

trumpet. A door behind Nicholas burst open, and led by five tall men, there came a band of warriors, who fell upon the horde. Backwards they drove them down the hill, and ever in the front was Nicholas, who did valiant deeds.

Those of the enemy who could escape flew to their boats, and so back to their ships, and so great was the terror upon them that they put to sea and never returned.

Standing by the sea shore, the valiant little band surrounded their chosen King, and did homage to him and swore to be faithful to him. Then swift runners were sent to bring the glad tidings to those who were waiting in their forest home for news of their lost City. And, now, my tale draws to an end, and there is naught else to say, except that these people who dwelt by the sea were loyal to their King, and ever bore in mind that the greed of gold had almost brought about the ruin of their country.