

Then came a break and another wait, while from somewhere far off in the streets below floated up the bray and throb of the military band. Then a second Boracao message trickled down through the Guariqui wires and stirred the coherer into feeble life:

Can do nothing. Morazan claims acting for General Ulloa under President Duran's orders. But whole thing terrible mistake. We must have help at once, or innocent and law-abiding citizens will be murdered. Send men and heliograph advance from San Antonio Hill.

KLAUSER.

Aiken's hurried return with two orderlies and an officer in full uniform kept McKinnon from intercepting the *Princeton's* reply. The little station had suddenly become close and stifling. He felt weak and unstrung, and was glad to gain the open air and find the quiet sunlight and the slowly waving palms about him once more. He was glad to know that the woman he loved stood at his side, and that their future life was to be a life far from such scenes.

They were still there, side by side above the embrasure, when the hurrying Aikens, as he darted below-stairs, thrust a sheet of carbon-copy into their hands as he passed. McKinnon held it up and read it aloud:

American named Ganley just shot down by *cuartel* guards as he broke jail here—body surrendered to me by alcalde—am holding it awaiting instructions.

KLAUSER.