

himself bravely," but when he retired to the privacy of his cabin he wept from happiness. At last the hour arrived when the children fell into the embraces of their fathers. Mr. Rawlinson seized his recovered little treasure in his arms and Pan Tarkowski long clasped his heroic boy to his bosom. Their misfortune disappeared as pass away whirlwinds and storms of the desert. Their lives were filled anew with serenity and happiness; longing and separation had augmented their joy. But the children were surprised that the hair of their "papas" had whitened completely during the separation.

They returned to Suez on a splendid French steamer belonging to the "Messageries Maritimes Company," which was full of travelers from the islands Réunion, Mauritius, Madagascar, and Zanzibar. When the news spread that on board were children who had escaped from dervish slavery Stas became an object of general curiosity and universal praise. But the happy quartette preferred to lock themselves in a great cabin which the captain gave up to them and spend there the cooler hours in narrations. Nell, too, took part in them, chirping like a little bird, and at the same time, to the amusement of all, beginning each sentence with an "and." So, sitting on her father's knees and raising to him her beautiful little eyes, she spoke in this manner: "And, papa, they kidnapped us and conveyed us on camels — and Gebhr struck me — and Stas defended me — and we came to Khartûm and there people died of hunger — and Stas worked to get dates for me — and we were at the Mahdi's — and Stas did not want to change his religion — and the Mahdi sent us to Fashoda — and afterwards Stas killed a lion and all of them — and we lived in a big tree, which is called Cracow — and the King was with us