

ing revolvers at the door and smiling up at me. Moved by a resistless impulse, I put my arm about her waist.

Then there came a loud crash, the heavy door was torn from its hinges, and into the room poured a half-dozen Spanish soldiers. At sight of us they stopped short and I could see their dark faces grow a shade paler. I spoke not a word. The ominous glitter of the three weapons leveled at them was more eloquent than speech. A moment later the form of the young lieutenant appeared in the doorway. His face grew red with anger as he noticed the inaction of his men.

"At them, you dogs!" he shouted. "Cut them down, both of them."

The soldiers made a move as though to obey. My finger pressed a little harder on the trigger. Then there came a hoarse cry from without, and through the open door we saw a troop of armed horsemen, led by Calvario, dash up to the cabin. There was a short, sharp skirmish, but the Spaniards were outnumbered and in a few minutes all were prisoners.

Then Calvario came to me and took my hand.

"Let me thank you again," he said, "for rescuing me."

"Don't mention it," I replied. "I have already been repaid a thousand times over," and I looked at Carmen. So did Calvario. The tell-tale blush rose to her cheeks under her brother's questioning glance.

"Oh, I understand," said he, and smiled.

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#### THE FLOWERS.

How the universal heart of man doth bless the flowers!

They are wreathed round the cradle, marriage altar and the tomb;  
Essence of the sunshine and the warm refreshing showers,  
Everywhere the summer air with fragrance they perfume.

Read the message of the blossoms that each day you meet,

As you wander in the valleys, or ascend the hills above;  
In the dewy morn or evening, or in the noontide heat;

Each and all, both great and small, will tell of God's great love.

—F. T. C.