

rose as the leather curtain across the door was drawn back and Don Martin came out, with three priests in their robes behind him. He stood bareheaded on the second step, very straight and soldierlike, but plainly dressed in white, with no sash or badge of office; the priests standing above, with Father Agustin's tall figure in the middle. As he turned his face toward the crowd a great shout went up:

*"Viva Sarmiento! Viva el libertador!"*

Don Martin bowed, but did not speak; and a bugle call rang across the square and was followed by a measured tramp of feet. Men marching in loose fours swung out of a shadowy opening and advanced upon the church. A red sash round the waist with the ends left hanging loose was the only uniform they wore, and Grahame felt a curious, emotional quiver as he recognized the detachment he had led. He understood that the best of them had been enrolled for a time as a national guard. Their brown faces were impassive as they filled the open space, but after they swung into double line, instead of the conventional salute, they waved their ragged hats, and a roar broke out:

*"Viva Sarmiento! Viva el maestro!"*

Then some of the group looked anxious, and there was a stir in the crowd as an officer approached he steps. He had his pistol drawn, but he lowered it, and stood opposite Don Martin with his hat off.

"Your comrades salute you, señor," he said. "You have led us to victory, and if you have fresh orders for us, we obey you still."

He spoke clearly, in a meaning tone, and there was an applauding murmur from the crowd that gathered