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*New Nonsense Novels*

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and had fetched me the shovel. "Swat him with that," she cried. I seized the shovel, and with the roar of a wounded bull—or as near as I could make it—I rushed out from the rock, the shovel swung over my head.

But the fight was all out of Croyden.

"Don't strike," he said, "I'm all in. I couldn't stand a crack with that kind of thing."

He sat down upon the sand, limp. Seen thus, he somehow seemed to be quite a small man, not a cave man at all. His goat skin suit shrunk in on him. I could hear his pants as he sat.

"I surrender," he said. "Take both the women. They are yours."

I stood over him leaning upon the shovel. The two women had closed in near to us.

"I suppose you are *her* husband, are you?" Croyden went on.

I nodded.

"I thought you were. Take her."

Meantime Clara had drawn nearer to me. She looked somehow very beautiful with her