

"Yes," said Evelyn quietly. "You can thank him now, if you like." She beckoned the man across the room. "Come and join us, dear."

The red glow from outside fell on her face as Cliffe gave her a surprised look, and he noticed that she blushed. Then he held out his hand to Grahame, because he thought he understood.

"It seems I owe you a good deal," he said.

"Well," Grahame returned, smiling, "I suppose my intentions were good, but I didn't accomplish much, and my partner had to run a serious risk to get me out of trouble."

"The way you rushed that gun was great."

"It might have been better if we had taken the fellows in the rear, but we were told that they were making things hot for you, and there was no time to get round."

"When we met in Havana I'd no idea that you were up against me," Cliffe said with a laugh. "Curious, isn't it, that we should make friends while I was backing the President and you the rebels!" He turned to the window. "What's the fire outside?"

"The *presidio* burning. Gomez used it as headquarters and made his last stand there."

"Ah! Then your friends have finished him?"

Grahame nodded.

"A rather grim business. He had much to answer for, but although half his troops deserted, he made a gallant end."

"Where's your partner, and what are the rebel bosses doing now?"

"Walthew was patrolling the streets with a company of brigands when I last saw him; he promised