

and Lucetta blushed and ran away from him as her father approached.

"We have made all our arrangements," said Mr. Morse. "Can you be here about midnight, ready to accompany us?"

"Surely," replied Guy. "Is there need of secrecy and dispatch?"

"I fear so. One of the servants told us that we are under the ban, and may be retained. A conveyance will be here at midnight, and we can steal away and get a fair start before our absence is noted in the morning."

"I shall return in two hours," promised Guy. "That lurking fellow in the cloak and sombrero looks considerably like the man I noticed behind me when I came here," he reflected, as he started for his hotel intent on a hasty packing to join his friends.

Yes, the man was following him. Guy was sure of that as he neared a busy street. Then he saw the fellow approach and speak to one of the police guards at a corner. The latter instantly overtook Guy.

"You will have to accompany me, senor," he said resolutely.

"Why, and where?" demanded Guy.

"Because of the order of the Provisional Committee—they demand your presence."

Guy knew it was useless to demur. He had seen too much of the autocratic tyranny of the insurrectionists to resist their mandates. Within half an hour he was arraigned before the committee in question. The spy who had followed him put in an appearance. Then another prisoner was led before this arbitrary bar of justice. It was the man who limped.

"Do you know this personage?" was demanded by the judge.

"I have seen him but once before."

"Where and when?"

"In Chihuahua, not two hours since."

"You gave him money?"

Before Guy could speak, the cripple interrupted.

"He gave me charity. I knew your missions were after me; I was penniless. He speaks the truth—we are utter strangers. I sought to leave town with the funds he loaned me and was interrupted."

"Did you know that this man, Pedro Vaduro, is the chief spy of the government?" demanded the judge of Guy.

"I did not."

"We cannot believe that; you have lingered in the city long after your business is done. We find you in league with one Morse, whose relatives were our enemies. Remove the prisoners till we pass judgment."

And one hour later the two prisoners, secured in a darksome cell, learned through hearing a conversation between two turnkeys, that they were to be taken to the public plaza at daylight and shot as spies.

"It is a poor recompense for your kindness to me, senor," observed Vaduro.

Guy shrugged his shoulders. He tried to be brave and resigned to his fate.

"The fortunes of war, my friend," he said lightly.

"Still, it will not be at daybreak, it will not be on the plaza. We shall be far enough away from here long before then. Senor, if I open the way to freedom, can you arrange for the rest?"

"You mean to reach the border?"

"I do."

"I am sure that I can provide for a speedy flight."

"Then lead the way when I have done my work," spoke Vaduro, quietly.

In amazement Guy saw the man remove a portion of his clothes. His limping was explained now. With a shrewd, pleased smile on his face his companion proceeded to unset the artificial limb he wore.

From its hollow interior, a secret storehouse of value indeed, he produced a half dozen tools.

"Proceed," he hailed gaily, as he