

bearing and tone of the man that I seemed to recognize as having seen before. His face, too, was familiar, but I could not at that moment remember where I had seen it; so I told him my name.

"And now," I said, will the *senor* be kind enough to favor me with his name?"

"Yes, of course." *Senor* Diego Morena was the name of my companion, as he said.

"Spaniard?" I inquired.

"Cielo, no! I would not belong to that cursed race," cried Diego. "They are cowards and murderers, and not soldiers! They know no honor. Their motto is: 'Everything for the cause.'"

And then my companion launched into a bitter denunciation of the Spaniards and their modes of conducting the war. During all this time we had been riding over a sandy plain; now we came to a long stretch of woodland through which our road took its way. We had progressed for quite a distance into it when suddenly there came a sharp "halt!" from the bushes on our left, and a band of Spanish soldiers stepped out into the middle of the road, at the same time covering us with their rifles. Then two of them came forward and took hold of Diego's bridle.

"Calvario Castella, you are my prisoner," said the foremost of the two, who wore a lieutenant's straps.

"Calvario Castella," I said to myself. "Her brother!" and then in a flash I understood the likeness which had so puzzled me only a few minutes before. But I had no time to cogitate further just then. I waited to see what my companion would do. At the words of the young lieutenant he flushed, uttered a fierce malediction, and seemed about to resist the arrest. Then, as if just conscious of the odds against him, he allowed himself to be taken from his horse and bound.

Meanwhile no one seemed to pay any attention to me—an oversight which, however, I did not object to in the least. But all the time I had been thinking rapidly. I must save *Senor* Castella, but how? At last a plan suggested itself. If I was not taken prisoner—which I did not fear in the least—I would follow and release him at the first opportunity.

As I had anticipated, the Spaniards offered me no violence after I had shown them a letter signed by the governor at Havana, and after muttering curses on the head of the 'Americano' they moved off rapidly toward the south with their prisoner, while