

a great effort, even if at the expense of all his strength. His short blade circled and stabbed — a rapier and a sabre in one. He moved swiftly and lightly, to the right, to the left, and forward.

Tyler chuckled. Laroche swore softly in admiration. Then the *don* screamed at the bite of an inch of cold steel in his shoulder and lurched to one side. The candles toppled from the rail into the garden. A back-handed sweep of his blade sent the other candles flying from the window-sill.

"He's gone! After him, my lads!" cried Drurie.

The *don* had escaped, sure enough. Clearing the railing of the gallery at a bound, he dashed through the rose-garden, through a hedge of flowering shrubs, and into a field of full-grown canes; and hot on his trail dashed Laroche, the three English sailors, and half a dozen blacks. The night was dark and the trail thick with blinds.

Drurie did not follow his antagonist. He had put every ounce of his strength into the combat with the Spaniard, and now a sudden swirling faintness overtook him. He reeled to the open door and peered within. The great hall was dark; but he made out a gleam of white close in front of him.

"Are you safe, *señorita*?" he cried. Then he fell across the threshold.