

## JUST THEN

terrific bolt appeared to split the heavens and lighted up the waves for miles. Pursuer and pursued caught sight of each other in the glare.

As if that mighty stroke of lightning were the last effort of the storm king, the wind gradually grew less, the sky cleared and when *The Petrel* again caught sight of the Circus-ship, late in the afternoon, the small anger of the Britishers changed in an instant to a great pity. From the after-deck of the Circus-ship arose a column of black smoke, with an occasional red tongue cutting through it. The great bolt had struck the Circus-ship. She was on fire!

*The Petrel* still followed, but intent now only to help, not to capture. She saw, too, that the northwestern gale had blown both vessels far along under cover of its blackness. The American shore was in sight.

On board the Circus-ship there was a terrible time. The poor, terrified animals roared and shrieked and screamed in their quarters.