

the tightly jacketed midshipmen in the Plaza below him. Then came the hurrying dots and dashes of the Boracao operator:

Detachment of Morazan's Scouts captured American named Ganley this morning at daybreak. Ganley held here in *cuartel*—condemned to death by *fusilado* after drumhead court-martial by Morazan. He claims to be American citizen and wants protection of his government. I cannot get Guariqui—station there dead for seven days past. Hurry in relief on receipt of this or will be too late. If possible land marines at San Antonio Inlet and push overland to Boracao by way of Agira River Trail. I have done everything in my power, but am helpless. You must hurry—is to be shot at sunset.

ADOLPH KLAUSER,
American Consul, Boracao.

McKinnon handed the written sheet to Alicia without speaking.

She read it and handed it back to him. Her hand was shaking a little.

"What can we do?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"There's nothing we can do," was McKinnon's answer. "Our coils are still out of order. They're still too weak to send!"

"But we can't stand here and see the man die—now—in that way!"

McKinnon suddenly held up a hand for silence, for the *Princeton* was sending again:

Cannot land men before communicating with Guariqui. Ask suspension of execution of American named Ganley for day or two until Guariqui conference.

LIEUTENANT VERDU.