

about to tender his sword to the officer, who had stood by Isabel as if to detain her, when Zacharie's voice was heard in the entrance of the wood—"Hold out! There is rescue at hand. Hasten, you lubbers! Will you see an American officer hacked up?"

While he was speaking he came down the path at full speed, holding in each hand one of his master's pistols, which he had taken from the holsters, and followed close at his heels by half a score of soldiers with fixed bayonets.

"Leave you game, and to the boat," cried the officer, as they came in sight.

The men precipitately retreated to a barge concealed behind the rock, not, however, without receiving the contents of one of Zacharie's pistols. The other was wrested from his hand by Isabel.

"You shall not escape, Burton. My revenge is not yet complete," she fiercely cried, levelling the pistol at his breast; "perish thy false heart!"

Zacharie caught her arm as she fired, and the