COMMODORE JUNK

"Hit week still; but he says he can light, and he shall go!"
Irave, true hearted fellow? And Dick?"
"Says he shall he able to go; but he won't

he's weak us a rate which glaced at Bart.
"They shall author for all this. Abol will pay them their due."
"Ay," with Bart; and then to himself—

"He was a crash, commendly hight four to

"He would attack," said Hart, heavily, "Ho'd had suchfluck that he wouldn't be-lieve he could be beat." "He was right," said the other, hereely, "He is not beaten, for we will fetch him out, and he shall pay them bitterly for all

this."

The speaker strade forward, and went below into the cabin, while hart drew his breath hard as he rose from where he had here worted and limped, slightly bending down cace in press his leg where a severe sesh wound was received on the night of the engagement when Abel Dell—whose name had beginned to be well known for freshooting materials as a support of the charles and the second of the second of

had boson to be well known for freehooting enterprise as Cammodore Junk—had been taken prisoner.

Hart walked to the forecastle, where, on descending, he found Diany and Dick Dullock playing eards, the life they had led with their three companions being one to which they had settled down without a hine of change.

of change.
"Well!" asked Dinny, looking up from
his dirty cards: "what does he say?"
Dick the satter gased inquiringly at both Says he shall forch the captain out."

Dinny whistled.
"And what does Plack Massard say

"And what does flack Massard say?"
asked flick,
"Don't know, Hasn't been asked,"
"I fook here," said blok in a low voice,
"There's going to be trouble over this flack Massard's captain now, he says, and he's got to be asked. He was down here swearing about that host being sent off, and he's been drunk and savage ever since,"
"Hist! What's that?" said Dinny, starting up, and then catching at hare's shoulder to save himself from fulling, "Head swins," he said, apolagetically,
"Ay, you're weak, lad," said flart, helping him back to his seat. "Why, the hoat's hack!"

He hurried on deck, to find a boat along-side, out of which four mon climbed on deck, while dack boll, who had just heard the hall, came harrying up. "What news?" The one spoken to turned away and did

"The you hear?" oried dack, catching him by the shoulder as a heavy looking man-came on deck, burched slightly, recovered himself, and then walked flercely and steadthy up to the group. " said another of the

mon, who had just come aboard.

"that news?" said Jack, heavity.

"that news of the Commodore!" said the heavy looking fellow, who was now swaying himself to and fro, evidently drunk in body

You, "said the man who had first spoken, "Foll me," cried Jack, hoursely, as he present forward to gaze full in the speaker's desolat place, "what is it? They have not sent him place.

the erew, attracted by the return of the boat. chatered count, dack rested "Stand by, my lad," whispered flark at his ear ; "Den't forget,"

The words seemed to give nerve to the "Fried and condemned," he said in a hourse, strange voice, "They've hung him

" fachains on a gibbet." A hourse gutteral sound escaped from dack's throat as he clung tightly to fart's

mangace swamp, 'said the man "They'es out down two pulms about a dosen feet and nathed another across, and the captain's

"A he!" velled dack; "not my brother;"
There was a dead pause of utter silence for a few moments, and then the men said slowly: "Yes, we all saw it and made sure;"

and a murmer of acquiescence arose from his three companions, who had been in the boat in search of his different information to that which they had brought " that not my brother?" ground Jack.
"You," said the man. "It was Commo-

poop, the dark, heavy looking man stood down at dack, who had dropped into a sitting position upon a water keg, his arms resting upon his knees, his hands hanging, and his head drooped; while hart stood by his shoulder, with his face wrinkled and a pained expression upon his brow, just illumined by the bright glint of the stars.
The heavy man nodded and seemed about to speak, but remained stlent for a time.

then patting dack on the shoulders Brave had I Good captain ! For time of ar !" he said. " that never mind, my lade.

We'll pay them for it, yet."

He hirched slightly and walked slowly toward the captain's cabin, unnoticed by tack and Bart; but Diany's eyes were sharp enough to read what this meant, and he turned to his commade Dicke

"Look at that, now?" he whispered,
"Ay, I was booking. What does it mean?"
"Mano?" said Plany, scornfully. "It
manes that black Massard thinks he's eap-

Then if the threat outling secondrel is, An' I'm wid ye," said Dinny, carnestly,

"And leave the skipper's brother and

Dinny pulled off his cap and rubbed his hour victionaly.

"Now, why did yo want to go and say that I ho cried. "I verything was as alsy as could be, and you go and upset to all."

"Poor Abel !" said dack at last, softly.

"Ay, poor old Abel," said Bart with a

"You here?" said Jack, starting up and catching the rough fellow by the arm.
"Hore != ay!" growled hart, slowly.
"Where did you think I was, lad?"
"I didn't think, hart, or I shouldn't have said that," cried Jack, carnestly. "Where would you be but at my othow if I was in trouble, ready to be of help?"
"Ay, but there's no helping you here lad," said hart with a groun.
"No helping me! Just you can, hart, but you would? that I have the world?—that I see it all as one crowd of enemies

hat poor Abel always hung back from hat poor Abel always hung back from and stopped black Massard from a time. I don't read my bible now, but donn't it my that there shall be for blood; and my poor brother's aloud for rengennes, as they shall

"No, no, my led," whispered Bart, housely; "let it stop here. It seems to me as it something said; "This here's the end on it. Now get her to go back home." "Home!" said dack with a fleroe laugh. "Where is home!"

"Yonder," said Bart, stolidly.
"No! Here at sea. Bart, there is no other home for me; no other hope but to have revenue!"

"Nevenge, lad ?"

"Ay, a bitter, ornel revenge. I could have been different. I was once full of love and hope before I knew what the world was like, but that's all past and dead—yes, dead; and the dead younder is looking toward me and asking me to remember what we have suffered.

"Hat think," "Int think,"
"Think, Bart! I have thought till my
brain has seemed to hurn; and everything
points to revenge, and revenge I'll have!"
"It's the out of it all now," said Bart,
solemnly, "Let's go back,"
"The way is open, Bart Wrigley, I have
no hold upon you, and I can work alone.

"You wouldn't talk like that," said Bark

"You wouldn't talk like that," said Bart, huskily, "if you was cook."

"What do you mean, man?"

"Hout me going," said Bart, in a low, husky voice. "There's only one way for me, and that's where you go, lad. It allue has been, and it allue will be till I'm took. What are you going to do?"

The question was asked in a quick, decisive way, very different to the despondent air that had prevaded his words before, and the manner was so marked that Jack laid his hands on his companion's shoulders.

dere.

"It's my fate to be always saying bitter things to you," hart, and wounding you."

"Never mind about that," said flart, huskily. "Long as I'm the one as you trusts, that's enough for me. What are you going to do next?"

There was no answer for a few minutes, and then the words whispered were very short and decisive.

"And let 'em think it's scared us, and we've gone right away?" said flart.

"Yes."

Flart gave a short, unick nod of the head.

Rurt gave a short, quick not of the head, walked sharply to the forecastle, and yelled to the men to tumble up. The result was that in a very short time sail after sail was spread till a dusky cloud seemed to hover over the deck of the schooner, which keeled over in the light breeze and began skimming as lightly as a yacht eastward, as if to leave the scene of the Commodore's execution far behind.

CHAPTER STIL

It had been a baking day in the town of St. George, British Honduras, and the only lively things about the place had been the lisards. The sky had seemed to be of burnished brass, and the sea of melton silver, so dazzling that the eye was pained which fell upon its sheen. The natives were not troubled by the heat, for they sought out shady places, and went to sleep, but the British occupants of the port kept about their houses, and looked as if they wished they were dogs, and could hang out their fongues and pant.

St. George, always a dead-and-alive tropic town, now seemed to be the dead alone; and as if to prove that it was so, the last inhabitant seemed to have gone to the end of the spit by the marsh beyond the port, where every one who landed or left could see, and there hung himself up as a sign of

see, and there hung himself up as a sign of desolation and want of animation in the

githet, alone in the most desclate spot near the port, was the buccancering captain, whose name had become a by word all along whose name had become a by-word all along the coast, whose swift-sailing schooner had captured vessels by the score, and robbed and burnt till Commodore Junk's was a name to speak of with bated breath; and the captains of ships, whether liritish or visitors from foreign lands, made cautions inquiries as to whether he had been heard of in the neighborhood before they ventured to sea, and then generally found that they had been misled. For that swift schooner was pretty vertain to appear right in their path, with the result that their vessels would be boarded, the captain and crew sent affeat in their boat not far from ressels would be boarded, the captain and crew sent alloat in their boat not far from land, and the ship would be plundered, and then scuttled after all that attracted the

necancers had been secured. There had been secured.

There had been rejoicings when the king's ship, sent over expressly to put an end to pirmy, found and had an engagement with the schooner—one of so successful a nature that after the bloody fight was over, and the furious attack by boarding baffled, three prisoners remained in the hands of the naval captain, two of whom were wounded

naval captain, two of whom were wounded unto death, and the other uninjured, and who proved to be the captain who had headed the boarders.

Abel Dell's shrift had been a short one. Fortune had been against him, after a long career of success. He saw his ship escape crippled, and he ground his teeth as he called her occupants cowards for leaving him in the lurch, being, of course, unaware that the retreat was due to his lieutenant Atram Massard, while when she returned through the determined action of Jack, it came too late, for Abel Dell, otherwise Commodore Junk, was acting as a warning to

came foo late, for Abel Dell, otherwise Commodore Junk, was acting as a warning to pirates, his last voyage being over.

The heat seemed to increase on that forrid day till nightfall, when clouds gathered, and the lickering lightning flashed out and illumined the long banks of vapor, displaying their fantastic shapes, to be directly after reflected from the surface of the barely rippled sea.

"Hadn't we better give up for a bit? Storm may pass before morning," whispered the thick-set figure standing close by the wheel.

"No, Bart; we must go to night," was the reply. "Is all ready?"
"Ay, ready enough; but I don't like the

"Hive up, then, and let Dinny come."
"Did you even know me give up?" growl-

"Did you ever know me give up?" growled hart.
"Thin't that; it's leaving the ship. Black Massard ar'n't to be trusted."
"What! Pish! he dare do nothing."
"Not while you're here, my lad. It's when you're gone that I feel seared."
"You think..."
"I think he's trying to get the men over to his side, and some on on hold with him." Jack remained thoughtful for a few minutes.

"It is only lightning, Bark. There'll be no storm. We can get what we want done in six hours at the longest, and he can do nothing in that time—he will do nothing in that time if you put a couple of bottles of rum within his reach."

hart attored a low, chuckling laugh. "That's what I have done," he mid. "Then we're safe enough. Where's Din

ny f'
"Forward, along of Dick,"
"Tell them to keep a sharp look-out while
"ere gone, and to be on the watch for the

Half an hour later, when the schooner was deemed to be near enough for the purpose, an anchor was lowered down, to take fast hold directly in the shallow bottom, a boat was lowered, into which Jack and Bart stepped, the former shipping the little rudder, and Bart stepping a short mast and lauling up a big sail, when the soft sectorese sent them gliding swiftly along.

"He was asleep in the cabin," said Bart, "Soon be yonder if it holds like this. In you feel up to it, my lad, as if you could venture?"

"I've thought all that out Bart," was the reply. "I know. It is my duty, and I shall do it. Are the pistole loaded?"
"Trust me for that," growled Bart. They're loaded enough, and the cutlashes has edges like rasers. So has my axe."
"Have you the tools?"
"Everything, my lad. Trust me for that."

"I do trust you, Bart, always,
"And how are we to find our way back to
the schooner in the dark?"
"We shall not find our way back in the
dark, Bart, but sail right out here as near
as we can guess, and then lie to till day-

break."

Bart kept his eyes fixed upon one particular light, and tried to calculate their bearings from its relation to another behind; but all the same, he felt in doubt, and shook his head again and again, when some blinding flash of lightning gave him a momentary glance of the shore.

But Jack did not hesitate for a moment, heaving the heat's head in one direction with

But Jack did not hesitate for a moment, keeping the boat's head in one direction with uncering instinct till the waves were close upon their left, and it seemed that in another minute they must be swamped.

Bart half rose, ready to swim for his life, as the boat leapt high, then seemed to dive down headlong, rose again, dived, and then danced lightly up and down for a few minutes before gliding slowly on again.

"Was that the bar?" he whispered sager-le.

"Yes. It is rough at this time of the tide," was the answer, given in the calmest manner, for Jack had not stirred. Bart drew a breath full of relief.

"Ready it is."
"Down sail."

The little yard struck, the sail collapsed, and, acting by the impetus already given, the boat glided forward some distance and then grated upon a bed of sand.

Bart shuddered slightly, but he was busy all the while arranging the sail ready for rapid hoisting; and this done, he carried the

graphel out some fifteen or twenty yards from the bows and fixed it cautiously in the

shore.
He was about to return when a hand was laid upon his shoulder—a hand which seemed to come out of the black darkness.
Hart snatched a pistol from his belt, and put it back with a grunt.
"I didn't know it was you," he said in a hoarse whisper. "Lightning seems to make it darker. Where away?"

"Fifty yards south," said Jack quietly.
"Then look here, my lad. I don't want to disobey orders; but I'm a man and you're only a——"

only Man," said Jack, quietly,
"Then you stop by the boat and—"
"Bart!"

"Nay, nay, let me speak, my lad. Let me say all I want. You can trust me. If Bart Wrigley says he'll do a thing for you, he'll do it if he's got the strength and life in him. So let me do this, while you wait for me. Come, now, you will?"

"No. Come with me. I must be there."

Bart drew in a deep breath, and muttered to himself as he listened to the peculiarly changed voice in which his companion spoke.

"You're master," he said; "and I'm ready."

changed voice in which his companion spoke.

"You're master," he said; "and I'm ready."

"Yes. Take my hand, and speak lower.

There may be watchers about."

For answer Bart gripped his companion's hand, and together they walked for some distance along the hard sand, where the spray from the rollers swept up. Then turning inland suddenly, they had taken about twenty steps to the west when a vivid flash of lightning showed them that their calculations and the said; "Yes," said Jack, shortly, as he sat there with cyes fixed and frowning brow.

"Poor old Abe!" said Bart to himself, as he gazed in turn at the ghastly object in the better of the beat. "One never used to think much of dying in the old days; but if one did, it was of being drowned at sea.

"Abel! Brother!" moaned Jack, rushing forward to sink kneeling in the sand, and for a few moments, as Bart stood there in love me." the black darkness with his head instinctive In the wild hysterical sobbings of a woman, at first in piteous appeal to the dead, then in fierce denunciation of his murderers; but as the last cry rang out there was a flickering in the sky, as if the avant garde of another vivid flash—the half-blinding sheet of flame which lit up the gibbet once again; and it seemed strange to Bart that no woman was there, only the figure of a short, well-built seemed strange to Part that no woman was there, only the figure of a short, well-built man, who stood looking toward him, and said in a hoarse, firm voice-

"We are not likely to be interrupted; but to work, quick !"
"Right!" said Bart, hoarsely; and directly after, a rustling sound, accompanied by a heavy breathing, was heard in the black darknes, followed soon after by the clinking of iron against iron.

There was a faint flicker in the sky again, but no following flash, and the darkness seemed to have grown more intense, as the panting of some one engaged in a work requiring great exertion came from high up out of the ebon darkness.

"The file, man, the file."
"Nay, I'll wrench it off," came from where
the panting was heard. Then there was more grating of iron against iron, repeated again and again, when, just as an impatient ejaculation was heard, there was a loud snap, if a link had been broken, a dull thud of a bar failing, and the panting noise increas-

There was the clank of a chain. Then a heavy thud, as if someone had dropped to the ground, and then the chain clanked

again.
"No, no; wait a moment, my lad. Lowor down. That's it. Let's leave these
oursed irons behind." cursed irons behind."

The rough grating of iron sounded again, the heavy panting was resumed, and another sharp crack or two arose, followed by the full of pieces on the sand.
"That's it!" muttered Bart, as a dull clang arose from the earth. "We needn't have been afraid of any one watching here."

"Nay: I want no help," panted Bart, as he seemed to be lifting some weight. "You lead on, my lad. Pity we couldn't have landed here." The reason was obvious; for seaward the waves could be heard rushing in and out of

a reef with many a strange whisper and pasping sound, giving plain intimation that a boat would have been broken up by the

heavy waves.
"Shall I go first?"
"Ay; go first, lad. Keep close to the water's edge; and you must kick against the

water a cige; and you must kick against the cope."

There proved to be no need to trust to this, for, as they reached the water's edge, where the sand, instead of being ankle deep, was once more smooth and hard, a phosphoroscent gleam rose from the breaking waves, and the wet shore glistened with tiny points of light, which were colipsed from lime to time as the two dark, shadowy figures passed slowly along, the first accommodating its pace to that of the heavily-burdened second, till the first stopped short, close to where the beat was moored.

It was plain to see, for the rope shone through the shallow water, as if glided with pale, lambout gold; while, when it was esteed and drawn rapidly, the beat came thimming in, driving from each side of its bows a film as of liquid moonlight spread thinly over the water beyond, where the waves broke upon the sands.

There was the sound of a voice as the

figures waded in, one holding the boat, and the other depositing his burden there. "What's that?" whispered Bart. "Did

"Quick! Get hold of the grapnel. No. On board, lad, quick!"
"Halt! Who goes there?" orled a voice close by from where the darkness was thick-

For answer Bart cut the grapuel line, made sure that his companion was in the boat, and then, exerting his great strength, he ran out with it through the shallow water, just as there was a vivid flash of lightning, revealing, about twenty yards sway, a group of soldiers standing on the rough shore, just beyond the reach of the tide.

tide,
"Halt!" was shouted again, followed by
a warning. And then followed a series of
rapid orders; four bright flashes darted
from as many muskets, and the bullets
whistled overhead, the intense darkness
which had followed the lightning disturb-

which had followed the lightning disturbing the soldiers' aim.

Orders to re-load were heard; but the boat was well affect by now, and Bart had crawled in, the tiller had been seized, and the sail was rapicly hoisted, the wind caught it at once, and by the time another flash of lightning enabled the patrol to make out where the boat lay, it was a hundred yards from shore, and running rapidly along the coast. A volley was fired as vainly as the first, and as the bullets splashed up the water, Bart laughed.

"They may fire now," he said. "We shall be a hundred yards farther before they're ready again."

they're ready again."

They sailed on into the darkness for quite two hours, during which the lightning ceased, and the mutterings of the thundenwere heard no more. But though a careful lookout was kept—and Bart felt that they had pretty well calculated the position of the schooner—they could not find her, and the sail was lowered down.

"We've gone quite far enough," growled Bart. "Where's that light that Dinny was to show?"

There was no answer, and no light visible from where they lay for the next three hours, waiting patiently till the first faint streak of dawn should show them the waiting vessel, and their ghastly burden should be carried aboard roady for a sailor's grave.

"It is a trick, Bart." said Jack at last, as he glanced at their freight lying forward beneath a spare sail.

he glanced at their freight lying forward beneath a spare sail.

"Ay, I feit it my lad," said Bart, frowning. "I felt it last night. Black Mazzard baint the man to leave alone; and what's a couple o' bottles o' rum to such as he?"

"The villain—the coward!" cried Jack, bitterly. "At a time like this!"

"Ay, it's a bad time my lad." said Bart, "but we've done our work, poor chap; and the sea's the sea, whether its off a boat or a whomer. You mean that don't you now!" schooner. You mean that, don't you now!"

"No," said Jack, fiercely, as he pointed to the back-fins of a couple of sharks.

"Ugh!" ejaculated Bart. "What, then, my lad?"

"To find the schooner first, and if not, to make for one of the little islands, where we'll land."

of lightning showed them that their calcula- one did, it was of being drowned at sea, tly in the in all its horror, and not a dozen yards away, stood the rough gibbet with the body of a old mate, after being a captain out here, man pendent from the cross-beam, the ghastly object having stood out for a moment like
a huge cameo cut in bold relief upon some
mass of marble of a solid black.

out mate, after being a captain out here,
were a going to lie you over yonder in the
warm, dry sand, where the sun always shines
and the cocoa-nuts grow; but you'll have no
tombstone, lad, and no words writ, only

A sharp look-out was kept for the schoon-

appearance began to take the form of a low island, from whose sandy shore cocoa-nut palms waved their great pinnate leaves, looking lace-like against the clear blue sky. In a couple of hours they were close in, and the boat was run up in a sandy cove sheltered by a point, with the result that, instead of the tide setting in heavy rollers, there was just a soft curl over the waves, and a sandy cover the waves, and a sandy cover the waves, and a sandy cover the waves, there was just a soft curl over the waves, and a sandy cover the waves, and a sandy cover the waves, the fire was the cover the sandy cover the waves. nd a sparkling foam to wash the fine pebble

"No," said Bart, speaking as if in answer to his companion.
"Never mind," said Jack, quietly. "We shall find the schooner by and by. Let's

Bart assisted to draw the boat well ashore. waiting till a good sized wave came, and then running the boat on its crest some yards farther up the sand. He looked up then at Jack, who nodded

the gales of the stormy season.

As Bart bent beneath his burden he nearly

"Now, lad, quick! Can you reach? That's right. Steady! I can lower a little more. Fasy. A little more away. You have all the weight now. May I let go?"

As fart bent beneath his burden he nearly trod upon one of the great land-crabs, with which the place seemed to swarm, the hide ous creatures scuffling awkwardly out of his way, snapsing olaws menacingly, and the standard of the same which stood out. ous creatures scuffling awkwardly out of his way, snapping their claws menacingly, and rolling their horrible eyes, which stood out on foot-stalks far from their shelly orbits, and gave them a weird look as they seemed to be inspecting the canvas-wrapped bag.

"Here?" said Bart, as they reached a smooth spot, where a clump of palms made a slight shade.

"Yes" was the leave.

a slight shade.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"No tools;" said Bart, half to himself;

"but it don't matter, Abe, old lad. I can seratch one for you, and cut your name arter with my knife on one o' them trees."

He laid his load tenderly down upon the sand, in the shadiest spot, and then, striping off his jacket and rolling up his sleeves over his muscle-knotted arms, he began to seem the sand away rankily, and soon

terape the sand away rapidly, and soon made a long, narrow trench, though it was not easy work, for the soft, fine, dry sand flowed slowly as if it were a liquid, back into the trench.

"That will do," said Jack suddenly rising from where he had been kneeling by Abel's

Bart ceased his task without another word, and at a sign from his companion reverently went to the foot of the canvas covered figure while Jack went to the head, and they lifted it into the shallow trench.

"And never said so much as a prayer over it!" muttered Bart to himself, as he rapidly scooped back the sand with his hands, till the lower part of the old mate's body was covered, leaving the head instinctively to the last.

the last.

He was then about to heap the sand over gravewise, but Jack stopped him, and, taking a piece of wreck wood, drew it along the piece so as to leave the sand level.

"What are you going to do?" he said, sternly, as Bart drew his knife.

"Cut a hay and a dee on that there tree," said the man, shortly.

"No."

Back to the boat."

Bart obeyed without another word, and as they walked down over the hot sand, it was to pass several of the land-crabs, which rolled their eyes and leered at them in a goblin way till the boat was launched, the sail hoisted, and they coasted the side of the island to get round to its back, and make sure that the schooner had not cast anchor off this—one of the rendezvous for boats which had missed the schooner after being sent away upon some expedition.

But their sail availed them nothing. The schooner was not off the island, and Bart

chooner was not off the island, and Bart schooner was not on the Island, and Bart-looked at his companion for orders.

"It would take three days to reach the shelter," he said at last.

"With this wind—yes," replied Bart.

"No food, no water. Shall us get some

nuts?"

There was no reply. Jack sat with his arms resting upon his knees, holding the tiller and gazing right before him, seeing nothing, but trying to pierce the future.

"A-wondering what to do next," muttered Bart, watching his companion furtively.

"If the poor thing could see the old cottage now, and the bay, and a decent lugger lying off the point with her sails shivering, would it still be no?" he said to himself softly.

"Still be no?"

"Still be no," he said to himself softly;

"and yet I wouldn't ask to be different to what I am."

"Mazzard has taken command, Bart," said Jack at last, "and we must make a fresh start, my lad."

"Ay, ay, sir," cried Bart, sharply.

"We must get sufficient provisions somehow, and run across to the shelter. If the schooner is not there we must wait till she come in."

gie?"
"Give up?"
"Hurrah!" cried Bart, joyously. "Let's
run up the Usa river to one of the Indian
places, and get some food and nuts, and then
be off. Hard down!"
Instead of obeying and changing the boat's
direction, Jack suddenly pointed right away
into the distance.

into the distance. "What's that ?" Bart stood up and sheltered his eyes with

Bart stood up and sheltered his eyes with his hand, so as to get a good view of a triangular piece of sail glistening white in the sunshine, far away, about the horizon line.

"There arn't another vessel with a raking sail like that!" he cried. "I shaped that sail. Why, it is she!"

"Yes," said Jack, after a long look across the dazzling blue sea, "it's the schooner, Bart; and she's coming here."

The boat danced over the sparkling waves, and three hours after she was along side, the schooner, which was hove to—the wind being contrary—as soon as the boat was descried by those on board. Dinny was was the foremost in the group waiting to lower down the those on board. Dinny was was the fore-most in the group waiting to lower down the falls, and in a few minutes the boat hung from the davits, and Jack gave a sharp look round as he stepped upon the deck.

"Why was the schooner not waiting?"

"Faix, the captain gave orders for sail to be made," said Dinny, in a meaning tone,

'and away we wint. "The captain!" said Jack, with an angry look in his eyes. "Where is the captain, through the group gathered on the deck; "sure, he's in the cabin, having a slape."
"It's all over, Bart, my lad," said Jack, bitterly. "What will you do—stop and serve under Captain Mazzard, or shall we

"Do !" cried Bart, angrily, as he turned into two parties. "Look here; I can't parley; but is it going to be fair play or met by a menacing growl; and one man ran

ging, half leading Mazzard, who stared round wildly in a drink-stupefied manner, and faltered out, as if in answer to a ques-"No more, now! Who's altered her There was a few moments' silence, during which the self-elected captain stared about him, and tried to comprehend what was go-ing on, for he had just been roused sudden-ly from a rum-engendered sleep, and seemed

"What, isn't anybody going to spake?" cried Dinny; "thin I will. Who althered the ship's course? Why, I did. D'yer think I was going to stand by and see a messmate left in the lurch? Look here, my lads; I am not going to make a spache, but the captain's dead, and you've got to choose a new

one."

"Hurrah for Dinny Kelly; he's the man!" shouted one of the sailors.

"If I didn't know ye can't help it, Sam Marlow, I'd say don't be a fool!" cried Dinny, scornfully. "Now, do I look like a captain! Bad luck to ye for an omadhaun. I'm a foighting man, and not a sailor at all; but ye've got to choose bechuxt two. Who is it to be—Black Mazzard there, or the old captain's brave little brother, Master Jack re, the best sailor, steersman, and bravest little chap that ever stepped on a plank? What do you say, Dick?"

"Three cheers for Captain Jack!" cried Dick Dullock. "Nay, nay, Commodore Junk !" cried Dinny; "that name's a power, me boys.

Now, then, who among ye says it isn't to be
the captain's brother?"

"I do!" cried Mazzard, who was growing

sobered by the excitement of the scene. do. I'm captain of the schooner now; an if any man dares—"

He dragged a pistol from his belt and

"Do you hear !" cried Mazzard again. "I'm captain now, and if any man dares to say I'm not, let him— Well, no, I won't give him time to say his prayers!"

He stared round the ring of people, of which he now formed the centre, the pistol barrel pointing all round, as if its holder

repe in search of a mark. Just then flort stopped fowrard, but Jack lrew him aside.

" No ; let me speak," be said. "Oh, it's you, is it, my whipper-srap-per!" cried Mazzard, scornfully, "There, we had enough of your little haby of a brother, and he's dead ; so now, if you want to keep your skin whole, go back to your place, and if you behave yourself I'll make you my cabin-boy."

Jack continued to advance, looking round

hurried upon deck.
"D'yer hear?" roared Mazzard, who
seemed brutally sober now. "Go back

at the crew, who, some fifty strong, had now

a murmur ran round the crew once more—a murmur which was turned to a shout of applause, for, gazing full at the drink inflamed countenance before him, Jack stepped right up to Mazzard and seized the pistol, which exploded in the air.

The next moment it was wrenched out of the ruffian's hand, and sent flying over the side, to fall with a splash in the sea.

"Look here, my lads," cried Jack, turning his back to Mazzard, and ignoring the threatening gesture he made with a knife; "look here, my lads; it is not for any man to say he will be your captain. My brave brother is dead—"

"God rest him!" cried Dinny.

[To be continued.]

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"God rest him!" cried Dinny.

"And it is for you to choose someone in his place. Do you select Black Mazzard?"

"No," roared Dinny, "the divil a bit! Three cheers, me boys, for the bowld little Commodore Junk!"

The crew burst into a roar, even those who had favored Mazzard being carried who had favored Mazzard being carried who had favored Mazzard being carried Midland District.

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