

And then, with new strength, came a great, unspoken affection and tenderness for this spirit that had refused to yield.

"About four o'clock one afternoon they rounded one of the numberless bends beneath the cut banks of the river and saw the sea. Charley stiffened in his place, then with a queer cry pitched flat forward on his face.

"Simba carried him ashore and laid him under a cocoanut tree, running immediately to the river for water. Middleton tore apart the neckband of Charley's shirt and stooped to listen at the heart. During an instant he knelt, staring wildly. Then, as he heard Simba's returning footsteps, he hastily drew the shirt together again. For little Charley, Charley of the soft cheeks, the dancing eyes, the curling hair, the mouth with the corners that quirked up, Charley of the indomitable spirit—was a girl!"

Kingozi's bold eyes were staring straight before him, and they were misted with tears. He gulped quite frankly.

"That's about all there is to that yarn," he said gruffly after a moment. "General disaster all