

He straightened himself and looked the *don* up and down. "You shameless cur! The only white man you are not afraid of is a dead one," he cried.

Alcazardo sprang at him and struck him fair across the face with the heavy, fibrous stick. Twice he struck — and at the second blow Drurie fell without a sound.

When Drurie recovered consciousness it was to find himself on the earthen floor of the hut. His face and left eye ached with a dull throbbing that, at the slightest movement, sprang to excruciating activity. He lifted his hand cautiously and felt that his head and face were generously bandaged in damp cloths. At the discovery, thought of the *señorita*, of whom the overseer had spoken, came to him. The cloths that bound head and eyes were of fine linen, and a subtle fragrance of lavender exhaled from them. An overseer would have bandaged his wounds with very different material, he reflected. Could it be that the *señorita*, that mysterious and merciful being, had tended him with her own hands? How strongly, sweetly familiar this scent of lavender!

Francis Drurie felt a light, light touch on his hand. It brought him back from a sweet half dream of Virginia.

"You must drink this," whispered a muffled voice at his ear. He felt a tender arm behind his head and