

ESMERALDA

"In Lebanon, Oregon," said Esmeralda promptly. "Man by the name of Childs."

"And are the requirements so impossible, really?" asked the Englishman.

"If they are the right color."

"And what color are these three?" asked the captain.

"Camouflage," said Miss Sprunt briefly.

"Camouflage!" repeated the captain incredulously. "What do you mean?"

"Black or brown," said she. "Don't show at a distance. White or buckskin is no good. You can see 'em too easy!"

The entire table was listening by this time. Marjorie had a distinctly annoyed expression; and no wonder. The situation was getting frightfully out of hand. Nearly all the men had stopped talking to listen to the conversation. Mrs. DeWynt did the only thing possible—she seized, as it were, the horse by the bridle; at least she could guide it—if you see what I mean.

"And so you ride, my dear?" she