

here in life now nothing awaited them and that only death would unite them with those dearest beings who were everything for them in the world.

In the meantime unexpected joy, almost beyond their strength, fell upon them. But it was linked with uncertainty and amazement. Neither could by any means comprehend in what manner news of the children came from that part of Africa, that is, Mombasa. Pan Tarkowski supposed that they might have been ransomed or stolen by some Arabian caravan which from the eastern coast ventured into the interior for ivory and penetrated as far as the Nile. The words of the despatch, "Thanks to boy," he explained in this manner: that Stas had notified the captain and the doctor by letter where he with Nell could be found. Nevertheless, many things it was impossible to unravel. On the other hand, Pan Tarkowski understood quite clearly that the information not only was favorable, but very favorable, as otherwise the captain and the doctor would not have dared to awaken hopes in them, and above all would not have summoned them to Mombasa.

The preparations for the journey were brief, and the second day after the receipt of the despatches both engineers, with Nell's teacher, were on the deck of a great steamer of the "Peninsular and Oriental Company," which was en route for India and on the way stopped at Aden, Mombasa, and Zanzibar. At Aden awaited them the second despatch: "Children are with us. Well. Boy a hero." After reading it Mr. Rawlinson walked about almost out of his senses from joy, and, squeezing Pan Tarkowski's palm, he repeated: "You see, it was he who saved her. To him I owe her life." Pan Tarkowski, not desiring to display too much weakness, answered only, setting his teeth, "Yes! The boy acquitted