

in which he found himself listening to his own laboured breathing.

Then a sail flapped aloft, and the brigantine gave a little motion. He felt the response in his sinking body; strength was ebbing away from him, his arms were not firm. A strange change was going on within him, he was slipping away from himself. Suddenly his head was near the planks, which became flooded with red. Looking at it, he winked, trying to clear his eyes. His own blood!

Pride, power, will—where were they? What was this? He was growing cold. Was this death? Was he dying—alone? With his last effort he raised his head—only a little—and saw through clouded eyes a ring of men. They were watching him die. God! At the word horror seized him. What was God? Punishment!

Those around watched his frightful shudder. Then he died.

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It is terrible to take the vengeance of God upon one's self. Frank, turning away from the body of his enemy, did not hear, as he wiped his sword, the praises showered on him. He sheathed the weapon and pushed out of the ring. Manly, coming toward him, saw the expression on the young man's face, and stood away.

Frank went toward the stern of the "Elizabeth." There by the shrouds stood Brush. At the quarter rail cowered his uncle, pale and feverish. Ellery trembled as he saw Frank. The money, the silver, the jewels, now were lost again! But Frank saw neither of the men. He stepped to the companionway and went down.

The light was less there. He peered at the shut doors. Which was Alice's? There was one with a hole in the panel, a gash upon the frame. He struck upon it quickly.