

For hours Drurie lay there, alone, his heart full of hope and of a strange, sweet excitement. He thought of the *señorita* — and it was the vision of Isobel that came to his mind. This was a mad thing, but none the less exhilarating for its madness. He gave his imagination free wing. The hand he had kissed became the hand of the beautiful girl he loved. He pictured Isobel in that dank hut, kneeling on the earthen floor and supporting his head on one white and rounded arm and holding the cup to his lips. At last he heard the shuffling of naked, blistered feet and the clanking of irons, and he knew that the day of toil was over and the night of deliverance at hand.

Then reason returned to his brain, but not to his heart. His brain told him that the approaching hour held nothing for him but a battle and the chance of life — or death. Yet his heart played with the mad dream of the girl he loved.

Food and water were brought to the eight survivors. Even Drurie forced a little of the unsavoury mess down his throat. In broken whispers the plan of the attack was passed along the wall from one to another of the shackled slaves.

They were slaves no longer. Already their hearts were free and the chains on their aching bodies forgotten. Again they were sailors and soldiers, and a