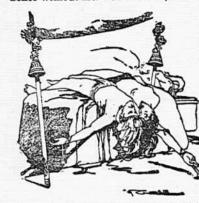
For some minutes we lay thus side by side, and as we lay a great wonder and gratitude grew in my heart, wonder that a woman could be so brave, gratitude for the love she gave me, scaling it with her lifeblood, because Otomie loved me so well that she desired to die thus at my side rather than to live on in greatness and honor without me. Of a sudden, in a mo-



For some minutes we lay thus side by side. ment while I thought of this marvel, a new light shone upon my heart, and it was changed toward her. I felt that no woman could ever be so dear to me as this glorious woman-no, not even my betrothe I felt-nay, who can say what I did feel? But I know this-that the tears rushed to my eyes and ran down my painted face, and I turned my head to look at her. She was lying as much upon her left side as her bands would allow; her long hair fell from the stone to the paving, where it lay in masses, and her face was toward me. So close was it indeed that there was not an inch between our lips.

"Otomie," I whispered, "listen to me I love you, Otomie." Now I saw her breast heave beneath the bands and the color come upon her brow.

Then I am repaid," she answered, and our lips clung together in a kies, the first, and, as we thought, the last. Yes, there we kissed, on the stone of sacrifice, beneath the knife of the priest and the shadow of death, and if there has been a stranger love scene in the world I have

never heard its story.
"Oh, I am repaid," she said again. "I would gladly die a score of deaths to win this moment. Indeed I pray that I may die before you take back your words, for, Teule, I know well that there is one who is dearer to you than I am, but now your heart is softened by the faithfulness of an Indian girl, and you think that you love her. Let me die, then, believing that the

dream is true." "Talk not so," I answered heavily, for even at that moment the memory of Lily came into my mind. "You give your life for me, and I love you for it.'

"My life is nothing, and your love is she answered, smiling. "Ah, Teule, what magic have you that you can bring me. Montezuma's daughter, to the altar of the gods, and of my own free will? Well, I desire no softer bed, and for the why and wherefore it will soon be known by both of us, and with it many other things."

CHAPTER XIX. THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS. "Otomie," I said presently, "when will

they kill us?"
"When the point of light lies within the ring that is painted over your heart," she

shadow above us like a golden pencil. It rested at my side about six inches from me, and I reckoned that it would lie in the scarlet ring painted upon my breast within some 15 minutes. Meanwhile the damor of battle grew louder and nearer. Shifting myself so far as the cords would allow, I strained my head upward and saw that the Spaniards had gained the crest of the pyramid, since the battle now raged upon its edge, and I have rarely seen so terrible a fight, for the Aztec fought with the fury of despair, thinking little of their own lives if they could only bring a Spaniard to his death. But for the most part their rude weapons would not pierce the coats of mail, so that there remained only one way to compass their desire—namely, by casting the white men over the edge of the teocalli to be crushed like eggshells upon the pavement 200 feet below. Thus the fray broke itself up into groups of foes, who rent and tore at each other upon the brink of the pyramid, now and again to vanish down its side, 10 or 12 of them together. Some of the priests also joined in the fight, thinking less of their own deaths than of the desecration of their temples, for I saw one of them, a man of huge strength and stature, seize Spanish soldier round the middle and leap with him into space. Still, though very slowly, the Spaniards and Tlascalans forced their way toward the center of the

this dreadful end grew less, for the Aztecs must drag them farther. Now, the fight drew near to the stone of sacrifice, and all who remained alive of the Aztecs, perhaps some 250 of them, be sides the priests, ranged themselves round whither shall we and it in a circle; also the outer rim of the sunbeam that fell through the golden funnel, creeping on remoraelessly, touched my painted side, which it seemed to burn as hot iron might, for, alas, I could not command the sun to stand still while the battle raged, as did Joshus in the valley of Ajalon. When it touched me, five priests seized my limbs and had, and the father of them, he who had conducted me from the palace, clasped his flint knife in both hands. Now a deathly sickness took me, and I shut my eyes, dreaming that all was done, but at that moment I heard a wild eyed man, whom I had noted stand-

latform, and as they came the danger of

ing by, call out to the minister of death:
"Not yet, O priest of Tezcat! If you smite before the sunbeam lies upon the victim's heart, your gods are doomed, and

doomed are the people of Anahuac."

The priest gnashed his teeth with rage and glared first at the creeping point of light and then over his shoulder at the advancing battle. Slowly the ring of war-riors closed in upon us, slowly the golden ray crept up my breast till its outer aim touched the red circle painted upon my heart. Again the priest heaved up his awful knife, again I shut my eyes, and again I heard the shrill scream of the astronomer: "Not yet, not yet, or your

Then I heard another sound. It was the voice of Otomie crying for help. "Save us, Teules! They murder us!" she shricked in so piercing a note that it

still clustered round the foot of the price reached the ears of the Spaniards, for one shouted in answer and in the Castilian tongue: "On, my comrades, on! The dogs do murder on their altars!" Then there was a mighty rush, and the

defending Aztecs were swept in upon the altar, lifting the priest of sacrifice from his feet and throwing him across my body. Thrice that rush came, like a rush of the sea, and each time the stand of the Aztecs weakened. Now their circle was broken. and the swords of the Spaniards flashed up on every side, and now the red ray lay within the ring upon my heart. "Smite, priest of Tezcat," screamed the

voice of the astronomer. "Smite home

for the glory of your god!"

With a fearful yell, the priest lifted the knife. I saw the golden sunbeam that rested full upon my heart shine on it. Then as it was descending I saw the same sunbeam shine upon a yard of steel that flashed across me and lost itself in the breast of the murderer priest. Down came the great flint knife, but its aim was lost. It struck indeed, but not upon my bosom, though I did not escape it altogether. Full upon the altar of sacrifice it fell and was shattered there, piercing between my side and that of Otomie and gashing the flesh of both so that our blood was mingled upon the stone, making us one indeed. Down too came the priest across

our bodies for the second time, but to rise no more, for he writhed dying on those whom he would have slain. Then, as in a dream, I heard the wall of the astronomer singing the dirge of the gods of Ana-

"The priest is dead, and his gods are fallen," he cried. "Tezcat has rejected his victim and is fallen. Doomed are the gods of Anahuac! Victory is to the cross

of the Christians" Thus he wailed. Then came the sound of sword blows, and I knew that this proph-

Now a strong arm pulled the dying-priest from off us, and he staggered back-till he fell over the alter where the eternalfire burned, quenching it with his blood and body after it had flared for many gen-erations, and a knife cut the rope that

I sat up, staring round me wildly, and s voice spoke above me in Castilian, not to me indeed, but to some comrade. "These two went near to it, poor dev-ils!" said the voice. "Had my cut been one second later that savage would have drilled a hole in him as big as my head. By all the saints, the girl is lovely, or would be if she were washed! I shall beg

her of Cortes as my prize." The voice spoke, and I knew the voice. None other ever had that hard, clear ring. knew it even then and looked up, slipping off the death stone as I looked. Now saw. Before me, clad in mail, was my enemy, De Garcia. It was his sword that by the good providence of God had plerced the breast of the priest. He had saved me, who, had he known, would as soon have turned his steel against his own heart as on that of my destroyer.

I gazed at him, wondering if I dreamed. Then my lips spoke without my will, as is

"Da Garcia!" He staggered back at the sound of my



He staggered back at the sound of my

stared at me, rubbed his eyes with his hand and stared again. Now at length he knew me through my paint.
"Mother of God!" he gasped, "it is the
knew Thomas Wingfield, and I have saved

By this time my senses had come back to me, and knowing all my folly I turned, seeking escape. But De Garcia had no mind to suffer this. Lifting his sword, he sprang at me with a beastlike scream of rage and hate. Swiftly as thought I slipped rage and hate. Swiftly as thought I slipped round the stone of sacrifice, and after me came the uplifted sword of my enemy. It his friends are my foes, and his foes my would have overtaken me soon enough, for I was weak with fear and fasting, and my limbs were cramped with bonds, but at hat moment a cavaller, whom by his dress and port I guessed to be none other than Cortes himself, struck up De Garcia's sword, saying:

"How now. Sarceda? Are you mad with the lust of blood that you would take to sacrificing victims like an Indian priest? Let the poor devil go."
"He is no Indian. He is an English

spy," cried De Garcia and once more

truggled to get at me.
"Decidedly our friend is mad," said Cortes, scanning me. "He says that this wretched creature is an Englishman. Come, be off, both of you, or somebody else may make the same mistake," and he waved his sword in token to us to go, deeming that I could not understand his words, then added angrily as De Garcia, speechless with rage, made a new attempt get at me:
"No, by heaven! I will not suffer it.

We are Christians and come to save vic-tims, not to slay them. Here, comrades, hold this fool who would stain his soul

Now the Spaniards clutched De Garcia by the arms, and he cursed and raved at them, for, as I have said, his rage was that of a beast rather than of a man. But I stood bewildered, not knowing whither to fly. Fortunate it was for me indeed that one was by who, though she understood no Spanish, yet had a quicker wit, for while I stood thus Otomis clasped my hand and whispering, "Fly, fly swiftly!" led me away from the stone of secrifice.

"Whither shall we go?" I said at length. Were it not better to trust to the mercy "To the mercy of that man devil with the sword?" she answered. "Peace, Teule,

end follow me."

Now she led me on, and the Spaniards let us by unharmed—aye, and even spoke words of pity as we passed, for they knew that we were victims anatched from saorifice. Indeed, when a certain brute, a Plascalan Indian, rushed at us, purposing to slay us with a club, one of the Span-

tards ran him through the shoulder, so

that he fell wounded to the pavement. So we went on, and at the edge of the pyramid we glanced back and saw that De Garcia had broken from those who held him, or perhaps he found his tongue and explained the truth to them. At the least he was bounding from the altar of sacrifice, nearly 50 yards away, and coming toward us with uplifted sword. Then fear gave us strength, and we fled like the wird. Along the steep path we runhed side by side, leaping down the steps and over the hundreds of dead and dying, only pausing now and again to save ourselve from being smitten into space by the bodies of the priests whom the Spaniars were hurling from the crest of the taucal once, looking up, I caught sight of its Garcia pursuing far above us, but after that we saw him no more. Doubtless by wearled of the chase or feared to full indi the hands of such of the Aztec warriors for

After that I remember nothing this ound myself once more in my apartment n Montezuma's palace, which I never hoped to see again. Otomie was by ma; and she brought me water to wash this paint off from my body and the blood fros my wound, which, leaving her own us-tended, she dressed skillfully, for the culof the priest's knife was deep, and I had bled much; also she clothed herself afresh in a white robe and brought me raiment o wear, with food and drink, and I partook of them. Then I bade her eat som thing herself, and when she had done so I gathered my wits together and spoke to

"What next?" I said. "Presently the priests will be on us, and we shall be dragged back to sacrifice. There is no hope for me here. I must fly to the Spaniards and

trust to their mercy. "To the mercy of that man with the word? Say, Teule, who is he?" "He is that Spaniard of whom I have poken to you, Otomie. He is my mortal enemy, whom I have followed across the

"And now you would put yourself into his power. Truly, you are foolish, Teule."
"It is better to fall into the hands of Christian men than into those of your godhead were gathered those of the princes I claimed my right to lie at the side of the & Bland. wleata !' I anguanod . ..

them, and there's an end. Few have ever and bloody mail, others in their customary come alive from their clutches before, and he who does so is a wizard indeed. For the rest, I think that your God is stronger the rest, I think that your God is stronger the sternness of their faces and the them our gods for swelly he want here. than our gods, for surely he must have cast his mantle over us when we lay yonder on the stone. Ah, Teule, to what have you brought me that I should live to doubt my gods! Aye, and to call upon the foes of my country for succor in your need!

Believe me, I had not done it for my own sake, since I would have died with your whom I knew Cuitlahua, who would be kiss upon my lips and your word of love echoing in my ears, who now must live knowing that these joys have passed from "Who is this, Guate

"How so?" I answered. "What I have said I have said. Otomie, you would have died with me, and you saved my life by your wit in calling on the Spaniards. Henceforth it is yours, for there is no other woman in the world so tender and so brave, and I say it again, Otomie, my wife, I love you. Our blood has mingled on the stone of sacrifice, and there we have kissed. Let these be our marriage rites. Perhaps I have not long to live, but till I die I am yours, Otomie, my wife." Thus I spoke from the fullness of my heart, for my strength and courage were shattered. Horror and loneliness had taken hold of me. But two things were left to me in the world—my trust in Providence and the love of this woman, who

had dared so much for me. Therefore I forgot my troth and clung to her as a child to its mother. Doubtless it was wrong, but I will be bold to say that few men so placed would have acted otherwise. Moreover, I could not take back the stone of sacrifice. When I said them, I was expecting death indeed, but to renounce them now that its shadow was lifted from me, if only for a little while, would have been the act of a coward. For good or evil I had given myself to Montezuma's daughter, and I must abide by it or be shamed. Still such was the noblelittle while she stood smiling sadly and

"You are not yourself, Teule, and I should be base indeed if I made so solemn compact with one who does not know what he sells. Yonder on the altar and in a moment of death you said that you loved me, and doubtless it was true. But now you have come back to life, and say, lord, who set that golden ring upon your hand, and what is written in its cirale? Yet even if the words are true that you have spoken and you love me a little, there is one across the sea whom you love

drawing a lock of her long hair through

the hollow of her hand. Then she spoke:

"That I could bear, for my heart is fixed on you alone among men, and at the least you would be kind to me, and I should move in the sunlight of your presence. But having known the light, I cannot live to wander in the darkness. You do not understand. I fear that if-if we were wad you would weary of me as men do, ar i that memory would grow too strong fo: you. Then by and by it might be possible for you to find your way back across the waters to your own land and your own love, and so you would desert me, Teule. This is what I could not bear, Teule. I can forego you now, aye, and remain your friend. But I cannot be put aside like a dancing girl, the companion of a month, , Montezuma's daughter, a lady of my own land. Should you wed me, it must be for life, Teule, and that is perhaps more than you would wish to promise, though you could kiss me on yonder stone, and there is blood fellowship between us," and she glanced at the red stain in the linen robe that covered the wound upon her side. "And now, Teule, I leave you awhile,

that I may find Guatemoc, if he still lives, and others who, now that the strength of the priests is shattered, have power to protect you and advance you to honor. Think then on all that I have said and do not be hasty to decide. Or would you make an end at once and fly to the white men if I can find a means of escape?"
"I am too weary to fly anywhere," I an swered, "even if I could. Moreover, I for-

"There you are wise," she said, "for if you come among the Teules that man will murder you. By fair means or foul he will nurder you within a day; I saw it in his

eyes. Now rest while I seek your safety, If there is any safety in this blood stained and."

CHAPTER XX. THOMAS IS MARRIED.

Otomie turned and went. I watched the golden curtains close behind her. Then I sank back upon the couch and instantly was lost in sleep, for I was faint and weak and so dazed with weariness that at the time I scarcely knew what had happened or the purpose of our talk. Afterward, however, it came back to me. I must have lept for many hours, for when I awoke it was far into the night. It was night, but not dark, for through the barred window laces came the sound of tumult and fightng and red rays of light cast by the flames of burning houses. One of these windows was above my couch, and standing on the bed I seized the sill with my hands. With much pain, because of the flesh wound in ny side, I drew myself up till I could look brough the bars. Then I saw that the paniards, not content with the capture of he teocalli, had made a night attack and et fire to hundreds of houses in the city. he glare of the flames was that of a lurid day, and by it I could see the white men etreating to their quarters, pursued by housands of Aztecs, who hung upon their flanks, shooting at them with stones and

ATTOWS. Now I dropped down from the window lace and began to think as to what I hould do, for again my mind was waver-ng. Should I desert Otomie and escape o the Spaniards, if it were possible, takng my chance of death at the hands of De Garcia! Or should I stay among the Aztecs, if they would give me shelter, and wed Otomie? There was a third choice ndeed—to stay with them and leave Otonie alone, though it would be difficult to do this and keep my honor. One thing I understood—if I married Otomie it must be at her own price, for then I must be come an Indian and give over all hope of eturning to England and to my betrothed. Of this indeed there was little chanco. Still, while life remained to me, it might ome about if I was free. But once my hands were tied by this marriage it could never be during Otomie's lifetime, and so ar as Lily Bozard was concerned I should be dead. How could I be thus faithless to her memory and my troth, and, on the other hand, how could I discard the woman who had risked all for me, and who, to speak truth, had grown so dear to me, nough there was one yet dearer? While I sat musing on the couch the

purtain was drawn, and a man entered aring a torch. It was Guatemoc as he had come from the fray, which, except for its harvest of burning houses, was finished for that night. The plumes were shorn from his head, his golden armor was hacked by the Spanish swords, and he oled from a shot wound in the neck. "Greeting, Teule," he said. "Certainly

never thought to see you alive tonight, or myself either, for that matter. But it is a strange world, and now, if never before in Tenoctitlan, those things happen for which we look the least. But I have no time for words. I came to summon you before the council."

"What is to be my fate?" I asked.

"To be dragged back to the stone of sacri-

"Nay, have no fear of that. But for the rest I cannot say. In an hour you may be dead or great among us, if any of so can be called great in these days of shame. Otomie has worked well for you among the princes and the counselors, so she says, and if you have a heart you hould be grateful to her, for it seems to me that few women have loved a man so much. As for me, I have been employed elsewhere," and he glanced at his rent armor, "but I will lift up my voice for

you. Now come, friend, for the torch burns low. By this time you must be well seasoned in dangers. One more or less will matter as little to you as to me." Then I rose and followed him into the great cedar paneled hall where that very morning I had received adoration as a god. Now I was a god no longer, but a prisoner on trial for his life. Upon the dais where I had stood in the hour of my knew this on yonder pyramid, and when

"Have no fear," she said. "The priests | and counselors who were left alive. Some | Teme are harmless for you. You have escaped of them, like Guatemoc, were clad in rent follow him to the grave."

as to how they might expel the Spaniards before the city was destroyed. When I entered, a man in mail, who sat in the center of the half circle, and in the emperor should Montezuma die, looked

."Who is this, Guatemoo, that you bring with you? Ah, I remember—the Teule that was the god Tezcat, and who escaped the sacrifice today! Listen, nobles. What is to be done with this man? Say, is it lawful that he be led back to sacrifice?"

Then the priest answered: "I grieve to say that it is not lawful, most noble prince. This man has lain on the altar of the god-he has even been wounded by the holy knife. But the god rejected him in a fateful hour, and he must lie there no more. Slay him if you will, but not upon the stone of sacrifice. "What, then, shall be done with him?"

said the prince again.
"He is of the blood of the Teules, and therefore an enemy. One thing is certain -he must not be suffered to join the white devils and give them tidings of our distress. Is it not best that he be put

away forthwith?" Now several of the council nodded their heads, but others sat silent, making no

"Come," said Cuitlahua, "we have no the fateful words that I had spoken on time to waste over this man when the the stone of sacrifice. When I said them, lives of thousands are hourly at stake. The question is, Shall the Teule be slain?" Then Guatemoc rose and spoke, saying: "Your pardon, noble kinsmen, but I hold that we may put this prisoner to better use than to kill him. I know him well. He is brave and loyal, as I have prove Moreover, he is not all a Teule, but half ness of this Indian lady that even then she of another race that hates them as he hates would not take me at my word. For a them: also he has knowledge of their customs and mode of warfare, which we lack, and I think that he may be able to give us good counsel in our strait."

"The counsel of the wolf to the deer perhaps," said Cuitlahua coldly, "coun-sel that shall lead us to the fangs of the Teules. Who shall answer for this foreign devil, that he will not betray us if we trust him?"

"I will answer with my life," answered Guatemoo. "Your life is of too great worth to be set

on such a stake, nephew. Men of this white breed are liars, and his own word is of no value even if he gives it. 1 think that it will be best to kill him and have done with doubts. "This man is wed to Otomie, princes of the Otomie, Montezuma's daughter,

your niece," said Gustemoc again, "and she loves him so well that she offered herself upon the stone of sacrifice with him. Unless I mistake she will answer for him also. Shall she be summoned before you!"
"If you wish, nephew, but a woman in love is a blind woman, and doubtless he has deceived her also. Moreover, she was his wife according to the rule of religion only. Is it your desire that the princess

should be summoned before you, comrades?" Now some said nay, but the most, those whose interest Otomie had gained, said yea, and the end of it was that one of their

number was sent to summon her.

Presently she came, looking very weary, but proud in mien and royally attired, and bowed before the council.

"This is the question, princess," said Cuitlahua, "whether this Teule shall be slain forthwith, or whether he shall be sworn as one of us, should he be willing to take the oath? The Prince Guatemoc here vouches for him, and he says, moreover, that you will youch for him also. A woman can do this in one way only, by taking him she vouches as her husband. You are already wed to this foreigner by the rule of religion. Are you willing to marry him according to the custom of our land and to answer for his faith with your own

"I am willing," Otomie answered quietly, "if he is willing."
"In truth, it is a grea would do this white dog," said Cuitlahua Bethink you, you are princess of the Otomie and one of our master's daughters. It s to you that we look to bring back the nountain clans of the Otomie, of whom you are chieftainess, from their unholy aliance with the accursed Tlascalans, the slaves of the Teules. Is not your life too recious to be set on such a stake as this oreigner's faith, for learn, Otomie, if he

proves false your rank shall not help you?" "I know it all," she replied quietly.
'Foreigner or not, I love this man, and I will answer for him with my blood. More over I look to him to assist me to win back the people of the Otomie to their al-But let him speak for himself, my lord. It may happen that he has no lesire to take me in marriage. Cuitlahua smiled grimly and said,

When the choice lies between the breast of death and those fair arms of yours. niece, it is easy to guess his answer. Still, peak, Teule, and swiftly." "I have little to say, lord. If the Prin-

ess Otomie is willing to wed me. I am willing to wed her," I answered, and thus in the moment of my danger all my doubts | my new birth, and this my oath shall enand scruples vanished. As Cuitlahua had said, it was easy to guess the choice of one set between death and Otomie. She heard and looked at me warningly, saying in a low voice: "Remember our no more a people."

words, Teule. In such a marriage you renounce your past and give me your fu-"I remember," I answered, and while I spoke there came before my eyes a vision of Lily's face as it had been when I bade

her farewell. This, then, was the end of the vows that I had sworn. Cuitlahus but he smiled graciously and said: "Teule looked at me with a glance which seemed your trial is over. We have accepted you ooked at me with a glance which seemed to search my heart and said: "I hear your words, Teule. You, a

white wanderer, are graciously willing to take this princess to wife and by her to be through eternity in the next. Forget all lifted high among the great lords of this that may have been said in the hour of land. But, say, how can we trust you! If you fail us, your wife dies indeed, but that may be naught to you." "I am ready to swear allegiance," I answered. "I hate the Spaniards, and among

them is my bitterest enemy whom I followed across the sea to kill-the man who strove to murder me this very day. I can say no more. If you doubt my words, it were best to make an end of me. Already I have suffered much at the hands of your people. It matters little if I die or live.' "Boldly spoken, Teule. Now, lords, I ask your judgment. Shall this man be given to Otomie as husband and be sworn is one of us, or shall he be killed instantly? You know the matter. If he can be trusted, as Guatemoc and Otomic believe. ne will be worth an army to us, for he is acquainted with the language, the cus-toms, the weapons and the modes of warfare of these white devils whom the gods have let loose upon us. If, on the other hand, he is not to be trusted, and it is hard for us to put faith in one of his blood, he may do us much injury, for in the end he will escape to the Teules and betray our and terrible weapons. Day by day dis counsels and our strength or the lack of t. It is for you to judge, lords."

Now the counselors consulted together, and some said one thing and some anoth er, for they were not by any means of a mind in the matter. At length, growing weary, Cuitlahua called on them to put the question to the vote, and this they did by a lifting of hands. First those who were in favor of my death held up their hands, then those who thought it would be wise to spare me. There were 26 counselors present, not counting Cuitlahua, and of these 13 voted for my execution, and 13 were for saving me alive.

"Now it seems that I must give a cast ing vote," said Cuitlahua when the tale had been rendered, and my blood turned cold at his words, for I had seen that his mind was set against me. Then it was that Otomie broke in, saying:
"Your pardon, my uncle, but before you

speak I have a word to say. You need my services, do you not, for if the people of the Otomic will listen to any and suffer themselves to be led from their evil path it is to me? My mother was by birth their chieftainess, the last of a long line, and I am her only child. Moreover, my father is their emperor. Therefore my life is of no small worth now in this time of trouble, for though I am nothing in myself yet it may chance that I can bring 80,000 warriors to your standard. The priests

royal blood, till I called down the vengeance of the gods upon them. Now, my uncle and you, lords, I tell you this: Slay yonder man if you will, but know that lure the Otomie from their rebellion, for then I complete what I began today and

She ceased, and a murmur of amazement went round the chamber, for none had looked to find such love and courage in this lady's heart. Only Cuitlahua grew

"Disloyal girl," he said, "do you dare to set your lover before your country? Shame upon you, shameless daughter of our king! Why, it is in the blood-as the father is, so is the daughter. Did not Montezuma forsake his people and choose to lie among these Teules, the false children of Quetzal? And now this Otomie follows in his path. Tell us how is it, woman, that you and your lover alone escaped from the teocalli yonder when all the rest were killed. Are you then in league with these Teules? I say to you, niece, that if things were otherwise and I had my way you should win your desire indeed, for you should be slain at this man's side and within the hour." And he ceased for lack of breath and looked upon her flercely.

But Otomie never qualled. She stood efore him pale and quiet, with folded hands and downcast eyes, and answered: "Forbear to reproach me because my love is strong, or reproach me if you will, I have spoken my last word. Condemn this man to die, and, prince, you must seek some other envoy to win back the Otomie

o the cause of Anahuac." Now Cuitlahua pondered, staring into the gloom above him and pulling at his beard, and the silence was great, for none knew what his judgment would be. At

last he spoke:
"So be it. We have need of Otomie, my niece, and it is of no avail to fight against woman's love. Teule, we give you life, nd with the life honor and wealth, and the greatest of our women in marriage, and a place in our councils. Take these gifts and her, but I say to you both be-ware how you use them. If you betray us -nay, if you but think on treacheryswear to you that you shall die a death so slow and horrible that the very name of t would turn your heart to water, you and your wife, your children and your servants. Come, let him be sworn!"

I heard, and my head swam, and a mist gathered before my eyes. Once again I vas saved from instant death.

Presently it cleared, and looking up my eyes met those of the woman who had saved me, Otomie, my wife, who smiled upon me somewhat sadly. Then the priest came forward bearing a wooden carved about with strange signs, and lint knife, and bade me bare my arm. He out my flesh with the knife, so that blood an from it into the bowl. Some drops of this blood he emptied on to the ground muttering invocations the while. Then he urned and looked at Cuitlahua as though n question, and Cuitlahua answered with bitter laugh:

"Let him be baptized with the blood of the Princess Otomie, my niece, for she is ail for him. "Nay, lord," said Guatemoc, "these two

have mingled bloods already upon the stone of sacrifice, and they are man and wife. But I also have vouched for him, and I offer mine in earnest of my faith." "This Teule has good friends," said Cuitlahua. "You honor him overmuch. But so be it."

Then Guatemoc came forward, and when the priest would have cut him with the knife he laughed and said, pointing to the bullet wound upon his neck:
"No need for that, priest. Blood runs here that was shed by the Teules. None

can be fitter for this purpose." So the priest drow away the bandage and suffered the blood of Guatemoc to drop into a second smaller bowl. Then he came to me and dipping his finger into the blood he drew the sign of a cross upon my forehead as a Christian priest draws it upon the forehead of an infant and said: "In the presence and the name of God,

our Lord, who is everywhere and sees all things, I sign you with this blood and make you of this blood. In the presence and the name of God, our Lord, who is evyour blood upon the earth!' poured as he spoke.) "As this blood of yours sinks into the earth, so may the memory of your past life sink and be forple of Anahuac. In the presence and the name of God, our Lord, who is everywhere and sees all things, I mingle these bloods' (here he poured from one bowl into the other), "and with them I touch your tongue" (here, dipping his finger into the owl, he touched the tip of my tongue with it) "and bid you swear thus: "'I, Teule, swear to be faithful to the

people of Anahuse and to their lawful governors. I swear to wage war upon their foes and to compass their destruction, and more especially upon the Teules, till they are driven into the sea. I swear to offer no affront to the gods of Anahuae. I swear myself in marriage to Otomie, princess of the Otomie, the daughter of Montezuma. my lord, for so long as her life shall endure. I swear to attempt no escape from these shores. I swear to renounce my fa-ther and my mother, and the land where I was born, and to cling to this land of dure till the volcano Popo ceases to vomit smoke and fire, till there is no king in Tencotitlan, till no priest serves the altars of the gods and the people of Anahuse are

When I had sworn, Guatemoc came for ward and embraced me, saying: "Welcome, Teule, my brother in blood and Now you are one of us, and we look to you for help and counsel. Come be seated by me."

I looked toward Cuttlahua doubtfully and you have sworn the solemn oath o brotherhood, to break which is to die hor your weighing, for the balance is in your favor, and be sure that if you give us no cause to doubt you, you shall f doubt us. Now, as the husband of Otomio you are a lord among the lords, having honor and great possessions, and as such be seated by your brother Guatemoo and join our council."

I did as he bade me, and Otomie withspoke again, no longer of me and my mat ters, but of the urgent affairs of state. He spoke in slow words and weighty, and more than once his voice broke in his sor row. He told of the grievous misfortune that had overcome the country, of the death of hundreds of its bravest warriors of the slaughter of the priests and soldier tion of his nation's gods. What was to be done in this extremity? he asked. Montezuma lay dying, a prisoner in the camp of the Teules, and the fire that he had nursed with his breath devoured the land. No ef forts of theirs could break the iron strength of these white devils, armed with strange aster overtook the arms of the Aztecs What wisdom had they now that the pro tecting gods were shattered in their very shrines, when the altars ran red with th blood of their ministering priests, when the oracles were dumb or answered only in the accents of despair?

Then one by one princes and generals arose and gave counsel according to their lights. At length all had spoken, and uitlahua said, looking toward me: We have a new counselor among us who is skilled in the warfare and custom of the white man, who till an hour ago

was himself a white man. Has he no word

of comfort for us?"

'Speak, my brother," said Guatemoo. Then I spoke. "Most noble Cuitlahua, and you, lords and princes, you honor me by asking my counsel, and it is this, in lew words and brief: You waste your strength by hurling your armies contin ually against stone walls and the weapons of Teules. So you shall not prevail against them. Your devices must be changed if you would win victory. The Spaniards are like other men. They are no gods, as the ignorant imagine, and the creatures upon which they ride are not demons, but ceasts of burden, such as are used for many purposes in the land where I was

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