

stantly apologized for having slept, and being told that they had reached their destination, darted out of the cabin in very great haste.

Barracrough had reached the hut by that time and was peering into it blankly. Its complete emptiness startled him beyond the state of mere surprise. Usually something was left behind. He went into the place and looked it over thoroughly. There was nothing to indicate that any one had lived in it recently, or at any time; in fact, Barracrough began to doubt the accuracy of his information regarding Harold's whereabouts, and left the hut wearing an expression of bewilderment mingled with a growing wrath.

"Not there!" he snapped in reply to the question in Lionel's eyes, and looked about him in a manner that threatened much trouble for some one.

Then he strode toward the storehouse and pounded upon the door with his clenched fists, his eyes growing more black every moment, his every movement indicative of the strain he was under trying to suppress his real emotions.

Markham watched him from the launch, feeling that the matter was out of his sphere of influence, and saw Barracrough suddenly pull his revolver and blow the lock away.

The report echoed and reechoed in the silence, and the next moment Barracrough had thrust the doors open and disappeared inside.

He saw Harold's bedroom, the provisions the cargo boat had delivered, and found the young man's handwriting in a book of sales on the top of the desk.

The last was the most emphatic, and Barracrough stared with eyes that protruded in a ghastly manner at the proof that Harold had been there two days before and, according to the date of the last sale made, had not been there since.

When Barracrough emerged from the storehouse, Lionel was a yard behind him and did not seem to care to draw any nearer.

The older man's expression or attitude did not invite sympathy or remarks of any sort.

"We are going to call upon Daka," he told Markham, as he stepped back into the launch.

The commissioner nodded and glanced toward Pickles, who obeyed.

No one spoke. Barracrough returned to his place in the prow.

The ashen color of his cheeks and the clenching and unclenching of his hands, spoke mutely of his pain.

The word upon his mind was—
vengeance!

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK. Don't forget this magazine is issued weekly, and that you will get the conclusion of this story without waiting a month.

SOLDIERS OF CHANCE

A SERIAL IN IV PARTS—PART IV

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of "When the Sea Ran Dry," "Lee-Boat Hearts," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

BILLY MOUNTAIN, a soldier of fortune, returns to New York from Honduras in his own ship after an exile of years. Lawler, a promoter of questionable enterprises, and a millionaire, expects that Mountain, who arrives under the name of Josslyn, will take a million dollars' worth of stock off his hands. But Billy has come for revenge, not stocks. Years before, Lawler robbed Billy—first of his small fortune and then of his beautiful wife, whom the plunderer soon cast adrift. Billy has worked steadily toward revenge during the years of his exile, and now his plans are perfected. Lawler is entrapped on board the ship, and they sail for Key West, with Lawler a prisoner. A strange white yacht, flying the Spanish flag, pursues them. In New York Billy has had a mystifying and delightful experience with a young woman whose name he learns is Josephine. He sees her on the white yacht. The Mountain party reaches Truxillo, with arms and ammunition for the revolutionists; Lawler is put ashore and compelled to work with natives in the mahogany swamps, and finally signs a confession of his crimes, which forever will bar him from the United States. He agrees to turn over two million dollars to the cause of the revolutionists in payment for his life, which is saved by Billy Mountain. While negotiations are in progress, Lawler escapes and joins the Federal army. He is pursued by Billy and the girl, Josephine, who is seeking a mysterious document in Lawler's possession. Billy is attacked by four strangers and beaten into unconsciousness. When he recovers, he travels on to the capital, is held up, but whips the soldiers. He meets Dolores, the sweetheart of Loring, his companion in arms, and she shelters him until he has opportunity to converse with Josephine. He is determined to release her from the vicious thrall of Lawler, and he attends a mask ball, where he is discovered after he has confessed his great love for Josephine. Billy leaps from an upper window and is pursued by the soldiery.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Fight.



HE darted off into the garden. Other shots followed. The firing came from half a dozen carbines now, and he heard the bullets whistling about him. A few breathless moments and he was in the shelter of the shrubbery, but not for an instant did he pause in his flight.

He reasoned as he ran. Within five minutes a hundred soldiers would be after him, and the alarm would be flying to every avenue of escape from the

city. His one chance was to find a way over the palace wall, reach the river, and swim across. He heard commands and shouts behind him, and suddenly there rang out the shrill bugle-call to arms in the *cuartel*. The sound of firing was already bringing out the reserve forces.

He reached the wall, and his heart sank when he saw how impossible it would be to climb over it at this point. He ran along it, searching for a break in the adobe that would give him a foothold. He could hear his pursuers tearing through the shrubbery behind him, and he gripped his automatic

* This story began in *The Cavalier* for April 19.

FOR YOUR THREE BEST FRIENDS

HERE IS AN IDEA

Send me the names and addresses of three of your friends who you think will be interested in the stories in *THE CAVALIER*, and I will send them sample copies direct from this office. You might, if you wish, to prepare them for the coming of the magazine, write to them as well, and say that sample copies of *THE CAVALIER* are being sent them at your request.

This is just a suggestion. If it is too much trouble, don't do it, but I will appreciate it if you do, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have let your friends in on a good thing.

EDITOR, *THE CAVALIER*, Flatiron Building, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York

harder, determined to fight until the last of seven cartridges still remaining in the magazine were gone.

He realized now that he was cornered like a rat, and in sudden desperation he turned and ran swiftly in the direction of the northern end of the palace. There was but one way of escape—and that was through the gate. He knew that it would be guarded, if not closed. But Barilla and his soldiers would not expect him there. Every available man, with the exception of the guard, would be searching for him in the gardens, and it was possible that he might break his way through. At the worst, he thought, he would rather die fighting than allow himself to be captured and shot by executioners under the cathedral wall.

In these moments he regretted that he had not killed Lawler. He believed that, in spite of what he had been told, Lawler's death would have saved Josephine.

He came at last to the wall adjoining the *cera*, and made his way toward the gate with greater caution. The shrubbery concealed him until he was within twenty paces of it. It was still open, and in the opening the half dozen excited guards were gathered in a group.

As he crouched in the shrubbery Billy's hand touched a stone, and a sudden inspiration shot through him. Picking it up, he threw it with all his strength into the dense shrubbery on the other side of the guards. At the crashing sound it made every man spring alert and turned in its direction. A moment later three of them advanced toward the spot whence the sound had come, while the remaining three stood with their backs to Billy, watching them. Silently he ran toward them.

Not until he had covered two-thirds of the distance to the gate was he discovered, and before a man could raise his carbine Billy's automatic was spitting forth a leaden hail. One of them fell under his fire. Whether he had struck the other two Billy could not

tell, for in five seconds he had rushed through the gate to the *cera*.

He was not a moment too soon. From the *cuartel* a company of soldiers were hurrying toward him. Their bare feet had made no sound on the brick pavement, and they were within a hundred yards of him when he ran through the gate. A rattle of shots followed as he raced down the hill. He knew that by this time the firing had aroused the whole town. Shutters and doors slammed as he passed, with bullets still whistling over his head.

A backward glance showed him that the soldiers had broken their ranks and were hot-footing it after him without regard for leadership or formation. This was what he had feared above all else. It placed him in the position of a fox being hunted from a covert by a hundred hounds, each working on its own scent.

He was slowly but surely outrunning his pursuers when there broke into the *cera* ahead of him, scarcely two streets away, a second company of soldiers. They had come from the direction of the bridge, and his heart sank with dismay. He was instantly seen in the bright starlight that flooded the boulevard.

Quick as a flash he turned back to the side street he had just passed, knowing that now his only chance of escape lay toward the heart of the city. Six or seven blocks below him lay Morazan Park, with its groves and thick shrubbery, and he made toward this, planning to double once more in the direction of the river when he reached the old cathedral.

At this point, however, he almost ran into the arms of a guard, and simultaneously with his appearance the two parallel streets above and below him began pouring forth the pursuers who had cut across from the *cera*. Hemmed in on both sides, and with carbines beginning to crack at his back, he darted across the open space and plunged into the shelter of the park.

There was only one way open to him

now, and that was ahead, through the business part of the city. His situation was desperate. He was shut off from the river. On three sides he was surrounded. But if this other way was clear, and he could reach the open country to the south—

He stopped for a moment to replace the empty cartridge clip in his automatic with a loaded one. He was pretty sure that at the best he would have to fight.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Wedding Day.

IN the brief pause Billy made to reload his revolver he had to admit to himself the almost utter hopelessness of his position. Yet not for a moment did he think of surrendering. Only too well he realized what that would mean. Barilla would have him shot, probably without even the excuse of a drum-head trial.

If he had to die, he made up his mind to die hard, and he smiled grimly as the sounds of pursuit drew near him. Thought of Josephine, and of brave-hearted little Dolores, strengthened him. If he had only killed Lawler, if in that moment on the gallery he had sent a bullet through his heart, he would have met his fate almost happily now. But even if he gave a good account of himself in this last fight, his work would still remain undone, and Josephine would be the helpless sacrifice of his failure.

At this thought—the thought that Lawler had conquered him at last and that the reward of his triumph was Josephine—every drop of blood in Billy's body seemed a thing of fire. He continued through the park, running more slowly, his eyes and ears alert, for he knew that caution was now as important as haste. He was almost confident that he would reach the lower edge of the park without being discovered. There, if anywhere, he would have to fight. A clear moon had risen

to add to the splendor of the night, and he groaned as he thought of how a few clouds in the sky would have multiplied his chances of escape. At last he was forced to cross a broad white driveway, nearly as light as day, and he had no sooner appeared upon it than a voice rang out sharply in Spanish, commanding him to stop.

Three soldiers stood thirty yards down the road. At first they hesitated to fire, believing that Billy might be one of their comrades. Then they saw that he had no rifle, and their carbines leaped to their shoulders.

Like a streak Billy dashed for the other side, and their bullets flew wide. To his amazement he bumped fairly into the arms of a man running toward him through the bushes, and the soldier let out a wild yell as they both fell to the ground. Before he could call out intelligible words, Billy was clutching him by the throat. Behind him he heard others hurrying through the shrubbery in their direction, and with a sudden inspiration he shouted loudly in Spanish:

"Run to the south, comrades! Cut him off! Cut him off! He is going to the south—"

The soldier was a powerful young fellow, and with a movement so quick that Billy had no time to ward off the blow, he thrust the butt of his carbine up against the point of his jaw. Dazed for a moment, Billy loosened his hold on the Honduran's throat. In the advantage thus gained the soldier swung himself free, at the same time crying out loudly for his comrades.

Billy had dropped his revolver in the collision. It lay in the moonlight close to his hand, and he reached for it. The Honduran had gained his knees, and as Billy gripped the pistol he heard a metallic click that sent a chill to his heart. If the soldier had fired without waiting to raise the carbine Billy would have been lost. Point-blank the Honduran could hardly have missed. But he brought the gun to his face, and in that precious interval Billy shot him

through the shoulder, scarcely lifting his hand from the ground. In another moment he was on his feet, tearing through the park, which at this point grew almost wild.

Another hundred yards and he came to the open. Beyond that was the northern extremity of the plaza, and knowing that in its direction lay his only chance of escape, he ran swiftly out from the edge of the park, without waiting to see if any of the soldiers had succeeded in reaching this vantage point ahead of him. A rifle shot, then another—half a dozen of them in quick succession—assured him that they had. One of the shots ripped through his coat, burning his forearm in its passage. He reserved his own fire for closer quarters.

A second shot zipped so close to his head that he involuntarily sprang to one side and almost fell. Then he felt sweep over him, as swiftly as a lightning flash, a cold and terrible sensation. It was not pain. It was accompanied by an instant's roar like that of a cataract.

Strength left his limbs. He swayed, his legs crumpled under him, and with a groaning cry he fell. The stars and the moon went out. Everything grew black. He heard voices faintly. Then there was quiet—and utter darkness.

He remained in this darkness for a long time. The first breaks in it were lightning-like flashes which his returning consciousness made him sense while his eyes were still closed. He seemed to be struggling again to break away from iron hands that held him and raise his head above the sides of a smothering pit.

With a mighty effort he tore himself loose and opened his eyes. For a few moments he lay still, as one lies restfully after a hard struggle. He was on his back. Reason flashed upon him, and he was surprised not to see the stars and the moon. It was no longer night, but day. He looked where the light was strongest and what he saw there brought back the last of

his scattered senses. They were iron bars—screening a window!

He raised himself slowly and found that he was on a cot. He remembered now that he had been hit. A shot had struck him in the head. He lifted a hand, and it touched a bandage. He felt no pain. His brain was growing quite clear. After a little he gradually rose to his feet and found that he was not even dizzy. He understood what had happened. A glancing shot had stunned him, merely touched him, and he was Barilla's prisoner in the old Spanish tower. He knew that he was in the tower. The barred window, the crumbling stone walls of the room, the damp chill of the place, the iron rings cemented in the walls, all told him that.

He was alone and he walked to the window. His view took in the old cathedral, a pistol-shot away; a corner of Morazan Park, the beginning of the Plaza, and the Comayagua bridge spanning the Rio Grande. For half a mile he could see the white highway glistening in the morning sun.

From this scene, glorious in the quiet of early day, he turned to the rock walls that held him prisoner. Here, at last, he had come to his end. He knew that there would be no delay. To-day he would be led forth to be shot.

The final blow came when he examined his empty pockets. Everything was gone. He had carried Lawler's confessions with him, believing that they were safer on his own person than in the camp at Truxillo, and he could no longer stifle the anguish that rose to his lips. Why had he not possessed the good sense to leave the evidence with Loring and the army? He cursed himself aloud. There would still have been a hope for Josephine then. But now—there was none.

He was interrupted in his despair by the opening of the heavy door. As it swung inward he saw a file of bare-footed soldiers standing in the corridor outside. Their officer halted for a moment in the doorway. When he saw Billy standing, his face lighted up with

satisfaction, he entered and closed the door after him.

"You look quite well, *señor*," he greeted in Spanish. "It was but a slight wound and yet you were unconscious for a long time."

"Not unconscious, officer, merely taking a nap," replied Billy. "I suppose the whole town knows that I'm taken?"

The Honduran was not a bad fellow. He smiled good-humoredly.

"It could hardly be otherwise, *señor*. You broke up the president's ball, and General Wollfender himself marched in with a regiment to see what was the matter. You had the honor of a visit from the president while you were—taking a nap."

In spite of himself Billy could not help smiling. Then he asked quickly:

"Has—has any one else been here?"

"You are not allowed visitors, *señor*. I have come to tell you—"

He hesitated.

"Go on," said Billy huskily. "I guess I understand."

"You are to be shot."

"To-day?"

"Yes."

"At what hour?"

Billy was surprised at the calmness with which he questioned the man who had brought him official notice of his fate.

"At one o'clock this afternoon, *señor*."

The Honduran turned to reopen the door. Billy stopped him.

"Can I send a word to my friends?" he asked.

"You are to have no communication with any one, *señor*, either in writing or speech."

The door opened, and he was about to step out when Billy interrupted him again.

"You will surely allow me to have something to eat, and a few cigars?" he asked. "Especially cigars."

The officer replied in the affirmative. Half an hour later both food and cigars were brought to the cell, and Billy ate a

hearty breakfast. For a long time after that he stood by the grated window and smoked.

A curious fascination drew his eyes frequently to the south wall of the old cathedral, and he found himself wondering how many men had been shot there during the past two hundred years. There must have been many—an army of them—for at the height of a man's breast there was a deep furrow the length of the wall, where the bullets had gone through, and struck the stone. The ground he would stand on a few hours later was drenched in blood; the blood mostly of brave men. They had gone there in ones, and twos, and threes, though he recalled the day when fifty had been shot there, all in a line, and not a coward among them.

As he looked down on the fatal spot where he was soon to take his stand, and thought of these things, he felt no very disagreeable sensation of fear. Death of this kind had never held a horror for him. He even asked himself if he would undo all that he had done, were such a thing in his power, and he smiled out into the sunlit day as he told himself that he would not.

For whatever was ahead of him, Josephine's love had already become a sufficient recompense. For the first time he had lived as he had dreamed that men sometimes live. Her heart had throbbed its love against his own. The thrill of her warm lips would never leave him, even as his own grew cold.

Josephine would stand there with him, beside the old cathedral wall, and it would be her face that he would last see, and her voice that he would last hear, when the executioners' bullets struck home. He thought now that it must have been something like this that had made the Spanish boy laugh, and had sent him to his death with a triumph in his face, when he had seen him killed down there, a long time ago.

It was thought of Lawler that drew his face tense with grief and hopelessness. He began to pace back and forth

in his prison room, wondering if there was not some way in which he could pass his fight for Josephine on to Loring. If he could only get word to him! If he could explain what must be done! The loyal hearted Englishman would not fail him. He would destroy Lawler if he had to tear down every roof in the capital to find him.

In the hope with which this thought thrilled him, Billy stepped close to the heavy door of his cell. He might bribe a guard to take a letter to Dolores. Dolores would find a way to send the letter to Loring. If he could do this before one o'clock that afternoon.

He was about to knock on the door to call the attention of the guard, when footsteps in the corridor interrupted him. He drew back, and a moment later the door swung inward. The file of soldiers were there again. The same officer entered. He carried something in his hand which he gave to Billy.

It was a letter.

"The president has commanded me to give you this," he said. Billy opened it. At the first lines that met his eyes his heart throbbed with joy. It was from Josephine.

He read:

My Beloved: They could not keep me from coming to see you last night, when the terrible news came that you were wounded and a prisoner. But they would not let me in. I was there again this morning, in spite of Lawler's rage and threats. I went to the president and knelt at his feet, praying him to let me see you only once, but Lawler's influence was too great. My darling, they told me what was going to happen and I guess I went mad. I hunted Lawler in his room, and his triumph and joy were terrible to see. Only one thing—that terrible thing that holds me to him—kept me from killing him. But I frightened him, Billy. I swore that I would face all the ruin, all his torture, would never marry him unless he secured your freedom. He has seen Barilla. He has bought your life. To save you, my hero, I must marry Lawler to-morrow. When I am his wife you will be free. They permit me to send these few lines but that is all. May God bless you for ever and ever. And some day—it may be—Oh, Billy, Billy—I can't quite give up all hope, though there seems to be no sun in the world. Remem-

ber me, think of me, and know always that I shall be with you till the last day.

Your

JOSEPHINE.

For a few moments after reading these lines Billy made no sound. Not slowly, but all at once, in a cataclysm that stunned and filled him with despair, the significance of the letter rushed upon him. To save his life, Josephine would marry Lawler to-morrow! She would throw away her last chance. And—to save his life!

He crushed the paper in his hand. Nothing could save him. He knew that, as well as he knew that the sun was shining outside the barred window. Lawler had tricked her. He had lied. Perhaps Barilla had lied. One, or both, had made her believe that he would be given his freedom if she went willingly to the sacrifice. It seemed scarcely conceivable to him that the president of the republic would lend himself to such cowardly deception. It was Lawler. His cunning, the power of his wealth, which Barilla so badly needed, had made it possible to get some sort of a reprieve for him. But he would be shot. Lawler would not dare to let him live.

All this flashed upon him in an instant. The officer of the prison guards had reached the door when he sprang toward him, and caught him by the arm.

"Wait!" he cried in a low voice. "Can I not answer this?"

"No, señor."

Billy looked straight into the Honduran's eyes.

"I must get word out of this prison—to-day," he said with quiet meaning. "It is important only to me—and one other. No one need ever learn that I have sent it. Will you arrange it for me? You may set your own price."

There came no change in the Honduran's steady gaze.

"I am sorry for you, señor. But I cannot do it."

"At your own price," persisted Billy.

"If you were to offer me a share in the Rosario mines, señor, I still could not do it."

Billy's hand tightened on the officer's arm.

"Within three or four days my forces will be in possession of the capital," he said. "I will be the most powerful man in Honduras. If you will help me now I will place you next to the highest officer in the army of the republic."

The other shook his head.

"I am sorry, señor."

"You do not think we are going to win?"

The Honduran's reply came without a tremor.

"Yes, señor, I think you are going to win. Your armies have been victorious everywhere. They are now marching on the capital. But even if they were entering the city, I could not do this that you ask of me."

Billy trembled at his amazing words. There was something in the other's face that made him ask:

"Why?"

"Because, señor, it is my brother who is the President of Honduras!"

With a gasp Billy fell a step back from him.

"And you are Antone Barilla, captain of the president's guard?"

"I am he, señor."

Without a word Billy held out his hand. Captain Barilla met it with his own.

"It would give me pleasure to help you, even to give you your freedom," he said. "But you see that I cannot. When your men come they will find me fighting to the last inside the palace walls. The president has put you in my charge, because he knows that even in the face of death I will carry out his orders."

"But the president is a gentleman and an honest man," said Billy. "He would at least listen to me—through you."

"By word of mouth, señor, I will undertake to carry a message to him."

Pacing slowly back and forth across his cell, Billy told the man before him all that he would have spoken to the president had he stood face to face with him. When he had finished he gave him Josephine's letter.

"Will you tell the president this and give him the letter?" he asked.

"Gladly, señor. I will do all that is within my power and duty."

After he had gone Billy waited in a fever of impatience. Once more hope began to flame up in his breast. Unless Lawler had completely bought Barilla to his plot, he believed that the president's sympathy would be touched and that he might act in some way for Josephine. And yet he knew that no price would be too great for Lawler to meet.

It was nearly noon when the captain of the guard returned. Billy asked no question. He waited, every nerve in his body throbbing with suspense. Captain Barilla gave him back Josephine's letter.

"You have the president's deepest sympathy, señor," he said. "But he can do nothing."

"Nothing!" gasped Billy. "My God, do you mean to say he will let that go on, that he will make no effort—"

"He can do nothing, señor."

"I see!" exclaimed Billy bitterly. "Lawler has bought him. He has paid him money to help him out in his criminal plot. And you—you will see this go on?"

The Honduran drew himself up with a military jerk.

"I have told you what I shall do, señor," he replied shortly. "My duty now is to tell you that the president has ordered a reprieve in your execution until to-morrow—"

"After the wedding," interrupted Billy, clenching his hands. "Isn't that it, captain? Don't hesitate to tell me."

"You will be shot to-morrow, if that is what you mean," said Barilla, turning to the door.

He went out and Billy sat down on

the edge of his cot. He began to think coolly. In him the fighting spirit needed only the apparent hopelessness of a situation like this to fire it into still greater action. If death alone had confronted him he would not have felt himself stirred as he was now.

But there was Josephine. He calmly figured on his chances. It was possible to drop a note through the barred window, trusting to the good-will of some one below to carry it to Dolores. But he had not a scrap of paper or a pencil to write with. He reflected upon his chance of escape, if he leaped upon the next guard who entered and tried to fight his way from the prison. There could be but one ending to that. He would be riddled with bullets.

At last he approached the window and inspected the heavy iron bars one by one. They were thick and deeply embedded between two walls of rock. He could not have loosened them with a sledge-hammer.

When his dinner was brought to him he saw that the file of soldiers outside the door numbered eight men and that their weapons were ready for instant use. Should he jump upon the man who entered he would never leave the cell alive. And yet, in spite of this, he could not help smiling at Barilla's caution. To him there was a grim sort of satisfaction in knowing that both Barilla and Lawler feared him to the last.

Captain Barilla did not visit him again. A fresh supply of cigars were sent to him with his supper, and most of the night that followed he sat awake and smoked.

He was still awake when dawn came. Through the barred window he watched the crimson glow of the sun as it came up over the distant mountains; and with that first radiant fire of the morning lighting up the tower of the old cathedral, there leaped suddenly into his head a solution to it all.

He sprang back from the window, the thought sending a quick flush into his face. Why had he not thought of that before—yesterday—last night?

But there was still time! There was yet a chance for him to save Josephine! He would leap upon the guard. He would put up such a fight that the whole city would soon know of it. They would kill him, and Josephine would learn of his death. She would demand a postponement of the wedding—and Loring would come in time to save her from Lawler.

He placed his ear to the crack of the door and listened. If he would have his scheme successful, there was not a minute to lose. Josephine must be given time to learn of his death. If the idea had only come to him yesterday—

Suddenly the cathedral bell boomed forth its early matin. He was about to pound upon the door with his fist when a sound made him hesitate. He hurried back to the window.

He had not been mistaken. It was the beat of shod hoofs and the roll of wheels on the brick pavement that he had heard. In front of the cathedral, where a few moments before he had seen no one, there were now a number of people. He choked back a cry at what he saw then. Every throb of life seemed to leave his body, and he gripped the iron bars, staring down upon the scene with a face as white as death.

The president's carriage had drawn up in front of the cathedral door. Billy crushed his face against the bars, but he could not see what followed it. His vision was shut off by the wall of his prison. Yet he knew what was behind, and his breath broke in a sob of anguish.

A line of the president's guard formed about the carriage. He saw Lawler and Barilla get out, followed by two men whom he recognized as members of the cabinet. For a moment they passed where the line of the stone tower hid them from him, and he knew that they had gone to other carriages behind.

Then they reappeared—the president at the head of a procession of men and

women. Billy saw no one now but the figure at his side, with her hand in his arm. She turned—looked up at his prison—and he recognized Josephine! The hour of her sacrifice had come. A few minutes more and she would be Lawler's wife.

With the chill of death at his heart, he stood without a sound at the window. The last of the people passed up the stone steps. The cathedral doors began to close behind them, and in that moment he heard the low anthem of the choir.

Something seemed to burst in his head then. He dashed back to the door, and began pounding against it with his fists, shouting to the guards. There was no response. He pounded until his knuckles were bruised and bleeding.

Was there no one there? Would they not give him this last minute in which to fight? He took out his watch and laid it open on the cot. Five minutes were gone! In his madness he seized the small table and beat it to pieces against the door. No one came. No voice, no sound of footsteps responded.

Ten minutes—fifteen—and he went again to the window. It was almost over now. His crazed vision saw Lawler and Josephine, standing side by side before the altar, and suddenly he dropped upon his knees beside his cot and buried his face in his arms.

At last it was over for him. Life—everything—were gone, and a cold calm crept over him, and he lay with his face buried, listening, as the watch close to his ear ticked off the seconds. It did not seem strange to him that he began to count those seconds. "One, two, three—one, two, three—one, two, three—"

The sound of the watch grew louder, until it seemed to form words. He clutched his hands in his hair, and then—suddenly—the watch seemed to stop ticking, his heart ceased beating, his whole life stood still. Something had come to him through the grated win-

dow. He raised his head, turned, and waited on his knees, like one in prayer.

It came again, and this time it was like the low roll of thunder. With a gasping cry Billy was on his feet and at the window. He knew what it was now. The day trembled with that glorious sound—the distant roar of Loring's guns on the road to the capital!

A shout of joy and triumph burst from his lips. It was cut short by the opening of the cathedral doors. People reappeared. This time Josephine was on Lawler's arm.

He staggered back from the grating, covering his face with his hands. *Loring was an hour too late!*

Through the window there came to him more distinctly the rolling thunder of Loring's cannon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At the Bridge.

BILLY approached the window and looked down. The sound of battle had reached those in front of the cathedral. The president was climbing into his carriage. The cabinet officers leaped in after him, and the carriage dashed in the direction of the palace, followed by the running guards.

For a moment Billy saw Lawler among the startled and scattering throng. He searched for Josephine and Dolores, but could not see them. They had probably gone to their carriage, he told himself. Soon the front of the cathedral was deserted, with the exception of Lawler.

He was starting toward the old tower, where he was imprisoned. Then, as if the importance of some quick action had occurred to him, he turned and hurried after those who had passed beyond Billy's range of vision.

A hot flush was in Billy's face now. His blood leaped through his veins like fire as the increasing thunder of the battle came to him.

Glorious old Lorry! He cried out

his name aloud, and it seemed as though the muscles of his body would burst in his desire to leap through the stone wall and join him. Even in the wild excitement that had set his body throbbing like a racing engine, he realized what Loring had achieved. He had surprised the Federal forces. Wollfender had not expected his attack so soon. Loring had made a long night march, and had successfully covered his advance. Otherwise Barilla would not have been at the cathedral, and would not have dashed away so suddenly at the sound of cannon.

Within an hour or two Loring's guns would be pounding at the battery that defended the bridge of Comayagua. His victorious army would soon be pouring into the city. Not for an instant did he doubt the outcome of the battle out on the plain. Loring was there—Loring and Guayape—and they could not be defeated. His confidence in them was magnificent. They would win, and then—

He gripped the bars with both hands, and there was no longer the old despair in his face. Lawler had achieved his triumph—for the hour. Before the dawning of another day he would pay the penalty. Loring's cannon were thundering forth freedom for Josephine, even though this morning she was Lawler's wife!

He thought that he heard a sound behind him, and turned about. The cell door was still closed. The alarm he had felt for a moment recalled him to his own position.

Was it likely that Barilla would have him shot, even while the armies were fighting within sight of the city? It was possible. He thought of Lawler as he had stared toward the tower. If the city was taken, Lawler's only hope was in his death. The guard might appear at any moment to take him away or shoot him in his cell.

He noticed that there was a heavy iron ring in his prison door, and a companion ring in the stone wall close to it. By using these rings, and parts

of the broken table, he believed that he could bar the door so that it could not be opened from the outside. He acted quickly, and breathed easier when it was done. His executioners would at least have to use axes and considerable time to reach him now.

He ran back to the window. Scores of people were hurrying from the few streets between the tower and the river, seeking safety back of the city. A company of soldiers appeared in the plaza from the direction of the *cuartel*, and marched across the bridge. It was followed by a second company and a part of the president's guard.

The guard, numbering thirty or forty men, halted at the battery commanding the bridge. This movement assured Billy that Barilla must consider the situation desperate, or he would not have detailed a half of his own guard to the defense of the bridge.

A film of gray smoke was rising over the distant valley, and it seemed to Billy that—even during the short interval he was at the door—the firing had grown nearer. For ten minutes he stood with his face pressed against the bars of the window.

The plaza and the streets below him were deserted. The companies of soldiers had passed beyond the river, and were hidden by trees. The only life that he could see was, that near the battery, where the guards were waiting.

At the end of those ten minutes he was sure that the sound of battle was drawing nearer. He could tell the difference in the detonations of the four-pounders and the six-pounders now. Then something happened that made him catch his breath. The firing of the heavy guns ceased. There were a few tense moments of silence, and after that the lighter and unmistakable crash of rifle-fire.

An instant later there came the thrilling rattle of the machine-guns, like ten thousand corks popping from ten thousand champagne bottles, and Billy threw his arms above his head

with a cry of joy. The Federals could not stand up before those rapid-fire guns!

On them Loring and he had counted as much as on their men, and Loring had succeeded in getting them into action. It meant that the Federals had left their defenses and were either charging or retreating. Every moment made him more certain that they were falling back upon the city. More and more clearly came the sound of firing. It grew continually lighter, and yet more distinct, until at last he knew there was no longer a doubt. General Wollfender and his army were being driven into the city, and they were coming fast!

Ten minutes more and the firing ceased. The air scarcely stirred with sound, and with a heart near bursting with suspense Billy stared white-faced toward the thick rim of trees across the river.

Ten minutes more—twenty—half an hour, and then suddenly from that grove there rolled the deep thunder of a gun. It was followed by a second, and a third, and scarcely had the reverberations of the first discharge died away when a six-pounder replied from the plain and a shell came screeching through the tops of the trees.

It struck the edge of the cathedral tower, and a mass of masonry crashed down into the street. Before the dust had settled a second shell fell in the plaza, and with a strange, moaning sound went ricocheting in the direction of the palace.

Very soon Billy knew that Loring had every gun in action. The *rat-tap-tap-tap* of the machine-guns seemed to come from just beyond the grove. As he looked, there broke from the cover of the trees one of the companies of soldiers he had seen pass a short time before.

At a trot they came toward the bridge, and behind them followed the disorderly ranks of a second company. The excitement of battle rose to Billy's lips in a wild yell of triumph. The

Federals were not only retreating. They were on the run. He looked to see the first of Wollfender's men breaking in a rout through the trees.

A sound at his back drew him about, and he went to the door and listened. He heard the clank of the lock and the slipping back of the iron bar.

In that same instant there came a terrific crash. It seemed to Billy as though the walls of the tower were falling about him. Something struck him, and he fell in a dazed heap. There was darkness about him and a roar in his head. He was conscious of a stifling dust and the sensation of a hundred needles pricking his face. Before he had the power to rise to his feet he knew what had happened. A shell had struck his prison tower.

It was some time before his dazed senses brought him together. He rose from the debris of rock and mortar scattered over the floor unhurt, but still dizzy. He felt as if some one had given him a stunning cuff on the side of his head. His eyes fell on the window. A shell had torn away two of the heavy bars and had blown in a section of the casement as large as his body.

He rushed to the embrasure. His way to freedom was open, but what he saw held him back. The plaza was filled with soldiers. The bridge was crowded with them, and others were breaking from the grove in wild disorder.

Close to the river Billy saw General Wollfender on his big bay, surrounded by the mounted men of his staff. The Germans were trying vainly to check the rout, flourishing their swords and riding among the soldiers, shouting to both officers and men.

In spite of the snapping tension of every nerve in his body, Billy could not keep from laughing. He knew that when those barefooted heroes in blue jeans made up their mind to retreat—they retreated, and didn't lose any time or employ any particular system in doing it.

As he looked, Wollfender and his staff plunged into the crowd on the bridge. Billy saw that the German's last hope was to bring his scattered companies into some sort of order above the plaza. The bridge was scarcely clear when a burst of rifle-fire came from Loring's advance guard in the grove. A moment later one of the machine-guns was sending a hail of shot into the plaza.

No longer did Billy hesitate. He ran to his cot and tied together the two light blankets. One end of this clumsy rope he fastened to a solid bar in the window, and then pulled himself through the embrasure. It was thirty feet to the ground, and he had a ten-foot drop at the end, which he made with nothing more serious than an uncomfortable jar.

The plaza was clear again, and the Federals were forming for a last stand in the shelter of Morazan Park. The firing across the river ceased. From the grove there appeared the head of a column and two guns. Billy knew that Loring was at the head of that column, and with a yell he darted toward the bridge, wildly flourishing his white handkerchief over his head as he ran. He reached the plaza and sped past the place where the battery and the president's guard had been half an hour before.

A score of shots came from behind him, but his wild and joyous yells of "Loring—Loring—Loring!" drowned the sound of them as they sang over his head and kicked up brick-powder from the pavement.

He had reached the end of the bridge when a figure detached itself from the head of the column and ran forward to meet him. It was Loring. His face was black with powder. His left arm was in a sling. His mustache was limp and dragged.

He had lost his hat, and his blond hair was in ragged disarray. His eyes and teeth were gleaming, and as he flung his one good arm about Billy, and Billy hugged him in his delight,

neither uttered a word but the other's name. Then they both turned toward the column, and when the men recognized Billy a cheer swept through their ranks, and his name, and word of his presence, passed swiftly from company to company.

In the narrow strip of plain between the grove and the river the lines were halted, and at the head of a second column Billy saw the tall and venerable figure of Don Guayape. Captain Salvador and half a dozen officers drew up, and with a military curtsy Salvador presented his sword and revolver to Billy, who buckled them about his waist, after the captain had assured him that one of his lieutenants would furnish him with another sword.

While the guns swung into position Billy quickly told Loring a part of what had happened.

"We could drive Wollfender out of the park with our guns from this position," he said in a voice that only Loring could hear. "But we can't risk—others, Lorry. You understand. We've got to do it at close quarters—and use nothing heavier than the machine-guns. Keep the four and six pounders behind. There—"

A gun boomed from the edge of the park and a shot smashed into the plain ahead of them, made a ricochet, and cut a swath through the end of Don Guayape's column.

"We've got to do it in a hurry!" cried Loring. "Take command, Billy! You know the lay of the city—"

Billy flourished his sword and turned to the waiting men.

"Now to it, men!" he yelled. "Come on!"

The three machine-guns rattled on ahead, with Billy and Loring close behind the men who were pulling them. A second shot from the park crashed into the bridge.

A third flew wild overhead; and then, with a roar of cheering voices that rolled over the city to the doors of the palace itself, Billy's column came

to the bridge and crossed at a trot. Within forty seconds after reaching the plaza the machine-guns were in action, and under cover of their fire the revolutionists swarmed over the big square, firing as they advanced.

The fire from the park, the roar of the machine-guns, and the deafening tumult of five hundred rifles that were cracking on the plaza almost deafened Billy's voice as he shouted to Loring, who was at his side:

"Let Salvador and Guayape finish Wollfender after we've driven him from the park. He will retreat to the *cuartel*. We'll strike at the palace—with one machine-gun and a six-pounder!"

Loring passed the command on to Salvador, who fell back with his company to join Don Guayape, whose men were now pouring over the bridge. Within five minutes the fire in the park was silenced, and Billy swung into the *cera*, at the head of four hundred men. Behind them Pedro and Miguel, in charge of a six-pounder, urged on their men with yells of triumph.

Billy knew that Loring's heart was thumping as excitedly as his own—and it was not alone with the excitement of battle. It was the thought of Dolores and Josephine that sent the blood pounding still more swiftly through their veins.

The *cera* ahead was clear when they came in sight of Don Alcasia's house. And then Billy gave a delighted cry as a slender, white-clad figure ran out through the patio gate and stood beside the pavement. It was Dolores. He looked at Loring. The Englishman's powder-stained face was filled with pride and joy. They came nearer, and suddenly both men stared toward the top of the hill.

Through the palace gate a battery of two guns appeared, with the president's guards behind them. It was Captain Barilla whom they would fight now, and with a shout Billy urged his men to rush the machine-gun into position.

Loring was running ahead like mad. Billy saw the girl open her arms to him, but the Englishman seemed scarcely to slacken his pace when he reached her. He swept her back to the adobe wall and through the gate. Scarcely had he accomplished this when one of the guns in front of the palace sent a shell screaming down the *cera*. As Barilla's second cannon thundered down its messenger of death, leaving a red path fifty feet in length where it scattered a dozen men along the pavement, Billy sprang to the machine-gun and sighted it himself. In a steady roar it sent its leaden hail up the *cera*, and, like bit of paper blown by a wind, the guard scattered from about the guns. A half of them fell before they passed through the gate behind the shelter of the wall. With yells of triumph the revolutionists charged behind Billy up the street. From the patio gate Loring ran out to his side.

"To the palace!" he yelled.

"The palace!" shouted Billy, half turning to his men.

And behind them there rose a roar of voices.

"The palace! The palace! The palace!"

Billy's heart leaped until it seemed as though it would choke him. For he knew that Josephine heard that thunder of victory, and that she was thinking of him and whispering his name.

CHAPTER XIX.

Josephine and Billy.

CAPTAIN BARILLA had closed the palace gate after his retreat. Billy and Loring halted their men out of the Federals' range until the six-pounder was brought up from the rear. Billy gave his instructions to Miguel and Pedro and the men under them.

"They've barred the gate, and they plan to cut us to pieces while we're trying to batter it down," he said. "We'll

open on them with the machine-gun, firing through the gate. Under cover of the fire run the muzzle of the six-pounder against the lock and blow it in with a single shot. If you make a mess of that shot we'll have more dead than alive on our hands. Can you do it?"

"*Si, señor!*" cried Pedro. "We will do it!"

With forty men, Billy prepared to make the desperate charge, while Loring, in spite of his protestations, was induced to hold back, ready to rush into the gardens at the head of the main column as soon as the gate gave in. At a command from Billy the two guns were rushed into the exposure, and were instantly greeted by a terrific rifle-fire. A half of Billy's men fell before the machine gun was in action. The six-pounder was shoved up to the gate.

Billy saw three of the gunners fall as if they had been hit by the same shot. A fourth and a fifth went down a moment later, and he gave the signal to Loring for reinforcements. For a few moments the guard stood unflinching before the havoc of the machine guns.

Great holes were torn in their ranks, but those who remained continued to fire until heaps of bodies lay about the assaulting guns. Billy saw Miguel go down, but he was up again in a moment, clutching at his arm as he shrieked in Spanish to the men about him. Then there came a roar from the six-pounder, and the gate crashed in.

Over the dead and wounded charged Billy and the gunners, with Loring close behind them. Fifty of the guards had fallen, and the rest broke ranks and fled toward the palace, with Captain Barilla still urging them to stand and fight. Less than forty reached the palace.

They made another stand at the edge of the great veranda, and here they were joined by a reinforcement of twenty or thirty men, the last of the guard.

Step by step they gave way, leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind them. Up the palace steps to the very doors they fought, and above the firing Billy shouted for the brave Barilla to surrender. Suddenly, he gave a cry of dismay. The loyal captain of the guards staggered, dropped his sword, and fell half down the steps.

For a moment Billy stooped over him as Loring pursued the few guards that were left into the palace. He turned to Pedro, who was close at his side, and ordered him to care for the wounded man.

A rattle of shots came from within the palace, and Billy dashed in. The guards were fighting on the great stairway. As he entered there was one last volley, and then silence, save for the panting of men, the clatter of arms, and the tramp of feet.

Billy reached Loring at the head of the stairway. In the corridor, alone, and with a hand held above his head, stood Barilla, president of the republic. Even those crowded below knew what was happening, and a strange hush fell over the scene. Slowly there came up behind Barilla the members of his cabinet. The president wore a sword. He bowed, and without a word held it out, hilt foremost, to the two blackened and bloodstained men who faced him.

"Take it," said Loring, speaking to Billy.

Billy accepted Barilla's token of surrender, but the next moment gave the sword back to him.

"The old days have gone forever, *señor*," he said quietly. "We bring none of the ruin of former revolutions. Retain your sword. You are still an officer of the republic, and I pray that you and all your friends may remain loyal citizens of the new Honduras that has this day been born. You are not a prisoner. You condemned me to death a few hours ago, inspired by the old laws of barbarism. We give you in return life, freedom, and leave undisturbed everything that you possess, as a first proof that the old régime is at

an end, and that from this day on Honduras is to take her place among the progressive nations of the earth."

"Bully!" breathed Loring under his breath. "Go it, Billy!"

To the Englishman's amazement Billy left him like a shot. Over Barilla's shoulder he had seen a door open. For an instant, in a blaze of sunlight that came through a window, Billy saw a white and terrified face.

It was Josephine. Only for that instant, and she had staggered back. He thought that she had fallen. He thrust two or three of the startled cabinet officers aside as he rushed toward the door. It was closed, but he did not stop to knock. Something in Josephine's face had frightened him.

He found himself in one of the guests' suites when he rushed through the door. Josephine stood in the middle of the room. Her face was like wax. She looked cold, deathlike, and when he came in she held out her arms, and tried to speak. He forgot the scene that he had looked upon that morning, forgot that she was Lawler's wife, and in a moment he had her in his arms, kissing her face, her eyes, her hair, until at last he stopped and stared at her—chilled to the heart by what he saw.

Her hands, cold as ice, rose to his face, and stroked his blackened cheeks:

"I'm glad, dear—glad—they came in time—for you—" she struggled. "My heart was breaking for you, and I'm glad—glad—"

Her voice broke into a little moaning cry, and then she clutched her hands at his breast, and he heard her say.

"It's over, Billy—all over—and there is no more day—for me. You'll know soon—how I've suffered—and why—"

She was gasping for words, and he looked into her face, believing that he understood.

"Yes, it is over, little sweetheart," he replied gently. "What Lawler has done will not save him."

"He is dead!" she said.

There was no tremor in her voice as she spoke those words. She drew back from him, and Billy Mountain's arms dropped to his side.

"He is dead," she repeated, in a cold, strange voice. "He was struck—by a shot—when you came through the gate. And—the papers are in New York. In a few days more they will be opened—and then—"

Billy was at her side again.

"Is that all you fear, Josephine?" he asked eagerly, a flush beginning to burn through the powder-stain on his cheeks. "I thought—"

The door opened suddenly behind them. Loring stood there. It was the first time he had seen Josephine, but he did not enter. He spoke quickly to Billy.

"Lawler was struck by a chance shot," he said. "He wants to see you, Billy."

"He is alive?" cried Josephine, tearing herself from Billy.

"He is dying," replied Loring.

Billy was at his side in an instant.

"We haven't a minute to lose, Lorry," he exclaimed under his breath. "Take me to him, quick!" He turned toward Josephine as he passed through the door. "Wait for me here," he said. "I will return very soon."

Barilla was waiting for them. He led the way down the long corridor, and stopped at last before a door, which he opened. The windows of the room looked out over the broad gardens between the palace and the gate, and the glass in one of these windows was shattered. The room was filled with light, but for a moment Billy did not see Lawler. He was looking at the window. Through that had come the fatal shot. There was a red stain on the floor just under it.

A low groan drew his eyes to Lawler. He was lying on a cot. Close beside him sat the palace physician. The latter arose as Billy approached. Lawler's eyes were open, and the old glitter was gone from them. His fleshy face was ashen white.

For a moment he stared at Billy, as though he did not recognize him. Then he raised his hand and pointed to the chair. Billy sat down. With a movement Lawler motioned the others near.

"Guess I'm done for, Billy," he said huskily, and to Billy's amazement he smiled. "Will you shake?" he asked, "I'm—sorry—"

Billy gripped his cold and flabby hand.

"I want to square things," he went on, speaking with an effort. "I haven't got much time, and—I want—you all to hear. It's about Paul Winton, Billy—her father. There were three of us in on a deal—Winton—John Yawkey—and myself... Winton thought it was honest. Yawkey and I were partners. We cornered him—got 'im like a rat—everything he had—half a million—oh, God!"

His face was twisted in pain. He coughed, and a crimson stain crept over his pallid lips.

"I've got to hurry," he gasped. "No details—just the facts. The day before we were going to take all he had, Winton went to Yawkey. Ended up by Winton striking Yawkey with a paper-weight. I came in—few minutes later—Winton was gone. Yawkey was still dazed. We were alone—night—in Yawkey's home. Every one away. An idea came to me. I gave Yawkey whisky—and had him describe the quarrel—the blow—everything—in a letter—to me. Understand? Made him think I could use it. Letter came to me—through the mail—next morning. When I got it—Yawkey—was dead."

"Dead! Good God!" groaned Billy.

His brain reeled. He understood everything now. Josephine's father was a murderer!

The physician had raised Lawler's head. His lips were crimsoning again.

"Listen—listen—" gasped Lawler, scarcely above a whisper. "I wanted Josephine. I was mad for her. After the murder I showed them a copy of

the letter—both of them—Josephine—her father. There was no clue to the murder. But I could send him to the electric chair. I demanded Josephine as the price of silence. Understand, Billy—understand—understand—"

"I understand," cried Billy, crushing the other's almost lifeless hand. "That letter, Lawler—where is it? Tell me. Let me destroy it. If you loved Josephine—"

A low, terrible laugh came from Lawler's lips. Those at the dying man's side shuddered at the sound of it. He stiffened, and half raised himself to his elbow.

"It's still in my pocket, Billy. I told her I had sent it to New York, but I didn't. But—listen—listen—"

He sank back, and his words died away in a whisper. With a last effort he roused himself to speech.

"Do you all hear?" he struggled. "I knew—that if Yawkey died—after writing that letter—I'd get the whole profit of the deal—and have Josephine. So—when he had signed his name—I picked up the same paper-weight—and—killed—him!"

His last three words were a wailing cry. He fell back. His eyes were closed. The physician bent over him. In a moment he rose and faced the others.

"He is dead, señors," he said.

Billy turned to Loring.

"Will you secure the letter?" he asked. "I am going to Josephine."

She was still in the room when he returned. She had dropped into a chair beside a table, and her face was buried in her arms.

Billy could hear her sobs. She did not raise her head when he entered, and for a moment he stood in silence beside her. Then he put his arms about her, and lifted her face, and she saw something there that made her catch her breath, and wonderment shone through her tears.

He began the story—Lawler's story. She did not speak. Not a word came

from her lips. But her arms crept up about his neck, and held him closer each moment, and when he had finished her face was crushed against his breast, and he heard her whispering his name over and over again. There was a little silence then, and after that, low and distinct, her words stirred his soul.

He trembled as he listened, and his arms tightened about her.

In that moment was encompassed all the glory of life, of love, of sweet womanhood, for with her face against his breast, her heart throbbing against his own, Josephine was whispering a prayer. And Billy felt suddenly that something new and strange had entered into his soul—something that he had never known before, flooding it with a light and a happiness which made him understand that he had come into possession of more than love—more than beauty—a thing indefinable, but which he knew to be the crowning glory of all things, and which thrilled him in those low, sweet words of Josephine's prayer.

It was a long time before she raised her face. There were no longer tears in her eyes. A glorious life had leaped into them. Color had come into her cheeks and lips. She looked at Billy

(The end.)

for a moment, and he saw her lips quiver, and then she put her hands to his face again, and he wondered why she looked at him so strangely.

"I wasn't married to Lawler, Billy," she said. "Aren't you—glad?"

"Not—married to Lawler!" he repeated. "Josephine—"

Her hands were stroking his face.

"I insisted on the old Spanish way—to save time," she went on. "Dolores told me about it. The ceremony begins in the morning, but it doesn't end until evening. Not until then are a couple man and wife. Oh, Billy—Billy—"

A knock came at the door. They faced it, and Billy held her hand in his.

"Come in!" he said.

The door opened, and Dolores stood there, her lovely face as radiant as the morning. Close behind her was Loring. The girls rushed into each others arms. From one of his pockets the Englishman drew forth his eye-glass, and adjusted it with great care. Then he stalked in, and held out his hand to Billy.

"The city is ours," he said. "Woffender is a prisoner." Then he added. "Do you happen to have a cigarette about you, old chap? I'm dying for a smoke."

RELIANCE

By Faye N. Merriman

LONG to labor, to strive alone—
To climb to heights that are all my own;
To crush obstructions with fingers bare,
To sweat and struggle and do and dare—
That I may say to my inmost soul,
"No hand has prodded me toward the goal."

And yet at dusk when the shadows fall,
And softly silence floats over all,
For some one sharing my chair I long
To joy with me that my heart is strong;
For one to honor and whisper to,
"I owe it, dearest one, all to you."