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the cavern through which Sanders had made his escape.

"Hullo!" said Withington. "Mannering has left his front door open and a light burning to guide us to his lair."

"It would be more like him to have arranged for a light by which to shoot us down as we enter," I replied.

"We will chance that," said the American, as he bade the men give way.

The same disregard of danger evidently animated the crews of the other boats, two of which reached the entrance to the inner pool before us, and made no pause before entering. We followed hard at their heels, and a dozen strokes brought us in sight of one of the grandest spectacles upon which I have ever gazed. From the mouth of a cavern on the left of us there roared up a huge body of flame licking the side of the cliff for a hundred feet at least. The heat was so great that I was compelled to shelter my face with my hands to prevent my skin being blistered.

"By Jove!" said Withington. "He must have fired his store of petrol. The sooner we are out of this the better."

The deed followed the word, and none too soon. The flaming spirit was already pouring over the brink of the rock, and as the boats raced back to the entrance, the fire followed after, spreading on the face of the water as rapidly as the boats could move. Fortunately the passage formed a natural draught, so