

The White Mice

of the mob and the jubilant strains of a triumphant march.

"To-morrow," said Roddy, "I am going to ask your father a favor. I am going to ask him for the use for two hours of the cell he last occupied."

"And why?" protested Inez.

"I want it for a friend," said Roddy. "Pedro tells me my friend is the man who sent word to San Carlos to have the White Mice locked up and your father moved into another cell. I want the new Commandante to lock my friend in that cell, and to tell him he is to remain there the rest of his natural life. Two hours later, the White Mice will visit him, and will smile on him through the bars. Then I'll unlock the door, and give him his 'passage-money home and a month's wages.' His name is Caldwell."

"I had no idea you were so vindictive," said Inez.

"It is rather," said Roddy, "a sense of humor. It makes the punishment fit the crime."

He turned, and drawing closer, looked at her wistfully, appealingly.

"Your father," he whispered, "is free."

The girl drew a long breath of happiness.

"Yes," she sighed.

"I repeat," whispered Roddy, "your father is free."