

## The White Mice

mob in the street halted them. They turned and saw upon the balcony above the portico the figure of Señora Rojas. With one arm raised, she commanded silence; with the other, she pointed to the long window through which she had just appeared. Advancing toward the edge of the balcony, the mob saw two young girls leading between them, erect and soldierly, a little, gray-haired man.

Amazed, almost in terror, as though it looked on one returning from the grave, for an instant there was silence. And then men shrieked and sobbed, and the night was rent with their exultant yell of welcome.

With their backs pressed against the railings of the garden, Peter and McKildrick looked up at the figures on the balcony with eyes that saw but dimly.

"So Roddy got away with it," said Peter. "Pino Vega, please write! *Viva* the White Mice!"

With a voice that shook suspiciously, McKildrick protested.

"Let's get out of this," he said, "or I shall start singing the doxology."

An hour later, alone on the flat roof of Miramar, leaning on the parapet, were two young people. Above them were the blue-black sky and white stars of the tropics; from below rose the happy cheers