

I care a great deal for your good opinion," faltered Alberta, "but I can't leave him and have told him so. How do we know that through some neglect he may not take fever and—die! I can't trust him to Raphael and Colinette. I could not endure the suspense. He expected and wished me to go—he thought it right—but he has almost consented for me to stay."

"But how can you?" asked Harold, much troubled.

"This is not England, and only real things matter here," she argued. "Besides, we shall not be alone but in the house of our friends, Raphael and Colinette, who are man and wife. If it is a chaperon that the family at Redwood would think necessary, Colinette must serve." Alberta averted her face as she added: "My mind is made up and I would stay in any case. Whenever we can leave here we shall go south and be married at the first opportunity. Raphael and Colinette will go with us, for they do not expect to remain on the Kawea-gotami."

Both Harold and Alberta were glad to be interrupted. Little Cloud, who had just landed, came straight to his adored "White Lady," and they turned to speak to him. It was the boy's third visit