

revolver from his unready hand just as the door, lock and barricade alike yielding to another mighty blow, swung back into the cabin. Two men, one the Swede, the other MacMullen himself, who had wielded the handspike, fell forward prone on their faces, leaving the Portugee, knife in hand, and six or seven other half drunken foreigners visible in the rear. Before these rascals could rush into the cabin the second mate had seized the hand spike from the floor and dealt MacMullen a sound blow on the shoulder. Gilbert Arderne, smitten with the battle-fury, stepped up beside Mr. Lobb and discharged his weapon straight before him. Three times did he pull trigger, but there was no occasion for a fourth shot, for the mutineers, with a yell of terror, rushed headlong from the cabin.

The attack and repulse took place almost in less time than it takes to narrate the story. Seeing Scantlebury struggling with the Swede, who, though a powerful man was far less agile than the young Cornubian, Captain Cross and the Chinese steward had gone to his assistance, and Yanson was soon overpowered. MacMullen was sitting on the cabin floor, his collar bone fractured by the blow given by the second mate. The Portugee lay just outside the door, his right arm shattered by a bullet, and his forehead furrowed by the passage of Gilbert's second shot, which narrowly missed passing through the fellow's brain. Seeing that the tide of victory was on the side of rightful authority, Captain Cross recovered his courage.

"Pshaw!" he said, blowing with pursed-up lips, "how I hate to smell that infernal powder. I always did fear a gun, loaded or unloaded. However, my lads, it seems the ship's our own after all. Mr. Lobb, you and I will go on deck; Mr. Scantlebury and the steward will see to these fellows. Mr. Arderne, I thank you very sincerely for your gallantry; you must come with me, for that pistol may be needed yet, and I see it is in the right hands."

The discharged chambers of the pistol having been reloaded, the three men went out on deck. They found a man at the wheel, apparently intent upon his duty, doubtless because he felt it his interest to be so. Bidding him keep the ship's head as it was for the time, the captain and his party cautiously went forward. The fore-scuttle, or passage to the fore-castle, was found to be securely fastened, the more loyal sailors, with Philp the boatswain, having been shut in like rats in a trap. It took but a few seconds to liberate them, and one by one the mutineers, six in number, now well-nigh sobered, came from their hiding-places and were securely ironed. This being done, the captain gave orders to "'bout ship," and in fairly good time, considering her partially dismantled state, the Nizam was once more headed for Gibraltar. The boatswain himself was sent to the wheel by Captain Cross, "for," he said, "you see we are short-handed now, at all events, Philp."

"Aye, aye, sir!" replied the boatswain, "but the day's our own, after all. I forgot to say that Mr. Trail is in the fore-castle, in a hammock. You had better see to him, sir, I think."

"Mr. Trail!" cried the captain, "in a hammock? God bless my soul, I thought he had been murdered!"

"Not quite so bad as that, sir," said Philp. "That bloody Portugee knifed him in the ribs, and he has bled like a bullock, but he will live, sir, to command a ship yet, I hope."

Very much to the surprise of Captain Cross and the others it was found that Mr. Trail was doing as well as could be expected. There was evidently no vital injury, and they were able that day to move him to his own cabin. It was found that another of the mutineers had lost two fingers by the timely shooting of Arderne, so that the Nizam, when, thirty-six hours after, she replied to the signal from the watch tower on the great lion rock, was both a floating prison and a hospital. Soon after the anchor touched the bottom Gil-