

eyelids quiver. Presently he opened them, saw me and beckoned. He whispered he wanted to be alone with me, so I drove the priests away with my sword hilt for they wouldn't leave without, and put my ear close to his mouth. I can hear his hoarse whisper now. 'I am dying, Embra, (he always called me that) dying, and in darkness the white god has fled from me.' Then he asked me to see he was buried in his own way and not by the priests, and soon afterwards, babbling of a strange white man who lived near by, he died. First the Jesuits claimed him and put him with all their foolery into consecrated ground, but when night came I dug the body up and embalmed it after a fashion I learned among the Spanish Indians years ago, and then for safe-keeping hid it not far away, and there it has rested ever since. The black robes had too keen a scent for me to pass the sentry at the gate, and soon Argall came and I've forgot it all till now.

"But the bark—where does that come in?"

"The bark?" said Imbert confusedly, "oh, I hid it in his bosom so it might be ready when he wakes. We won't take it all from him."

Biencourt laughed for he knew Imbert had a superstitious trust in half a dozen savage gods from Port Royal to Peru, and Imbert taking a candle in his hand went to the dark end of the room. Biencourt followed. There was a small recess behind the tall chair of state, and stepping within it the old pirate touched a spring that opened a hidden doorway in the wall, leaving a yawning black hole a yard in length to comfort them. From out it came a dull smell of pine wood and an impalpable dust that showed whitely in the candle rays. In a moment Imbert had drawn out the body and laid it on the