

"Thank you," said Don Martin. "We hope our flag will be better known before long."

Macallister hurried below to raise steam, but it was some time before they got a working pressure, and dusk was falling when the windlass hauled in the rattling cable and Grahame rang the telegraph. The propeller churned the phosphorescent sea, the *Enchantress* forged ahead, and the white town began to fade into the haze astern.

Don Martin leaned upon the taffrail, watching the dim littoral, until it melted from his sight and only the black cordillera in the background cut against the sky. Then he joined the group about the deck-house and lighted a cigarette.

"Another act finished and the curtain dropped, but one looks forward to the next with confidence," he said.

"It might have opened better if you had kept the leading part," Grahame replied, and added meaningly: "You could have kept it."

"That is possible," Don Martin agreed. "But it might not have been wise. I fought for peace, and I was satisfied when it was secured."

"Still, I don't see why you left," Cliffe interposed. "Is Castillo strong enough to rule your people?"

"We must give him an opportunity; if he has some failings, his intentions are good. No rule is free from faults, and when it is autocratic a possible claimant for the chief post is a danger to the State. All who love change and turmoil fix their hopes on him."

"Do you mean to live in Cuba?"

"Yes. I have some skill in organization and a little money left, and friends wish me to help in the develop-