

ment of a new sugar estate. It is not very far from Valverde, and one hears what is going on." Don Martin paused and spread out his hands. "If all goes well, I shall grow sugar, but if it happens that my country needs me I will go back again."

Walthew changed the subject, and presently Evelyn and Grahame strolled forward to the bow. There was moonlight on the water, and the *Enchantress* steamed smoothly up the glittering track while the foam that curled about her stem shone with phosphorescent flame.

"I wonder where that path is leading us?" Evelyn said.

"Toward the dawn," Grahame answered. "There's glamour in moonlight and mystery in the dark, but we're moving on to meet the sunshine."

THE END