

him from killing you. The lads did their best to obey their commander's orders; but when Laroche came suddenly from the interior of the house with two fresh candles in his hands, the master of the little schooner was found to be lying flat on the floor of the gallery, stone dead.

Benson and Jarvis held the *don*, faint, but uninjured. A cheer rang across from the little vessel in the lagoon; and from the direction of the slaves' quarters, where the overseers and drivers had been making merry with the crew of the schooner, came sounds as of wild beasts in mortal combat.

"They have lost their fear of the *don* and his hirelings," said Drurie, with a shudder.

More candles were brought from the house. Some were placed on the ledges of the windows, and some on the rail of the gallery. The shipmaster's body and the chairs and broken table were tossed into the garden.

"Now, lads," said Drurie, "I am going to kill this dog in fair fight. Guard the steps, one of you. Give him a cutlass, some one."

He turned to the limp figure in the grip of the two Englishmen. "I'll give you a chance to die like a man, even if you have never lived like one," he said.

Laroche handed his former master a cutlass. "You will remember my back when this gentleman drives a