THE IRON PIRATE
A Plain Tale of Strange Happenings on the Sea
By MAX PEMBERTON

CHAPTER VII

Jim had been back in the kitchen ever since the ship had come to anchor. He was standing at the stove, watching the fire, and talking to himself. His face was red, and his eyes were bright with excitement.

"I knew it," he said to himself. "I knew it was going to happen. And now that it has, nothing can stop me."

He turned to John, who was standing beside him.

"You're going to have to do something about this," he said. "This isn't good for us."

John looked at him for a moment, then shook his head.

"I don't know what to do," he said. "What can we do?"

Jim smiled.

"We can use our wits," he said. "We can think of a way to stop this."

And with that, he turned back to the stove, his mind already working on a solution. The fire crackled and roared, casting a warm glow over the room. Jim was a man of action, and he knew what he had to do. He was determined to stop the!!!