whom to trust. This in whom you are interto Varone; Miss Ross

riquez raised his brows. chance the heiress to that in tremsure?"

-if there is such a thing. this. I want you to beteverently be laid Rosa's her countryman. "I'm bit of showing my letters but-I guess that'll con-

you I'm not a spy." He mat silently while the letter was beilg read; nor was he disappointed in the result. Mr. Enriquez raised dark. communicate eyes to his, saying:

"This is a touching letter, sir. thank you for allowing me to see it. No, Idon't doubt you now. Poor Cuba! patient."

of coffee left. | me to find Colonel Lopez."

Mr. Enriquez frowned thoughtfully. "What I just told you is literally true." How long ber he said at last. "We work in the dark throughout an aimless morning stroil, This time Mr. Branch's bony frame Oh, my dear, abouts of our troops. But-I have a When he returned to his hotel be plained: "I don't have to tell you that liable to defeat your purpose. But myers, for fate trust, and I have told him your story. He has teintives in Cuba and he agrees | dentist. to him, tell him what you have told me. sary; otherwise when you land to Cuba

Cutson professional man, was expect-He listened patiently to

where you are known," he agreed. "But "If youd merely give me a letter Ten Years' war."

My two brothers, Tomas and Ir n Cuba, and we all work for the cause of independence in our

own ways. Bam fortunately situated. but they are surrounded by dangers. and I must ask you to be extremely placing their lives in your hands and .-- I fove them dearly."

"I shall do exactly as you say."

aly the tak is "Very well, ithen! Go to Neuvitas. of anything where Tomas Ives-there is a steame leaving in three or four days, and you timpulse of the how you willipped him to keep him ble Irish na- from going to the Ten Years' war ! ickly, if you That will be enough; he will ask you is feet; be who you are and what you want. won't need to ear anything more. No were con- living soul, except Tomas and I, knows that he thrashed me, but it is true. He igings were will understand from the message that and has I trust you, and he will help you possible. Come and see me when you get back, and bring me news of Tomas.

> Now, adios, compadre." "Adios, senor! I am deeply grate-

O'Reilly had no difficulty in securing passage direct to Neuvitas on the Eng-Hed, it was 11th steamer Dunham Castle, and a few days later he saw the Atlantic highof middle ter afternoon as the ship headed out war into a nesty running sea.

Cubil when it came fairly into sight. e to belp from her fragrant shores swept over

Although there were but a few pa sengers on the Durham Castle, they subjected to a long delay, during which suspictous customs men search Finally, however, O'Reilly found himself free to go ashore

El Gran Hotel Europea, Neuvitas' leading hostelry. belied its name. was far from large, and certainly it was anything but European, except. perhaps, in its proprietor's extravagunt and un-American desire to please. any cost. But it was the best botel the place afforded, and Senor Carbaja was the most attentive of hosts.

He evinced an unusual interest the affairs of his American guest, and soon developed a habit of popping into time, he appeared without knocking,

"What other American?"

Puerto Principe. What a cough! And asked, with his friendly the mouth, too, all the time, when h was not reviling my botel. You'll see him if you go there, provided he hasn't come apart with his coughing. I believe he writes for newspapers. Well, it is my pleasure to serve you. Command me at any hour." Mr. Carbajal rose reluctantly and went wheesing downstairs to his grimy tables and the

CHAPTER VII.

The Man Who Would Know Life. Later that day O'Reilly set out to reconnoiter the city of Neuvitas. He was followed, of course-he had expected as much, and the circumstances amused rather than alarmed him. But when he returned to his hotel and found that his room had been visited during his absence he felt a hint of uneasiness. Evidently, as Doctor Alvarade had forecast, the authorities were interested in him; and he had further evidence of the fact when he Her sons must be brave, her daughters | learned that the room next him was occupied by the very man who had "Well! You understand why I must shadowed him on the street. Inasmuch go quekty, and why I can't chance de- as the intervening wall was no more lay by going either to Matanzas or to than a thin partition, through which Havana. I want to land somewhere his very breathing could be heard. for our coffeet | further east, and I want you to help while his every movement could doubtless be spied upon, O'Reilly saw the need of caution.

During breakfast, and afterward for us to assist you openly would be plained to the proprietor of a tooth-

them Dr. Tomas Alvarado, whereupon a respectful distance by the secret

Finding Doctor Alvarado's office was closed as be had anticipated, O'Reill proceeded to the doctor's residence. There was some delay when he rang brother. He addressed him in English

"I come from Felipe," he began. "He well remembers the day you whipped him to keep him from going to the

The languor of Doctor Alvarado's He started, his eyes

"Who are you?" he muttered. "My name is O'Reilly, I am an Amer-

"What do you want?" "I want your help in joining the in-

By this time the detective had come within earshot. Making an effort at does. self-possession, the dentist said: "Very well. I will meet you at my omce to a half-hour and see what can be done." glossary of Spanish phrases." Then he bowed

eral which, after the Cuban fashion opened directly upon the sidewalk, ren what he was about, for when his pa | real invalid stared. "I have rheuma-

from Felipe ?"

treat a perfectly sound molar. Johnnie your looks. My newspaper work is a added, "There are two of them, you tions, to make known the reason and circumstances of his presence.

here," Alvarado told him. "You could what then? Where would you go! asked. How would they know who you are?" "That's what I want to find out."

. The Cuban pondered. "You'll have to go to Puerto Principe." be said at that neighborhood, and my brother is began. I'll give you a message to him, similar thought of the very thing. Years ago never have. Now, then, I'll give you that very volume; hand it to him and

O'Rellty thanked him, promising to use every precaution in delivering the same coach with him rode the secret

At he met to a coale, dipplay as or idea?"



"Your Name Is--?"

underwent a genuine shudder and his contempt for the boy and girl be face was convulsed with loathing, had wronged soured into hatred. In "Carbajaj's in the secret service. Nice

"So I suspected." Mr. Branch's beverage appeared at waiter placed a small glass and dark liquid before him.

"What's that?" he inquired. O'Reilly read the label. "It's bit-

Branch stared at it, then rolled a

Bercely smoldering eye upward.

"Bitters! And I waked for 'yellow'a giams of agwa with yellow Branch's votce shook. "I'm dying of a fever. and this ivery billed tenenn brings me a quart of polyon. Hullets!" It was impossible to describe the suggestion of profamity with which the speaker colored this innocuous expletive. "Weak as I am. I shall gosw his windpipe." He bared his teeth suggestively and raised two talonlike hands.

The waiter was puzzled but not slarmed. He embraced himself as his customer had done, and shuddered; then pointing at the bitters, he nodded encouragingly

O'Retily for establed an outburst by "Un vaso de gua con hieto," said be, and the attendant was all apologies.

"No you speak the lingo?" marveled isn't it?---where the ice is 'yellow' and the butter is 'meant to kill you,' and

studying a guide book, with complete

Mr Branch nodded listlessly. "I'm O'Reilly raised his hat and turned supposed to report this insurrection. but the Spaniards won't let me. They getting tired of the farce.

"Ilon't dare." The speaker tapped

"I'm here for my health, too." The

lungs, and-I want you to belp me

"How can I help you?" he girl. How old is she?"

"By taking me with you."

"With me? Where?" "To the insurrectos, of course." The men eyed each other fixedly. "What makes you think-" O'Reilly

afraid to die this way, by inches, and hours. I'm scared to death." It seemed

CHAPTER VIII.

The Spanish Doubleon. On the whole, Puncho Cueto's plans had worked emoothly. After denouncing the Varona twins as traitors be had managed to have himself appointed trustee for the crown, for all their properties, consummation for which he had worked from the moment he read that letter of Esteban's on the morning after Donna Imbel's death. That there was a treasure Cueto had never doubted, and, once the place was his to do with as he chose, he began his

Commencing at the lower edge of the grounds, he ripped them up with a series of deep trenches and cross-cuts. It was a task that required the labor of many men for several weeks, and when it was finished there was scarcely a growing thing left upon the place. Only a few of the larger trees remained. Cueto was disappointed at finding nothing, but he was not discouraged. Next he tore down the old sinve barracoons and the outbuildings. after which he completely wrecked the residence itself. He pulled it apart bit by bit, brick by brick. He even dug up its foundations, but without the reward so much as a single peseta. Finally, when the villa was but a heap of rubbish and the grounds a scar upon the slope of La Cumbre, he desisted, baffled, incredulous, while all Matanzas inughed at him. Having sacrificed his choicest residence, he retired in chagrin to the plantation of La Joya.

But Cueto was now a man with a grievance. He burned with rage, and time he began to realize also that so long as they lived they would jeopardize his tenure of their property. Public feeling, at present, was high; there was intense bitterness against all rebein; but the war would end some day. What then? Cueto asked himself. Sympathy was ever on the side of the weak and oppressed. There

would come a day of reckoning. As if to swell his discomfiture and strengthen his fears, out from the hills at the head of the Yumuri issued rumore of a little band of guerrilleros. under the leadership of a beardless boy a band of blacks who were making the upper valley unsafe for Span-

Cursing the name of Varona, Pancho Cueto armed himself. He did not venture far alone, and, like Donna Isabel before him, he began to have bad

dreams at night. One day a field of Cueto's cane was burned, and his inhorers reported seeing Esteban and some negroes riding into the wood. The overseer took horse within the hour and rode pellmell to Matanzas. In the city at this time was a certain Colonel Cobo, in command of Spanish volunteers, those execrable convict troops from the Isle of Pines whose atrocities had already men, and to him Pancho wert

"Ah, yes! That Varona boy. heard of him." Cobo remarked, when his caller had finished his account. "He has reason to hate you, I dare say, for you recoved him." The colonel smiled

disagreeably. Cueto murmured something to the effect that the law had placed him in his punition as trustee for the crown. and about therefore protect him; but Colombia Cobo's respect for the law, it nections, was niight. In his view there to me buil order law to the lumbs, the law

"Why do you come to me?" he asked. "That fellow is a desperado," Pancho deciared. 'He should be de-

"Bah! The country is overrun with nearly all of my men are in Cardenas. We have work enough to do."

"I'd make it worth while, if you could While Doctor Alvarade pretended to to take a chance with you, for I like those stories about Colonel Cobo, he

> "Ab. yes! I remember." "I can direct you to the house of Asensio, where they live." "Um-m!" Cobe was thoughtful. "A

> "Eighteen." "Ugly as an alligator, I'll warrant." "Ha! The most ravishing creature in all Matanzas. All the men were mad over her.

> Colonel Cobo, the guerrilla, licked his full, red lips and ran a strong,

sat down to make the best terms pos-

question to Esteban; he had answered

This subject always distressed yo

e with Asensto A boltio, hid-

uri, and so inntion. We are dneuce at enabou out poepicton, batred, desolution this n has already

has stolen arauding bands

San Severion should have to and that is alof our whereme to go with

It beets today. ow and it will

r faithful you love me.

a inquired Known see somemence, per- ful !"