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*New Nonsense Novels*

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"All right," said Croyden, "only it doesn't happen to be that kind of key. It's a West Indian island all right, but there's a summer hotel on the other end of it not two miles away."

"A summer hotel!" we exclaimed.

"Yes, a hotel. I suspected it all along. I picked up a tennis racket on the beach the first day; and after that I walked over the ridge and through the jungle and I could see the roof of the hotel. Only," he added, rather shame-facedly, "I didn't like to tell her."

"Oh, you coward," cried Clara. "I could slap you."

"Don't you dare," said Edith. "I'm sure you knew it as well as he did. And anyway, I was certain of it myself. I picked up a copy of last week's paper in a lunch basket on the beach, and hid it from Mr. Borus. I didn't want to hurt his feelings."

At that moment Croyden pointed with a cry towards the sea.

"Look," he said, "for Heaven's sake, look!" He turned.

Less than a quarter of a mile away we could