Grimes disappear down the companion-way. It looked as if something had struck him. The *Black Witch* drifted wildly on, while we managed to bring up in lee of a long low island. We were now in comparatively calm water.

Mr. Jiggers ran quickly below and brought up his surgical case. He ripped open McNab's trousers, and found that, fortunately, the latter's wound was only a flesh one. He treated it with all the skill of a surgeon, and bound it up.

"You'll be right as a trivet in a week, McNab, my boy," he said cheerily; "and live to have many a lively time yet."

McNab, who all through the operation had never once winced, smiled feebly. I ran below and got him some brandy and water.

As for Jacky, the wound in the fleshy part of his right arm was a clean cut. I assisted Mr. Jiggers to sew it up, and the plucky black-fellow bore the prick of the needle with all the stoicism peculiar to the savage.

It was now late in the day, and as it would have been folly to continue on our course in