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"What about it?"
"Craig was lying there ten minutes
ago. He sprang up when he heard
the yells from the encampment, but
I believe he is there now."
"Got the horses all right?" Quest
inquired.
"Everything is waiting," the profes-
sor replied.
"I'll have one more try, then,"
Quest declared.

He made his way slowly through the
undergrowth to the spot which the
professor had indicated. Close to the
trunk of a tree Craig was standing.
Feerda was on her knees before him.
She was speaking in broken English.

"Dear master, you shall listen to
your slave. These people are your
enemies. It would be all over in a few
minutes. You have but to say the
word. My father is eager for it. No
one would ever know."

Craig patted her head. His tone
was filled with the deepest despon-
dency.

"It is impossible, Feerda," he said.
"You do not understand. I cannot tell
you everything. Sometimes I almost
think that the best thing I could do
would be to return with them to the
countries you know nothing of."

"That's what you are going to do
anyway," Quest declared, suddenly
making his reappearance. "Hands
up!"

He covered Craig with his revolver,
but his arm was scarcely extended be-
fore Feerda sprang at him like a little
wildcat. He gripped her with his left
arm and held her away with diffi-
culty.

"Craig," he continued, "you're com-
ing with us. You know the way to
Port Said and we want you—you know
why. Untie that sash from your waist.
Quickly!"

Craig obeyed.

"Tie it to the tree," Quest ordered.
"Leave room enough."

Craig did as he was told. Then he
turned and held the loose ends up.
Quest lowered his revolver for a mo-
ment as he pushed Feerda towards it.
Craig, with a wonderful spring, re-
ached his side and kicked the revolver
away. Before Quest could even stoop
to recover it he saw the glitter of the
other's knife pressed against his chest.

"Listen," Craig declared, "I've made
up my mind. I won't go back to Amer-
ica. I've had enough of being hunted
all over the world. This time I think
I'll rid myself of one of you, at any
rate."

"Will you?"
The interruption was so unexpected
that Craig lost his nerve. Through an
opening in the trees, only a few feet
away, Lenora had suddenly appeared.
She, too, held a revolver, her hand
was as steady as a rock.

"Drop your knife," she ordered
Craig.

He obeyed without hesitation.

"Now, tie the sash around the girl."

He obeyed mechanically. Quest took
Craig by the collar and led him to the
spot where the others were wait-
ing. They hoisted him on to a horse.
Already behind them they could see
the flare of the torches from the re-
turning Mongars.

"You know the way to Port Said,"
Quest whispered. "See that you lead
us there. There will be trouble, mind
if you don't."

Craig made no reply. He rode off in
front of the little troop, covered all
the time by Quest's revolver. Very
soon they were out of the jungle and
in the open desert. Quest looked be-
hind him uneasily.

"To judge by the row those fellows
are making," he remarked, "I should
think that they've found Feerda al-
ready."

"In that case," the professor said
gravely, "let me recommend you to
push on as fast as possible. We have
had one escape from those fellows
but nothing in the world can save us
now that you have laid hands upon
Feerda. The chief would never forgive
that."

They galloped steadily on. The
moon rose higher and higher until
it became as light as day.

Quest felt a little behind the pro-
fessor's side, although he never left
watching Craig.

"Look behind you, professor," he
whispered.

In the far distance were a number
of little black specks, growing every
moment larger. Even at that moment
they heard the low, long call of the
Mongars.

"They are gaining on us," Quest
muttered.

They raced on for another mile or
more. A bullet whistled over their
heads. Quest tightened his reins.

"No good," he sighed. "We'd better
stay and fight it out, professor. Stick
close to me, Lenora."

They drew up and hastily dismount-
ed. The Mongars closed in around
them. A cloud had drifted in front
of the moon, and in the darkness it
was almost impossible to see their
whereabouts. They heard the chief's
voice.

"Shoot first that dog of a Craig!"

There was a shriek. Suddenly
Feerda, breaking loose from the oth-
ers, raced across the little division.
She flung herself from her horse.

"Tell my father that you were not
faithless," she pleaded. "They shall
not kill you!"

She clung to Craig's neck. The bul-
lets were beginning to whistle around



"I'll Be Careful, Lenora."

them now. All of a sudden she threw
up her arms. Craig, in a fury, turned
around and fired into the darkness.
Then suddenly, as though on the bid-
ding of some unseen word, there
was a queer silence. Everyone was
distinctly conscious of an alien sound
—the soft thud of many horses' feet
galloping from the right; then a sharp,
English voice of command.

"Hold your fire, men. Close in to
the left there. Steady!"

The cloud suddenly rolled away
from the moon. A long line of horse-
men were immediately visible. The
officer in front rode forward.

"Drop your arms and surrender," he
ordered, sternly.

The Mongars, who were outnum-
bered by twenty to one, obeyed with-
out hesitation. Their chief seemed
unconscious, even, of what had hap-
pened. He was on his knees, bending
over the body of Feerda, half support-
ed in Craig's arms. The officer turned
to Quest.

"Are you the party who left Port
Said for the Mongar camp?" he asked.
Quest nodded.

"They took us into the jungle—just
escaped. They'd caught us here,
though, and I'm afraid we were about
finished if you hadn't come along. We
are not English—we're American."

"Same thing," the officer replied, as
he held out his hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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"I don't know why," said Aunt
Jane the other day, "but cousin
Sarah calls this here fish dish a
Chinese one. Says she learned to
cook it from old Cap'n Smith,
who learned it from a Chinese cook
when he was capt'nin' tramp
steamers in the Far East."

"It's made out of left over cold
fish—most any kind, cousin Sarah
tells me—and seems most econo-

mical. You shred your fish up fine
you ought to have a coffee cup full
of it when you finish if you are
making it for two or three people.
If you have a cupful, add to it a
half cupful of boiled rice, which
has been cooled, and a cooked oni-
on sliced and a chopped red pep-
per.

Have a baking pan buttered and
ready—enamelware is best for
this. Place the fish mixture in the
pan and the pan in a very hot oven.
Pour into the pan a cupful of milk
with a beaten egg in it. When it
browns, it is ready to serve."

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Cherry and Currant Compote—
Six quarts ripe, sour cherries, and
three pounds sugar, one-half cup
water, two glasses of red currant
jelly. Make a syrup of the sugar
and water. Pit the cherries and
add them; cook 15 minutes, then
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