

Anyway, I'd like to take Blanca and her father across in the *Enchantress*."

"There will be no difficulty about that. I think we can sell the boat at New Orleans. Have you made any plans?"

"Sure. I'm going to marry Blanca at Havana and then take her home. She seemed to think she ought to stay with her father, but Don Martin convinced her this wasn't necessary. Guess it hurt him, but he told me the girl had had a pretty rough time wandering about in exile, and he means to give her a chance of a brighter life."

"Why did you fix on Havana for the wedding?"

Walthew laughed.

"My people will see there is no use in kicking when I take my wife home; and they've only to give Blanca a fair show to get fond of her. Then there are a number of Americans in Havana, and I can get the thing properly registered and fixed up by our consul. Don Martin agreed." He paused a minute and added: "Don Martin's going to address the citizens in the plaza at six o'clock, and I think he'd like you and Cliffe to be there."

Grahame promised to ask Cliffe; and soon after dinner he found that a place had been kept for his party on the broad steps of the church of San Sebastian. The air was cooling and dusk was near, but the light had not gone, and the square was packed with an expectant crowd, except where a space was kept. The lower steps were occupied by officials and leading citizens, but the two highest were empty.

For a few minutes there was deep silence, and nobody moved in the crowded plaza. Then a murmur