

The Buried Treasure of Cobre

For, so Everett was informed by cable, un-
previous to the visit of the Secretary, Ama-
fell into line with her sister republics and signed
a treaty of extradition, from the itinerary of
great man Amapala would find herself point-
excluded. It would be a humiliation. In the
eyes of her sister republics it would place her
side the pale. Everett saw that in his hands
friend the Secretary had placed a powerful weapon
and lost no time in using it. He caught
President alone, sitting late at his dinner,
rounded by bottles, and read to him the Secretary's ultimatum. General Mendoza did not
once surrender. Before he threw over the
who fed him the golden eggs that made him rich
and for whom he had sworn never to violate
right of sanctuary, he first, for fully half
hour, raged and swore. During that time, while
Everett sat anxiously expectant, the President
paced and repaced the length of the dining-hall.
When to relight his cigar, or to gulp brandy from
a tumbler, he halted at the table, his great bulk
loomed large in the flickering candle-flames,
when he continued his march, he would disappear
into the shadows, and only his scabbard clanking
on the stone floor told of his presence. At last
he halted and shrugged his shoulders so that the
tassels of his epaulets tossed like wheat.