

Tiny, of course." Hilliard again grasped her hands and held them fast. "Now, go back and tell Tiny it is all right. To-morrow I shall go to see her myself. She'll be waiting for you so—go. Ross—if you don't mind, I'll kiss you this once."

So serene was the light in her eyes, so sweet the smile that met his own, that Hilliard could not know.

The door closed and she was alone.

The Apostasy of Mounng Pyu

(Continued from page 9.)

Then the Woon went to Phrang and passed to the British India steamer that would carry him to Calcutta, to catch the big steamer that crossed the black water to England.

What came the way of the Burman in England would make a story of itself, and this one bears only on the intricate matter of his many conversions in Burma.

Five and one-half months from the date of Mounng Pyu's departure it was known in Phrang that he would arrive back by the "Karagola." But the telegraphed list of passengers published in the "Phrang News" the day before the "Karagola's" arrival contained not the name of Mounng Pyu.

No one in Phrang suspected that the "Mr. White" in the list was the Woon of Mindak, Anglicized—but it was. And Mounng Pyu stepped from the steamer at Phrang as Mr. White, the most extraordinarily metamorphosed Oriental that ever caused a man to rub his eyes in bewildered astonishment.

Mr. White wore a tall silk hat and the heavy black hair had been cut away to exceeding closeness. A stiff white collar was graced by a most intense four-in-hand tie, reflecting the blood-red glitter of a ruby-studded pin. A frock coat and gray striped trousers, cut in the latest fashion, draped the slim figure of Mr. White down to gray spats and buttoned patent-leather boots. His slim, gray-gloved fingers jauntily carried a gold-headed cane.

The Sahibs who knew Mounng Pyu, and loved him for his fealty to the British Raj, screamed with joy. It was so like the stirring little Burman to do the business thoroughly if he did it at all. And he had—there could be no manner of doubt about that; the ocular evidence was complete.

But there was still something more—something very much more; for beside the dapper Mr. White walked a sweet-faced English girl whom he introduced as Miss Estella Roydon. Miss Roydon had come out as governess for Mr. White's two motherless girls.

When this was told at the Gymkhana Club the Sahibs laughed merrily; when they carried the story home the Mem-sahibs laughed sarcastically. Everybody in Phrang laughed, except two men—Padre Hobbs, and One Sahib.

Padre Hobbs rolled his eyes in horror; then he spoke words of angry denunciation; and the One Sahib, who was like a blood brother to Mounng Pyu, drew his face into a frown of commiseration and then went and talked to the little man.

First he asked him questions, and learned this: that Mounng Pyu had found a woman in England who was as simple a Christian as Craig Mem sahib had been. And there, where there were so many workers, she was very poor—though her people had not always been poor. And Mounng Pyu had reasoned that if this good woman came to Mindak and taught his children the same Christian love wisdom that Craig Mem sahib had known, the girls would grow up like the teacher, and the villagers would also become like that, and there would be no doubting because of Hobbism, or Blackmarism, or the soulless faith of the Talopins.

When Mounng Pyu told this child story, that was really so very wise, the One Sahib knew and believed that it was all and all; but he also knew what Padre Hobbs had said about this new impossible, intolerable thing. So, very sadly, he told Mounng Pyu that his Utopian dream wouldn't do, and explained why. The why was, that nobody in India believed anything but evil where there was a woman in the case, and evil would be believed of it. Even if the Sahibs wished to be charitable Padre Hobbs wouldn't let them.

Then the One Sahib went back to his bungalow and said to his wife: "For God's sake go and bring that English

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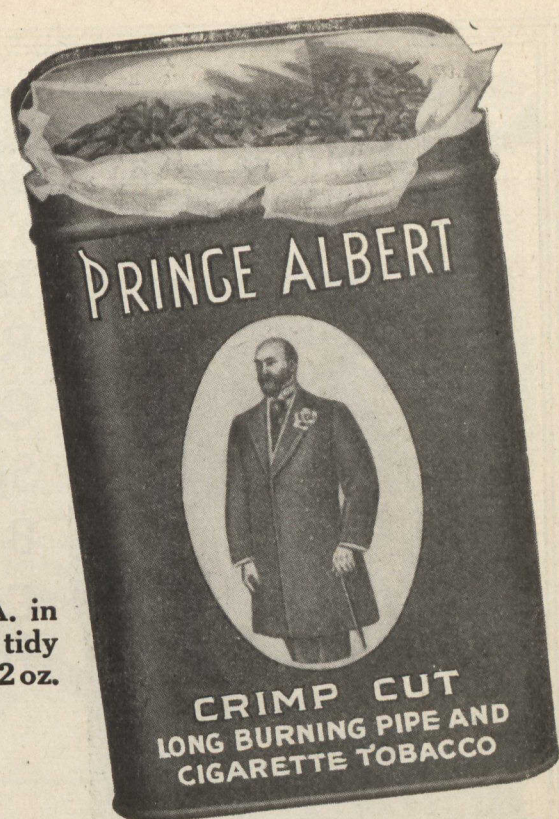
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