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Yes, they knew Huntoon, at the hotel. He had given up his room several days before. . . Yes, he had spoken of Senor Ryerson's arrival. No more was to be learned.

The hotel at Libertad was a broad low stucco affair, an ancient Spanish setting, for a life as new and raw as the tented wilderness of North American eldoradoes. The faces I passed, the smell of the lamp-lit halls, the garlic that rose from the kitchen, the clink of glasses and the voices that go with them, and the soft night-wind that blurred the lamp in the servant's hand—all of these made evil and memorable the arrival. It was not unlike the early shifting part of an evil dream. Matters like this had never affected me so strongly before. Loving a woman surely spoils a man for coping with old familiar devils.

The balcony saved the situation—the only feature not named in the price-lists, and the most desirable. Old leisurely Spain had built it, Spanish soldiers and their women had sung there. . . I tried to shake off all encroachments of memory and aspiration so commandingly out of place. Black, hasting figures moved about in the street below, and the voice of a man that filled me with detestation, talked and talked from beneath. There was a partition in the balcony, but I heard occasionally the voices of a woman and a man in the room to the right.

At supper there was one face I seemed to have seen before. The man noted that I studied him, and arose before I had finished. I strolled below for an hour, in the vain hope that Huntoon might come in.

Plainly one couldn't join Nicholas Romany simply by walking down into the valley. Orion, a native leader, had cut off the gold-seeker from Libertad. Orion was gathering to strike again, it was said, while Romany was spread out over the ten miles between his headquarters and the sea. Why is he spread out? It also became clear that I must not ask questions too freely. Orion sympathizers were strong in Libertad. Their sympathy was based on the conviction that Orion would whip Romany in the end. Wherever sentiment entered, it was for the gold-king, whose failures around the world had not been the result of wit-lack nor gamelessness, but rather because of the tremendous size of the affairs he undertook. Romany's history challenged the adventurous heart, and the ebb and flow of his fortunes had altered the great money-centers. When Romany was whipped, it took an army or a parliament. The lesser powers all knew him—but no individual, I was informed, had ever been able to declare, "Romany ruined me."

These large sayings held my thought as I went upstairs, and roamed to the balcony to finish a cigar. Voices murmured in the next room, words occasionally reaching me around or over the wooden partition of the balcony. The woman's voice seemed somehow good. She must have drawn nearer the balcony door, for at length I heard, in a pleading but good-natured tone:

"But I know he was an American, and he looked well-bred—"

The man's tones from deeper in the room were humorous, but the words did not reach me.

"He may have made a mistake," she went on. "He looked lonely and sad and New Yorkish. Really, dear, we should see some one else—or we'll tire of each other. Don't let me ever get tired of you, Melton. A pair of saints could exhaust each other shut up in one room forever. . . I'm used to a big family. I don't want to get so that I know what you'll say next. That's fatal."

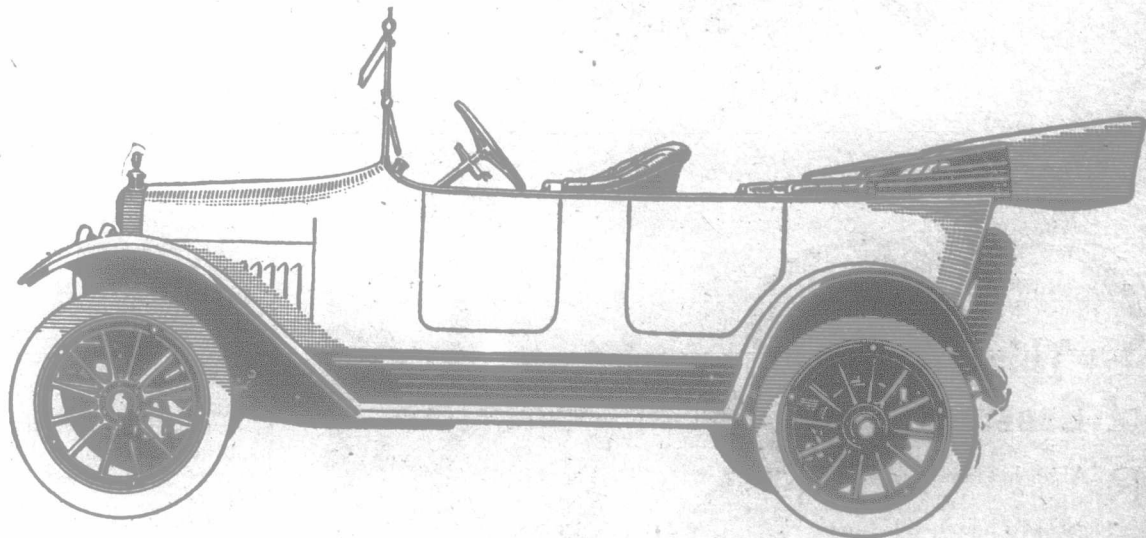
Again the man talked laughingly. I went in, not caring for the novelty further. There was a tap at my door. The man I had noted at supper was there. His figure was small and slender, his voice deep and desirable. He invited me to come in and smoke a cigar with him.

"We're in the next room," he explained, "and have been shut up for several days. Mrs. Yarbin wants to see an American—"

I followed. The woman was smiling within. "This is a little girl, Mr. Ryerson," he said lightly, "who declared she never would tire of me."

"I don't want to," she broke in. "I'm used—I'm used to a big family. . . She moved to and fro in the lamp-

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An Engineer's Opinion

This letter from an eminent engineer is typical of the experience of thousands of Maxwell owners. It covers the vital points of the Maxwell car—the points in which you, as an automobile buyer, should be interested.

"When I heard about the wonderful value in the 1916 Maxwell car I commenced to investigate, with the result that I sold the roadster I used to own to buy what I consider a more efficient car, the Maxwell.

"I placed my order and was fortunate in receiving through your live wire agent, Mr. Lustbaum, of this city, the first 1916 runabout in this section of the country. I was favorably impressed and pleased with my car from the start, and now after several months of service I am entirely convinced that my judgment was right in replacing my other car with a Maxwell for a business car.

"As industrial engineer for the Consolidated Gas Company of New Jersey, I must have a car that will give me service throughout the entire year, winter as well as summer. My operation is hard on a car, as I drive it every month of the year, through storm as well as clear weather, and through muddy as well as smooth dry roads. My mileage per gallon is necessarily low proportionally because I have a great many calls to make which of course necessitates many starts and stops, which tend to make poor efficiency records; this is also accompanied by considerable idling of the engine. However, for four months of operation I have averaged twenty-three miles to one gallon of gasoline, which is considerably higher than I was able to obtain with my other car.

"The self-starter equipment throughout on my Maxwell is apparently well-constructed and to date has given me no trouble at all, and yet I see every day other cars laid up with starting and ignition trouble.

"The points that appeal to me more strongly as I continue to drive my Maxwell are: The ease of operation; low maintenance cost; the advantage of demountable rims and one man top; the cool effect derived on warm days in the driving compartment due to the double ventilating windshield; the high tension magneto entirely separate from the lighting and starting system; the truly irreversible steering wheel, a great asset in sandy and muddy roads, and most important, the high efficiency in the consumption of gasoline and oil.

"In my opinion the 1916 Maxwell car is by far the best buy and greatest value for the money, of any make of automobile made in the United States this year, when the matter is carefully considered from every standpoint. I remain

"Yours very truly,

"HAROLD W. DANSEER.

"Long Branch, N. J."

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