

and wrung the hands of the Police Major and his party, and then they sat down and roared at the antics of George's natives; for the latter were filled with triumph. Undoubtedly they had fought most bravely, and had proved the salvation of Jim and his tiny party; but in doing so they had gained their end. They had broken the power of the tribe which had threatened to molest them, and which had been so plentifully supplied with muskets by Jaime and his men. George's hosts had broken their power for evil, and had themselves now become possessed of the weapons; for the enemy had cast them to the ground as they fled.

"Gee! What a sight!" cried the Major, as he surveyed the scene, now that the moon had risen and lighted the clearing. "There's a heap of men killed, and I'm told that amongst them are four white men. But Jaime isn't there. The scoundrel who led the robbers, and caused all this trouble, has had his usual good fortune, and managed to get away."

Jim smiled, and winked in Tom's direction. Then he nodded to Ching, and at the signals the two fine fellows darted away to the back of the camp.

"Major," said our hero a moment later, as he saw Tom and Ching returning, "allow me, first of all, to present you with a prisoner. He is Tom's capture, and was snatched from the midst of his men. Allow me to introduce Jaime de Oteros."

His pluck evaporated, all his assurance gone, Jaime stood with Tom's grip on him as if he feared that the next moment would be his last. His knees knocked together, his lips trembled, while his shifty eyes looked askance at the negro.