

Then, also in silence, each drank a measure of the revivifying punch. As there was only one cup they drank in turn, according to their old ratings aboard the *Brave Adventure*.

The night was windless and a mist hung between the stars and the earth. The eight, accompanied by Laroche and the two blacks who had brought them their weapons, stole from the hut and across the little yard. Drurie still wore a bandage around his head and over his injured eye; but he had parted the damp and fragrant folds of the linen so that he could see with his right eye.

At the gate in the wall they divided into two parties. Cremona, with Hall, Waller, and Hogan and the two blacks, went down the slope toward the lagoon where a lantern in the rigging of the little schooner glowed like a red star. Tyler, Benson, and Jarvis, led by Drurie and Laroche, crawled slowly and noiselessly through the garden toward the house.

At last, peering between the rose-bushes, Drurie caught sight of the *don* taking his ease with the master of the *Twelve Apostles*. The two rascals sat scarcely ten yards away, at a small table at the top of the gallery steps. Two candles stood on the table, the flames straight as darts in the nerveless air. The men were leaning forward, smoking and talking confidentially.