

"back, I say; for we are all well armed and desperate men." Then he called to Montgomery, Cole, and Hewitt to follow him to the boat.

"Surrender, and avoid useless bloodshed!" cried Lathom's well-remembered voice, as he too appeared over the ridge of sand bank. "For God's sake, Hal-dane, get them to yield quietly. And you Mr. Coffe, I implore you——"

"Never will I, for one, be taken alive!" cried Hewitt, as, raising his pistol at a seaman who was pointing his weapon at his breast, he fired and shot the man through the body, and at the same time Coffe discharged his pistol at Lugard. The bullet struck him on the right arm, and smashed the bone, but in an instant he released Helen and took his pistol in his left hand.

"Run, Miss Adair, run for the boat!" he shouted as he dashed at the officer, and felled him with a blow from the butt-end of his pistol, just as Montgomery, a man of herculean strength, but whose pistol had hung fire, wrested a cutlass from a seaman, and cut him down with his own weapon, though another sailor had at the same moment given him a terrible gash on the shoulder, whilst Cole, a man as active and wiry as a native cat, avoiding the sweep of a cutlass stroke from another man, tripped him up on the soft, yielding sand, stunned him with a kick on the head, tore his cutlass from his hand, and then rushed to aid Helen, who, with Lugard covering her retreat with his pistol pointing at a pursuing seaman, was pantingly toiling over the sand and broken coral towards the boat. As Cole overtook the man-of-war's man, he brought him down with a sweeping blow of the cutlass across his legs, and in another moment was with Helen.