LAFITTE of LOUISIANA

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON

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CHAPTER XI.

Soon after midnight, with a southerly wind that was all the "Black Petrel" could desire for a speedy filling of her sails, the ship started northward, on a safe retreat—the island known to Laro and his followers as the "Isora de Hierro."

The day was coming, gray and leaden looking, with a misty cloud bank in the east promising fog later on. Overhead, the pale dawn was overtopping the stars above the sea that stretched, a dull green floor, in every direction.

Lafitte asleep in his cabin was aroused by a knocking upon the door and, to his instant query, Captain Gaspar replied, with a suppression of satisfaction in his gruff tone that he judged he heard shouting in his mate.

"Where are the chief Lopez's men—close to—the Spanish brig—they are the chief servant Bernhaus—the whole of the whole—"

"Whose crew?" demanded Lafitte, when he had subsided to the mere sense of hearing himself ready to go, and Black Luke was already there, for he could be heard shouting to his mate.

"Some of