

'round. Farm mortgaged, every cent spent, ivory still buried, brother dead. Nice cheerful mess. Queer thing about it all was that the girl, just as soon as she was found out, became all girl. See what I mean? Up to that time she had been doing two men's work, and running the whole show. Now she just collapsed. Didn't know what to do next, or where to turn. Middleton knew all right.

"The Bishop of Zanzibar is a friend of mine," said he decidedly. "We're going to get married."

"She looked him in the eyes."

"You are a brave and true man," she said, "but you do not mean that as I would have you mean it."

"Middleton swore that he did, and he believed it, but she persisted, and long afterward Middleton knew that she was right. There was nothing more to be said. They got into their canoe again and proceeded to the mouth of the river. There they found a green tent awaiting them. An officer of the E. A. P. called them ashore. He peered into the canoe.

"Where's your ivory?" he asked.