



"The black flag, varlet, or I'll knock your brains out with yon belaying pin. We want a flag that will encourage you miserable cowards and fit you for the night's work. Run up the flag."

With infinite skill did these denizens of the deep negotiate the Hyde Park reef, steadily bringing their craft to the foot of Thirty-first street. Handicapped as they were by the mastless ship with its rotten planking, they nevertheless managed to get their mud hook into the drink just in time to receive the first of the booty from the land forces.

"Ahoy there aboard the Lemon," came the call from the shore.

"Aye, aye, who are you, friend or foe?"

"This is your land force, captain—we have a prisoner."

"Fetch the varlet aboard at once."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Now, poor wretch," said the captain, "what's your name?"

"Harris, sir."

"Dog, take this oath: 'You do solemnly swear and affirm, that the Freshman Class is a bunch of knownothings and boasters.'"

"I refuse."

"Fred Fearnot Beech, as captain of this ship," said our hero to the lovely lieutenant, "I command you to remove the prisoner to the hold and give him torture number one."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"And if he still refuses to take the oath shave his head."

CHAPTER III.

"Strange lights on the port bow," calls the lookout from his position of vantage at the masthead.

"Can you make them out?"

"It is the Freshman force, sir."

"Call all hands and prepare to resist boarders," are the young captain's orders in this time of peril.

"Mercy, they are upon us," shriek the Sophomores. The noise of battle and the turmoil of the conflict envelop the ship with all their attendant ghastly associations. The groans of the wounded, nursing their injured fingers and mud bespattered clothing, are frightful.

The fight is on!!!

Thrice do the nervy Freshmen wade out to do battle with the pirate crew, and thrice are they repulsed, leaving behind them many a cracked pirate head and losing but few of their number.

"What are those kindergarten graduates doing now?" asks Kiley, the invincible, of one of his pirate band. "We'll have revenge."

"They are holding a council of war, sir, and it looks as if they were procuring two-by-fours and scantlings as large as those we have, sir."

"Go to the wireless cabin at once and summon aid of our friends on Stanton avenue lest we be overpowered and imprisoned on our own ship," is Kiley's cool, collected order in this time of peril.

CHAPTER IV.

Again the Freshmen prepare to attack the stronghold of their lifelong foe.

"Curses! They are upon us."

But, hold, there is a clanging of gongs and the rush of many feet upon the sandy shore.

"Heavens!!! The Cops!!!"