

with clubbed revolver, everything forgot except the hope of capturing such a prize. Everard, holding aloft his rock, sprinted to the rescue. Dick staggered after him. They had almost reached the spot when the retiler's dying agony began.

The first wing-beat hurled Professor Ravenden headlong with a broken collar-bone. Frenzied and unseeing, the monster of the dead centuries projected itself from the hill, and with one dreadful scream that might have rung from the agonised depths of hades, sped out across the waters. Once, twice, thrice, and again, the vast pinions beat; then a plunge, a whirl, a wild maelstrom of foam far out at sea—and quiet.

Dolly Ravenden, with a cry, ran to her father, and with the help of Dick and old Johnston got him to his feet.

"A boat! A boat!" he cried. "We must pursue it!"

Then he tried to lift his arm, and all but fainted.

Meantime Helga and Everard were bending over the juggler. He was dead as instantly as Haynes had been dead by his stroke.

"Poor fellow!" said the young man. "He has paid his debt as best he could. It was his knife that saved us, my Helga."