
New Nonsense Novels

That same evening we found ourselves all comfortably gathered on the piazza of the Hotel Christopher Columbus. Appin-Jones insisted on making himself our host, and the story of our adventures was related again and again to an admiring audience, with the accompaniment of cigars and iced champagne. Only one detail was suppressed, by common instinct. Both Clara and I felt that it would only raise needless comment to explain that Mr. and Mrs. Croyden had occupied separate encampments.

Nor is it necessary to relate our safe and easy return to New York.

Both Clara and I found Mr. and Mrs. Croyden delightful travelling companions, though perhaps we were not sorry when the moment came to say good-bye.

"The word 'good-bye,'" I remarked to Clara, as we drove away, "is always a painful one. Oddly enough when I was hunting the humpo, or humped buffalo, of the Himalayas——"

"Do tell me about it, darling," whispered Clara, as she nestled beside me in the cab.