

where the tormented waves made phosphorous.

"The moon was hidden when I got down to the beach. When its radiance flashed out suddenly, I hid my eyes.

"Ned Bellew and Duncan Nelson were there, a stone's throw from the mounting, hissing breakers. Both were stripped to the waist, and there, in the wild night, they were fighting it out.

"It was not a white man's fight. When I saw them they were circling around each other like wild beasts, their faces horrible in the cold of the moon. . . . And their weapons were native knives, the long curved kind, that makes awful wounds.

"I gave a cry, but it was drowned in the roar of the storm, and the next moment, the moon was shut out by a cloud, and darkness fell.

"I ran stumbling toward where I had seen them. Before I was half way, there came a roar from the volcano behind me, and a sheet of red flame flashed across the sky, lighting everything with hell's own light . . . and I stopped.

"Duncan Nelson was on his back, and Ned Bellew's knife was in his heart.

"I turned back for the Fire God's cave, with hate for the woman who had caused this thing tearing at my heart. As I ran on, beaten by the wind, and the spray from the ocean, blinded by the red streaks of the volcano, I remember that I cursed aloud, and sobbed, like a drunken man.

"When I stumbled into the cave, wet and dripping, one or two turned to give me a second look. But that was all. The dance was at its height; revelry, and lust, and passion, and desire, reigned supreme.

"I made my way toward the princess, but before I reached her, I heard a woman's cry of fright. . . .

"Ned Bellew was in the doorway. His face was deathly white, save where a streak of ghastly red ran down it. He still was naked to the waist. He still held his knife in his hand. And his naked, heaving body, and his long knife, dripped of blood.

"He stood there like a statue of death. The weird music of the dance died down, and ceased. The dancers stood still. I saw that the princess was pale.

"'I have killed him,' said Bellew.

"'Who?' asked the princess.

"'Nelson,' said Bellew.

"'What did you do that for?' asked the princess. And her tone was that of a petulant child, robbed of a toy.

"'I did it for you,' said Bellew.

"The princess laughed aloud.

"Have you ever seen a man who has just committed murder laughed at by the woman for whom he killed? . . .

"Bellew's mouth fell open. His eyes stared. The red knife he had clutched so tightly dropped clatteringly to the ground.

There was no sound save the weird, high howl of the wind, that