

sword, and with two quick movements the men were slain. Sotheran pressed on at the rebel commander.

Manly prepared to meet him; but from all sides his men—since the last of the "Elizabeth's" crew had yielded—sprang to the rescue. They closed in upon the captain like dogs upon an elk, and for one brief half minute they swarmed around him. But jostling, they checked each other, and in their midst the bloody blade, turned now this way and now that, played havoc with them. It stopped a pike, and laid its owner dead. It sent a cutlass flying, and thrust its wielder through. From side to side the captain fronted, and at each turn ended a life. For him it was a carnival of fury; they shrank before his flashing eye more than from his sword, and quickly, like the elk with swinging horns, he cleared a ring about him.

He stood with ready weapon; he cried to Manly, the only one he saw who was distinguished by a uniform: "Come here, you rebel dog!"

The circle contracted; the men were ready to protect their commander. But a voice from the side cried: "Hold, he is mine!"

And there stood Ellery—God! Ellery! A cold clutch, a hand of ice, was laid upon the captain's heart. Was there magic in the man, that he should fly so far, and there, upon the sea, confront him? He stood with weapon lowered, while Frank, raising his hand aloft, spoke to the ring of seamen.

"This man is mine," he said. "Let no one dare to touch him."

Then Sotheran recovered. He looked around upon the Americans, and motioned them back. "Give room," he said. He turned to Frank. "So you, like Tudor, want your turn?"