

— and I had a fever — and Stas cured me — and killed a wobo — and conquered the Samburus — and was always very kind to me — papa!”

In the same fashion she spoke about Kali, Mea, the King, Saba, Mount Linde, the kites, and the final journey until their meeting with the captain's and doctor's caravan. Mr. Rawlinson, listening to this chirping, checked his tears with difficulty, while Pan Tarkowski could not contain himself from pride and happiness, for even from these childish narratives it appeared that were it not for the bravery and energy of the boy the little one ran the risk of perishing, not once but a thousand times, without help.

Stas gave a more specific and complete account of everything. And it happened that during the narration of the journey from Fashoda to the waterfall, a great load fell off his heart, for when he told how he shot Gebhr and his companions, he hemmed and hawed and began to look uneasily at his father, while Pan Tarkowski knitted his brow, pondered a while, and after that gravely said:

“Listen, Stas! It is not allowable for any one to be lavish with death, but if anybody menaces your fatherland or puts in jeopardy the life of your mother, sister, or the life of a woman entrusted to your care, shoot him in the head and ask no questions. Do not reproach yourself on that account.”

Mr. Rawlinson immediately after the return to Port Said took Nell to England, where he settled permanently. Stas was sent by his father to a school in Alexandria, where his deeds and adventures were less known. The children corresponded almost daily, but circumstances combined to prevent their seeing each other for ten years. The boy, after finishing school in Egypt, entered the Polytechnic in Zurich, after which, having secured his diploma,