

sea-lawyer, MacMullen. Mr. Lobb, rushing to the scene of conflict, was struck on the head with a handspike almost at the very moment when the Portugee drove his sheath-knife into Mr. Trail's body. How the affair originated it was impossible to determine, but Tom thought it probable that the mutineers, headed by MacMullen, had come aft with a peremptory demand that Mr. Trail should alter the ship's course and bear away for Lisbon. At any rate, it was evident even to those in the cabin that the ship was no longer running before the wind, and it was only a mere question of time when the infuriated sailors would insist upon the captain executing their commands. Cross, though a good seaman, was wholly out of his element in such an emergency as had now arisen. He was evidently at a loss what course to pursue, and his indecision, as he stood under the swinging-lamp with the pistol held gingerly in his hand, was painful to witness. Mr. Lobb, who had by this time secured the door in a masterly manner, now looked to his superior for orders.

"Captain Cross," he said, "I guess they've got the bo'sun and the few good men of the lot snugly battened down under the fore-scuttle. That MacMullen is no sailor,—he never can con the ship nor fudge a day's work. Something must be done and that at once, for the longer those drunken dogs have the run of the deck the worse 'twill be for all of us."

"Mr. Scantlebury," said the captain, "just slide back that hatch and take a look out, will you?"

Tom obeyed this order very cautiously. The hatch or shutter belonged to a side window,—the windows inboard, in the fore bulkhead of the cabin, being round deadlights of thick ground glass, and almost useless for purposes of observation. The young man, unable to see much beyond the bulwarks and rail, thought he might venture to peep through the window which, accordingly, he ventured to slide back. Very cautiously he thrust his head through the opening, only to draw it back

with something suspiciously like an oath when a mop saturated with scuttle water was thrust into his face. Quick as thought Tom shut the window, the spring or hasp clicking sharply as he did so.

"It was that Swede, Yanse," he said. "I saw his ugly face plain enough. They are on guard at every window, no doubt."

While he was speaking there came a loud knock at the cabin door, and the noise of shuffling feet was clearly heard.

"Who is there, and what do you want?" shouted Captain Cross.

"Open the door and you will see," was the reply.

"I give you all to understand, men," returned the captain, "that you stand in a perilous position. Not only has there been mutiny, but some of you have committed murder. I will not open the door except to Mr. Philp, the bo'sun, and that only on his assurance that you are sorry for what you have done and that you are willing to go to your duty like honest men."

"Mr. Philp be damned!" was the reply; "we want you to navigate this ship to Lisbon, and what's more we'll see that you do it. We have no fancy to bring to under the loopholes of the galleries of Gibraltar and to be rowed ashore in irons. Once more, I say, open this blasted door or we will open it for you."

"I shall not open the door," replied the captain, "and what you do you will do at your own peril."

"That was MacMullen," said Mr. Lobb; "the rascal is ripe for the gallows. Hold on, good door!" he added, as a heavy crashing sound told that the mutineers had brought a handspike to bear as a battering ram.

The door was a good door, albeit it had not been constructed to withstand so rude an assault. Swung by vigorous arms the handspike crashed into the panels and sent them flying in splinters into the cabin. Thrown for a moment off his guard, the captain fell back a few paces. Seeing his hesitation, Gilbert Arderne snatched the