

The Calvert Motto

As he called out he retreated a step, that he might free the weapon which his adversary held engaged.

His opponent, who fought with his back to Ingle, took advantage of the retreat, and making a lunge forward, drove his sword into Claiborne's side, crying out, —

“Take that for the death of Philpotts !”

Claiborne fell, wounded.

“Wait till I get some one to hold this wriggling brat, and I'm with you.”

So far Ingle had gone in his speech when the foeman turned, and Ingle saw that in front of him which made his cheek blanch and his heart fail and his knees totter under him, for there stood a dead man waving a sword and making ready for a thrust at his heart, while Cecil shouted aloud with joy, —

“Thir Chrithtopher ! help ! help ! He is taking me from my mother !”

No words answered. From a ghost none were to be looked for; but the steel flashed in air, and when it drew back it left a trail of blood. Ingle felt a quick intolerable pain at his heart, and the arm around Cecil slackened its hold till the child dropped to the ground.

“So you are come to take me to Hell, are you?” he muttered between set teeth, then swayed, reeled, and fell to earth with eyes fixed.