

give vent to the terrible grief that was overtaking her. "What do you mean?" she cried with a supreme effort at self control.

"I mean," stammered her aunt, "that Arthur Warfield hasn't a cent to his name, and—and that I am glad if you have been sensible."

"What—what do you mean?" repeated Murilla, catching at her sleeve.

"His sister telephoned to me this morning. She asked for you; but you weren't here."

"What did she say? Tell me quickly! Why didn't you tell me before?" Murilla put her face in her hands and dropped into the chair that Arthur had lately deserted.

"She said," began her aunt, "that during Arthur's absence the company had taken a step that started their downward course; that the manager had delayed communicating the bad news, because he hoped to be able to right things again, but he only made things worse, and everything had gone to pieces."

Murilla raised her head. "But Arthur—what did she say of him? Why did she telephone?"

"Oh, that was what I tried to tell you upstairs. She asked me to tell you that he was not—well, that he had a great deal to worry over and that he did not expect anything of you. She thought it would be easier for you if you knew beforehand too. She—"

MURILLA interrupted her. "No more just now. Aunt!" She turned and ran upstairs to her room. Hastily putting on her hat and cloak, she left the house.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

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nized his quality. He was one that would walk warily and had strange eyes.

"Mistress," says he, bowing to Miss Marjory, "there has been a little misunderstanding, and your uncle and guardian has bade me rectify it. No doubt your horse is stabled and rested from the journey."

Miss Marjory kept her eyes on him steadily, and she said slowly, "I go no way with you, Mr. Harman, nor does my sister."

"Mistress," he said, bowing again with an expression on his sallow face that irked me, "there is one expected as guest at the hall whom you may not miss."

I know not what this small under-play between 'em was; but here I intervened that he had not seen in the window nook. "I am glad to hear I am expected, good friend; but, look you, I am here afore my time."

He started back as if astonished, as he must have been; but quickly recovering he saluted me with an oddness in his look. "Is it Sir Edward?" he asked in surprise. "Mr. Hollister expected you tonight, Sir."

"Troth, he shall not be disappointed," I said. "Have you broken fast, Sir?"

He looked askance at the table, and I could see he was empty; so I called the landlady, and presently the board was spread.

All the time he talked quietly and very civilly on many matters, yet never once referring to the escape of the sisters. 'Twas not my design to explain to him; for 'tis well, as I have ever found, to leave something to puzzle an enemy's wits. And if he breed suspicion, damme! I give that for his suspicion!

I warrant I played the great gentleman very neatly that morning—as there is no reason why Dick Ryder should not, seeing he has mingled in the best company,—Kings, Princes, and peers of the realm. But this Harman irritated me. There was that in his manner that made me pause and wonder. He desired us to go forward to the hall; but I was for lingering, taking some pleasantness out of the situation. Moreover I had the task to rid us of this pestilent fellow. But I played him like a fish, and he answered to my play, and talked and fed and did all that he thought was handsome.

"I am glad, Sir Edward," said he to me privily, "that there is no obstacle now to this union. I was informed there was one in the lady's resistance."

"Now you mention it," I said, "there was some point of difference; but as you see 'tis all settled."

At that moment one of the twins entered the room, and I went up to her.

"Yes," says I, "Dorothy and I understand one another," and I put an arm about her.

She went red suddenly, and dodging to the side I perceived she had no mole. So 'twas Marjory! But, damme! I believe I preferred Marjory for her spirit.

This Harman watched us in his sneaky way, but said no more than that his master would be delighted; and I, having 't'other twin in the room then, had to go round about that mole once more ere I clasped arms. And all through these passages, as I could see, this Harman watched.

'T'WAS four of the afternoon when the trouble came, and I was justified in my suspicions of this fellow. He came in from the garden smiling, and says he, "Sir

She remembered vaguely that Arthur had spoken of the woods at the end of the avenue, and she felt how he must be wandering about and thinking her the coldest, cruelest person in the world.

Twilight was beginning to steal over the thick trees of the wood that skirted the river, and long shadows met on the familiar path along which Murilla, breathless and eager, made her way. Everything seemed silent and expectant, as before the break of dawn. She reached the river and looked for some sign of the man she felt was there. Nothing but the long, misty line of the shore, nothing but the ever deepening shadows, confronted her. Her heart sank. Then a quick noise in the leaves behind recalled her to a sense of the danger of her position.

"Don't let me frighten you; but isn't that you, Murilla?" said a voice near at hand.

It was Arthur, and as Murilla saw his familiar outline emerge from the shadows she felt a deep, lingering pain enter her heart, a pain that meant great joy.

"Yes, it is I. I was looking for you," she said.

"For me?" he asked in a bewildered tone.

"I understand now, Arthur. Won't you let me offer you my sympathy now—my help, my—my love?" She finished in a whisper.

"Oh, Murilla!" he cried, folding her in his arms and straining through the darkness to see her face.

"I thought you meant something else," she explained as they strolled along the river path together. "I thought you meant you had found someone else."

Edward, I think it is time we were on the road; for it will be hard to gain Maze Hall this night."

"Well," said I, thinking the time was come to be rid of him, "I am ready. Get you to your horse."

After a moment's pause he went out, and I went in search of the twins. "Ahorse!" said I. "We are to be quit of this oily knave now."

But one came forward that I could see by dodging had no mole to her neck. "Sir," says she, being Marjory, and I could see she trembled, "there are some men on the moor that are my uncle's."

"Rip me!" I said, suddenly jumping to a thought, "so that is the game, perish him! He has sent word!"

"Oh, Sir," says Miss Dorothy now, that had been staring through the window, "tis Sir Edward!"

"Perish him too!" I said, and frowned. "To your horse," said I next, "and go by the back ways upon the moorland road, where I will meet you!"

"But you, Sir?" says Marjory.

"Rip me! I must have my fun," said I, and left them forthwith.

I slipped into the stables and loosed Calypso, and she wandered forth, and then I went back to the inn, encountered my friend, and told him that I was ready to depart.

"Oh," says he, smiling, "my horse is without, and maybe, Sir Edward, you will bear me company."

I walked to the door and out through the garden to the gate which gave on the moor; and there, love you! was a gang of three horsed men and a fourth drawn up very soldierly.

"Who be these?" I asked as if in casual question.

"These, Sir Edward, are come to escort you," said Harman, all of a grin.

"Very well," said I, and marched a foot towards 'em, bold now to take any step. But they closed up and headed me off. "Who are you," said I, "that opposes a King's liege on his Majesty's roads?"

The man that looked like a soldier saluted with a grin. "Good man," says he, "I am Sir Edward Carnby, that have come opportunely to the rescue of my bride from some led-captain."

I wheeled an eye on Harman to see the end of this comedy, and he responded.

"I had the privilege to acquaint Mr. Hollister of the position early this morning," says he, smirking, "since your description and bearing answered not to Sir Edward's."

"Rip me!" I said, laughing. "'Tis a merry meeting then, and I am obliged. Where would you have it, Sir Edward, midriff or shoulder?" says I.

"What?" says he, and looked in a maze.

"You are come for a maid that wants you not," said I, "and you pursue her to her hurt. Draw, Man!" I said, and I pulled out my bodkin.

HE rode at me with his drawn sword, a scurvy trick to one that was afoot, and I stepped aside and took him in the ribs so that he toppled off his horse and lay sprawling on the moor. And then I turned on the others. They had come nearer, and one drew his pistol; while the secretary, Harman, had his full upon me.

"Lord give you sense!" said I. "What makes you stand between a tiger and his lair? Get you gone, Harman, or I'll visit your midriff!" and without more

ado I had the man with his pistol in the thigh. He cried out, dropped his barker, and I sliced his fellow on the arm; for 'twas no part of mine to pink these poor devils beyond necessity. And at that the third drew off with his rein; so that I turned to Harman.

"Harman," says I half in humor and talking low, "Heaven forgive me, I had the mind to stab your vitals; but I remembered in time! We are of a trade."

"What?" says he, stuttering.

"One thief robs not another," I said, and I gave him a wink. Somehow it came to me thus to put him in the dirt and muck without injury, and so says I, "You Cupid, I've think I've interest in the chickens yonder save for this?" and I tapped my breast.

"What?" he said and gaped.

"Jewels?" I whispered, and winked again. "Get you and get them, and take this groveler in the dust along of you!"

"Who—who are you?" he stammered.

"One Ryder, otherwise Galloping Dick, and known on every road in England," says I.

"Lord!" said he, and dropped his eyes cunningly.

"Well, if you go with the jewels, will you let me seem to put you to flight? 'Tis the girl Marjory that I want."

I could ha put my bodkin through his weasand, but I refrained. "Rip me, Cully, I'm afraid of you!" I cried, and made a rush for it, while he wheeled his horse in a pretense of following. But Calypso cantered up at a whistle, and knowing the Gemini were now well across the heath I mounted and followed, laughing.

I NICKED 'em a mile further, and so we rode to London Town, and that night did I deliver the charges at my Lady Westgarth's. Says she when 'twas done, looking at me oddly:

"Who is this wonderful cavalier of yours, Child?"

"Madam," said I, "a humble servitor of beauty in distress," for I had read some such words in a book.

"Oh!" says she, examining me closely, and then nodded to her cousins to retire. "My cousins come through safely?" she said.

"As God lives!" I said.

There was a little hesitation on her side, and then she says, "I will see that George Hollister has no hand in their future. I am friend to court circles."

"I would have set him in the pillory along of Sir Edward," I said.

She smiled, a buxom, fine woman of no great age. "Who is this knight errant, then?" says she.

"Faith, I am not ashamed of my name," I said. "Call me Galloping Dick of the high toby."

"God bless me!" she cried suddenly. "'Tis you then that took my diamonds last year?"

Sink me! 'twas no place for me, and so I put spurs to the mare; but somehow I thought I heard a sound of laughter follow me as I galloped on the London road.

AFOOT FROM CAPETOWN TO CAIRO

NOT long ago Emil Lund, a Rhodesian settler, aged thirty-six, completed a walk from Capetown to Cairo. The feat was undertaken simply from love of adventure, and not in fulfillment of any wager, or to test any system of diet or training. Lund started from Capetown, and walked alone through Cape Province and the Transvaal to Rhodesia. Thence he continued through the Kongo State, the Sudan, and the Nubian Desert to Egypt, a distance of nearly five thousand miles as the crow flies.

"My wish," said he, "was simply to be the first man to accomplish the feat. I am proudest of having walked across the Nubian Desert. That was the hardest tramp."

Until he left Elizabethville, in the Belgian Congo, Lund had a comparatively easy time, since he could obtain supplies, good food, and good water; but beyond that point he met with many difficulties. He had no porters, carrying all his own impedimenta, weighing about seventy pounds. This alone is no mean task in a tropical country.

For the greater part of the time Lund was obliged to subsist upon a vegetable diet; but he had meat when he could get it. In passing through the great forests he camped on the ground, lighting a large fire to keep off wild animals. This fire he was careful to maintain throughout the night. At early dawn he would renew his march, tramping continuously until eleven o'clock, when he would cook his one daily meal; after which he would sleep until sundown. Lions and other carnivora do not usually attack in the heat of the day. In the Katanga District, however, he was bitten by a black mamba snake, and would probably have died had he not succeeded in reaching a native kraal, where he was successfully treated by a native woman.

From Albertville the traveler made for Lake Albert, where he made a wide detour, eventually arriving at the Nile, which he followed to Abu Hamed. Here he struck out across the Nubian Desert, coming to the Nile again at Wady Halfa. Since there are but two oases on the route across this desert, Lund had to carry with him three days' supply of food and water. But he crossed the desert in safety and reached Khartoum, where he went into hospital to "patch himself up" for the last stage of his journey.