

"I think good old Santosa has had his finger in it," said Hemming. "You see, he married the daughter of the secretary of war not very long ago. Rio is a beautiful place," he continued, "and a general, even of the Brazilian army, is not a person to be lightly treated. Remember that, dear!"

"It will be simply glorious," cried Molly. "But are you quite sure that I have enough clothes, and that there is no immediate danger of a revolution?"

"I should think one gown would be enough for one wedding," he replied, smiling, "and as for a revolution — bah! Brazil is as safe as a nursery these days."

"You must promise me not to give up your writing," she said.

"I could not give it up if I tried. I am under contract for two novels inside the next two years," he answered.

Molly shook her head at that. They touched their nags to a canter, and for a little while rode in silence.

"You took your time to find out," called Molly, presently.

"I am afraid I can't make it any clearer to you," he replied.

Molly drew her horse toward his, and leaned forward in the saddle.