

the valley, or 'way up at Culebra. And watch the smoke from the diggers, the locos, and the drillers! It's good to think that it's all American, and that things are going smoothly."

"Thanks to the fact that a rascal has been captured," ventured the Police Major. "Don't forget that, please. The best of energies may be brought to naught if there is a rascal secretly at work attempting to wreck matters. Things were getting to look bad when our prisoner made his last little effort. But Jim has seen to that. Say, lad, was it a section you were bossing?"

Our hero coloured and admitted the fact as if he ought to be ashamed of his advancement.

"Ah, well," went on the Major, smiling slyly, "guess there's other billets going! But there's Gatun: I'll send the sergeant along with Jaime to the station, and then we four will ride to Ancon. There I can report, and hand over the dollars."

Need the reader wonder that the return of the party caused a huge sensation? Indeed the excitement nearly caused a stoppage of work along the zone, a matter almost without precedent. For the hustle and perseverance of the white employees is something out of the ordinary. The fever to press on with an undertaking in which their own personal honour becomes, sooner or later, helplessly involved will hear of no delay, and thrusts aside all obstacles. But the news 'phoned up and down the zone was really too entrancing. Jim's name was soon on every man's lips, while even stolid officials cheered when they heard that the gang of robbers was destroyed, the leader captured,