

for Nenetzin. Rough riders were they, yet around her they formed, more careful of her than themselves; against them rattled and rang the stones and arrows; against them dashed the infidels landed from their canoes; sometimes a cry announced a hurt, sometimes a fall announced a death; but never hand of foe or flying missile reached the curtained carriage in which rode the little princess.

Nor can it be said that Alvarado, so careful as lover, failed his duty as captain. Sometimes at the rear, facing the 'tsin; sometimes, with a laugh or a kiss of the hand, by the palanquin; and always his cry, blasphemous yet cheerful, "*Viva d Christo! Viva Santa Crus! Santiago, Santiago!*" So from mistress and men he kept off the evil bird Fear. The stout mare Bradamante, gave him most concern; she obeyed willingly,—indeed, seemed better when in action; yet was restless and uneasy, and tossed her head, and—unpardonable as a habit in the horse of a soldier—cried for company.

"So-a, girl!" he would say, as never doubting that she understood him. "What seest thou that I do not? or is it what thou hearest? Fear! If one did but say to me that thou wert cowardly, better for him that he spoke ill of my mother! But here they come again! Upon them now! Upon them, sweetheart! *Viva d Christo! Viva la Santa Crus!*"

And so, fighting, he crossed the bridge; and still all went well with him. Out of the way he chased the foe; on the flanks they were beaten off; only at the rear were they troublesome, for there the 'tsin led the pursuit.

Finally the rear-guard closed upon the central division, which, having reached the second canal, stood, in what condition we have seen, waiting for Magarino. Then Alvarado hurried to the palanquin; and while there, now checking Bradamante, whose uneasiness seemed to increase as they advanced, now cheering Nenetzin, he heard the fatal cry proclaiming the loss of the bridge. On his lips the jest faded, in his heart the blood stood still. A hundred voices took up the cry, and there was hurry and alarm around him, and he felt the first pressure of the impulsive movement forward. The warning was not lost:—

"*Ola, my friends!*" he said, at once aroused. "Hell's door of brass hath been opened, and the devils are loose! Keep we together—"

As he spoke the pressure strengthened, and the crowd yelled, "*Todo es perdido! Save yourselves!*"

Up went his visor, out rang his voice in fierce appeal,—

"Together let us bide, gentlemen. We are Spaniards; and in our saddles, with swords and shields. The foe are the dogs who have bayed us to their cost for days and weeks. On the right and left, as ye are! Remember, the woman we have here is a Christian; she hath broken the bread and drunken the wine; her God is our God; and if we abandon her may He abandon us!"

Not
forwar
current
of the
as som

And
passed
they la
enemie
he saw
sin.

A
shield,
Out t
the thi
gods h
immea

tiah?
gan to
of the
other t
he fan
he reg

Near
cries,—
most l
gods w

Of h
gether

"Th
your s
I spok

He
until
count
al-a-l

The
other
weap
the ti

stagg
then
holy
Surp
none
the c
cry s
deat
patie