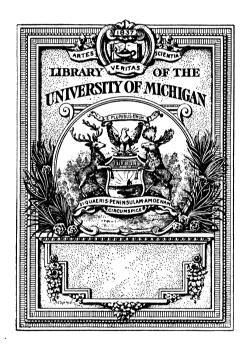
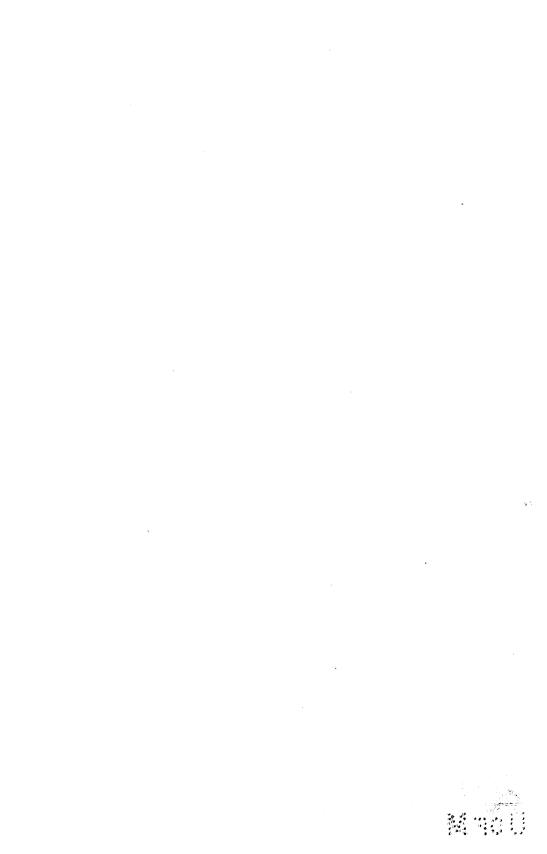
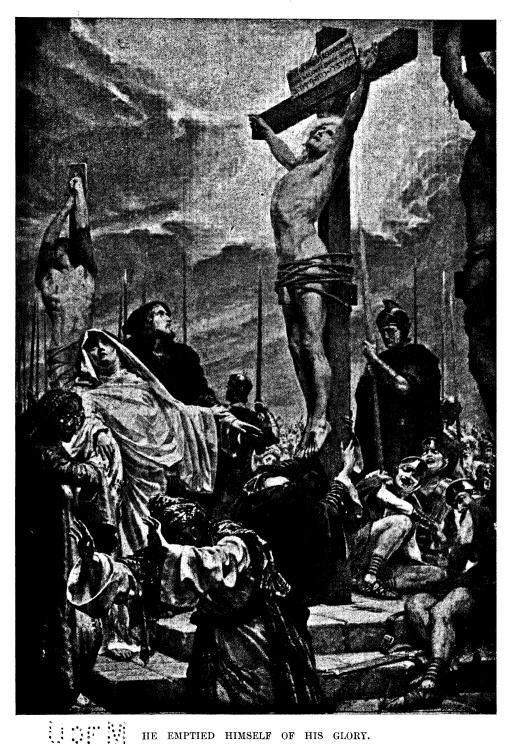


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WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY for MEN AND WOMEN

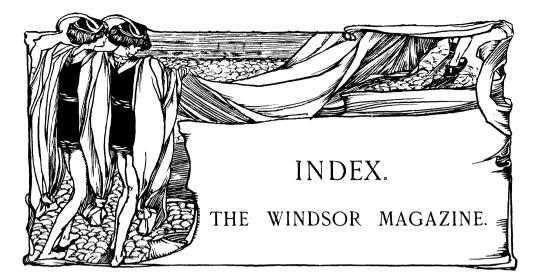
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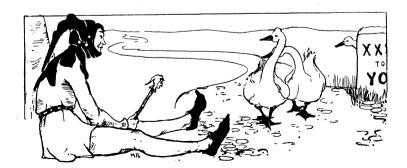
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"SAINT SEBASTIAN." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE. Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Southport, from the picture in the Atkinson Art Gallery, Southport.

The Art of Mr. Sigismund Goetze.

BY CHRISTOPHER JACKSON.

THE keynote to the art of Sigismund Goetze is his passionate love for humanity. The whole trend of his thought, the goal of his execution, are so set to the deification of the human, that other worlds make their principal appeal to him through the uses of which they may be ravaged, and the ends to which they may be made to serve. Panoply of cloud, stretch of flower-gemmed water, winds that make playthings of them both, with Goetze as interpreter, they stand for the mystic haloing of holy thought, for the symbolism of the white innocence of a girl's sleep, for the movement of exquisite drapery, or of the curls that hide a shell-like ear.

You hear the secret words she hears, You little ringlets round her ears!

No interior. No unpeopled stretch of woodland. Penshurst itself is but of value as a romantic background to a lover's kiss; and a martyrdom serves as the vehicle for wholly human grief. Lest it be urged that such exclusive devotion to the one ideal makes for limitation, it may be pointed out that Pantheism, unconscious, and in its purest form, adds a lustre to the loveliest creed; and that since that one scene in the world's history, in relation to which all other scenes grow dim—the God in man made manifest of Calvary—no Christian apologetics are required for a worker whose conceptions are set to the self-same end.

The good fortune of his life is that, on his mother's side, Sigismund Goetze, English born and bred, despite his name, springs from the Bentleys. If the diaries and letters of their various contemporaries are to be trusted, they were an irritating race, tenacious of theories which were sometimes untenable, and little given to pliancy or to the conciliation of opponents. But, at all events, no Bentley ever yet was charged with stupidity. They were brilliant in conception, successful in execution ; and so far as the career of this descendant of theirs has yet gone, they have no cause to be ashamed of him.

It is a matter of small regret that no anecdotes of marvellous child-precocity can be included in this unpretentious paper. Personally, I always think the finest picture-

JUNE, 1906.

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в

story with which I am acquainted is that of the boy from the art school, who was greatly excited when his *chef d'œuvre* was posted home to his father. "Oh, do show it to me, father ! *I haren't seen it yet.*"

Even to these temperate heights Goetze did not soar.

attested its appreciation of the faithfulness of the portrayal. A portrait followed, that of "Mr. J. L. Toole." Toole was at that time acting in *Walker*, *London*, through which play Mr. J. M. Barrie won, not only his first dramatic laurels, but also his

He was guite an ordinary, normal boy. and counts it. as his luck. rather than as his desert. that he went to University College School, where they were teaching drawing better in the 'eighties than, perhaps, they then were in any other public school. James---Stevens ----Fisk — made a fine trio. It was this last who insisted the boy should be an artist, and who imbued him with his own admiration for Turner. After a spell at Calderon's, he went on to the Academy Schools in the spring of 1885, and three years later he pro-



"THE STRUGGLE OF THE SOUL WITH SIN." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

duced his first exhibited picture, "Peg Woffington." It is a portrait of his sister, in pink bounet and figured silk gown; and that the likeness was good may be gauged from the fact that it had previously served as a property picture in a representation of *Masks and Faces*, in which the sister acted, and at which the audience lustily proved of remarkable quality in his "Crucifixion" of last year. For another, in its atmospheric treatment, and in the tenderness of its dawn, it presaged that mystic welding of human and of Nature's forces, the realisation of which is absolutely necessary to the full appreciation of his art. Finally, "Saint Sebastian" was a human

wife, and at the time it was an admirable likeness. A certain pathos attaches to it nowadays in view of the gaiety of past triumphs, contrasted with the present sad invalidism at Brighton.

The Academy of 1894 showed us "Saint Sebastian." The picture is memorable from many points of view. For one thing, it proved that the young painter had no intention of following in the meaningless paths of tradition. a decision, by the by, which has strengthened until it has become one of his most distinctive attributes. and which



"THE DIVINE SOWER." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE,

S.

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document from which one learned that although the hampering necessity for bread and butter might mean successive portraits, here, where his heart was, lay his treasure also.

A giant canvas, depicting the struggle of the soul with sin, followed the next year. It was naturally less popular because less pleasing. but as a piece of anatomical drawing it is thought to contain some of his best work. Farrar preached upon it in Westminster. Abbey. The most characteristic touch is in the reticent poise of the six-winged seraph, who is waiting, with majestic humility, in readiness to be called upon. Looking back through the artistic ages, one recalls angels ministering, angels sustaining, but seldom, I fancy, angels dependent wholly upon the will of man. It was the logical progressive outcome, from things natural to things supernatural, and each alike dedicated to the human service.

What was lacking in the popularity of this austerer painting was more than balanced when "Sylvia" of the beautiful hands came to make others than Boy-Love captive. The purple clematis; the dappled honeysuckle; the white draperies of the entrancing woman who appears to smile with her body as well as with her lips, and who athwart her knees has drawn some folds of rose and grey-green shot which set one a-breaking the Tenth Command; the flesh-tints,

Unthrift of all their sweets;

the sun-haunted hair; and again and yet again those most beautiful hands—they go to make a blaze of colouring and beauty which no mere reproduction can hope to emulate. One lays up the thought of it in lavender in one's memory, and takes it out again to dwell upon as a refreshment in foggy days.

A colourist should indeed revel in Sigismund Goetze. The portrait of the late Chief Justice of Bombay; the child with the St. Bernard dog, a child with eyes of intensest speedwell blue; "Miss Margaret Halston," with the colour of her Parma violets reproduced in her waist-ribbons, and with something of the flowers' own brooding sweetness in her eyes, these are all picture-folk with whom one would care to dwell, whether one knew the originals or not. To this period belongs also "The Divine Sower." To some of us the painting of the head may not be wholly satisfactory ; but all must agree in lauding the extraordinary feel of subdued radiance in the handling of the dominant greys and mauves which warm to rosier life in the face and in the halo, and again in the lights on the tops of the trees.

An important event occurred on October 10th, 1898, for on that day the Royal Exchange panel was unveiled. Leighton, Solomon, Seymour Lucas, Abbey—these are the names with which Goetze thus became associated, the subject allotted to him being the offer of the throne to Richard of Gloucester at Baynard's Castle in 1483. The decorative scheme was Lord Leighton's. Each panel



PANEL IN THE REREDOS BY SIGISMUND GOETZE, RECENTLY PLACED IN MUCHWOOLTON CHURCH.



PANEL IN THE REREDOS BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

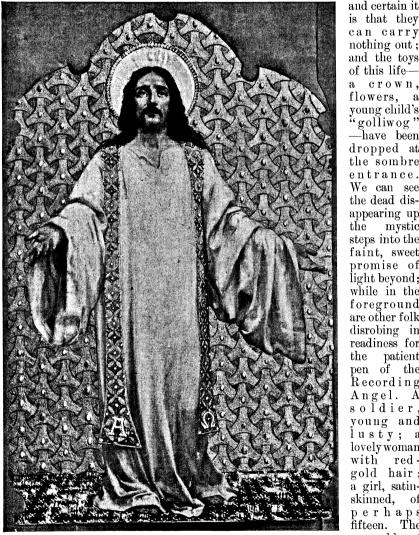
was to have the same bordering, the same cartouche, and a similar manner of (naturally varying) inscription. But Leighton died, and at the moment of writing, Goetze's is the only panel which stands exactly as the inaugurator planned it.

"Eloquent Silence," apart from intrinsic worth, is of interest as an eloquently silent memorial of English stupidity. Placed in a church, it had to be taken out again, because it was decided that angels did not dress in the fashion which Goetze thought himself at liberty to imagine they did. It should be noted that this decision was given in the

Law Courts, and not in the pages of Punch. It should also be noted that the direct outcome of the case was that an Anglican presented a famous Murillo to the Roman Catholic Church, not from any feeling of friendship to that body, but because the The supreme moment cannot be shared. It is to this phase, this comprehension, that the artist has given exquisite and most rare expression. The door is so narrow that only one can pass through at a time. The figures are naked, since they brought nothing into

donor knew her c o religionists would squabble over the gift. This same

finding awakens some sort of doubt as to the reception which may be ac-corded the new - coming picture. Atthe moment of writing it is still upon the easel. It represents Death death coming to the child and to the aged, to the affluent and to the poor. A typical crowd of folk is represented as approaching the grim portals; but the individualism which distressed the artist's judges in "Eloquent Silence" is likely to distress



THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE REREDOS BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

them here, for the vague, popular dream of "wide, golden gates" finds no response in Goetze. The horror of death to those few of us who are capable of any feeling lies not in the relinquishing of earth's many gladnesses, nor in our doubts of the greater glories of the other side; its horror lies only in its loneliness. The greater the love, the greater this knowledge.

ballet-girl's suicide; and the most pathetic in that a beautiful boy, with the blue-moonbeam touches of death already possessing his feet and rounded limbs, snatches backward with rosy fingers at two wandering butterflies which symbolise the glad beauty of his own dancing life.

The reception to be granted to this picture may be awaited with keen interest. To

can carry nothing out; and the toys of this life a crown. flowers. a young child's "golliwog" -have been dropped at the sombre entrance. We can see the dead disappearing up the mystic steps into the faint, sweet promise of light beyond; while in the foreground are other folk disrobing in readiness for the patient pen of the Recording Angel. A soldier, young and lusty; a lovely woman with redgold hair; a girl, satinskinned, of perhaps fifteen. The cruellest touch is in a

the world,

those of us who invest death with a somewhat befogging aureola of hackneyed quotation, it will prove too disconcerting to induce any satisfaction. But with the minority to whom the subject-matter is too painfully real for it to care what the poets may or may not have said, the picture will evoke enthusiastic and deep interest.

It is the affectation of the moment to discuss music in terms which have hitherto been reserved for statuary. On similar lines it would be easier to speak of three pictures, "Love Leads Home the Conqueror Captive," "The Dream of the Knight-Errant," and



PANEL IN THE REREDOS BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

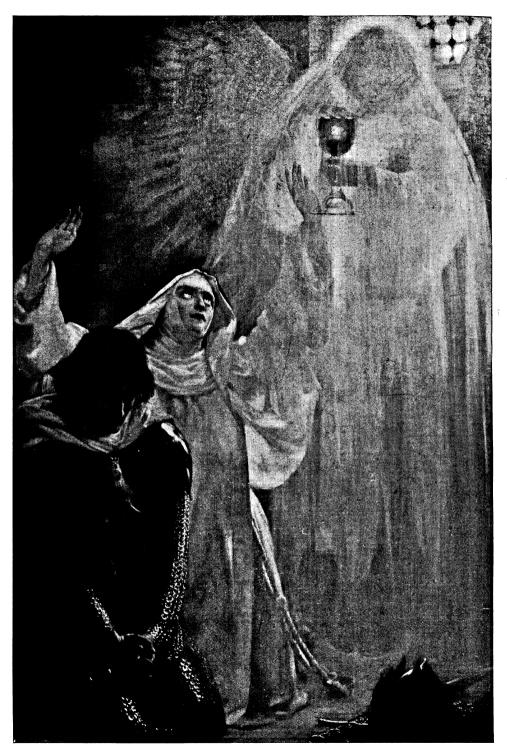


PANEL IN THE REREDOS BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

"The Echo of a Voice," if one could imagine them cut into verse-lengths as a companion volume to—shall we say ?—Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," though, alas! they bear a less happy ending. Achievement led by Love to waken the Innocence which awaits his kiss. Later, the dream of that glorious womanhood which is

Not only to keep down the base in man. Last, the eternal loss.

Upon this final picture, and upon the alluring white-robed woman who is listening to her minstrel lover of former days, the following sonnet has been written.



"THE VISION OF SIR PERCIVALE'S SISTER." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

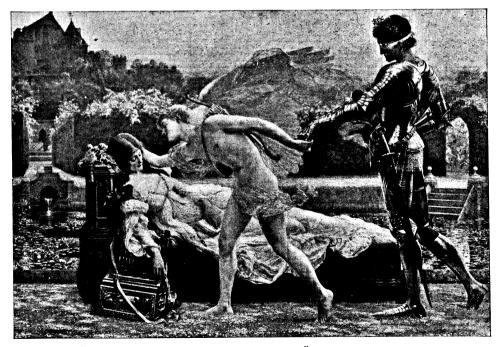


"THE DREAM OF THE KNIGHT-ERRANT." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE. Reproduced by permission of E. Pryor, Esq.

THE SHADOWY THIRD.

(Suggested by the Royal Academy Picture of 1901.) I have renounced thee from my outward life, And barred thee from the region of desire : No more of me can God or man require. Yet, staining not the sacred name of wife, Thou still art mine. Beyond the realm of strife I hold thee as a thurible the fire. Thou me, as some great master holds his lyre, For harmonies with which his soul is rife. And ever on that fire which symbols thee The incense of my noblest thought must burn; And thou, from out the deepest depths of me, Will strike such melodies as saints might learn. So shalt thou, cloistered, live thy life apart, Yet fill a sanctuary in my heart.

For all I know to the contrary, these lines may have been penned upon a hayrick, but I like to think that they were dreamed



"LOVE LEADS HOME THE CONQUEROR CAPTIVE." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. C. and E. Clifford, Haymarket, S.W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

in the studio where the picture itself had been given birth. It is a beautiful studio —not the theatrically arranged room which repels by the weight of its own insincerity, nor the aggressive barn which certain artists affect. It is primarily a room in which Goetze lives and in which he is happy; and secondarily it is a studio, because where he is happy there he naturally works. The elaborate mantelpiece is like an altar, individualised by a dash of the pagan. The old oak church coffer which bears exquisitely carved monks, and a wonderful crimson chalice from Bayreuth, is flanked by statues of Venus and of a Greek athlete. Never harp nor hori, Nor aught we blow with breath or touch with hands, Was like that music as it came; and then Streamed thro' my cell a cold and silver beam, And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail, Red-rose with beatings in it, as if alive, Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed With rosy colours leaping on the wall; And then the music faded, and the Grail Passed, and the beam decayed, and from the walls The rosy quiverings died into the night.

Several charming child-portraits belong to these later years, among them "Eva, Daughter of Alfred Mond," and "Alfred, Son of Émile Mond"; but public interest has centred round the "Despised and Rejected,"



"THE ECHO OF A VOICE." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

Above hangs the big natural crown of thorns, torn, one would surmise, from the bushes near Jerusalem. Lilies stand beneath it, as though straining their white fragrance to comfort. Over all hangs the Crucifix. Bar the necessary properties, the rest is all very homely and simple, and lends a certain eloquent weight to Goetze's recent wholehearted and successful endeavour to secure the Rokeby Velasquez for the nation.

"My Dear Lady Betty" is a portrait with a general effect of turquoise; and "The Vision of Sir Percivale's Sister" is an embodiment through another, and an equally beautiful medium, of Tennyson's poetry. which has aroused more heated controversy than perhaps has any other picture of modern times. Unfortunately the present owners of the picture have not been able to allow a reproduction of it to appear in this article. "Despised and Rejected" has been variously described as "vulgar claptrap" and as "inspired." This first criticism is on a par with that of the woman who complained to me that her brother was "morbid," because he wept at their mother's death. Some people dislike any appeal to the emotions. One man disliked it so much that he tramped from Birmingham to Newcastle for the satisfaction of pushing his stick through the canvas. It would be un-



"THE CROWN OF ENGLAND BEING OFFERED TO RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER AT BAYNARD'S CASTLE." FROM THE PAINTING BY SIGISMUND GOETZE IN THE ROYAL EXCHANGE. Presented by Carl Meyer, Esq.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.



MISS MARGARET HALSTAN. BY SIGISMUND GOETZE. From the portrait in the collection of H. Hertz, Esq.

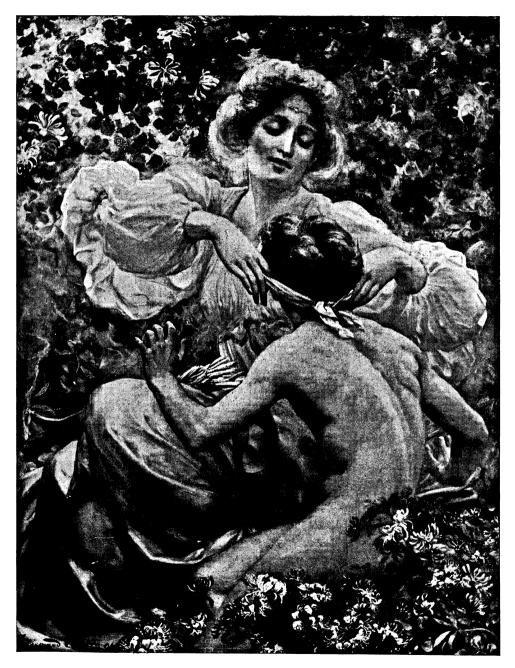
kind to say that those whom it hit hardest abused it most, but it must be admitted that it was amongst those with whom the "Rejection" is no personal matter that it found the more enthusiastic favour. Its high rank as a work of art has never been disputed.

My personal vote out of all these many claimants would be given to "The Crucifixion." This is partly because of its historical interest. For years Goetze had been exercised as to the method by which a condemned man was fastened to the cross. In the case of the Christ, it was obviously impossible that He hung from His hands, for the weight of a man's body would tear the flesh through the nails, and he would fall. The nails through the palms and the feet were but the fulfilment of a prophecy, and an added torture. Rubens tried to get over the difficulty by thrusting the nails through the wrists, which would have held firmly enough. But then death would have immediately ensued, and this, we know, was contrary to fact. So, divesting his mind of any preconceived belief, Sigismund Goetze went straight to the fountain-head, and learned from writers, both sacred and profane, how a crucifixion was really carried out.

The death was one of starvation, unless, of course, prejudice intervened as in Jewish provinces, and the condemned man was not allowed to live over the Sabbath-day. On the cross-bit of the upright pole the man was placed saddle-wise. He was then bound to the upright pole to prevent him from climbing down. Whether he was roped round the middle, or fastened by shoulders or hands, or whether his arms were nailed or tied, spread-wise, to an extra arm of wood



"MY DEAR LADY BETTY." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.



"LOVE IS BLIND." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE. Reproduced by permission. From the original in the collection of Dr. James Aitchiscn.



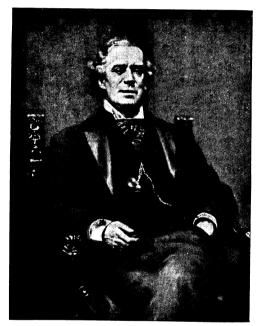
VIOLET, DAUGHTER OF ALFRED MOND, ESQ., M.P. BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.



ALFRED, SON OF ÉMILE MOND, ESQ. BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

which bore occasionally an inscription, were circumstances which varied. The mode of death remained the same.

Space is beginning to fail, so the extraordinary vitality of the figures, as well as the other claims of the picture, must be left unstated. Scant mention also can be made of the latest work of all, a magnificent altarpiece for the parish church of Muchwoolton, near Liverpool. The mediæval goldsmith, the modern electrician, the jeweller, the painter, the stone carver—the art of each is welded into an harmonious whole. In the centre stands the Christ, on a floor of motherof-pearl, the general effect of which is scintil-



MR. J. L. TOOLE. BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

lating purples. Angelic servers of the Eucharistic rites kneel on either hand, the diapering of the three backgrounds being a blaze of gold set with gleaming opal. On the one side is a knight in armour, burnished by fire-glow. On the other is a woman and her child, kneeling in the blues and greys of moonlight. The stone canopies are domed and overhang, and shed the radiance of concealed light upon the five panels. The attitude of the Christ is that of an appealer, and again appeal cries dumbly in the eyes of blue and in the parted lips. The gown, of shadowy azures at the feet, warms to a tender shimmering radiance as it nears



MISS VIOLET GOETZE, NOW MRS. ALFRED MOND, AS "PEG WOFFINGTON." BY SIGISMUND GOETZE.

the heart, and blazes into a halo of glory on the face.

It is good to write of any man whose most recent work is work such as this.



Photo by]

[Bacon and Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne. MR. SIGISMUND GOETZE,

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS .- On an autumn evening in the year 1855, Enoch Grouch, a small farmer of Morpingham, Essex, was killed by the fall of the bough of a great elm. Summoned to the scene, Mr. and farmer of Morpingham, Essex, was killed by the fall of the bough of a great elm. Summoned to the scene, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, of the Hall, find his child Sophy a few yards from her dead father, and, knowing her to be now alone in the world, undertake to look after her future. "Mother always said something would happen to that little girl, because of that mark she's got on her cheek," says Julia Robins, daughter of a widowed lady living in the village, alluding to a small birth-mark, just below the cheek-lone, which was destined to win for Sophy, in her subsequent career, the name of "La Dame à l'Eboid Rouge" with her friends, or "The Red-Starred Witch" with the more hostile citizens or ruder soldiers of Kravonia. At ordinary times this mark was a pale red in colour, but it was very sensitive to any change of mood; in moments of excitement the shade deepened greatly. In the second chapter we find Sophy old enough to leave the care of the Hall gardener's wife and "live at the Hall and be taght to help cook." Julia Robins, now grown up and training for the stage, thinks this a somewhat lowly lot for a girl whom the Squire and his wife have treated as though she were of their own class, and the Rector's son, Basil Williamson, lately gone up to Cambridge, shares the thought. But Sophy is installed "to help cook," and three years later, while still scullery-maid at the Hall, she meets the young Lord Dunstanbury. That day means more than Sophy knows, for a chance remark of Lord Dunstanbury's sends his eccentric kinswoman, Lady Meg Duddington, to call on the Brownlows, and the sight of the girl's strange beauty, with its curious birth-mark, inspires the great lady to adopt her as a *protegie*, who may possibly strange beauty, with its curious birth-mark, inspires the great lady to adopt her as a protegee, who may possibly prove a good "medium" for the clairvoyant experiments which are her chief hobby. Sophy thus finds an inter-esting life among Lady Meg's Royalist friends in Paris; one of whom, a Madame Zerkovitch, forms a link between these days and Sophy's subsequent life in Kravonia. But she is a failure as a "medium," and fails accordingly in "Mad Lady Meg's" favour. On the eve of the Franco-German War, Lady Meg dismisses her household, leaving a hundred-pound note for Sophy, who has barely time to see her soldier-lover, Casimir, Marquis de Savres, a hundred-pound note for Sophy, who has barely time to see her soldier-lover, Casimir, Marquis de Savres, before he leaves with his regiment for the front. In the great charge of French cavalry at Wörth, Casimir is shot through the heart, and, stricken with grief, Sophy escapes from Paris with Marie Zerkovitch, for the latter's home in Kravonia. There, in Slavna, the capital, Sophy learns something of the conditions of life at the Court of King's second, but morganatic wife, Countess Ellenburg, is intriguing for her own son, the young Alexis. From the window of her humble lodging Sophy witnesses a night attack upon the Prince by two half-drunken, incursed for the second but morganatic wife, and by burging a measive hyporga hump down upon the latter sho From the window of her humble lodging Sophy witnesses a night attack upon the Prince by two half-drunken, insubordinate officers, Mistitch and Sterkoff, and, by hurling a massive bronze lamp down upon the latter, she saves the life of the Prince. The court-martial on Mistitch, a hero with the soldiery and mob, seems likely to turn on Sophy's testimony that the Prince's assailants were aware of his identity; but at the last moment the Prince bargains with the intriguing General Stenovics. The Prince has been refused the big guns which he wants for ensuring the tranquillity of the city and, possibly, the very country's honour and existence. Stenovics agrees to give the guns in return for Mistitch's life. Yielding in appearance, in substance the Prince of Slavna has scored heavily. The big guns are ordered from Germany. The Prince has the money to pay for them, and they are to be consigned to him, and he has already obtained the King's sanction to raise and train a force of artillery from among his own men in Volseni and its neighbourhood. The idle King's family pride is fouched and he instructs Stenovics to concentrate all his energies on arranging a brilliont foreign magaring force of artillery from allong his own men in voisent and its heighbourhood. The fole King's family pride is touched, and he instructs Stenovics to concentrate all his energies on arranging a brilliant foreign marriage for the Prince. Honour is paid to Sophy's services to the State, and she is created Baroness Dobrava. She pays a visit to the Prince's frontier fortress of Praslok, where Marie Zerkovitch with some misgiving watches the daily companionship of sophy and the Prince. Meanwhile, the Countess Ellenburg and her party are busy with plans, for at a State reception the King has had an alarming fainting-fit, which his valet, Lepage, states to be the third within two months. At Praslok the inevitable happens, and the Prince declares his love to Sophy, but immediately afterwards receives from General Stenovics the King's command to start for General at the Sing Sing and the arrival of this command concers a private mean to make the arrival of this command concers a private mean to start for General Stenovics the King's command to start for Germany at once. Simultaneously with the arrival of this command comes a private warning to the Prince: "The King's life hangs by a hair, and your Crown by a thread." The Prince decides to seek an audience of the King forthwith, and comforts himself and Sophy with the news that the big guns are on the way.

CHAPTER XIII.

A DELICATE DUTY.

THERE was a stir in Slavna; excitement was gradually growing not with uneasiness; gossip was busy at the Hôtel de Paris and at the Golden Lion. Men clustered in groups and talked, while their wives said that they would be better at home, minding their business and letting politics alone. Knowledge was far to seek; rumours were plentiful. Dr. Natcheff might be as reassuring as he pleased—but he had spent the night at the Palace! All he had spent the night at the Palace !

was quiet in the city, but news came of the force that was being raised in Volseni, and the size of the force lost nothing as the report passed from mouth to mouth. Little as Slavna loved the Prince, it was not eager to fight him. A certain reaction in his favour set in. If they did not love him, they held him in sincere respect; if he meant to fight, then they were not sure that they did !

Baroness Dobrava's name too was much on men's lips; stories about Sophy were bandied to and fro; people began to remember that they had from the beginning thought her very remarkable-a force to be reckoned with. The superstitious ideas about her made their first definite appearance

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now. She had bewitched the Prince, they said, and the men of the hills too; the whole mountain country would rise at her bidding and sweep down on Slavna in rude warfare and mad bravery. The Sheepskins would come, following the Red Star!

The citizens of Slavna did not relish the prospect ; at the best it would be very bad for trade; at the worst it would mean blood and death let loose in the streets. A stern ruler was better than civil war. The troops of the garrison were no longer such favourites as they had been; even Captain Hercules subdued his demeanour (which indeed had never quite recovered from the chastisement of the Prince's sword) to a self-effacing discretion. He too in his heart, and in his heavy primitive brain, had an uneasy feeling about the witch with the Red Star; had she not been the beginning of trouble? But for her, Sterkoff's long knife would have set an end to the whole chapter long ago !

The time was short and the omens doubtful. It was the moment for a bold stroke, for a forcing game. The waverers must be shown where power lay, whose was the winning side.

Captain Markart arrived at Slavna at one o'clock. Zerkovitch had used his start well and reached the city nearly three hours earlier. When Markart told Stenovics (he reported himself at once to the General) how he had been outwitted, Stenovics smiled, saying : "I know, and I know what he has done since he got here. They stole a march on you, but not on me, Captain. And now-your story !" He listened to Markart's tale with a frowning brow, and then dismissed him, saying : "You will meet me at the We meet the King in conference Palace. at four o'clock." But the General himself went to the Palace long before four, and he and Stafnitz were closeted with Countess Ellenburg. Lepage, returning from a walk to the city at two o'clock, saw the General arrive on horseback. Lieutenant Rastatz saw Lepage arrive—ave, and had seen him set out and marked all his goings; but of this Lepage was unconscious. The little lieutenant was not much of a soldier, but he was an excellent spy. Lepage had been with Zerkovitch.

The King was confined to his apartments, a suite of six rooms on the first floor, facing the river. Here he had his own sittingroom, dressing, and bedrooms. Besides these there were the little cupboard Lepage slept in, and a spare room, which at present accommodated Dr. Natcheff. The sixth room was occupied by odds and ends, including the tackle, rods, and other implements of His Majesty's favourite pastime. The council was held in the sitting-room. Natcheff and Lepage were not present, but each was in his own room, ready for any possible call on his services. Markart was there, first to tell his story and deliver his letter, secondly in his capacity as secretary to General Stenovics. The Countess and Stafnitz completed the party.

The King was anxious, worried, obviously unwell; his voice trembled as he read aloud his son's letter. It was brief, but dutiful and even affectionate. After a slight reproach that he should have been kept in ignorance of the apprehensions entertained about the King's health, the Prince requested an audience within the next two days; he had considerations which it was his duty to lay before His Majesty, and he firmly but respectfully claimed the right of confidential communication with his father; that was essential to His Majesty's obtaining a true appreciation of his views. The hit at Stenovics was plain enough, and the Prince did not labour it. The letter ended there, with an expression of earnest concern for the King's health. There was no word in it about starting on his journey.

Then Markart told his story—not that he had much to tell. In essence he added only that the Prince proposed to await the King's answer at Praslok. Neither to him had the Prince said a word about starting on his journey.

On this point Stenovics seized, pursuant, no doubt, to the plan devised in that preliminary discussion with the other two members of the little coterie.

"It is remarkable, sir—even more than remarkable—that his Royal Highness makes no reference at all to the direct command which Your Majesty was pleased to issue to him," he observed.

The King listened, puzzled and rather distressed. "Yes, it isn't proper, it isn't respectful. But now that my son knows of the state of my health, I think I must see him. It seems unnatural to refuse. After all, it may be the last time—since he's going on this journey."

"But is the Prince going on his journey, sir?" asked Stenovics. "Does the studied silence of his letter augur well for his obedience? Doesn't he seek an interview in order to persuade Your Majesty against your better judgment? I must be pardoned freedom of speech. Great interests are at stake." The last words were true enough, though not in the sense in which the King was meant to understand them.

"My son knows how near this matter is to my heart. I shall be able to persuade him to do his duty," said the King.

The first round of the fight was going against the coterie. They did not want the King to see his son. Danger lay there. The Prince's was the stronger character; it might well prevail; and they were no longer certain that the Prince knew or guessed nothing of their hopes and intentions; how much news had Zerkovitch carried to Praslok the night before? Stenovics addressed the King again.

"Captain Markart gathered that the Prince was reluctant to interrupt the military training on which he is engaged at Volseni, sir."

"A very excellent thing, that; but the other matter is more urgent. I shouldn't change my mind on account of that."

"A personal interview might be trying to Your Majesty."

The King looked annoyed, possibly a little suspicious. "You've no other objection than that to urge, General Stenovics?"

Stenovics had none other which he could produce. "No, sir," he said.

"While I'm here I must do my duty and I shall induce my son to do his. I'll receive the Prince of Slavna in private audience to-morrow or next day. I'll fix the precise time later, and I'll write the letter myself."

The decision was final—and it was defeat so far. There was a moment's silence. Markart saw Colonel Stafnitz nod his head, almost imperceptibly, towards Countess Ellenburg. The need and the moment for reinforcements had come; the Colonel was calling them up. The order of battle had been well considered in Countess Ellenburg's apartments ! The second line came into action. The Countess began with a question, put with a sneer :

"Did no other reason for the Prince's unwillingness to set out on his journey suggest itself to Captain Markart from what he saw at Praslok?"

The King turned sharply round to her, then to Markart. "Well?" he asked the latter.

Markart was sadly embarrassed.

"Who was at Praslok ?" asked the Countess.

"Madame Zerkovitch, and her husband for one night, and Baroness Dobrava."

"Yes, Baroness Dobrava!"

"She's still there?" asked the King.

He looked perplexed, even vexed, but again he smiled. He looked at Stenovics and Stafnitz, but this time he found no responsive smiles. Their faces were deadly serious. "Oh, come, well—well, that's not serious. Natural perhaps, but—the Prince has a sense of duty. He'll see that that won't do. And we'll send the Baroness a hint—we'll tell her how much we miss her at Slavna." He tried to make them answer his smile and accept his smoothing away of the difficulty. It was all a failure.

"I'm bound to say, sir, that I consider Baroness Dobrava a serious obstacle to his Royal Highness's obeying your wishes—a serious obstacle," said Stenovics.

"Then we must get her away, General."

"Will he let her go?" snapped the Countess.

"I must order it, if it comes to that," said the King. "These little er-affairs-these --what?--holiday flirtations---"

The Countess lost—or appeared to lose control of herself suddenly. "Little affairs! Holiday flirtations! If it were only that, it would be beneath your notice, sir, and beneath mine. It's more than that!"

The King started and leant forward, looking at her. She rose to her feet, crying: "More than that! While we sit talking here, he may be marrying that woman !"

"Marrying her?" cried the King; his face turned red, and then, as the blood ebbed again, became very pale.

"That's what she means—yes, and what he means too !"

The King was aghast. The second assault struck home—struck at his dearest hopes and wounded his most intimate ambitions. But he was still incredulous. He spread out trembling hands, turning from the vehement woman to his two counsellors.

"Gentlemen!" he said imploringly with outstretched hands.

They were silent – grave and silent.

"Captain Markart, you—you saw anything to suggest this—this terrible idea?"

The fire was hot on poor Markart again. He stammered and stuttered.

"The—the Baroness seemed to have much influence, sir; to—to hold a very high position in the Prince's regard; to—to be in his confidence------""

"Yes!" struck in the Countess. "She wears the uniform of his artillery! Isn't that a compliment usually reserved for ladies of royal rank? I appeal to you, Colonel Strafnitz!"

"In most services it is so, I believe, Countess," the Colonel answered gravely. "But I should never allow it—and without my consent——"

"It might be invalid, sir, though there's some doubt about that. But it would be a fatal bar to our German project. Even an influence short of actual marriage-----"

"She means marriage, I say, marriage !" The Countess was quite rudely impatient of her ally—which was very artistic. "An ambitious and dangerous woman ! She has taken advantage of the favour the King showed her."

"And if I died ?" asked the King.

Stenovics shrugged his shoulders. "Of course there would be no control then," said he.

The King looked round. "We must get her away from Praslok."

"Will she come?" jeered the Countess. "Not she! Will he let her go? Not he!"

The King passed his hand weakly across his brow. Then he rang a bell on the table. Lepage entered, and the King bade him bring him the draught which Natcheff had prescribed for his nerves. Well might the unfortunate man feel the need of it, between the Countess's open eruption and the not less formidable calm of Stenovics and Stafnitz ! And all his favourite dreams in danger !

"She won't leave him—or he'll follow her. The woman has infatuated him !" the Countess persisted.

"Pray, madame, let me think," said the harassed and sick King. "We must open communications with Baroness Dobrava."

"May I suggest that the matter might prove urgent, sir?" said Stenovics.

"Every hour is full of danger," declared the Countess.

The King held up his hand for silence. Then he took paper and pen, and wrote with his own hand some lines. He signed the document and folded it. His face was now firm and calmer. The peril to his greatest hopes—perhaps a sense of the precarious tenure of his power—seemed to impart to him a new promptness, a decision alien to his normal character. "Colonel Stafnitz !" he said in a tone of command.

The Colonel rose to his feet and saluted. From an adviser in council he became in a moment a soldier on duty.

"I am about to entrust to you a duty of great delicacy. I choose you because, short of General Stenovics himself, there is no man in whom I have such confidence. To-morrow morning you will go to Praslok and inform his Royal Highness that you have a communication from me for Baroness

Dobrava. If the Prince is absent, you will see the Baroness herself. If she is absent, you will follow her and find her. matter is urgent. You will tell her that it is my request that she at once accompany you back here to the Palace, where I shall receive her and acquaint her with my further wishes. If she asks of these, say that you are not empowered to tell her anything; she must learn them from myself. If she makes any demur about accompanying you immediately, or if demur is made or delay suggested from any quarter, you will say that my request is a command. If that is not sufficient, you will produce this paper. It is an order under my hand, addressed to you and directing you to arrest Baroness Dobrava and escort her here to my presence, notwithstanding any objection or resistance, which any person whatever will offer at his You will be back here by to-morrow peril. evening, with the Baroness in your charge. Do it without employing the order for arrest if possible, but do it anyhow and at all costs. Do you understand ? "

"Perfectly, sir. Am I to take an escort?" The answer to that question was anxiously considered—and awaited anxiously.

"Yes," said the King, "you will. The precise force I leave to your discretion. It should be large enough to make you secure from hindrance by any act short of open and armed resistance to my commands."

Stafnitz saluted again, and at a sign from the King resumed his seat. The King's manner relaxed as he turned to Stenovics. "When we've got her here, we'll reason with her-she'll hear reason-and persuade her that her health will benefit by a foreign trip. If necessary, I shall cause her to be deported. She must be out of Kravonia in three days unless she can clear herself from all suspicion. I'll arrange that the Prince shan't come for his audience until she is well out of Slavna. It is, of course, absolutely essential that no word of this should pass the walls of this If once a hint of it reached Praslok, room. the task of laying our hands on the Baroness might become infinitely more difficult."

The three were well pleased. They had come to fear Sophy, and on that score alone would be right glad to see the last of her. And when she had gone, there was a fairer chance that the Prince too would go on his travels; whether he went after her or not they cared little, so that he went, and the recruiting and training at Volseni were interrupted.

Again, she was to go before the audience.



"'With the utmost respect to Madame la Comtesse, she could not swear, sir.'"

That was another point. The peril of the audience remained, but they had improved their chances. Perhaps Stafnitz's brain was already busy with the possibilities of his mission and his escort. The latter was to be large enough to make him secure from hindrance by any act short of open and armed resistance to the King's commands. If it were impossible (as His Majesty obviously considered) to contemplate such resistance, it was evidently no less impossible to reckon what might happen as a consequence of it.

The King rang his bell impatiently. "I want my draught again. I'm very tired. Is there anything else which need detain us to-day?"

As he spoke, before Stenovics could answer, Lepage came in with the draught. The valet wore an even unusually demure and uninterested expression.

"There is one other matter, sir," said Stenovics.

The King paused in the act of drinking and listened with his glass in his hand, Lepage standing beside him.

"Your Majesty just now impressed on us the need of secrecy as to what passes between these walls. I think, sir, you would insist on the same thing with all who serve you confidentially. You haven't asked, sir, how the Prince became aware of the state of Your Majesty's health."

The King started a little. "No, I forgot that. It was against my direct orders. How was it?"

Stenovics kept his eyes on the King; Markart and Stafnitz allowed themselves to study Lepage's features; he stood the scrutiny well.

"The news, sir, was betrayed by a man within these walls—a man in close touch with Your Majesty."

"Natcheff?" exclaimed the King.

"Certainly not, sir. Another. of whom I had suspicions and whom I caused to be watched, went by night to the house of Monsieur Zerkovitch, who is, as you are aware, a close friend and (if I may use the word) an adherent of the Prince of Slavna. Their interview took place between nine and ten last night. At eleven Zerkovitch, having borrowed a horse from the Prince's stables, set out for Praslok. He rode hard through the night and reached the Castle, as Captain Markart has told us, in the small hours of the morning. There he had an interview with the Prince. He left Praslok between six and seven in the morning and arrived at his house on the south boulevard by eleven. At half-past eleven he walked up the Street of the Fountain, crossed St. Michael's Square, and entered a small inn in a little alley behind the Cathedral. Here the man I speak of was waiting for him. They were together half an hour. Zerkovitch then left. The man remained till one, then came out, and returned to the Palace by a circuitous route, arriving here about two o'clock. I venture to say that the meaning of all this is quite clear. This man is in communication with Praslok, using Zerkovitch as his intermediary. It's for Your Majesty to say how far his disobedience in regard to acquainting the Prince with your condition is a serious offence. As to that I say nothing. But it will be obvious that this man should know nothing of any private measures undertaken or contemplated."

The King had listened carefully. "The case seems clear," he said. "This fellow's a traitor. He's done harm already, and may do more. What do you ask, General?"

"We might be content to let him know nothing. But who can be quite certain of ensuring that? Sir, you have just arrived at a very important decision—to take certain action. Absolute secrecy is essential to its success. I've no wish to press hardly on this man, but I feel bound to urge that he should be put under arrest and kept in the charge of a person who is beyond suspicion until the action to which I refer has been successfully carried out."

"The precaution is an obvious one, and the punishment hardly sufficient." The King rose. "Do as you say, General. I leave you full discretion. And now I'll go to my room and rest. I'm very tired. Give me your arm, Lepage, and come and make me comfortable."

Lepage did not offer his arm. He was not looking at the King nor listening to him; his eyes and his ears were for General Stenovics. Stenovics rose now and pointed his finger at Lepage.

"That, sir, is the man," said he.

"Lepage !" cried the King, and sank heavily into his seat with a bewildered face. Lepage—his familiar—the man he trusted !

CHAPTER XIV.

HIS MAJESTY DIES—TO-MORROW! THE King's ambition and pride had quivered under the threat of a cruel blow; the charge against Lepage wounded him hardly less deeply. He regarded his body-servant with the trustful affection which grows on an indolent man in course of years—of countless days of consulting, trusting, relying on one ever present, ever ready, always trustworthy. Lepage had been with him nearly thirty years; there was hardly a secret of the King's manhood which he had not known and kept. At last had he turned traitor?

Stenovics had failed to allow for this human side of the matter; how much more alone the revelation would make the King feel, how much more exposed and helpless—just, moreover, when sickness made his invaluable servant more indispensable still. A forlorn dignity filled the King's simple question: "Is it true, Lepage?"

Lepage's impassivity vanished. He too was deeply moved. The sense of guilt was on him-of guilt against his master; it drove him on, beyond itself, to a fierce rage against those who had goaded him into his disobedience, whose action and plans had made his disobedience right. For right now he believed and felt it; his talks with Zerkovitch had crystallised his suspicions into confident certainty. He was carried beyond thinking of what effect his outburst might have on his own fortunes or how it might distress the already harassed King. He struck back fiercely at his accuser, all his national quickness of passion finding vent in the torrent of words he poured forth in excuse or justification. He spoke his native French, very quickly, one word jostling over another, his arms flying like windmills, and his hair bristling, as it seemed, with defiance.

"Yes, it's true, sir. I disobeyed Your Majesty-for the first time in thirty years ! For the first time in my life, sir, I did it ! And why? Because it was right; because it was for honour. I was angry, yes ! had been scolded because Count Alexis bade me call him ' Prince,' and you heard me do it. Yes, I was angry. Was it my fault? Had I told him he was a prince? No! Who had told him he was a prince ? Don't ask me, sir. Ask somebody else. For my part, I know well the difference between one who is a prince and one who is not. Oh, I'm not ignorant of that! I know too the difference between one who is a queen and one who is not-oh, with the utmost respect to Madame la Comtesse ! But I know itand I remember it. Does everybody else remember it ?"

He stopped for a moment and clutched at his stiff tight collar as though to wrench it away from his neck and let the stream of his words flow even more freely. While he paused, nobody spoke. Stenovics' heavy gaze was on the King, Stafnitz's eyes discreetly on the ceiling; the Countess looked scared. Had they made a mistake? Would it have been better to run the risk of what Lepage could do? The King's hands were on the table in front of him; they trembled where they lay.

"Why wasn't the Prince to know? Because then he wouldn't go on his journey! His journey after the German princess!" He faced Stenovics now, boldly and defiantly, pointing a forefinger at him. "Yes, they wanted him to go. Yes, they did! Why, sir? To marry a princess—a great princess? Was that what they wanted? Eh, but it would have been little use for Count Alexis to ask me to call him a prince then! And Madame la Comtesse—with the utmost respect to Madame la Comtesse—she wanted a great princess here? Oh, she wanted that mightily, to be sure !"

The King stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Sir, will you listen to him ?" the Countess broke in.

His answer was cold : "I listen to every man before I order him to be punished."

"Yes, they wanted him to go. Yes, certainly! For he trains his men at Volseni, trains them for his big guns. When the men are trained and the guns have comewell, who'll call Count Alexis a prince then ? Will even they who taught him to think himself a prince ? Oh, yes; they wanted him to go. And he wouldn't go if he knew Your Majesty was ill. He loves Your Majesty. Yes ! But if he hated you, still would he go?" With a sudden turn he was round on Stenovics again, and threw out his arms as though to embrace a picture. "Look! The Prince is away, the guns are come, the King dies! Who commands in the Palace? Who governs Slavna?" He was back to the King with another swift "May I answer, sir? May I tell turn. you? The mother of Prince Alexis commands in the Palace ; Slavna is ruled by the friends of Captain Mistitch !" His voice fell to an ironical murmur. "And the Prince is far off-seeking a great princess! Sir, do you see the picture ?"

Stafnitz suddenly lowered his eyes from the ceiling and looked at the gesticulating little man with a smile.

"Such imagination in the servants' hall !" he murmured half under his breath.

The King neither rebuked his levity nor endorsed the insinuated satire. He took no



"The King did not move."

notice at all. His eyes were fixed on his still trembling hands.

Stenovics spoke in a calm smooth voice. "Absolutely, sir, I believe the man's honest !" he said, with an inflection of good-humoured surprise. "One sees how he got the idea ! I'm sure he's genuinely devoted to Your Majesty, and to the Prince-as we all are. He sees something going on which he doesn't understand; he knows something more is going on that he's ignorant of. He knows the unfortunate condition of Your Majesty's health. He's like a nurse-forgive me-in charge of a sick child; he thinks everybody but himself has designs on his charge. It's really natural, however absurd—but it surely makes the precaution I suggested even more necessary? If he went about spreading a tale like this ! "

The line was clever—cleverer far than the Countess's rage, cleverer than Stafnitz's airily bitter sneer. But of it too the King took no notice. Lepage took no more than lay in a very scornful smile. He leant down towards the motionless dull-faced King and said in his ear :

"They wanted him to go, yes! Did they want him to come back again, sir?" He bent a little lower and almost whispered : "How long would his journey have taken, sir? How long would it have taken him to get back if—in case of need?" One more question he did not ask in words; but it was plain enough without them : "How long can Your Majesty count on living?"

At last the King raised his head and looked round on them. His eyes were heavy and glassy.

"This man has been my trusted servant for many, many years. You, General Stenovics, have been my right hand, my other self. Colonel Stafnitz is high in my confidence. And Lepage is only my servant."

"I seek to stand no higher than any other of Your Majesty's servants, except in so far as the nature of my services gives me a claim," said Stenovics.

"But there's one here who stands far nearer to me than anyone, who stands nearer to me than any living being. She must know of this thing, if it's true; if it's being done, her hand must be foremost among the hands that are doing it." His eyes fixed themselves on the Countess's face. "Is it true?" he asked.

"Sir, how can you ask? How can you listen? True! It's a malignant invention. He's angry because I reproved him." "Yes, I'm angry. I said so. But it's true for all that."

"Silence, Lepage ! Am I to take your word against the Countess's ?"

Markart, a silent listener to all this scene, thought that Lepage's game was up. Who could doubt what the Countess's word would be? Probably Lepage too thought that he was beaten, that he was a ruined man. For he played a desperate card—the last throw of a bankrupt player. Yet it was guided by shrewdness and by the intimate knowledge which his years of residence in the Palace had given him. He knew the King well; and he knew Countess Ellenburg hardly less thoroughly.

" I speak truth, sir, as I believe it. But I can't expect you to take my word against the Countess's. I have too much respect for Madame la Comtesse to ask that."

Again he bent down towards the King; the King looked up at him; Stenovics' simile came back into the mind. In a low soothing tone Lepage made his throw—his last suggestion. "Madame la Comtesse is of great piety. If Madame la Comtesse will take a solemn oath—well, then I'm content ! I'll say I was mistaken—honest, I declare, sir, but mistaken."

Stenovics raised his head with a sharp jerk. Stafnitz smiled scornfully; he was thinking that Lepage was not, after all, a very resourceful fellow. An oath ! Great Heavens ! Oaths were in the day's work when you put your hand to affairs like this. But here Stenovics was wiser—and Lepage was shrewder. Stafnitz generalised from an experience rather one-sided; the other two knew the special case. When oaths were mentioned—solemn oaths—Stenovics scented danger.

The King knew his wife too; and he was profoundly affected, convulsed to the depths of his mind. The thing sounded true—it had a horrible sound of truth. He craved the Countess's denial, solemn as it could be framed. That would restore the confidence which was crumbling from beneath his tormented bewildered mind.

"Can anybody object to that?" he asked slowly. "If I say it will relieve my mind?" He smiled apologetically. "I'm a sick man, you know. If it will relieve a sick man's mind, banish a sick man's fancies? If I shall sleep a little better—and old Lepage here be ashamed of himself?"

None of them dared to object. None could plausibly, unless the Countess herself —and she dared not. In his present mood the King would not accept the plea of herdignity; against it he would set the indulgence due to a sick man's rebellious fancies; could she, for her dignity's sake, deny him what would make him sleep?

He looked at her; something in her face appeared to strike him as strange. A sort of quiver ran through his body; he seemed to pull himself together with an effort; as he spoke to her, his voice sounded faint and ever so slightly blurred.

"You've heard Lepage, and I know that you'll speak the truth to me on your oath the truth about the thing nearest to the heart of a dying man—nearest to the heart of your dying husband. You wouldn't lie on oath to a dying man, your husband and your King. For I am dying. You have years still; but they'll end. You believe that some day you and I will stand together before the Throne. As you shall answer to Heaven in that day, is this true ? Was it in your heart, and in the heart of these men, to keep my son, the heir of my House, from his throne ? Is it true ? As you shall answer to God for your soul, is there any truth in it ?"

The woman went grey in the face—a sheet of grey paper seemed drawn over her checks; her narrow lips showed a pale red streak across it. Her prayers—those laborious, ingenious, plausible prayers—helped her nothing here.

"I protest ! At this time, sir ! The Countess will be upset !"

Stenovics had been driven to this; he feared greatly. Not a soul heeded him; every eye now was on the woman. She struggled—she struggled to lie; she struggled to do what she believed would bring perdition to her soul. Her voice was forced and harsh when at last she broke silence.

"As I shall answer in that day----"

"As you shall answer to God for your soul in that day-----"" the King repeated.

She gave a wild glance at Stenovics, seeking succour, finding no refuge. Her eyes came back to the King's face. "As I shall answer"—Every word came forth by its own self, with its separate birth-pang— "As I shall answer to God for my soul——"

She stopped. There was silence while a man might count ten. She threw her hands above her head and broke into a violent torrent of sobs. "I can't ! I can't !" they heard her say through her tumultuous weeping.

The King suddenly started back in his chair as though somebody had offered to strike him. "You—you—you, my wife! You, Stenovics ! You, whom I trusted trusted—trusted like—… ! Ah, is that you, Lepage ? Did I hear rightly—wouldn't she swear ?"

"With the utmost respect to Madame la Comtesse, she could not swear, sir."

The King sprang to his feet. "Go!" he cried.

They all rose — the Countess shaken with unconquerable sobs. But the next moment the King made a quick indrawing of the breath, like a man suddenly pricked by some sharp thing. He dropped back in his chair; his head fell to meet his hands on the table in front. The hands were palms downward, and his forehead rested on his knuckles.

There was a moment's pause. Then Lepage darted from the room, crying: "Dr. Natcheff! Dr. Natcheff!" Stenovics wiped his brow. Stafnitz raised his head with a queer look at the King, and his mouth shaped for a whistle. The Countess's sobs seemed as though frozen, her whole frame was rigid. The King did not move.

Natcheff came rushing in; Lepage, who followed closely, shut the door after him. They both went to the King. There was silence while Natcheff made his examination. In a couple of minutes he turned round to them.

"Something has caused His Majesty strong agitation?"

"Yes," answered Stenovics.

"Yes!" said Natcheff. He cleared his throat and glanced doubtfully at the Countess.

"Well?" asked Stenovics.

Natcheff threw out his hands, shrugging his shoulders ever so slightly :

"I regret to say that the effect is the worst possible. His Majesty is dead."

Silence again—a silence strangely broken. Stafnitz sprang across the room with a bound like a cat's, and caught the physician by the shoulder.

"No!" he said. "Not for twenty-four hours yet! His Majesty dies—to-morrow!"

CHAPTER XV.

A JOB FOR CAPTAIN HERCULES.

"HIS Majesty dies-to-morrow !"

Stafnitz's words seemed to freeze them all stiff where they stood ; even Countess Ellenburg's sobs, which had threatened to break forth again, were arrested in their flow.

"Markart, lock the door leading to the

King's apartments. Natcheff and Lepage, carry the King into his bedroom; lay him on the bed; stay there till I call you. Countess, General, I invite your earnest attention."

Stenovics' mind excelled in the waiting game, the slow tortuous approach, the inchby-inch advance of leisurely diplomacy. For him this crisis was at first too sudden. The swift and daring intellect of Stafnitz naturally and inevitably took the lead; his strong will fascinated his confederates.

"Is this to be the beginning or the end?" "For us he asked. and our friends, which ? If we send a courier to Praslok to call King Sergius to his capital— For you, what then? Countess, and your son. oblivion and obscurity at Dobrava—for all the rest of your life, just that ! For you, General, and for me, and our = 1 friends-yes, you too, Markart ! - our congé, more or less civilly given. There won't be more insignificant men in all Slavna on the day King Sergius enters. But there's no King

Sergius yet !" Stenovics was regaining the use of his brain; his eyes grew distant in deep meditation. Countess Ellenburg looked eager and grim; her lips could not swear a false oath—well, she was not asked to swear any oath now. Markart could not think; he stood staring at Stafnitz.

"In half an hour that courier must start for Praslok, if he starts at all. Of all things, we mustn't hesitate."

He had painted the result to them of the coming of King Sergius; it meant the defeat of years of effort; it entailed the end of hopes, of place, of power or influence. There was no future for those three in Kravonia if King Sergius came. And Markart, of course, seemed no more than one of Stenovics' train.

"And if the courier doesn't start?" asked Stenovics. He took out and lit a cigar, asking no leave of the Countess; probably he hardly knew that he was smoking it.

Stafnitz looked at his watch. "Five o'clock ! We have twenty-four hours—it would be risky to keep the secret longer. There's not much time; we must be prompt. But we mustn't sacrifice anything to hurry. For instance, it would look odd to present the King's orders to Baroness Dobrava in the middle of the night ! She'd smell a rat, if she's as clever as they say. And so would the Prince, I think. I could have a hundred

men at Praslok by midnight, but I shouldn't propose to have them there before eleven o'clock to-morrow. Well. they could be back here by five in the afternoon! In the course of the day we'll occupy all the important points of the city with troops we can Then in trust. the evening-as soon as we see how matters have gone at Praslok --- we proclaim King Alexis!"

The Countess gave a little shiver — whether of fear or of eagerness it was impossible to tell. Stenovics drummed his fingers on the table and turned his cigar quickly round and round in his mouth. Markart had recovered his clearness of mind and closely watched all the scene.

The Countess rose suddenly — in strong agitation. "I—I can't bear it," she said. "With him lying there! Let me go! Pre-

sently—presently you shall tell me—anything."

Stenovics laid down his cigar and went to her. "Wait in there"—he pointed to Natcheff's room—"till you're quite composed. Then go to your own room and wait till I come. Mind, Countess, no sign of agitation !" He led her out. Stafnitz shrugged his shoulders.

"She'll be all right," he said to Markart with a passing smile.

"I think she was fond of the King," said Markart.

"'His Majesty dies-to-morrow!'"



Stenovics returned. "Now!" he said, seating himself again and resuming his cigar. "You suggest that we still use that order for the arrest of Baroness Dobrava?"

"It's signed 'Alexis,' and King Alexis lives till five to-morrow. Moreover, if all goes well, King Alexis lives again for many years after that."

Stenovics nodded slightly. "The Baroness comes willingly—or you bring her? At any rate, one way or the other, she's in our hands by this time to-morrow?"

"Exactly, General. I fail to perceive that this lamentable event," he waved his hand towards the King's empty chair, "alters the case as regards the Baroness one jot."

"Not the least—unless you consider that risking our heads on the throw has any such effect," replied Stenovics ; and for the first time he smiled.

"Once you wanted to play the big stake on a bad hand, General. Won't you put it on the table now, when you've a good one?"

"I'm thinking of a certain strong card in the other hand which you haven't mentioned yet. Baroness Dobrava is to be in our power by this time to-morrow. But what will the Prince of Slavna be doing? Still drilling his men at Volseni, still waiting for his guns?"

Stafnitz looked him full in the face. "No," he said. "The Prince had better not still be drilling his men at Volseni, nor waiting for his guns."

"I think not too," Stenovics agreed, twisting his cigar round again.

"General, do you think the Prince will let Baroness Dobrava come to Slavna without him ?"

"I don't know. He might have confidence enough in you; he wouldn't wish to annoy or agitate the King. He might await his summons to an audience. On the whole, I think he would submit—and rely on being able to induce the King to alter his mind when they met. I'm not sure he wouldn't advise her to go with you."

"Well, yes, I confess that struck me too as rather likely—or at least possible."

"If it happened, it wouldn't be convenient," said Stenovics, with a patient sigh. "Because he would come after her in a day or two:"

"But if I were detained by urgent business in Slavna—and we've agreed that there's work to be done to-morrow in Slavna another officer would go to Praslok. The order, which I have here, mentions no name, although the King designated me by word of mouth."

"The order mentions no name?"

"No; it directs the Baroness to accompany the bearer. True, at the foot my name is written—'Entrusted to Colonel Stafnitz.' But with care and a pair of scissors—___!" He smiled at Markart again, as though taking him into the joke.

"Well, well, suppose another officer goes to Praslok—why shouldn't the Prince trust the Baroness to the care of that officer as readily as to you? You don't—how shall I put it?—monopolise his confidence, Colonel."

Stafnitz still wore his easy confidential smile, as he answered with an air of innocent slyness : "Suppose the officer were—Captain Mistitch ? I think it's just the job for Captain Hercules !"

Éven Stenovics started a little at that. He laid down his cigar and looked at his friend the Colonel for some seconds. Then he looked at Markart, smiling, seeming to ponder, to watch how Markart was taking it, even to sympathise with Markart on having to consider a rather startling proposal, on having, possibly, to do some little violence to his feelings. Certainly Captain Markart gathered the impression that Stenovics was doubtful how he would stand this somewhat staggering suggestion. At last the General turned his eyes back to Stafnitz again.

"That's as ingenious a bit of devilry as I ever heard, Colonel," he remarked quietly.

"Captain Mistitch is restored to duty. He's of proper rank to perform such a service, and to command an escort of a hundred men. After all, an officer of m_J rank made a certain concession in accepting so small a command."

"Of course, if the Prince knew you as I do, my dear Colonel, he'd trust her to a thousand Mistitches sooner than to you—____"

"But then---he doesn't !" the Colonel smiled.

"He'd regard the sending of Mistitch as a deliberate insult."

"I'm afraid he would."

"He's hot-tempered. He'd probably say as much."

"Yes. And Mistitch is hot-tempered. He'd probably resent the observation. But you'll remember, General, that the escort is to be large enough to make the officer commanding it secure against hindrance by any act short of open and armed resistance to the King's command."

"He'll never believe the King would send Mistitch ! " "Will that make his peaceable obedience more likely?"

"In a moment they'd be at one another's——" He stopped. "Markart, go and see if they need anything in there." He pointed to the King's bedroom, where Natcheff and Lepage were.

Markart rose and obeyed. His head was swimming; he hardly yet understood how very ingenious the ingenious devilry was, how the one man was to be sent whose directions the Prince could not submit to, whose presence was an insult, to whom it was impossible to entrust Baroness Dobrava. He was very glad to get out of the room. The last he saw was Stafnitz drawing his chair close up to Stenovics and engaging in low-voiced earnest talk.

The King's body lay on the bed, decently disposed and covered with a large fur rug.



"He led her out."

Lepage sat on a chair near by, Natcheff on another in the window. Both looked up for a moment as Markart entered, but neither spoke. Markart found a third chair and sat down. Nobody said anything ; the three were as silent and almost as still as the fourth on the bed. A low murmur of voices came from the next room; the words were indistinguishable. So passed full half an hour a strange and terrible half-hour it seemed to Markart.

The door opened, and Stafnitz called Natcheff. The physician rose and followed him. Another twenty minutes went by, still in silence; but once Markart, looking for a moment at his mute companion, saw a tear rolling slowly down Lepage's wrinkled cheek. Lepage saw him looking and broke the silence—

"I suppose I helped to kill him !"

Markart shrugged his shoulders helplessly. Silence came again. Very long it seemed; but, on looking at his watch, Markart found that it was not yet half-past six.

Again the door opened, and Stafnitz called to them both. They followed him into the

next room. Stenovics was sitting at the table with his hands clasped on it in front of him. Stafnitz took up a position by his side, standing as though on duty. Natcheff had disappeared. Stenovics spoke in calm deliberate tones; he seemed to have assumed command of the operations again.

"Captain Markart, I'm about to entrust to you an important and responsible duty. For the next twentyfour hours, and afterwards until relieved by my orders, you will be in charge of this man Lepage, and will detain him in these apartments. His own room and this room will be at the disposal of yourself and your prisoner, but you must not let the prisoner out of your sight. Dr. Natcheff remains in his room. He will have access to the King's room when he desires, but he will not leave the suite of apartments. Beyond seeing to this, you will have no responsibility

for him. The door leading to the suite will be locked by me, and will be opened only by me or by my orders. I remain at the Palace to-night; under me Captain Sterkoff will be the officer on guard. He will himself supply you with any meals or other refreshments which you may require. Ring this hand-bell on the table—no other bell, mind—and he will be with you immediately. Do you understand your orders?"

Markart understood them very well; there was no need of Stafnitz's mocking little smile to point the meaning. Mark-

art was to be Lepage's jailer, Sterkoff was to be his. Under the most civil and considerate form he was made as close a prisoner as the man he guarded. Evidently Stenovics had come to the conclusion that he could not ask Markart to put too great a strain on his conscience! The General, however, seemed very kindly disposed towards him, and was indeed almost apologetic:

"I've every hope that this responsible and, I fear, very irksome duty may last only the few hours I mentioned. You put me under a personal obligation by undertaking it, my dear Markart."

In the absence of any choice, Markart saluted and answered : "I understand my orders, General."

Stafnitz interposed : "Captain Sterkoff is also aware of their purport."

Stenovics looked vexed. "Yes, yes, but I'm sure Markart himself is quite enough." It seems odd that, in the midst of such a transaction as that in which he was now engaged, Stenovics

should have found leisure—or heart—to care about Markart's feelings. Yet so it was—a curiously human touch creeping in ! He shut Markart up only under the strongest sense of necessity and with great reluctance. Probably Stafnitz had insisted, in the private conversation which they had held together : Markart had shown such evident signs of jibbing over the job proposed for Captain Hercules !

Lepage's heart was wrung, but his spirit was not broken. Stafnitz's ironical smile called an answering one to his lips.

"It would console my feelings if I also were put in charge of somebody, General," he said. "Shall I, in my turn, keep an eye on Dr. Natcheff, or report if the Captain here is remiss in the duty of keeping himself a prisoner?" "I don't think you need trouble yourself, Monsieur Lepage. Captain Sterkoff will relieve you of responsibility." To Lepage too Stenovics was gentle, urbane, almost apologetic.



"'An odd world,' said the valet."

"And how long am I to live, General?"

"You're in the enviable position, Monsieur Lepage, of being able, subject to our common mortality, to settle that for yourself. Come, come, we'll discuss matters again to-morrow night or the following morning. There are many men who prefer not to do things, but will accept a thing when it's done. They're not necessarily unwise. I've done no worse to you than give you the opportunity of being one of them. I think you'll be prudent to take it. Anyhow don't be angry; you must remember that you've given us a good deal of trouble."

"Between us we have killed the King."

Stenovics waved his hands in a commiserating way. "Practical men mustn't spend time in lamenting the past," he said.

Missing

Missing

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

A RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES.

VII.-MUSIC.

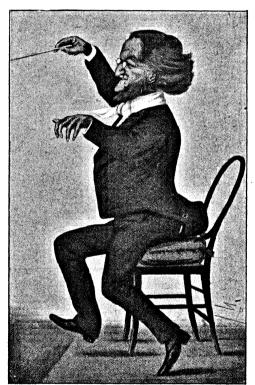
L ONG is the list of eminent musicians who have appeared in *Vanity Fair*. As musical genius is, for some occult reason, apt to induce eccentricity in manner, costume and appearance, the cartoonists have had a wide scope for their humour. Possibly the victims of their brush have not always been entirely gratified by the joke against

them; for a sense of humour is not the chief qualification for success on the operatic stage, in the conductor's chair, or on the concertplatform.

The portrait of Richard Wagner is one of the best that ever appeared in Vanity Fair. It was the work of Mr. Leslie Ward. "The Music of the Future," the title of the cartoon, was peculiarly happy, for at the time there were few in this country who fully appreciated the work of the Master. Α giant amongst men was Richard Wagner. At eight he was playing prettily on the piano. Before twenty he had passed through many nether regions of language, philosophy, theology, and politics. Fastening on the drama, he conceived

whole. With this idea for his guide, and poverty for his only friend, he set to work, produced two operas which failed, married an actress, and, at twenty-six, coming across Bulwer's "Rienzi," created it into a grand opera of his own type.

The next year he essayed Paris, but nobody would listen to his music, and when



WAGNER. 1877. "The Music of the Future."

the notion that this vehicle for the expression of grand ideas was sadly out of repair, and that he would mend it. He essayed himself in a tragedy wherein he killed all his characters in the first four acts and carried it on in the fifth with their ghosts. He had heard Beethoven's music, he had seen pictures and actors, and he resolved to perfect them all and to weld them all into one Wagnerian ducting concerts in London, where he left behind him the reputation of a tremendous lunatic.

In 1861 the Parisians hissed "Tannhäuser" off the stage; but in 1864 the King of Bavaria, after hearing "The Flying Dutchman," invited him to Munich, made him his own particular friend, and furnished him with the means of erecting his own

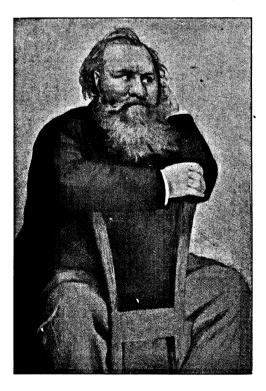
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he had written "The Flying Dutchman," he was forced to have it adapted by a hack composer, and was only cheered in his disappointment and poverty by learning that "Rienzi" had been accepted at He went Dresden. thither, and his opera at once brought him popular and Court favour. But "Tann-häuser," his first new work there composed, only roused all men and critics against him. His scores were returned, even "Rienzi" failed after having succeeded; and he threw himself into the completion of "Lohengrin," as into a haven of refuge from his troubles. In 1847, this, his most perfect work, was finished, but having entered into a course of mob oratory, he found himself in 1855 conspecial theatre and of training his own special actors at Bayrenth.

As "Jehu Junior" wrote of him : "That Wagner is one of the greatest of living composers is sufficiently proved in that his very name is a war-cry amongst all musical people; that he is original beyond the verge of eccentricity, and grand beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals, is also certain. The music of the future has the undeniable quality of exciting enthusiasm, either of delight or of disgust; which it best deserves, the future must decide."

While Wagner was working at "Tristan und Isolde," he was greatly assisted by the thoughtful kindness of Frau Wesendonck, one of the few friends who, in those early days, truly appreciated his genius. One day he was in great difficulty about the working out of a certain part of the score : it would not come right, turn it as he would. The next day it was no better, and he was in the depths of despair. Suddenly there arrived at the house a parcel of rusks—wonderful dainties, of which Frau Wesendonck alone held the secret. Instantly all was well. The master munched his rusks, set to work again,



GOUNOD. 1879. "Emotional Music."



VERDI. 1879. "Italian Music."

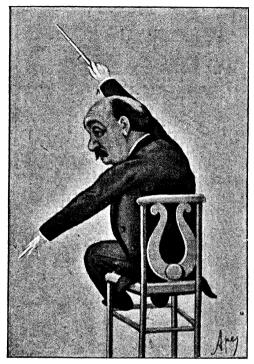
and conquered triumphantly. "It's wonderful what the proper rusk can do," he wrote in acknowledgment.

Nothing that concerned the production of one of his music-dramas was too small for Wagner's personal care. He was everywhere, explaining, scolding, entreating with irresistible effect. In "The Rheingold," it will be remembered, the effect of swimming in the depths of the river is contrived by a clever arrangement of wire cages, in which the three Rhine-Daughters are propelled. But when the original creators of the parts arrived on the Bayreuth stage, and saw the frail-looking structures to which they were to trust themselves, they roundly declared that they were unsafe. Wagner was greatly perturbed. He lectured them, he appealed to the science of breaking strains, he even shed tears; and finally he rushed into one of the cages himself, was let down into the depths, and demonstrated exactly how the parts could and should be played. It was too



PADEREWSKI. 1899. "Easy Execution." much for the sense of humour of the Rhine-Daughters. They obeyed.

Wagner's love of animals amounted to a positive passion. His dog accompanied him and his wife on that first stormy voyage to



лкріті. 1885. "П Bacio."

England which was to bear fruit in "The Flying Dutchman." And in Lucerne he was once severely bitten in the hand by a strange dog that had been injured, while he was bandaging its paw. The hand was useless for many weeks.

Tissot supplied to the paper a charming portrait of Verdi. Seek where you will, the real Verdi cannot be better seen than in this beautiful work. The tenderness of the man is delightfully indicated. The irritability and petulance of his later years were no part of the maestro's true character, but were simply the products of advancing age. His conduct on the death of Rossini in 1868 was an illustration of his breadth of view. All Italy urged him, opera writer that he was, to compose a Requiem, but he suggested a joint work by all the Italian writers of the day. This was carried out in thirteen numbers, the last of which," Libera me," in C minor, was by Verdi. As might

be imagined, the result was disappointing, but the success of Verdi's portion was so great that he yielded to the pressure to execute a complete Mass himself, a work that is well known.

The output of Verdi in his time was really marvellous, though not quite so enormous as the writer of the *Vanity Fair* biography would have us believe. Still, "Rigoletto" in 1851, "Il Trovatore" in 1852, "La Traviata" in 1853, and the charming but less known "Vespres Siciliennes" in 1855, form a record that would be difficult to surpass.

"Jehu Junior" wrote of him: "His success has only been equalled by his industry, for he has written twenty operas in seventeen years. He is held by many to have encouraged a vicious taste, but he has made



TOSTI. 1885. "For Ever and For Ever."

Italian music popular on all the barrel-organs of Europe. He has also taken a part in politics, of which he has little knowledge and less understanding. He naturally took the side of the populace that loved his music, aspired to see Italian unity, and in 1861 was



SIR JULIUS BENEDICT. 1873. "Sweet Sounds."

elected to the Italian Parliament. His music is essentially the music of the present, shallow and pleasing, sympathetic and tuneful."

In Charles François Gounod we find one of those many-sided men who are seldom discovered in the ranks of musicians. Examine the Tissot portrait and say whether the subject is not that of a man who might have succeeded in almost any sphere. But, then, how happily was he placed ! He was born in France, and Rome claimed him at the age of twenty-one. As Sir George Grove has well said : "No artist or literary man can tread the soil of Italy with indifference," and Gounod's residence in Rome exercised an influence on his ardent imagination of which his whole career bears the trace.

While staying at the Villa Medici as a pensioner of the Académie de France, he made the acquaintance of the Old Masters, and especially selected Palestrina as his model. This and his strongly developed religious tendency—he nearly became a priest—caused his music to be pastoral and lyrical rather than dramatic. This may be seen in the great beauty of the Kermesse and Garden Scene in "Faust," with their superiority over the more dramatic parts of the lovely opera. It is interesting to recall that Gounod's first success was secured in this country when Mr. Hullah gave four numbers of his "Messe Solennelle" at St. Martin's Hall in 1851. Three days later the *Athenceum* wrote : "Whatever the ultimate verdict, here at any rate is a poet and musician of a very high order."

At the first performance of "Faust," Gounod was present in a box. As the curtain fell after one of the acts, he was discovered in tears. He was convinced that the opera was a failure. No one would call "Faust" exactly a failure now.

"Jehu Junior" summed up M. Gounod as "a childlike mystic, very simple, very affectionate, very sympathetic, very sensitive; very odd he might even be called by men of a commercial generation; but he is very delightful, and has a charm about him such as few can withstand."

To illustrate the absorption of a musician in his own art, it has been told of Arditi that he once visited the church at Stratford-on-Avon in the company of Madame Trebelli-Beltini. On reaching the tomb of Shakespeare, the great contralto, thinking him not sufficiently impressed, called his attention to it. "Surely

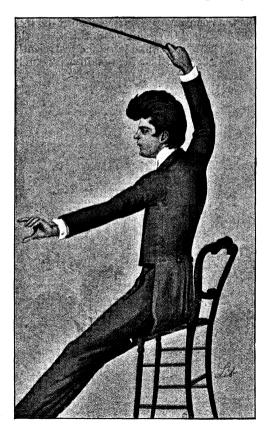


SIR MICHAEL COSTA. 1872. "Orchestration."

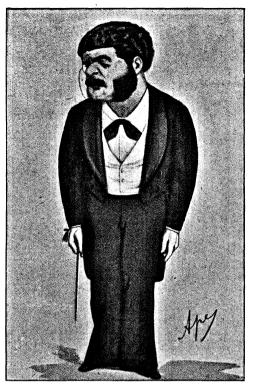
you know Otello! Romeo!" "Ah! ze librettist!" said Arditi.

The late Colonel Mapleson used to tell a droll story of the rivalry of Signor Arditi and Sir Julius Benedict, who were conductors in the same opera-house. Both were inclined to baldness; and one evening, before the performance. Benedict was discovered in one of the dressing-rooms carefully brushing his hair in such a way as to cover every patch of bareness. "What are you doing?" he was asked. "Only trying to prevent myself being mistaken for Årditi," was his reply. Soon after, Arditi was similarly caught in the act of readjusting his locks so as to leave as much pure scalp as possible. He gravely explained that he was anxious not to be taken, on a back view, for Benedict !

From his childhood Paolo Tosti showed a bent for music, and his parents sent him to Naples. His first song was refused by three different publishers before, in 1870, it was printed at Rome and brought him popularity.



MASCAGNI. 1893. "Cavalleria Rusticana."



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN. 1874. "English Music."

He became a great favourite in the Italian capital, and gave lessons to Queen Margherita. In 1876 he came to England with letters to the Duchess of Cambridge, who took him up enthusiastically, so that he became the favourite music-master of the Court. "Jehu Junior" summed him up as—

"An agreeable and amiable person. He has discovered the weakness of the English for sentimental songs, and his 'For Ever and For Ever' is massacred in every schoolroom and drawing-room of the British Isles. He is full of natural musical talent, which he has not destroyed by over-education. He has a small, well-managed, natural singing voice; he is always good-tempered and ready to oblige; and he is continually being loaded with fresh gifts from fresh royalties."

Wagner called Tosti, "Le grand maître des petites choses."

Sir Michael Costa was born in Naples, and at eighteen came to England—the Eldorado of Italian musicians. A curious incident occurred on his arrival. He discovered, to his horror, that he was expected to sing. Sitting down on his portmanteau,



SIR AUGUST MANNS. 1895. "Crystal Palace."

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he wept bitterly at the cruelty of Fate. As a singer, indeed, he was a failure; but he possessed qualities which soon proved to his musical contemporaries that he was a born leader of orchestras.

As a conductor, Costa was a rigid disciplinarian, and played the schoolmaster to the



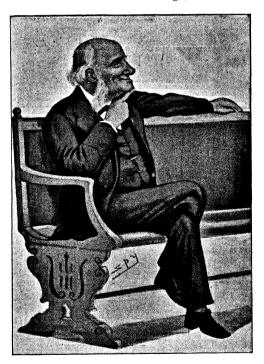
STAINER. 1891. "Oxford Music."

members of his orchestra more thoroughly than any conductor of similar eminence has ever done. On a certain occasion, one of the oboe players was late for rehearsal, and the proceedings had to begin without him. Before long he arrived, flushed and panting; but he met the awful gaze of the great martinet with more courage than might have been expected. There had been twins, he explained, at home. "Well," added the chief sternly, with a monitory tap of his *báton*, "don't let it happen again."

When, in 1857, he took over the conductorship of the Handel Festival, there was something approaching a revolt on the part of the Manchester contingent, who in their preliminary rehearsals had been accustomed to the gentler methods of Charles Hallè. A well-known and popular 'cello player from the North crystallised the feeling by exclaiming indignantly in a rehearsal: "My playing was good enough for Charlie, and I guess it will have to be good enough for you." To many Costa will be best remembered by his oratorios of "Eli" and "Naaman" both produced at Birmingham—and especially by the March of the Israelites in the one, and the March of the Priests in the other—compositions that well deserved their popularity.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie narrates how he once, and only once, saw Costa laugh. It was at a rehearsal of Schira's "Lord of Burleigh," the composer conducting. The orchestra was doing its best to play *fortissimo*; but the impetuous musician was far from satisfied. Raising his voice above the din, he shouted : "Fire ! fire !"

Sir Julius Benedict received a rather grudging welcome in *Vanity Fair*, the writer taking what may be termed the insular view of music, prevalent at that time, and even omitting all mention of "The Lily of Killarney" by which the composer was best known to the world at large, and which



SIR GEORGE GROVE. 1891. "G."

indicated how well he could adapt his method to an Irish theme.

Following on the heels of Sir Julius Benedict came Sir Arthur Sullivan. As may be imagined, he received a very hearty welcome, though Pellegrini was rather unkind to him. The portrait appeared before any of

the Savoy operas were written. "Box and Cox" was the only evidence he had given of any ability for such a style of music. "The Prodigal Son" and "The Light of the World" had alone given promise of the great influence he was to have upon religious music. Sir Arthur was the son of a musician, and was early apprenticed to his father's art, being made a choir-boy in St. James's Chapel. He then went to Germany and worked hard at his profession. On his return he soon made it evident that he would make for himself a place in the history of English music. The Duke of Edinburgh took him under his wing, though the charms of Court favour never caused him to forget the claims of art. His biographer in Vanity Fair, in 1874, concluded with this admirable prophecy: "He is well aware that labour is the foundation of all things; by this it is that he has made himself, and by this he will grow and increase to be a man playing his part thoroughly



SIR JOSEPH BARNBY. 1894. "Albert Hall."

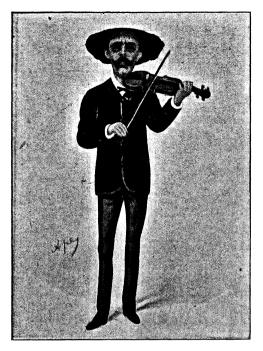


SIR ALEXANDER C. MACKENZIE. 1904. "R.A.M."

well in the world without regard to irrelevant matters, and worthy of a foremost place amongst those who, by the assiduous cultivation of God-given gifts, have made a name for themselves and for their countries."

I remember hearing a good story about Sir Arthur which was told at Monte Carlo. He had won heavily, and a pile of notes was in front of his seat. Gradually, however, they disappeared into the pockets of the Casino. As the last one disappeared, Sir Arthur rose with an exclamation of disgust. "Never mind," said a witty friend, "there's plenty more where the *notes* come from."

"Do you find composing come easier with experience?" he was once asked. "Certainly," was his reply. "It is like a druggist taking in a prescription over his counter. His experience enables him to tell at a glance what sort of treatment he must give it, how long it will take, and so forth. So with the



SARASATE. 1889.

composer who is confronted with words for musical treatment."

From the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir John Stainer was promoted at sixteen to be the organist of the newly founded St. Michael's College at Tenbury. This was precocious; but there was more than precocity in the young organist, and the President and Fellows of Magdalen College—which is still celebrated above all other Oxford colleges for its music—offered him the music mastership of their choir. He remained there until he was thirty-two. As "Jehu Junior" said : "He is a very brilliant instrumentalist and a scientific musician. He has written a good deal and composed much. His 'Studies on Harmony' is a book of many editions; and his cantatas, 'The Daughter of Jairus,' 'St. Mary Magdalen,' and 'The Crucifixion,' are quite full of merit. He received the Legion of Honour for his services at the Paris Exhibition thirteen years ago. He is a pleasant, intelligible lecturer, who is occasionally afflicted with merry conceits, and an agreeable talker. He owes something to the late Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, one of the first to recognise his talent, whose mantle has fallen upon him."

Sir Joseph Barnby was the youngest of

seven musical sons. Like many well-known English musicians, he began his career by singing in a choir; indeed, he was the youngest of known choristers, being only seven when he sat in his surplice at York Minster. At twelve he was an assistantorganist in the same cathedral. Coming to London, he rose steadily in the general estimation. The orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall and Exeter Hall gave him wide notoriety. As Precentor and Director of musical instruction at Eton, he earned the good-will of boys and masters during the seventeen years that he held the post. His election as Principal of the Guildhall School of Music was unanimous. Shortly afterwards he very properly became a knight. He is supposed to have conducted all that was worth conducting; also he conducted at many State receptions, and introduced more new and unknown works to the London public than any other man of music. brought choral music to the highest state of perfection, and had a tactful faculty for managing a big choir, upon which he could



EDWARD STRAUSS. 1895.



KUBELIK. 1903.

play as upon an instrument. "Jehu" found him "a cheerful, unaffected, genial fellow who can talk; he has catholic tastes, he believes in Wagner, and, though he is at the top of the tree, yet is no right-minded person jealous of him."

Sir Joseph Barnby established a bond of



DR. JOACHIM. 1905. "The last of a classic school."

very intimate feeling between himself and the members of the Royal Choral Society. Not long before his death they were rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul"; and after the beautiful chorus, "Happy and Blest are They," he remarked, with unusual feeling, that he should like it to be sung over his grave when his own time came. His words were not forgotten, and at the funeral in St. Paul's the chorus was rendered with unwonted pathos.

The attractive personality of Sir August Manns is effectively displayed in his portrait, and from it we can understand something of the enormous influence that he exercised both upon his band and upon the choirs that came under his control. He has had an equally powerful influence upon music itself, for the works of Schumann became known in England much earlier than would otherwise have been the case through his persistent performance of them at the Crystal Palace soon after his appointment there. Previously, when conductor to the band of Colonel Von Roon (afterwards the great War Minister of Germany), he had arranged for it Beethoven's Symphonies.

When he first made the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace famous, English amateurs were not accustomed to accepting long hair as a matter of course, and many jokes were perpetrated at the expense of his wonderful locks. One of the best—and he was delighted to tell it against himself—was his receipt of an envelope containing a threepenny-piece and the simple request that he would get his hair cut !

When he first took over the conductorship of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in succession



LISZT. 1886. "*The Abbé.*"

to Sir Michael Costa, his new methods were not, at first, quite relished by some of the older members. One day, at rehearsal, there was a difficulty over a Handel chorus, in which the giant strides of Polyphemus were the subject of vocal treatment. Finally, protests were heard that the new conductor's



CHARLES SANTLEY. 1902. "Student and Singer."



EDWARD LLOYD. 1892. "English Tenor."

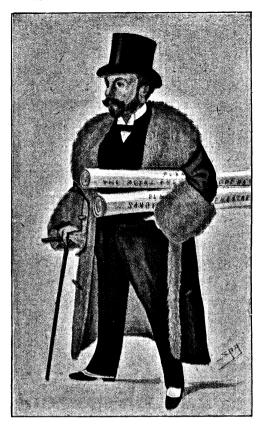
demands were impossible of execution. In a moment he was striding about the platform, suiting the note to the stride, and the stride to the note. There was no more trouble after that; and when he dismissed his forces with "Ladies and gentlemen, if you have as much confidence in me as I have in you, we shall make a great success," all hearts were won.

Sir Frederick Bridge was called "Westminster Bridge," to distinguish him from



JEAN DE RESZKE. 1891. "Polish Tenor."

his brother "Chester Bridge." He is one of the newest and oldest of musical professors in that he holds the Gresham Professorship of Music, founded in 1597, and is the first (King Edward) Professor of Music to the London University. He has written an excellent book on Samuel Pepys, designed to show that the diarist was not such a bad fellow, after all. Besides being a great organist, he is a great organiser who can conduct a big crowd and can keep his people together at rehearsal in quite a



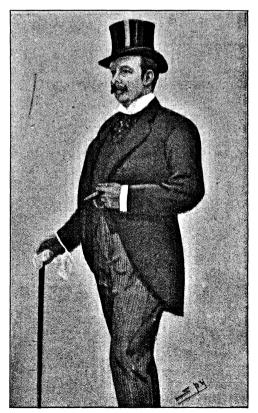
D'OYLY CARTE. 1891. "Royal English Opera."

wonderful manner. As "Jehu" said: "Though his method is *piano in modo*, it can be *forte in re*. He lives in a beautiful house and adores the music of Purcell. He is a straightforward, cheerful, witty fellow, who can unbend."

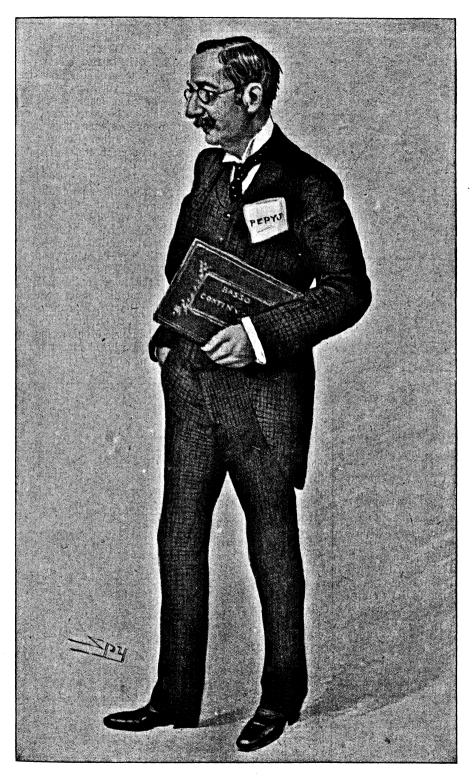
Sir Alexander Mackenzie went from Edinburgh to Germany, and, having learnt music other than that which the bagpipes produce, came to London as a pupil at the Royal Academy of Music. He has composed with success, and is now a knight at the top of the musical tree, to whom a large, personally conducted band of pupils is devoted. He is a Scotchman with a sense of humour.

Musicians and the music-loving public owe an immense debt to Sir George Grove, whose kindly disposition was rendered to the life in Mr. Ward's drawing. The "Dictionary of Musicians," edited by Sir George, commenced in 1879, and completed in 1883, is a monumental work, a positive storehouse for the student. But Sir George Grove's activities were many. For a number of years he was Secretary to the Crystal Palace, and it was his influence on Mr. Samuel Bowley, the Chairman, that gave August Manns a free hand, and took us from the band-playing in the Central Transept to the Saturday concerts with full orchestra in the Concert Room—concerts that have been a joy to a whole generation of musical enthusiasts. It is, perhaps, not so well known that Sir George was for years a partner in the publishing-house of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., where his encyclopædic knowledge must have been invaluable. It has been said by a competent authority that Samuel Smiles and Sir George Grove were probably the best-informed men of their day.

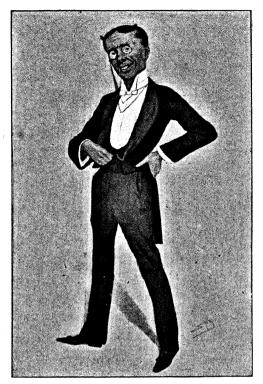
Sir George Grove was fond of describing himself as a mere amateur, Director though he was of the Royal College of Music. In the best sense of the word he certainly was an amateur, for he was an enthusiast to the end of his life. Not long before his death, an obscure music-lover of my acquaintance



MR. H. V. HIGGINS. 1898. "Grand Opera."



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE. 1904. "Westminster Bridge."



GEORGE GROSSMITH. 1888. "The Pinafore."

wrote to him, pointing out a similarity between two passages in the works of Beethoven. Not content with a mere acknowledgment, he wrote three letters in reply—one of which, on account of his failing health, had to be dictated. It was this inexhaustible keenness about everything relating to his favourite subject that gave him his unique place in contemporary musical life. His wonderful store of information was at the service of everyone who wished to draw on it.

He was affectionately known as "G," from his signature in the Crystal Palace Concert programmes, and obtained a second and hardly less enviable fame as a *raconteur* of delightful stories. One of the most characteristic was that of an Englishman with a very limited knowledge of French, who went to bid a Frenchman good-bye. "Au reservoir!" he got out with an effort. "Tanks!" was the perfectly appropriate reply.

Sarasate was four-and-a-half when he first began to play the violin, having as a father a bandmaster in the Spanish Army. At twelve, Queen Isabella, attracted by his precocious

talent, sent him to Paris, where he was introduced to the Director of the famous Conservatoire. He carried all before him. winning the hearts of the Parisians by wonderful melody. As his biographer said in Vanity Fair: "The character of Sarasate's playing is of the highest order, and one which in many respects has not been approached by any other living violinist the bell-like beauty of tone, the faultless intonation, and the technical power which enables him to deal easily with all known and unknown difficulties pertaining to the violin, are qualities which combine to render him unique among violinists. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at that from his boyhood upward Sarasate has been almost idolised, or that at Pamplona, during the annual feast of St. Firmin, where he seemed the hero of the hour, enthusiasm should attain a climax and his countrymen literally worship him as the Orpheus of Andalusia. He cannot, indeed, as Orpheus did, make the stones follow the music of his strings, yet he is a violin wizard who charms the civilised world with the music of his bow."



CORNEY GRAIN. 1885.

Sarasate was ever an artist of consummate self-possession. Once, at a Norwich festival, he came on the platform to play the solo part in a concerto. Before many bars had been played, the orchestra had to be stopped; it was apparent to everyone that something was hopelessly wrong. Sarasate removed his violin from its resting-place and strode over to the conductor's desk; then, with a quiet nod, he returned to his place, and the work was recommenced, with perfect results. He had quite forgotten how his part began !

With reference to Sarasate, I have received an interesting communication from Mr. F. Vincent Brooks, who for many years has been a friend to Vanity Fair, and has already contributed valuable reminiscences to our present chronicle. He says: "The portrait of Sarasate was poor Carlo Pellegrini's swansong. It was fully inspired with the genius of the man, as all human swan-songs should be. Obedient to a summons, I called on Pellegrini, who had been ailing, to receive the drawing and his instructions. I was surprised to find my friend in bed. He showed me the drawing with some pride, and I expressed my great admiration of it, remarking on its high finish. There was no inclination on the part of the artist to get up, but on a little persuasion he allowed his man 'Robert' and myself to assist him to dress. I suggested that we should get round to the neighbouring 'Pagani's ' to lunch, but he said he should prefer lunching in. As I went downstairs to give the order, he called over the bannisters, with a solto voce, inquiring as to whether I would mind 'Robert' joining us; so covers were secured for three.

"It was a sad company that met together in the same rooms a few days later. Pellegrini had no known relatives in this country. When all mourned their friend equally, who was to lead? While our grief was tempered by convention, there was one to whom the loss was irreparable, who knew nought of convention, to whom convention was impossible; so by a charming thought—I think it was the late Louis Fagan's—'Robert,' who had for many years shared the vicissitudes of his master, was made chief mourner, and led a company, many of whom were distinguished in literature and art, to the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Kensal Green."

Kubelik formed one of the most successful cartoons produced by "Spy." He was the son of a market gardener in Bohemia, and at eighteen he was giving recitals which drew all the fashionable world. England loves him and America runs after him; therefore it is confidently reputed that he has made several fortunes. In him genius is wedded to a striking personality. He is a quiet, amiable, unassuming fellow, who does not suffer from swelled head.

The drawing of the Abbé Liszt is an excellent example of Mr. Leslie Ward's portraiture as distinguished from his caricature, and exactly reproduces the dear old man as we remember him. The lengthy notice in *Vanity Fair* is very kindly—as, indeed, it should be, for who has given the world so much happiness and taken so little Despite efforts, royal and otherfrom it? wise, to spoil him, the Abbé remained simple and unaffected to the end; as simple as when he was a child prodigy at Manchester, and an enthusiastic Lancastrian placed a guinea in his hand with a "Take this, my little man," replying to the boy's question as to what he should do with it by the words : "Save it."

But the Abbé saved nothing. It was his proud privilege to live for others and to teach as much music as he could for nothing ! Surely such men are the salt of the earth.

He was almost the first musician to assert the dignity of his art, and by the force of his personality he did it with perfect, and sometimes crushing, effectiveness. To a grande dame who patronisingly asked him if he had been doing good business on a recently finished tour, he gravely responded : "I make music, madam, not business." To another who led him to her piano immediately after dinner, he replied by sitting down and dashing off a brilliant cascade of notes. "Now," he commented as he rose from his seat, "I have paid for my dinner."

Paderewski, who, in spite of a popular belief to the contrary, does not steep his hands in hot water before playing, is always distinguished by the simplicity that is one of the sure signs of greatness. To a young student who, not very long ago, thanked him earnestly for the revelation of beauty gained at one of his wonderful recitals, he replied : "Ah, well ! we hope to improve as we go on." Only a very great artist would have said that.

Jean de Reszke was born in Warsaw, and was destined, rather by Nature than the wishes of his parents, to the operatic stage. He studied in Turin, made his mark as a baritone, failed to rise in the world, began again as a tenor, and so has arrived where he has. He loves Poland, he is a citizen of Paris, and he admires England. He has a younger brother who can sing, yet it is understood that the brothers are great friends. He is an artist, and a good fencer.

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Charles Santley, born at Liverpool in 1834, wasperhaps the greatest English baritone of the nineteenth century, and it is certainly curious that the twentieth century had made its bow before *Vanity Fair* realised his greatness; but the portrait is a most agreeable one, and the accompanying notice sufficiently flattering.

After some study in Milan, and subsequent work in England under Manuel Garcia, he made his first appearance under Mr. Hullah, to whom many, including Gounod, have owed their first step to fame. Subsequent opportunities of winning public favour arose under the Pyne and Harrison direction at Covent Garden, and in 1862 he made his first appearance in Italian opera. Here he had to face opposition from his Italian rivals, and his position was so insecure, for this reason only, that he very wisely adopted the suggestion of his numerous friends that he should rely on his reputation in oratorio music, in which for many years he was absolutely pre-eminent and indispensable. It may not be generally known that in 1859 he married a grand-daughter of Charles Kemble.

Still hale and hearty, and still devoted to half-past ten as the hour for going to bed, he was once the hero of an unforeseen and highly dramatic situation on the operatic While he was "on" one evening in stage. one of his favourite parts, an alarm of fire was raised, and the beginnings of an ugly panic were immediately manifested. Advancing without a moment's hesitation to the footlights, he shouted : "Don't be foolish; there's no fire!" and the situation was saved. As a matter of fact, there was a small blaze visible, and to his promptitude alone the lives of an immense number of people are due.

Mr. Edward Lloyd, the much-beloved of Englishmen, was one of the several great singers who began life in a choir. From Westminster Abbey he was promoted to the Chapel Royal. After making his mark at a Gloucester Festival, he sang himself into popular favour. He has made successful tours and gained fresh laurels in various parts of the world.

No one was ever better endowed by Nature for the part of a public entertainer than Corney Grain. Humour largely depends on supplying the unexpected; twenty stone of humanity trips on to the platform, and you are tickled; when a slightly constructed music-stool is requisitioned, you expect an accident, you get an arpeggio; the mountain springs up from its seat like a parched pea, to make a minute adjustment of the height, and you fairly settle in to be amused. The equipment is not great, but it is effective, and many an audience has been raked fore and aft, from the stalls to the shilling seats, by such light artillery. Beyond this, Corney Grain was at all times excellent company, and those who knew him best loved him most. He had two brothers at the Bar, who always seemed to be in deadly earnest. Perhaps it was a happy thought of Nature to put all the fun of the family into one large parcel.

Four Georges, as described by The Thackeray, were very humdrum people, but the Three Georges who have had the name of Grossmith have done much to make humdrum people ridiculous. George the First reigned supreme as a mirth-provoker in the early Polytechnic days, when dissolving views were as popular as animated pictures are at the present time. For twenty years George the Second held his revels in the precinct of Savoy, and left that temple of light opera to win a yet larger public as a drawing-room and platform "entertainer," who has reigned supreme in his own field ever since the death of Corney Grain; and now a third George adds nightly to the gaiety of nations, thus constituting, as far as the dramatic instinct is concerned, a record in heredity. George the Second was portrayed in characteristic attitude by Vanity Fair, and is still one of its most popular portraits.

The cartoon of Mascagni, conducting his own famous opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," and that of Edward Strauss, the violinist son of the famous Waltz King, are included in our present gallery of musical celebrities, and that gallery could not possibly be considered complete without the portrait of the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte, whose fame must always survive in company with the delightful memories of Gilbert - and - Sullivan opera, and that of Mr. H. V. Higgins, who is fortunately still one of the directors of the fortunes of Grand Opera at Covent Garden.

Mr. Higgins, whose father was Jacob Omnium, of *The Times*, was educated at Cardinal Newman's School at Edgbaston, and at Merton College, Oxford. He was for seven years in the 1st Life Guards, and then practised as a solicitor. His love of music led him to co-operate with Lord de Grey and the late Colonel Oliver Montague in forming a committee to support Sir Augustus Harris in resurrecting Grand Opera in England, and he continues to be one of the controllers of operatic enterprise at Covent Garden.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON, Editor of "Vanity Fair."

THE DEATH-WAY.

BY MAARTEN MAARTENS.



HE one old man sat by the bed, and the other lay in it. Neither spoke a word.

Ten minutes passed, and more. They remained thus together, almost immovable. The one old man sat by the bed, his head sunk forward, his

underlip protruding : both hands were folded upon his stick. The other lay staring, as it seemed, at nothing, his crampled shirt unloosened about his scraggy neck. Around his hollow face the ragged hairs streamed wide.

"You're in a bad way," said, at last, the old man in the chair.

He in the bed stared steadily on. "You've said that before," he answered; "'twas the last thing that you said."

"Well-it's true."

"I'd like a bit of news," retorted the invalid; "I can find out about the way I'm in, for myself."

"You might be civiller, Jan," objected his visitor, "to a man that's come near on two mile, to see ye."

"It ain't more'n one and a half," said the sick man, " nor as much."

"And his best milker off her feed."

The invalid wriggled himself round in a series of jerks. "Off her feed?" he cried. "Which is it? Liza?"

The other shook his long head up and down. "Liza," he said. "Something's gone wrong in her innards. She can't tell what."

"Have ye had the vet?"

"Pooh, the vet! If a cow could speak, she'd soon let a vet know what a fool he is. The old woman can't tell. It was her as I meant."

"Cows is cows," replied the invalid, and lay back a long time, thinking. Presently he remarked: "I had a cow went like that, seventeen years ago, come next Midsummer. Nobody knew what ailed her. She went about bellowing all day." "Liza doesn't bellow," interposed the visitor. The other took no notice of the interruption.

"She'd stand in a ditch for hours, and low, with her feet in the water. To hear her like that, loud and long, it was like the psalm-singing in church."

"Did she get over it ?" asked the visitor, anxious for Liza.

"She died. And when we opened her, we found the old woman's church-book that had been missing. So that explained it." He sank back with the effort of all this conversation, and, in fact, "the old woman" had already come forward to the bed.

"It's time you were going, neighbour," she began. "The doctor says as he mayn't talk above more than a minute or two." Her husband broke into an angry gurgle. "And not get into one of his rages," added the old woman hastily, "or the doctor says as he'll burst something, and that'll be the end of him."

"Hang the doctor," said the invalid amiably. The visitor had risen solemnly and shuffled to the door. "There's more chance of the doctor doing that to you than you to the doctor," he remarked, with an ugly chuckle. "By the by, I forgot to tell you, the young Baron has altered the direction of the Death-Way."

Both husband and wife gave utterance to a cry of astonished dismay.

"He's making a new garden and a playgame place close to the Castle," continued the visitor, "and so he's blocked up the Death-Way, and carried it round straight to the highway. Round to the right, you know, by the clump of larches"—both listeners nodded—"yes, that's what he's been and done."

"To think of it !" said the old woman, with uplifted hands. "Moved the Death-Way ! Lord ! Lord ! To think what the rich may do !"

The sick man struck the coverlet. "Hang it, he can't !" cried the sick man. "There's not a power in the land could move the Death-Way : the Queen couldn't do it ! I've heard my old father say a hundred times, that the Death-Way was here long afore there was any such thing as a King."

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"'Tis as old as Death, belike," suggested the visitor, standing by the door.

The woman nodded. "He can't do it," repeated the sick man, nodding also. "I'm eighty-three, come next Christmas, and my father was eighty-seven, when he went, in harvest-time, and neither of us has known of a man, woman, or child that died in this hamlet but was carried along the Death-Way to Overbeek churchyard. Lord ! How are we to be buried, if he moves the Death-Way ? Answer me that ?" He half-lifted himself in the bed.

"We shall have to go round," replied the more laconic visitor. The old woman seemed suddenly to have reverted to the peril from which the great tidings had diverted her. "Ye'll be taken along quick enough, if ye go on like this !2" she cried, turning to the bed. "Doesn't the doctor tell ye every time he comes that ye'll kill yourself by moving about ?"

"He'll have to go round," said the visitor, who had passed through the door.

The words infuriated the invalid. "Never!" he shouted, regardless of his wife. "Here, Jan ! Piet ! where are the boys ?"

"Gone to the pigs," replied the wife. "They'll be back in a minute or two. There was a butcher from Wyk——."

"What, and they never told me? How much did he offer? Do they think I'm dead already? No, not by ten years yet. I've a better constitution than my father. Look here, how much did you say?"

"Why, he was only a-come to have a look at them. You'll hear all about it. Lie still, father, do, and don't talk !"

"How can I not talk about the Death-Way? And as for not moving !—I wonder how much he'll offer. Pork is dear just now. He ought to offer twenty-two cents per pound !" He looked round at her with eager, wistful eyes. "D'ye think he'll offer twenty-two cents per pound ?"

"No," she said, walking across to the fire, and removing the kettle. "Pigs is down."

The old man gave a faint howl. "Like my luck!" he said. "I've never sold yet, that some other man didn't, sooner or later, sell dearer. It might be twenty-one and a half now, don't you—oh! oh! oh!" He sat up in bed, bent double with internal suffering, his face grew livid.

The wife ran up to him. "Deary! Deary me! Is it one of your spasms?" she cried.

His pains prevented his answering : they increased upon him : she hurried to and fro in the chamber. "It's all your fault," she said several times, "a-twisting yourself in the bed!"—he was in too great pain to reply. He lay forward, alternately moaning and shrieking. So the doctor found him, a few minutes later. The doctor frowned.

"What's he been doing, Vrouw Putters?" demanded the doctor. "Jan Putters, who's to blame for this?"

"He is," replied the wife. "He's been fussing and fuming about the Death-Way, as if he was a-going to be taken along it to-morrer!" Then, suddenly, she began to cry. "He don't even abuse me, doctor," she sobbed. "He can't get to do it. Lord, what a bad way he must be in !"

"He is in a bad way," assented the doctor, who had been removing the patient's bandages. "His—Heavens, man, hadn't I told you to lie still for your life? Are you mad, that you want to kill yourself, Jan Putters?"

"No, nor to be killed by a doctor," retorted the sick man, between his moanings.

"Well, I shall have to have a try at that, all the same," replied the doctor roughly. "I must take immediate measures, or you haven't a day to live."

The wife shrieked pitiful protests : the old man turned his head angrily in her direction. "Have ye never heard doctors' talk before?" he gasped. "I've a better constitution than my—father——" Through the half-open door his two stalwart sons came in, with awkward vigour and a smell of the damp outside. "Boys," he stammered, "neighbour Lops has been here. Liza's gone like me. There's something wrong in her inwards." Then he fell back, gurgling : the sweat stood on his brow.

"You must help me," said the doctor to the sons, "and be quick!" They were clumsy: they did their best. No deftness of doctor or assistants could have saved the sick man agonies of suffering. When at last the operation was completed, he lay like one more dead than alive.

"And what do you think now, doctor?" questioned the anxious wife, by the door.

"He may pull through," replied the man of science. His tone was very serious : he put up his little case.

" If he doesn't move?"

"If he doesn't move, of course. He has brought this last crisis upon himself."

The patient faintly opened one eye. "I hear you," he whispered audibly. "My constitution——" he could get no farther. From sheer fatigue he lay silent through two



"' You're in a bad way,' said, at last, the old man in the chair."

long hours, while the twilight gradually glimmered into gloom.

Then he moved his head and called—in a murmur—for his eldest, Jan.

"Lift me up!" he said, as his son bent over him.

"Heavens, father, didn't you hear the doctor say ——!"

"Lift me up!" The son had never, during fifty years of his life, disobeyed that voice : he could not begin now.

"D'ye believe in doctors?" continued the father, with a sneer. "As well believe in vets. I don't need a doctor to tell me how I feel. I've got something to say. Turn the old 'ooman out."

As if she heard them, the wife glanced across from some mess she was concocting for the invalid. "Ye must die, if ye want to," she said.

"Tell her the chicks are running loose !" whispered the old man.

"Mother, you go out!" said the son. He faced her with a heavy air of command. She looked him silently in the eyes and did as he bade her.

The old man chuckled feebly. "You're a chip of the old block," he said. "Look here, Jan, doctor or no doctor, want or want not, my time's come." The son would have objected, but old Jan stopped him. "D'ye think I thought I was going to live for ever?" he asked.

"Your constitution—" began the son.

"Something's gone in my innards: I've a-felt it going. The farm's very small and poor, but I done my best. I've nothing left to say to you or Piet. You'll find a little money in the Bank. Now, you must take me up and carry me into the State Chamber. I mean to die where my father and my grandfather died."

"I can't, father : it's murder."

"Ye can't murder a dying man, ye fool! Stay; call Piet, so they can say it was both of you!"

Piet came and, between them, the brothers carried their light yet clumsy burden, shuffling, across the little passage. Half-way, stood the old woman, lamenting. The old man took no notice, breathing short, in loud gaspings of pain.

They stumbled into the "State Chamber" —the Best Room, close and stuffy with unused furniture and excluded sunlight, as such rooms are apt to become. It was dark and sombre-looking. The great black and brown cabinet shone dully in the half-light beneath its weight of delf. In the wall was an oaken cupboard-bed, with panelled doors and green damask curtains : into this the brothers sank their burden as best they could.

For a long time Jan Putters lay there tortured. The sons stood, lumpish, beside the bed. The mother had come in, trembling.

At last he opened his eyes.

"Draw the blinds up !" he whispered. "I want to see the old place once more."

There was not much light left, even when they had let in all they could. From where he lay, he could just see the front of the "new" barn, now ten years old. "'Tis a good building," he said aloud. "I should like to see a couple of the cows again, just for once. I've been ill a long time, a week. I've missed the cows. I should like to see a cow again before I go where there ain't any. I don't seem to mind so much any longer which I see." All this he had spat out, with great labour, in faint jerks. The two brothers looked at each other : the younger stole from the room and, presently, in the falling night, a massive grey shape appeared beyond the nearer window. It stood there impassive at first: then, disconcerted, it broke into a melancholy roar.

"He's chosen 'White Bess,'" said the elder son, "so you could see her better."

"Take her away. She don't want to stay there," replied the dying man.

Then he lifted his scraggy grey head again and hissed, amid suppressed catches of pain : "Call Piet ! Call him quick ! Call !" The weeping woman ran out.

"Hang her crying !" said the old man, "but I can't do it to her face, as it's for me. It's the first time, Jan, that I cannot curse your mother for doing what I don't want her to."

In spite of his eagerness he lay unable to speak to them for more than a quarter of an hour, after the mother had returned with Piet. It was fully dark now outside : a candle stood ghastly, behind the bed.

When at last he again found strength and breath, it was to say:

"Boys, come here !"

They bent over him, catching at his words.

"I'm a-lying here a-dying," he whispered solemnly, "in the same place and same bed as my father did, and his father afore him. I ought to have had at least five years more, but there's something gone wrong in my innards, and here am I a-dying in the State Chamber as I ought to be. It might have hurt less, but that can't be helped. Some pigs squeal a great deal more'n others. I'm glad I'm a-dying in the State Chamber, boys." His eyes wandered round the splendours of the apartment, in the flare of the shaky candle. "Your turn now," he said.

The two sons, both grizzly haired, bowed their heads towards him. They watched him, as he lay there, far into the night. The mother busied herself about such poor nursing as lay within her scope. Once or twice he cursed her feebly, not unkindly, for doing something awkwardly, or for doing it at all. His sufferings were continuous.

Shortly before the end, he beckoned his two sons down close to his lips. "Swear that you'll take me along the old Death-Way," he murmured. "Swear."

They hesitated, looked at each other, stammered that the Baron was making changes, that the road now went round by the clump of——

"Swear!" he reiterated. "I can't die till I know that I'm going as my father went. It's the road that we've always took. The Baron can't change it. I—the Death-Way—the—I—swear—swear!"

"We swear," said the sons.

"So help me—how does it go?"

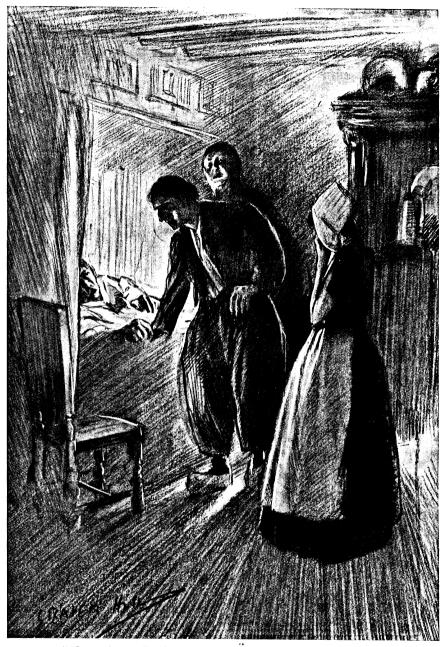
"God," said the sons.

An hour later he muttered something about the price of pigs, and at three o'clock, in the first chill change of the darkness, he said distinctly : "My constitution," and died.

The doctor came just before breakfast. "I told you so," said the doctor. They spoke little, being Dutch peasants; but the widow, looking askance from her coffee-pot, asked mildly if anyone had been in any way to blame.

⁷ Everybody except myself," replied the doctor promptly. "Imagine his being moved to another room after what I'd said —and done—last night! You've killed him, and he's killed himself."

"We never didn't do what he told us to do," expostulated the widow. "We couldn't have begun the day afore he died." And she commenced crying.



"'Swear that you'll take me along the old Death-Way,' he murmured."

"Well, well," said the doctor, "what you've got to do now is to make arrangements about the funeral." He found them not easy to manage, from sheer inertness. They had never, any of them, during the last half-century, initiated anything—taken any step that had not been pointed out to them; the sons had remained unmarried

because their father had never told them to propose to any particular girl. It was impossible for them to realise, as they stood by the dead, that they must now give orders, and begin by giving them about him. The doctor helped them, and the parson,

The doctor helped them, and the parson, and the notary. In all proposals that were made to them they reasonably acquiesced. They went about their farm duties as if nothing much had happened. The daily round of duties engrossed their interest: it was diversified rather pleasantly than otherwise by the mild excitement of exhibiting the corpse to every neighbour that called.

On the day of the funeral relations and acquaintances assembled in considerable numbers. For, next to a wedding, a funeral is the most gratifying public occurrence in the dulness of a peasant's daily existence. Compared to a funeral a christening is quite third-rate. There is no thrill connected with a christening.

The two rooms were full of mourners, a prominent place being occupied by the "weepers," amazing old hags in black cloaks and black head-cloths, relations, expressly invited to weep. The widow sat beside her sons, at the top of the "State Chamber," perfunctorily pretending to listen to the minister, and frowning with annoyance whenever one of the weepers stopped weeping to take breath. The sons said "Yes" and "No" to everybody, occasionally wrong. They both fetched a sigh of relief when the head-mute appeared in the doorway, announcing thereby that the procession must get ready to start. In old peasant fashion the coffin was placed upon the dead man's wagon, a black pall spread neatly over the wagon's gaily painted The "weepers," swathed in black, sides. were hoisted on top of it. The male mourners came behind in rusty beaver hats, twice the height of our modern ones, with enormous crape streamers that hung limp in the still air.

Slowly the little company went wending up across the sand-heath. The heavy road lay white before them, enclosed in far masses of purple bloom. Above, shone the sun with few clouds around him. The landscape was desolate : only once or twice a rabbit stopped, inquisitive, and fled.

In the loose sand the horses strained and stumbled. The mourners straggled, two and two, with a peasant's unsteady gait. The two sons came, behind the wagon, close, their countenances set.

From the open heath the road crept into brushwood; then it wound into fir-plantations and so into the beechwoods of a park. The hush of tall stems and full foliage fell upon it. In silence and shadows the little company plodded on.

Suddenly, the white path came to a stop, almost with a jerk as it were, cut off, dead, by a dry ditch, a small embankment, a sharp curve into loose brown soil. On the top of the low earth-wall, thrown up from the newly dug trench, a white board fronted the advancing peasants : "No Thoroughfare. Trespassers will be prosecuted." The headmute, some few steps in advance, came to a halt, in a twinkling of doubt; then he swerved to the right, where the freshly hewn trunks lay scattered on both sides of the still uncompleted track.

"Stop!" cried Jan, the elder son, in a voice that rang up to the green canopy above.

"Straight ahead!" he continued, pointing through the board. "The Death-Way!" He had left his place behind the wagon, coming forward, his brother following close. The cart stopped : all the little band stood immovable in their places, not understanding as yet.

"But the road has been altered by the Baron," expostulated the undertaker. "It now runs——"

"The Death-Way lies yonder !" said Jan. He ran to the horses' heads and hoarsely summoned the old women to get down, which they did, tumbling over each other with surprising agility. Then, calling to his single farm-servant, who was driving, to sit tight, and to Piet, and a couple of cousins, to steady the coffin, he deliberately dragged the struggling animals down into the deep furrow, for it was little more, and up again, with a great creaking and hoisting of the wheels and their load, over the low earthwork to the other side. By main force he did it. Then he shook himself, taking breath, and quietly patted the horse nearest him. "So ho !" he said. Piet, having given a tug at the pall, to straighten it, came and stood beside his brother.

All the others stared curiously and shuffled. Some hung back, glancing at each other, uncertain.

"Those of you as want to turn back may turn," called Jan. "I'm a-going to take my father to his grave by the way that his father went."

"Yes, by Heavens !" said Piet.

Then, ashamed before each other, they all came over the ditch, some jumping, some tumbling, as a flight of ravens might swoop down upon a field. For some hundred yards ahead of them the old Way still lay untouched: they moved along it, wondering, till it opened on to a large square of hard gravel, which, although they did not know this, was a new tennis-court, not yet enclosed. Two young girls, who had been playing white figures—fled as the funeral company broke from among the brushwood upon their startled view. The two brothers advanced : they had taken the place of the terrified



"Slowly the little company went wending up across the sand-heath."

undertaker. Their heavy peasant faces were carved in stone : they kicked aside a couple of balls, without seeing them, till they stood before the tennis-net, nonplussed, for a moment only : then Jan, now unable to act otherwise, stooped and with a steady descent of his long, sharp knife, sawed the net asunder. It fell away on both sides : the wagon and its load scrunched on. Behind it sank its two big ruts, across the ruined court.

So they went straight ahead, and down the central alley of the newly planned rosegarden. And at the end of this they met the Baron's sunbonneted babies in their donkey-cart, and the young Baron himself on horseback beside his children.

He rode up to them at once, as they came steadily towards him : the small creatures in the low carriage held back, staring, alarmed at the collection of black scarecrows, the great black-clothed wagon, with the dreadful creatures a-top. The prosperous donkey cropped up his ears.

"And what is the meaning of this?" imperiously demanded the Baron. He looked very handsome and important, in his leggings on his showy bay mare.

Jan Putters and Piet Putters stood opposite him. They drew their tall hats over their eyebrows. "We are burying our father," they said together. "By the old Death-Way," added Jan.

"But you knew I had altered the road ! You saw the notice. By George, you've come right across the tennis-court ! I'll have you prosecuted ! I_____"

"Mynheer the Baron has no right to alter it," said Jan, while all the others gathered round. "The Deata-Way belongs to us all : it is older than any Kings or Barons."

"No, Mynheer the Baron has no right," chimed in Piet, coming to his brother's assistance. The others—the most courageous of them—muttered approval.

"Right? No right? I have an absolute right!" exclaimed the astonished Baron. "There was no right of way of any kind, if you go talking of rights!" His irritated steed sprang aside. The babies screamed: the Baroness came round to them out of a shrubbery. Another mother had also joined her children: the old woman had clambered down from her perch on the coffin and stood trembling, by the Baron, between her sons.

"You've ruined my new plantation !" shouted the Baron, endeavouring to steady his horse. "I'll summon you! You shall pay for the damage, every halfpenny !"

"The damage?" replied Jan and cast a scornful glance upon the tract behind him. "For that we will pay, if necessary, poor as we are. We can pay for it"—he turned to his mother—" with the things that are in the State Chamber; and, if Mynheer the Baron has a right to stop up the Death-Way, the Law must decide, but it is not so; only there is another law for the rich and another for the poor."

"Right! You shall hear of my right!" cried the Baron. He drew up his careering steed straight across the path of the little band.

"So be it, Mynheer the Baron !" said Jan. "But yonder, behind you, is the end of the Death-Way. Let us carry our dead to the churchyard."

The Baron's horse stood where it stood, with arched neck and waving tail.

The old woman, the widow, had stolen away to the Baroness with eager entreaty. "Let me bury my dead in peace!" she pleaded. "Oh, if it were he you were carrying away, and you I! I have loved him and obeyed him faithfully for nigh on sixty years. It was his last command, high-born lady, I must obey it."

"What can I do? It was very wrong," answered the young Baroness, with tears in her eyes.

Then, still that appeal in her face under the grim, nunlike veiling, the old woman took the great lady timidly by the hand, as the children nestled closer, and, faltering at first, but with increase of purpose, led her and the children up to the Lord of the Manor, on his horse, across the path. As his wife and his little ones came close to him, he fell back : the woman passed, and the little procession, the coffin with the silent, draped figures upon it, the straggling mourners, the curious mutes, closed in and passed too.



" My nearest relation has gone motor-mad lately."

HAVE lately heard some remarks made on motor-mania as a sign of the times —whatever that means—and it immediately struck me as a promising subject for an article; so here goes.

BY A

IT

There is nothing, I believe, about which people go mad so quickly as about motoring. Other forms of insanity come on by degrees, but motor-mania is born and reaches maturity all in the same minute, like certain entomological specimens. My nearest relation has gone motor-mad lately; and I must say she is quite the last person I should have expected to become afflicted by that particular sort of insanity, because, up to the time it seized her, she was more afraid of motors than anyone else I ever knew. When driving a quiet pony of ninety years or thereabouts, so great was her fear of meeting a motor that I have known her mistake a milk-cart for one, and go considerably out of her way to avoid the encounter.

Now we have changed all that; or, rather, "the Angel Man" has changed it. (That is what she calls him ever since he came and took her out in his motor.) He took her miles and miles the first day, and she came back simply a raving lunatic. I am sorry to have to say it, but truth will out (and so will she, whenever she gets a chance to go in a motor).

CONCERNING MOTOR MANIA

> I confess to having felt slightly envious at first ; but I knew I could trust her to do me a good turn when occasion served, and I was not mistaken. As I ought to have begun by saying, these things happened in the summer holidays; and the next time the Angel Man came. she asked him to take me too. He did; and I at once saw that the name she had given him was merely an accurate and just description, with not the slightest exaggeration about it. It was getting dusk when he tooted at our gate, and he asked if he had come too late. Now, my nearest relation is a sensible person, who was once described by an appreciative friend as "a quiet, human woman," so you may imagine my astonishment on hearing her answer wildly-



"'' Middle of the night!' she raved. 'Why, I'd get up at five o'clock in the morning; and that's saying a great deal more.'"

"My dear man, if you called to take us out motoring in the middle of the night, we'd joyfully get up and go in our dressinggowns."

But the Angel Man didn't look in the least surprised. I suppose he had the mania himself, and knew how it affected people.

I asked her afterwards if her statement was to be taken seriously, and she said it fell short of the truth.

"Middle of the night!" she raved. "What's the middle of the night? Why, I'd get up at five o'clock in the morning; and that's saying a great deal more."

I saw then that hers was a hopeless case, and I tried to keep it before me as an awful example, but the effect was nil. I soon realised that I too had fallen a victim to the fashionable insanity, and that nothing but satisfy would be likely to cure me. Satisfy is not likely to come in my way, so I shall probably remain uncured.

I spoke about it to Cholmondeley when I went back to school, and he said what I had told him was nothing compared with the madness of his grandmother's cat.

Someone asked old Mrs. Cholmondeley to go out in a motor not long ago, and as she objected to being separated from her pet Persian, in case she should be killed, she took the cat with her and had it sitting in her lap through a two hours' drive. Mrs. Cholmondeley was too old to go crazy; but the cat was young, and it became one of the worst cases on record. After that first ride. whenever anyone came in a motor to call on Chummy's grandmother, the cat used to sneak out and hide under one of the seats. so as to get a ride to wherever the people were It didn't matter to the cat what the going. distance was, or how much trouble it gave him to get home again. If he had had a soul, he would have bartered it for a twentymile spin. Chummy said so, and Chummy knew the cat intimately.

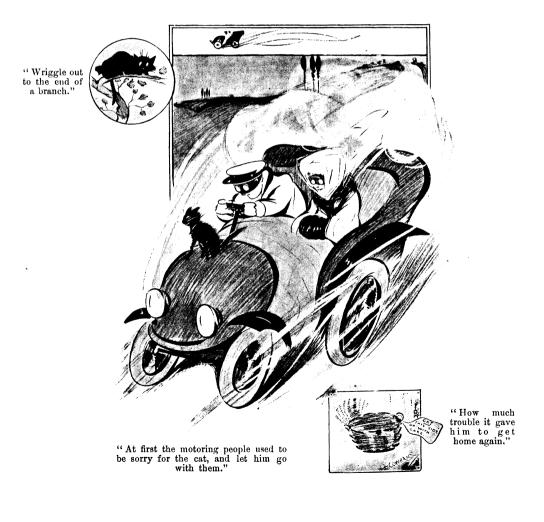
Well, people didn't come to Mrs. Cholmondeley's house in motors often enough to please the cat, so he hit on another expedient. The house is on a road infested with motors, and there is a large oak tree by the front gate. The cat used to climb the oak tree, wriggle out to the end of a branch overhanging the road, and let herself down, *plop*, on the first motor that passed underneath.

At first the motoring people used to think it was an accident, be sorry for the cat, and let him go with them. Some of them returned him the next time they happened to be passing Mrs. Cholmondeley's house, and some of them tried to keep him, because he was an extremely handsome animal, and had taken a prize at a cat show; but he always got back, climbed the tree again, and cadged for more rides, so, after a while, people began to know who he was and what he was up to; and then they took him or refused to take him, according to disposition.

If he was thrown out of a car, he used to run after it, mewing, as long as it was in sight, and then return to his tree to wait for the next one.

However, the end came suddenly and unexpectedly. One day no less than three motors in succession had thrown him out, and his eagerness increased with each disappointment. He saw a fourth coming—a car in which he recognised friends—and he jumped too soon.

Mrs. Cholmondeley had him taken to the crematorium in a motor, because she felt that he would have wished it. And Chummy says that if anyone doubts the story, the oak tree is there to be seen, and the motor that killed the cat is in daily use, although his grandmother thinks it ought to have been broken up.



0.1

LITTLE ESSON.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER I.

THE STUDIO.



TELL you I will not," the girl said, not loudly, but speaking a little hoarsely, "I will not go back to him! Never! He has beaten me again. See!"

She held out her arms towards the five

men who had been sitting so quietly together in the summer gloaming.

"See !" she cried. "Heavens, see what he has done! Are you blind? Are you dumb! Where is Jerome, my brother? Why is he not here? The coward—the hound! He knew how it would be, and he dared not go home with me !"

And even in the dusk these five men, with strange swellings of the heart, saw before their eyes the girl's white arms barred with dark red stripes, the weals of blows struck in anger. Little Esson turned sick. He had the imagination which sees what has passed to the uttermost detail.

Clad like a princess, she had been posing for them in her brother's studio all the afternoon. There had been laughter and gladness, as when young folk are together and one is the beloved of all. And after she had left them they sat on, something of the fresh glamour of the girl's beauty still clinging about the ramshackle studio, and the pile of grocery boxes covered with old carpet, which had been her throne. Then, all suddenly, she had broken in upon them, not crying, but with a dry, sobbing catch in her voice, terrible almost as the weeping of a man heard at noonday on the open street.

"I was late," she went on ; "I had stood too long there" (she pointed to the pile of boxes) "with the flowers you gave me—your Lady of the Lilies, ah—___!"

She broke into hard and bitter mirth, laughing and sobbing at once—yet, for all, in her eye no tear.

"And, you remember, Jerome said it grew

dusk. 'Run—father will be home !' But he did not come with me. And my father was waiting ! He had been—to the club down at the Three Sea Dogs—why need I tell you ? Yes, and he swore at me, and called me names—such terrible names. That is as always—I did not mind that. But I had vowed to him that the next time he beat me, I should never cross his door again. And I will not. I am here !"

The men emitted a murnur of sympathy. Two of them had risen. But men are slow and stupid creatures at such times. Also they fear ridicule—and each other.

"I am here," she said, very slowly now, "understand, you Esson, you Fairweather, you John Glencairn, you Fuzzy, and you Hunter Mayne—you have all told me you loved me! Oh, yes—what is the need of making a secret of it now? You have—beast and bird and creeping thing, each one of you after his kind. You have asked me to share your lots—or so, at least, I understood you—` how often you yourselves best know. Well, you can have me ! Not all of you, but one! The one who speaks first—I will put my hand in his—be his true wife ! As God is in His heaven above, I mean it. There !"

Thus spoke, breaking in on the gloaming and the faint glow of lowered eigarette-ends, Mina of the Painters' Camp—Mina the proud, Mina Hilliard, the daughter of Claude Hilliard, Esquire, decayed gentleman and art connoisseur, and sister to Jerome Hilliard, also Esquire, painter in oil colours, rejected at many exhibitions.

The five men to whom she spoke were, in the order in which Mina herself had called the roll-Esson the Genius, water-colourist. already the member of one of the Royal Societies, and full on the road to fame. Little, however, and plain, a dreamer of dreams—over whom, for the most part, women's eyes passed, going further to fare Next, and equally unremarkable, worse. there was Fairweather, the son of a rich contractor (who, as his last and most permanent work, had recently bridged the Styx). Slender, delicate, graceful, was Terence Fairweather, his cheek-bones touched with a too vivid red, at once the butt of the Painters' Camp, and also in some degree its providence.

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Usually Terry sat quietly in the background, a cigarette drooping from his fingers, listening to the heated talk of the other men. There remained John Glencairn, the dogmatist, who knew how everything ought to be done. and was always willing to tell his comrades of it, without ever being able to finish so much as a sketch himself. Fourthly, there was "Fuzzy" Wells, the animal-painter, who never spoke except when he had a brush or a pencil in his hand, when he talked incessantly, whether anyone was present to listen or not. Lastly, and Mina Hilliard had named him with a certain halt of the voice, was there not Hunter Mayne, lord and lawgiver of the little commonwealth of Pitch-and-Toss, with a studio of his own, money, success, and already a name among the dealers, perhaps too early and easily won?

"Do none of you speak?" cried the girl. "Are you worse than my father? Has it come to this, that Mina Hilliard should have to beg of you which shall marry her? Are you liars all as well as cowards? Speak, men, speak!"

The silence endured one little moment longer. Mina Hilliard passed her eyes over them with a look of scorn before which the boldest quailed—and *he* was that Hunter Mayne whom she mentioned last. But the next moment, steady, gentle, and soft—the voice of Terence Fairweather, rich Terry, at whom all save Little Esson laughed, caressed the gloom.

"I do not know whether you would care about *me*, Miss Hilliard," he said; "but if you really mean what you say, I shall do myself the pleasure of asking you to be my wife."

Something strong and rending caught Mina Hilliard sharply by the throat. She paused again before answering, and in spite of herself her eyes sought again the handsome figure and downcast face of Hunter Mayne. Then with a sudden access of something like anger, she held out both her hands with the action of giving a gift out of the heart's fulness.

"You—Terry!" She faltered now, and her voice was strange and thrilling to hear. He nodded, standing quiet and steady in his place, waiting.

Then all at once she threw out her hands with a swift gesture of one who gives irrevocably.

"There," she cried, "I am yours! I will be your wife! Take me!"

But even so she looked over her shoulder at Hunter Mayne. He made no sign, moodily regarding an irregular burn in the carpet, made by a faggot which had toppled from the brazier which Jerome Hilliard had brought from Venice the year he went to Egypt at the expense of Terry Fairweather.

Unconsciously the men had all stood upall, that is, except Mayne. It seemed so sudden a catastrophe, the breaking-up of their innocent and mirthful summer company. And Mina, their dear, gay Mina! Now, with the birch faggots blazing up clear, they could see the cruel marks on her arms already growing purple. Ah, then their hearts began to glow within them. How slack they had been ! Why had they not spoken? Poverty had held some in leash, the caution natural to Scottish blood another, shyness and self-distrust had kept Little Esson silent. What had held Hunter Mayne he himself knew. And perhaps his own heart already cried shame upon him for his cowardice. His was the right. His was the plain duty. And Mina Hilliard, when she entered that rickety wooden studio a little way back from the beach of Creelport-on-Dee, had felt in her heart that at the first word spoken she would find herself in the arms of Hunter Mayne.

Instead it was Terry Fairweather who stood holding her hands and stammering what he meant to be thanks. Thanks! Ah, yes, she had promised herself to Terry Fairweather-gentle, retiring, silent Terry, who hitherto had scarcely done more than follow the crowd in their bolder admirations. That he was rich never crossed Mina's thoughts. She had been brought up to think that the ability to paint, to write, to do something, was the only thing worth caring about. Men were to be judged by that—and by their good looks. Terry was ashamed of his wealth, so that in Creelport he went ostentatiously about in an old canvas jacket smelling of turpentine and oil.

"What shall we do?"—Terry was fumbling for ideas—"we cannot get married to-night. Could you not—?"

"Never—never—I will not go back!" cried the girl. "I have given—you have taken. I am yours—your property, your chattel, your THING! Do with me what you will. Go back home—home? No, I will not. I will wander the streets first!"

"Your aunt!" suggested Little Esson, softly, in Terry Fairweather's ear. No one else heard.

"My aunt, Lady Grainger !" he repeated aloud. "I believe you are right." His father's sister had married another and less successful army contractor, who, in spite of being an honest man, had managed to get himself knighted. Lady Grainger had never recovered from the shock of her sudden dignity. Yet in spite of it Sir Titus Grainger had died poor, and in that little remote community his widow lived chiefly upon her title and her nephew. Only Terence Fairweather, however, knew this, and to all the rest of the world Lady Grainger wore the outside of a duchess.

"To my aunt's," Terry murmured. "I never thought of that. Yes, let us go there at once."

And with Mina Hilliard's hand in his, Terence passed out into the rich dark, leaving the men silent and strangely ashamed behind him. The young moon, drooping behind the trees, hardly lighted their way. Terence coughed and shivered as the damp chill from the river struck him, and his slim form swayed a little sideways.

"It is not far to Broom Lodge," he said, with an effort at encouragement. Mina paused upon the bridge, leaning her weight upon his arm to stop him. It was a long, low arch, and they could hear the swirl of the tide beneath. Twice a day it filled the deep trough of the Dee with the lapper of waves and the soft wash of foam, creaming up from the wide, hot sands of Solway.

Broom Lodge stood a little way out of the picturesque, half-Dutch town of Creelport. By day it offended every rule of art. It was erected in the cheapest taste of the local builder, who had spent himself on bow windows to the upper floors and had forgotten to put in staircases, until the slight defect was pointed out to him by the first tenant. But now it was overgrown with ivy and roses, and in the gloom of a summer night showed not uncomely, with its mellowlighted windows shadowed and nestled among the deep greenery, and the sound of the birds squabbling together comfortably on the verge of sleep.

"Aunt," said Terence Fairweather gravely, as he stood in the hall, holding Mina by the hand, open-eyed and distraught, "I have brought you the young lady I am going to marry. You will do me the favour—and it is a great one—to care for her till—till I am able to make the necessary arrangements."

Lady Titus Grainger, a stout, red-faced, loud-breathing woman, in tight black satin, with no touch of white about her except the lace on her cap, stood staring at the intruders.

"Marry !" she stammered—" marry Mina Hilliard—Claude Hilliard's daughter !" Terence felt the girl's hand tremble in his. He knew that at the first word of unwillingness from his aunt she would turn and flee out into the night.

"Mina, stay there a moment," he said, and he stepped to Lady Grainger's side.

The words he spoke in her ear were few; but the Scottish legal term "bond" was among them, as well as that other more commonly understood, "yearly allowance." And before he had finished speaking, the fashion of Lady Grainger's countenance altered.

"My dear," she said, running to Mina with a curious bouncing pad of her feet, like a hippopotamus in rubber shoes, "my dear, you have certainly been shamefully used! Welcome to Broom Lodge! Take off your cloak! No, then come upstairs first!"

And considering that hitherto Lady Grainger had looked upon herself as the natural heir to all Terence Fairweather's fortune (he had no relatives except his father's sister), this was as much as could fairly have been expected of her.

Terence turned and went out into the night, wondering if he had suddenly been beheaded.

CHAPTER II.

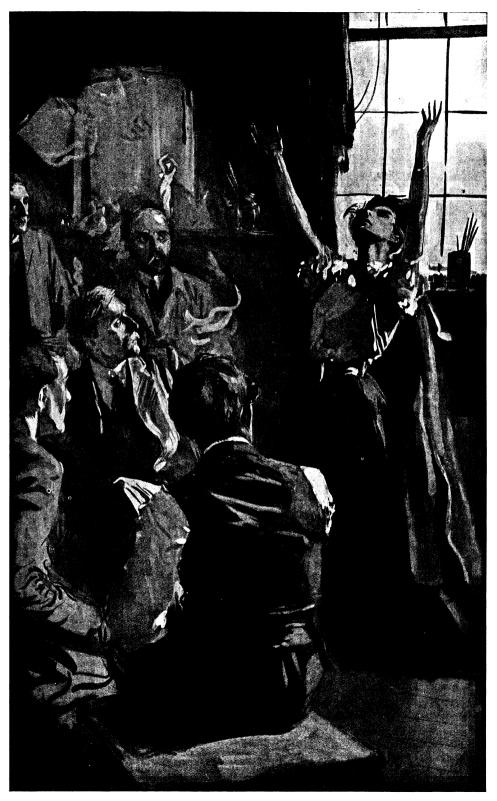
THE GREEN GIRL.

STUNNED and dazed, Mina heard the door close on Terry Fairweather. She had to resist a strong impulse to run after him not to overtake Terry, but to escape into the open air, to be clear of walls and puffing women in rotund satin dresses, who looked at her with angry gooseberry eyes.

Dimly, as if she were lying half asleep while someone was reading a dull tale, Mina heard Lady Grainger explaining how she made it a rule never to keep more than two maid-servants, how it was the "night out" of the one, and how, at it was washing-day to-morrow, she had sent Sally Hiddlestone ("as worthless an ape as ever was") off to bed, that she might have no excuse for malingering in the morning.

Mina did not answer. The house grated on her—its mistress also. Why were there dust-sheets on the stair-carpets? Why, in darkened rooms, could she see the lustres of the chandeliers swathed dimly in white, like dead men hung up in their shrouds, their knees to their chins?

"Will you step there-no, further to the



"'The one who speaks first—I will put my hand in his—be his true wife! As God is in His heaven above, I mean it. There !'"

left ! The crumb-cloth is new, and I always insist-----"

But what Lady Grainger insisted on was lost to the understanding of the girl. Mina found herself presently in her room. It felt at once close and chill, and Mina knew by instinct what would happen if she were to thrust a mirror between the sheets. Lady Grainger's spare room was but seldom occupied. Dimly within herself the girl thought, with that small part of her brain which occupied itself with her own concerns: "I will keep on my clothes when I lie down !"

Idea of sleep she had none. She only longed for the woman to be gone, that she might think—think—think ! But Lady Grainger was doing something, and when Mina realised what it was, through the briefest moment of indignant anger, there pierced a desire to laugh long and loud.

There were brushes and nick-nacks of silver on the dressing-table, placed there for show—because no guest ever came to Broom Lodge to sleep a night. So now, while Mina stood by the mantelpiece abstractedly taking off her hat, Lady Grainger was busy at the dressing-table making a clean sweep of the silver ornaments. She had lifted up her crackling black satin skirt into a commodious lap to hold them.

"My daughter's," she said in explanation, turning her head half round and speaking over her shoulder.

"Could you not take the marble timepiece, too?" said Mina, stung with that quick sense of the ridiculous which makes certain tongues wag too fast.

But Lady Grainger was not offended. She looked upon Mina's suggestion merely as an additional precaution which had been suggested to her by a disinterested party.

"In the circumstances," she said with great dignity, "I do not think that—there will be any occasion."

Then, as if to point the enormity of the inconvenience to which her guest was putting her, she added: "One must just do the best one can—in the really remarkable circumstances!"

Mina, whose forbearance was none of the most boundless, would at any other time have made the circumstances yet more remarkable by abruptly quitting the house. But to-night all her faculties were blanketed —even her pride, usually so spiny and promptly insurgent, was dulled. The bars on her arms and shoulders had lost their red and angry appearance. They only ached dully now. So Mina stood silent. Her whole soul, if it did anything, prayed for the woman to go and leave her alone.

But Lady Grainger had no idea of letting the girl off so cheaply.

"I can understand," she said, clearing her throat, "why you do not care to go back to your father's house. That cannot at all times be a very suitable residence—for—for any respectable young woman. And your brother—such associates—I wonder that Terence—..."

Lady Grainger had a way of not finishing any of her sentences, which was at once effective, and which, when it came to a pinch, did not commit her to anything.

Still Mina was silent. If there was a God above, surely He would rid her soon of this woman. If not, why, then the devil—who was prompting the dowager in black satin thus to tear the heart out of a poor girl at her wits' end.

"Terence wishes to marry you," Lady Grainger went on, smoothing down the sheets of the damp bed into an envelopeflap, and regarding the effect first by turning her head to one side and then by turning it to the other. "It is certainly surprising most unheard of. We have always understood-Dr. Calomell as good as told my dear late husband, Sir Titus, that it would be a crime—no less than a crime—for Terence to think of marrying. Consider the children, my dear-' unto the third and fourth generation,' so it is written in Holy Scripture ! And, indeed, his father was -- ah, well, it is perhaps as well that you should not know. And as for his mother-those who knew her bestbut, after all, it does not matter. When did he ask you, my dear?"

"He did not ask me," said Mina with much brusqueness. "I asked him !"

Lady Grainger did not reply directly. She only said: "You are excited—and naturally! Something has happened—why will you not take off your cloak?"

"The room is chilly," said the girl. "I was posing for my brother, and came straight from his studio !"

"Ah, then, you have quarrelled with him. I see—a family tiff—and Terence, whose head was never very—very—you understand —has brought you here. Very proper ! Very proper indeed ! I will go round and see your father in the morning. I don't mind the trouble. I used to know Claude Hilliard when he and I were both younger. I dare say, when he comes to himself—that is, when he—but you need not apologise. Everybody knows his weakness. And with all his failings, Claude was born a gentleman —though, indeed, he never could conduct himself like one ! "

Mina's heart performed a sort of hollow litany to the burden of "How long, O Lord, how long?"

But she said not a word. Her father was nothing to her, and as for the woman in black, scuffling satin, Mina wondered vaguely if you put a pin well into her, would she burst, or only hiss like the punctured tyre of a bicycle ?

In a little she grew remotely conscious that her hostess was bidding her "Good night." But in what words she responded, or if she responded at all, Mina could never remember.

Presently she was alone in the spare room of the Lodge, the solitary candle waving a little in the draught from the open window. A soft wind from the sea was entering. The tide was bringing up a breeze with it. There came a sighing from among the trees, and far away on the water the broad plane of moonshine broke up into a myriad ripples. Mina blew out the candle a little petulantly. She wanted to think, and that yellow mark of exclamation perched on the chest of drawers somehow impeded her.

Drawing her cloak closer about her, she went to the window, groped in the dusk for a chair, and sat down. Now, now at last she would think. What was to hinder her from thinking? She had been longing so for solitude. Now she had it. Long ere the sun rose again into the sky, she would have time to understand it all. What was ALL? All to her was just why Hunter Mayne had been silent. She must think that out-all he had said to her, that very morning even, when she met him as usual in her walk round the Town Meadows. He was painting a hawthorn glade, of which the blonde, creamy blossoms were browned with frost. So were her hopes—her life—her-She tried to think why, at the moment of Fate, the moment when she had been exalted to the highest pitch of determination, when she was ready to fling away her life, herself, her all—he should only have looked dully at the carpet, and let Terry Fairweather speak before him. But somehow she could not think-she could not fix her thoughts. He had on a red tie, and his head had looked handsome against the pale green and purple flicker of the birchwood faggots. She could remember that. She could smell his tobacco among the others. He smoked a pipe, but he had promised to give it up when-

There came a little tap at the door. Mina turned her head with a sense of vague discomfort. Who could be coming in? She thought discontentedly of Terence Fairweather. Perhaps he had come back to tell her something. She did not want Terence Fairweather just then. She wanted to recall the morning-all that he had said. She wanted to re-live the evening, when she had broken in on them, half wild, at the studio. She wanted to repeat all that she had expected him to say—and which he had not said. She wanted to remember----- But the knocking at the door came louder, just as, distinct as in the broad daylight, she saw before her (she knew not why) the pattern on his pocket-book. It had lain on the grass that morning while he talked. It was red stamped leather, and he had brought it from the East somewhere. It was red-ves. but it smelt tawny, somehow—like his hair pointed beard. Mina could smell and colours, she had lived so long amongst She was thinking of this when the artists. knock fell again on the door, louder this time and more insistent.

"Come in !" she said.

It was a girl younger than herself who entered—little, thin, plain, the light filtering up palely from the green-shaded student's reading-lamp which she carried in her left hand. A miniature Lady Macbeth equipped with dripping dagger could not have looked more ghastly, the black shadows of her thin ankles seen under her short dressing gown wheeling behind her, and the greenish lampshade splashing her sallow cheek and brow like a disease.

She approached quite close to the window before she spoke. Mina looked at her, fascinated.

"I am Hilda Grainger," she said, without the least greeting. "I have always believed that my cousin Terry was to marry me. Who are you that dares to come here like this?"

Her self-possession came back to the girl. All her life she had lived much among men, which helps amazingly.

"I am Mina Hilliard," she said, "and I have heard of you. But I thought you were a little girl at school !"

There was no scorn intended, but the tall girl, standing up with the turn of neck which all the artists who swarmed at Creelport-on-Dee persisted in raving about, looked naturally a little haughty. She did not mean it in the least. She merely could not help it. But quick flames sprang from the eyes of the girl with the lamp. Green fires of hate they were, and would gladly have destroyed Mina Hilliard where she stood, outlined clear against the glimmer of the moonlight outside—the moonshine on the sea.

"I was a little girl at school," she said, enunciating fiercely, "but I know more than all Creelport. I have not been ten years away for nothing. And among other things I have learned how worthless girls entrap men—rich men—sick men—men who can be depended on to die and leave them their money away from their relatives !"

Mina sat down. She was not afraid now. This was only a woman speaking, an angry, jealous woman—and Mina, though she preferred the other, understood her own sex. Most women do not.

She had a thousand angry words at her command. They rose to her tongue-tip, but she only answered softly: "I think you said that *you* expected to marry Mr. Terence Fairweather!"

Then Hilda Grainger set down her lamp. She would have given all she possessed, she would have given one of her remarkably beautiful hands, to have been tall enough at that moment to hold up the lamp and survey Mina with it from head to foot, like a policeofficer examining a suspicious character. had seen the night policeman do that several times from the window of her Highgate dormitory. But instead she only set it on the opened leaf of a bureau which was let down for writing upon. Her mother had opened the desk automatically. It was inlaid, and she always did that when anyone came in to see her spare room. She did it without thinking, even for Mina Hilliard.

"So you have trapped Terence !" said the Green Ğirl. "No, I will not go till I know all about it. You can hoodwink my mother. She is a fool—a fool first of all to let me stay away so long while you played your tricks. I have heard of you. Oh, I got many letters from Creelport-all the time I was at that wretched school. My mother wanted to marry again. That is why she left me there so long, I know. But she missed her catch. And so may you, too, Miss Mina Hilliard, who would steal my money, the money that should come to me from Terence, even if he did not marry me. You are a thief---no better! Upon whom have we lived for years? Upon Terence! On whom do we depend for the rent of this very house? On Terence! Who saved that very chair you sit on from being sold

by auction to pay my father's debts? Why, Terence Fairweather ! And for all that, he was to marry me. I would have loved him. I would have made him happier—been a better wife than you. You need not laugh !"

"I had no thought of laughing," said Mina softly.

"Mamma thinks I do not know," said the girl, "but I know more than she or anyone guesses. There are few things a girl with brains cannot find out. Brains ! You have no brains. You never got a prize at school, nor, indeed, ever went to any school worthy of the name. I was going to Cambridge this winter, or to London—that is, if Terence had not—But that is all over now ! I suppose you will want to keep all his money to yourself?"

"I did not even know he had any money," said Mina calmly. "I thought your mother, Lady Grainger, was rich and helped him to be a painter. He always goes about in an old coat—like the rest of them."

"Innocence—thrice blessed innocence!" sneered the girl, leaning forward as if, like a snake, she would strike. "I am not nearing eighteen, and have not had ten years at school in London, without knowing better than that. Your artists—oh, I have heard of them. I have learned more of Creelport, though I have never set foot in the place for ten years, than my mother will ever know. Artists—faugh!—a beggarly set ! Every one of them is sponging on Terence. Your own brother wins his money at cards, and borrows it when he can't."

"It is a lie!" said Mina, hot for the first time; "my brother can sell all the pictures he paints!"

"Paints," said Hilda, shrugging her thin shoulders. "Why, it's Little Archie Esson that goes over them out of pity; your brother only unloads paint on the canvas. And as to selling them ! You have never been in the garret-room of Terry's house. Why, it is stuffed with their pictures-just stuffed. He buys them out of the exhibitions. He writes to the secretary as Mr. Smith, and offers a price, and the next thing you know, there's a red star on the frame, and the daub is sold—yes, s-o-L-D ! But it is Terry all the time who is sold. Yes, Terry-my Except Little Archie Esson and one cousin. or two of your precious Hunter Mayne's, there has not been a picture honestly sold out of Creelport for half-a-dozen years. I knowif you don't. Ask Terry in the morning if it is not true."

"I will ask him in the morning," said

Minā; "but indeed I do not need to. I can well believe it now—even on *your* word. He is good enough and generous enough for anything."

There was a bitter sneer on the girl's sallow face. The upper lip rising, uncovered some small, white teeth, very closely set, the spaces between being hardly visible.

"Is he generous enough, think you," she said, twittering with rage, the words snapping sharp and electric, "to marry another man's sweetheart? *I* should not like leavings. I will ask him in the morning if *he* does!"

And she ran to the door as if she feared a personal vengeance.

"There," she cried, skimming a paper, schoolgirl-fashion, across to Mina, "there—I make you a present of that! There are plenty more like it where that came from. Terry shall have them all—in the morning! Sleep well, bride-elect! Sweet dreams, Miss Hilliard! The game is not trapped yet—no, not quite!"

And as she vanished through the door, drawing it softly after her, Mina lifted the folded oblong of paper and opened it under the green shade of the student's lamp which her enemy had left abandoned in her flight.

It was one of the letters she had written to Hunter Mayne—the winter during which he stayed so long in Creelport, doing nothing that anyone could put a name to.

CHAPTER III.

LITTLE ESSON TAKES THE HELM.

MINA sat long at the window—indeed, all that night, till the dawn came stealing up out of the woods to the east. It was red, and orange, and lake, like the colours on Hunter Mayne's palette when he had painted her as a Venetian fruit-seller, and it brought to Mina Hilliard the new day. She did not think very much about the Green Girl's threat. She did not think much about anything. Her mood was fatalistic. Something had happened the day before that had snapped all ties. It was not what her father had done. It was something that Hunter Mayne had *not* done. And the sins of omission are those that men are damned for -with God, hints Holy Writ-with women certainly, says experience. "Inasmuch as ye did it NOT," are in both cases the words of Doom.

It was a sorrowful land which Mina Hilliard's mind had set itself to explore. She had queened it long in Creelport-on-Dee —indeed, ever since she had been the chiefest of the bevy of charmers in white, on the day when, after answering correctly as to the date of the Battle of Hastings, she had left the grammar-school for ever, a final ravishing vision of muslin and pale blue bows.

Hunter Mayne had not come into her life. He had always been there. Born in Creelport, he had gone abroad—to Rome—to Paris —to Antwerp, with her brother. He had returned with medals galore, and it was (so he told her) to remain near her, that he first had founded what was now beginning to be called the Creelport School of Landscapists, a number of enthusiastic impressionists whose works needed to be viewed from a considerable distance in order to ascertain the subject, but whose "colour" was without doubt something very remarkable.

For such details Mina Hilliard cared little. But she could not think of a world without Hunter Mayne, and yet in the day of her adversity he had left her like a coward. She counted the times he had told her that he loved her. Well, all the "boys" had done that, more or less. But—Hunter Mayne had done it with a difference. Mina had always felt that when the time came but there, what was the use of recalling what had now no meaning, no possibility. And forthwith she began to go over it all again in her restless, wretched, sleepless brain.

* * * * * * * * * In the morning came Terry Fairweather with Little Esson. They had been to the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages of the parish (such is the order in Scotland), and knew the lie of the land. Declaration before witnesses, in the cases of persons one of whom had lived three weeks in Scotland, constituted an irregular, but perfectly legal marriage.

The further formality of an interview with the Sheriff in his court sufficed for registration. But Terence Fairweather was resolved that he should wed Mina in open day with all the forms. So he had been to see the minister, Dr. John Broadbent, who had been forty years in Creelport, and, having walked softly all his days, was beginning to be thought not quite a stranger among that zealous and vigilant people.

Little Esson it was who, in spite of his stammer, put the case to the Doctor, while Terry hummed and hawed, and, in his turn, looked hopelessly at the carpet.

"Yes," said Dr. Broadbent, throwing back his fleece of grey hair with the gesture which he used in the pulpit when expounding a

knotty passage, "you can be proclaimed in church, three times on one day, and I will marry you the next. It will cost you five shillings. You have, I presume, made it right with the young lady."

"She has not been very happy, sir," interjected Little Esson. "She cannot go home-----"

"I understand, I understand," said the minister hastily. "You need not put Mr. Fairweather to the pain of explaining."

Indeed, all Creelport-on-Dee at once took it for granted that Miss Mina had good and sufficient reasons for leaving her father's house. Creelport knew Claude Hilliard, even to the soles of his shabby patentleather boots. He was of it, and his father before him. His devilries were home-grown, and to a certain extent discounted by Creelport at large, like the Galloway weather, the measles in the spring-time, the plague of lawyers resident in the town, the "displenishing sales," and the potato blight.

Mina was still in her chamber when Terry Fairweather and Little Esson arrived at Broom Lodge.

"Wipe your feet, Terry," called out his aunt, who always hovered in the background when Jane Myres opened the door. For Jane Myres had once been caught in somewhat too confidential converse with the Besides which, in the case of a postman. favourite like Terry-or, indeed, with any young man of reasonably personable qualities -Janequite lost her head and failed to remind the incomer that a scraper, a bass, and two mats (one plain and one of woven wire) awaited his feet on the threshold. Jane Myres needed watching, like the foot of the stranger within Lady Grainger's gates.

"We have not this morning had the pleasure of seeing anything of your young friend, Terence," said his aunt; "but I was just going to put on my hat and go round to talk to Clande Hilliard after ten. There is no use going before, for the creature would not be up. I arranged it all with Mina last night."

"I think I must see her again before we take any steps," said Terry. But just then the girl who had visited Mina the night before entered by a side door.

"Your cousin Hilda!" said Lady Grainger with motherly pride. "You will hardly remember her, I am afraid. She is very highly educated."

"I have heard of you; we have common acquaintances," said the young girl, looking at Terence spitefully. "How much did Hunter Mayne's last picture at the Institute of Oil Paintings cost you, Mr. Smith?"

Terry Fairweather looked astonished, as well he might, and then he blushed.

"I do not know what you mean, cousin," he said, turning his pale face full on the girl.

"Oh, yes, yes, you do, Terry!" snapped Hilda Grainger viciously, through her small, white teeth. "It was, you remember, a Venetian flower-seller. Mr. Esson there (it is Mr. Esson, I think) painted most of it. But it was signed 'Hunter Mayne.'"

"You are misinformed," said Little Esson, whose assistance on that particular occasion had indeed been limited to criticism expressed with the utmost vigour and freedom.

But the girl went on without heeding his interruption.

"And now, having taken the picture at a price, you are about to take over the original —somewhat second-hand, I fear—so, at least, my mother tells me."

"I do not understand you," said Terry again. He had grown very pale, notwithstanding.

"Well, you will before you have done with me. Be good enough to look at these letters. You should know the handwriting ! If not, you will not mistake the spelling !"

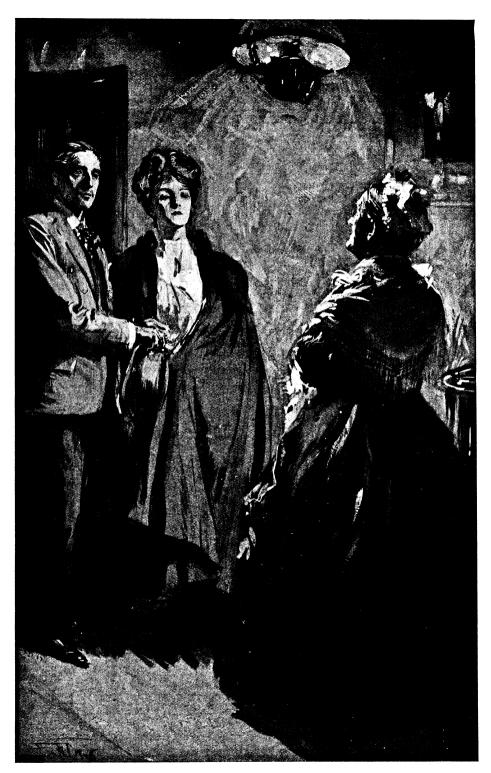
Terry glanced at the bundle his cousin held out to him. He took it in his hand. There were about half-a-dozen letters in all, each in its original envelope. Terence Fairweather looked distastefully at the superscription on the uppermost. Then he skimmed the edges of the others with his forefinger.

"These do not appear to be intended for me," he said, "and as they are probably of no further use to the owner, I will take the liberty of _____."

He did not complete his sentence. It was a family characteristic.

The liberty which Terry took was to throw the bundle on the fire, which the early chill made a necessity in Creelport all the year round. Having been written on thin, foreign paper, the letters blazed readily and fiercely. At sight of them burning, Hilda turned as green as she had done the night before when the reading-lamp was full on her face. She darted forward to save a part at least of her stock-in-trade.

But Terry put his foot across the bars of the grate and kept her off, while Little Esson, occupying the full breadth of the register, thoughtfully stirred the leaves with the poker as they curled and uncurled in the flame,



"' Aunt,' said Terence Fairweather gravely, 'I have brought you the young lady I am going to marry.'"

seemingly intent on things not of this world. Not till the little sheaf had been charred to its centre, and Little Esson had stirred the remains into black, flaky *debris*, through which crawled little fiery worms, did Terry Fairweather remove his foot.

"You silly fool!" cried his cousin, clenching her fist; "you have ruined all! You do not know what it cost me to get these letters. Time, thought, planning—and all when I was five hundred miles away!"

"Ah," said Terry easily, "I am a simple fellow, and not learned, but I do know that letters which are not addressed to me can be no concern of mine !"

"But they are !" cried the girl. "They do concern you—oh, you fool, Terence Fairweather !"

"Peace to their ashes !" murmured Little Esson, giving another turn with the poker to the fiery worms in the grate.

"Oh, I could strike you—if I were only a man!" cried the girl, the sallow green of her complexion accentuating the dark purple rings about her eyes. "I tell you it does concern you. Mina Hilliard has been for three years in love with—..."

"That," said Terry, turning gently away, "I prefer to hear from Miss Hilliard herself."

"Good," said Little Esson under his "Stick to it, Terry !" But at that breath. moment Mina entered, having heard the sound of voices below. She was still, of necessity, in the dress of the evening before. The cloak she had worn was now buttoned closely at the neck, and drawn in at the waist by the strings to form a sort of outdoor garment. On her head were piled the masses of honey-coloured hair of which all the artists in Creelport had tried to catch the exact shade-without succeeding, even in their own estimation, which is a thing wonderful to relate. The girl's face was Not the faintest trace of red showed pale. on her cheeks, while want of sleep had apparently doubled the size of her great, dark. steady eves.

Terry would have stood gazing long enough from his usual post in the background if Little Esson had not pushed him forward. The sight of Mina Hillierd seemed somehow to take away from him the power of reasonable action. It was easy enough to plan and to do, when she was not there. But the eyes that looked him through, that pale, grave face bent upon him, somehow reduced Terry to imbecility.

Under Little Esson's tutelage he went forward and took Mina's hand.

"Let us go," she said. "I cannot stay here. I am something less than welcome. Open the door, Esson. I thank you, Lady Grainger, for your hospitality—and you!"

Miss Hilliard bowed to Terry's aunt and to his cousin in their turns. To the latter she said : "I thank you for what you have done—or tried to do !"

With these words she swept Terry to the door, his legs seeming to move of their own accord, the good macadam of the road lapsing into thin air as in a feverish dream. Esson followed, shepherding these two irresponsibles. Lady Grainger and the Green Girl were left at the door of Broom Lodge, staring after them. In another moment the Green Girl had seized the poker and explored the ashes. But the little painter had made sure work. He had burnt too many sketches, on clearing-up days in the studio.

"To think," murmured Hilda, snapping her small, even teeth like a rat-trap, "that Ishould be bested by two such ninnies !"

She paused a moment, then added : "But it was that Little Esson—he has the brains. The others never could have stood up a moment against me. I shall not forget. And now I suppose I shall not go to Cambridge. Well, some people may be sorry to have me in Creelport !"

Outside there was a short council of war.

"Take me to the studio—yours, Esson !" said Mina Hilliard hotly. "Why should I care? It is my brother's also !"

Esson indicated the windows of the High Street with a cock of his chin. The low lace curtains with which these were garnished were slightly agitated at the right side of every window. The gossips of Creelport were on the *qui vive*. The morning progresses of Terry and Esson had been noted. They were now being discussed in all their bearings. The appearance of Mina, who had stayed the night at Broom Lodge, instantly made everything more piquant.

"The minister !" suggested Esson, saviour of society, "and " (he added under his breath) "the minister's sister ! Let us go back to the Manse ! Miss Bee once nursed me when I had brain-fever. She thinks she knows my inmost secrets. But I rather guess I made them up, even when I was raving. At least, she knows much more about me than I do myself. For which she loves me ever since so I must have confessed to something pretty bad !"

CHAPTER IV.

THE THUNDERS OF SINAI.

ANY of the five senses, intelligently used, will serve to diagnose a Scottish manse—which is to say, the official residence of one of the ministers Presbyterian. Episcopalians have no manses. They are not native to the soil, but at the best what botanists call "estrays" or "escapes" from the great neighbouring garden of Anglicanism.

Now, the parish manse you could recognise by these signs—to wit, a white-painted gate to its well-kept little avenue, a gate that actually swung and enclosed a general air of peace and *bien* comfort. A scent of must and dead leaves disengaged itself from among evergreens, and a fishing-rod and a deerstalker cap were hung up in the hall. The Free Kirk manse was somewhat less time-honoured. It had just celebrated its jubilee. But you could see bookshelves through the window of every room, and there was a sound of children's voices in the garden behind. Married or single, the minister has to pay seven pounds a year to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund of his church, and being a Scot and a prudent man, he does not mean to lose his money. The approaches of the U. P. manse (I am speaking of times already historic) conveyed a sense of bustle and the burden of affairs. Hurried messengers arrived and departed as you stood The minister himself passed and looked. out with an absorbed air. He had the plan of a new church-hall sticking out of one deep tail-pocket. He carried the prospectus of a bazaar in his hand. He called through the parlour window the last arrangements as to Monday night's soirée to his wife, and forthwith departed to pulverise one of his managers, who had dared to argue that the fact of having a shop open till eight o'clock at night was a good enough excuse for being absent from the weekly prayer-meeting.

Dinner was the meal of the day in the manse of the Establishment, lunch at that of the Free, and high tea in the land of the U. P's. Which things are truths discernible only to the Seven Wise Men, the *félibres* of the mysteries ecclesiastical.

The manse of Dr. John Broadbent was strictly a parish manse, with a grave, ordered melancholy of deportment which made it almost part and parcel of its occupant. Dr. Broadbent was a bachelor, tall, parched, grey, but (said the women) "with the sweetest eyes in the world." He was not counted in the parish "muckle of a visitor," but his rare appearances were esteemed almost like the visits of the angels. A staid beneficence dwelled largely within him. Candour was in his straight gaze, courage in the squareness of his nostrils, and a gentle touching humility appeared in his every action. In his early youth he had witnessed the Disruption, and he had seen many of his people leave him behind as a "Moderate," without ever letting them know how deeply the iron had entered into his soul.

And now in the years of his age (though apparently not a day older than he had been thirty years before), Dr. John went about his parish, gentle and a gentleman, full of secret good works and rather reticent of speech, but in every word and action, in his outgoing and incoming, always and before all things a peacemaker. In the pulpit he was a sound expositor, though without "unction," no great preacher, not worrying his people or the Divinity with too frequent public offices, but exhaling from his whole person the daily prayer, and that gracious silence of native humility which *is* true religion in all places and among all peoples.

Such was Dr. John Broadbent, and his sister was a helpmeet for him. Christened Barbara, for some unknown reason she had all her life been known as Miss Bee Broadbent. She was at least twenty years younger than her brother, yet she had spent well-nigh half a century in Creelport. She owned to fifty-five, which is the prime of life to a busy, loving, clever woman, who makes up for having no children of her own by mothering all those belonging to othen people whom chance brings within her reach.

So to the manse of Creelport, which stands a little to the left of the North Road, nestling among some ancient ashes and scarred beeches, went Mina Hilliard, accompanied by Terry and Little Esson. Bee Broadbent had seen them even before Terry had opened the white gate. Also she saw the ten goodwives dwelling advantageously along the aforesaid road, who had come out of their doors to look after the three. She shook her fist at these and hurried impetuously forward to throw her arms about Mina's neck.

She had not a single question to ask. The manse was not at all Broom Lodge.

"I knew you would come!" she cried. "You dears—you should be married this very minute, if I could do it! But at least I'll stir up John Broadbent. I made him tell me all about it this morning after you had gone, Terry Fairweather!" She looked at Terry and Esson as she spoke.

"You need cod-liver oil," she said, addressing the former; "yes, and new milk. I have a wonderful patent kind at the manse. They draw it cold from the seed, and it's much more wholesome. I make John Broadbent take it sometimes, but as often as not he throws the bottle out of the window as soon as my back is turned."

"I will not do that," said Terry, smiling.

"And what are *you* doing here, Mr. Esson?" Miss Bee demanded suddenly, as they approached the manse door.

"I am—I am the friend of the bridegroom," said Little Esson, with a certain sadness of manner which did not escape the old maid's quick, grey eyes.

"But—I thought—?" began Bee, and then stopped for no apparent reason.

"You thought right," said Little Esson valiantly, "but----"

She nodded.

"Ah, well," she said, "perhaps you are fated to be like me. I have had mickle traffic with marriages all my life, yet I never wore the plain gold on my fourth finger. But there's a corner in the world for us all, Archie Esson, if it be only to stand by and see the joy of another."

"I have brought you — my — my — my Mina,"faltered Terry. "She was all night with my aunt and my cousin at Broom Lodge."

"Out of the claw of the lion and out of the claw of the bear the Lord delivered David," said Miss Bee cheerfully. "Well, she shall not leave here till John Broadbent has safely tied the knot."

It was seven of the evening when Claude Hilliard came to the manse to reclaim his daughter. He had "gotten track of the gipsy " some hours before, but, as he owned magnanimously to Bibby the horsedealer, a fat, red-faced Worcestershire man, he had doubtless somewhat forgotten himself the night before-though no doubt the girl had been aggravating. But he had not meant any harm. So he had given himself time to recover before facing John Broadbent. For, minister or no minister, he-Claude Hilliard—was not the man to have his daughter boarding round on the parish, so long as he had a home. He would teach her. He had taught her, as it was. And in time the hussy would come to see on which side her bread was buttered, and be willing to marry the aforesaid Bibby, horsedealer and moneylender, to whom his dear friend Claude Hilliard had been under innumerable obligations, which oftentimes pressed heavily enough. For Bibby's tongue was rough, his hand heavy, and he had an English readiness to avail himself of the processes of law, even in the case of such a bosom crony as Claude Hilliard.

In his friend's interests, therefore, as well as in those of a father's authority, Claude Hilliard, well primed with split sodas, arrived at the manse of Creelport-on-Dee. Miss Bee spied on him from the upper window, and gave Lummy Itherword, the fifty-year-old maid-servant of the manse, directions what to say—directions which Lummy Itherword had no intention whatever of paying the least heed to. Had she, Lummy, been so long about the manse of Creelport without kennin' how to answer Claude Hilliard ("sorrow fa' his doited dithering legs !") as well as Miss Bee ? Aye, better-far better ! She was a pig-merchant's daughter, and from her youth up kenned how to speak to----"

"Lummy, I forbid you !"

"Forbid awa'," said Lummy (cr Lumsden) Itherword, "but stand ye weel back, Miss Bee. I'll learn him that the manse o' the Reverend Dr. John Broadbent, minister o' the pairish o' Creelport, is no the bar parlour up yonder at the Blue Lion. Wheesht—there he is at the bell !"

*

Claude Hilliard had once been in the frequent habit of opening the white gate which led to the manse of Creelport, many years ago, when as yet Mina was not. Dr. John had taken a kind of fancy to the flighty, foolish, prettily-mannered youth, the spoilt heir to some thousands of barren moorland acres, who had spent most of his boyhood in the old family mansion in Creelport. Now, Creelport-on-Dee, being a county town, the smallest save one in Scotland, was remarkable, among other things, for a row of good houses called officially the West Borough, or, in the mouth of the commons, the Braw Lands. These belonged to various families of small lairds who made a habit of coming to Creelport every winter, where they assoeiated with one another-being too poor to think of Edinburgh, and London, of course, being then quite out of the question. Among the smaller Scottish towns, Maybole is the only other known to have possessed for centuries a similar winter colony.

So in the early days when John Broadbent, not yet Doctor of Divinity, came to the parish, there was other society to be found in the little town, besides the usual



"'I think you said that you expected to marry Mr. Terence Fairweather!'"

rollicking town-blades, flourishing "vets," would-be smart tradesmen, and down-going lawyers, or the handful of artists who, painting all day, and talking shop far into the night, had no dealings with these Samaritans of the Sea Dogs and the Blue Lion.

Then the Hilliards of Kilterlilty were still somebody, and young Claude, the son of a French mother and a stolid Galloway father, had more of the graces of youth and hope than any other lad of his years. John Broadbent would often open his door to his lively parishioner, ere the evil days came or the years had drawn nigh when John Broadbent was reluctantly compelled to say : "I have no pleasure in him."

But the Claude Hilliard who now stood without, his hand on the manse bell-pull, was a very different Claude from the pretty, spoilt boy of a quarter of a century before.

Still, indeed, jaunty, erect, his grey moustache drawn carefully to a point, a very widebrimmed, low-crowned, hard hat of melon shape set sideways on three hairs, as the fashion had been in his youth, when Claude Hilliard was a country buck, he switched his leg impatiently with his cane, hummed an ancient operatic air, and hectored it in front of the minister's door, with what could have been intolerable swagger but for the fact that the man's whole being was evidently tottering to destruction like a house of cards.

"I wish to see Dr. Broadbent," said Claude Hilliard, and there was a hoarse gusting of alcohol in the raucous tones. Miss Bee shivered behind the door of the napery cupboard. As a little child she had sat on that man's knee, and once on a time —ah, once on a time—she had thought him adorable. But, at least, her brother had saved her from that.

"See Dr. Broadbent?" repeated Lummy. "Aweel, then, ye canna! The Doctor's itherwise engaged!"

"But I must, and at once !" The cane tapped the threadbare trousers more quickly. "I am told you have my daughter here among you."

"And if we hae," said Lummy Itherword dauntlessly, "where is there a bieldier buss or a mair suitable shelter for a puir bit hunted lass, than the manse o' the pairish o' Creelport—aye, or better protectors than Dr. John Broadbent and his sister Miss Barbara? Answer me that !"

"I will not bandy words with a servant," said Mr. Hilliard, frowning. "Lead me instantly to your master."

"'Deed, and I'll do no siccan thing," said

the manse lass. "And for a' your dour looks, Maister Claude Hilliard, formerly o' Kilterlilty, I hae seen the day when ye wad hae bandied mair words wi' a servant lass than a decent woman like mysel' wad bide to listen to. Gin your dochter be here, whilk I will neither affirm nor deny, sic not being my duty——"

Claude Hilliard stamped his foot on the step.

"I demand to see my daughter!" he exclaimed.

"Aweel, your daughter will ye no see here," said Lummy, "no, nor the Doctor neither. This is no a hoose for slave-drivers and whuppers-in, or Deil's rattlebags, either ---like somebody I'll no name !"

But Claude Hilliard was not so easily turned from his purpose. His ancient acquaintance with the manse of Creelport stood him in good stead. With a sudden bend of his long body and a compasslike stride of his rickety pins, he darted round the corner of the house.

"Save us!" cried the astonished Lummy, rushing to catch at his coat-tails, "where's the craiture ganging ower John Dibble's carrot-beds? John will be a wild man when he comes up the loaning and sees that!"

But in a few moments Claude Hilliard stood at the tall French window which, in the time of John Broadbent's predecessor, had been made to please a new-made bride brought to Creelport manse, a town lady who did not choose that the village bodies should stare at her when she went out in her high-waisted directory dress to drink the cool of the evening.

It was a peaceful room as any in the world, that into which Claude Hilliard stood and looked. So peaceful was it that he hated all who were in it. By the fire, with his back to the window, and his feet stretched out to the blaze, sat the Doctor, busy reading a great, learned volume on the table before him, and on his knee a writing-pad.

At the farthest end of the room, busied about a table, cutting and comparing patterns with frowning brow and compressed, silent lips, moved Mina and Miss Bee. Whence came the material, Miss Bee only knew, but the fact that they were making a wedding-dress was evident to the meanest capacity—Claude Hilliard knew it at a glance.

He laid his hand upon the latch of the window, which opened like a door out on the green manse lawn shaded with great trees.

The tall shadow between them and the light attracted the attention of the busy

workers. It was Mina who saw her father first. He had raised his cane as if to tap on the glass, whereat all suddenly the girl screamed and turned to fly. Miss Bee jumped at the sound, but the Doctor, absorbed and a little deaf, did not move.

"Oh, he has come to find me !" cried Mina. "But he shall not beat me again ! I will throw myself into the river first. It was that in his hand—with which——"

She got no farther. A shuddering horror seized her, and Mina hid her face in Miss Bee's neck. She had faced it out the night before, but now, having won her way to a new life at the price of a terrible resolve, she could not turn back to the misery and the fear.

Doctor John went to the window and motioned with his hand to Claude Hilliard. "Go round to the other door," he said with dignity. "I will see you there !"

"I have been refused admittance at your front door, I tell you!" shouted Hilliard, driving his words through the window-panes, "I will come in ! I want my daughter ! Open, or I will break my way in with this stick !"

"You have already done more than enough evil work with your blows," said the Doctor. "I am an old man, sir, but there is not the man in this parish who shall dare to enter my house without my will! 'He that entereth not in by the door, the same is a thief and a robber !'" he thundered.

By this time he was at the front door of the manse. Lummy Itherword tried to restrain him from opening it.

"Haud off, Doctor, the man's no canny !" she cried. "The Deil's keekin' oot o' his e'en ! Let me speak to him. I ken a thing or twa that will, maybe, send him down the loan wi' his finger in his mouth !"

"Stand back, Lummy," said her master with firm gentleness. "Let it not be noised abroad that there was ever a man in the parish of Creelport whom I, John Broadbent, was afraid to meet face to face."

"It's his back I wad like a chance at," muttered Lummy to herself, as she fell obediently to the rear. She remained, however, prudently within hearing, a broomshank in her hand, ready to come up as reserves if Claude Hilliard should prove "ower snash" with the minister.

"No, sir," said Doctor John, "I will not deliver your daughter to you. I understand that you have most cruelly ill-treated her. In proof of which I have seen things that I would not have believed of a heathen Turk or Moor, much less of one of my parishioners."

"You will find that there is a law in such matters !" said Claude Hilliard. The Doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"My record of parochial baptisms informs me that the young lady is over the age of twenty-one years," he said, "and I opine that you will do well to leave her where she is—that is, till she acquires another protector, with fuller powers than mine."

"I will denounce you, sir !" shouted Claude Hilliard, suddenly brandishing his stick over the minister's head. "I will let all the world know what you are—child-stealer, Jesuit, hypocrite, setting yourself up to interfere between parent and child !"

"Claude Hilliard," said the doctor, "I have known you long, and well do I know that neither your blame nor even your praise can mar the character of John Broadbent in the parish of Creelport. But this I do say, that if you do not put down that stick, it or you may happen by a mischance, conjunctly or severally—"

Once Hilliard struck at the doctor, but only once. And then the rejoiceful High Street of Creelport, crowding to its doors, had the pleasure of seeing a strange sight its white-haired minister, Doctor of Divinity and ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, conducting a man down the manse avenue with immense strides, one bony hand firmly fixed in his collar, till at the gate he solemnly presented his captive with a gold-headed cane broken into several fragments. Then he saluted and walked back home, closing the door of the manse behind him.

On the steps had stood Lummy, dancing with excitement, exclaiming in piteous accents: "Kick him, Doctor ! Oh, what for didna ye kick him—when here's me, Lummy Itherword, that wad gie a half-year's wage, hardwon siller, for the like privilege ?"

As the facts became known, Lummy's sentiments were very widely re-echoed in Creelport, and the Doctor preached to a crowded congregation the next Sabbath day on the text : "Be ye angry and sin not !"

Nevertheless a section, chiefly lewd fellows of the baser sort, partisans of Bibby the horsedealer, upheld Claude Hilliard and his paternal rights as against the minister. But that did not greatly matter. For, as Lummy Itherword said : "No a man o' them dared set his nose within the Doctor's white gate, for fear o' the very thunders of Sinai !"

SYBILLA.

By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY.



R ARCHIE," said Sybilla nervously, "I havesomething to say to you. A secret, don't you know. Is there a quiet corner anywhere about where nobody can see us?"

The waltz was over, and the dancers were crowding through the doorway to parade up The tall and down the corridor without. young man addressed as Sir Archie drew his brows together and looked scrutinisingly in his companion's face. Sybilla, in her white robes, was a dangerously pretty young person, and the suggestion of that "quiet corner" aroused suspicion. A year ago, when he had been first introduced to the young lady, he had been so much smitten with her charms that she had taken a prominent place in his day-dreams; but, alas! since that time he had succeeded to a title and to the possession of a beautiful old Hall, and a terrible, scheming mother had thrown the girl so persistently at his head that romance had been nipped in the bud, and incipient love changed into scorn. Sybilla herself still seemed to him all that was fascinating; but so long as he suspected that fascination of being under maternal supervision, he had no intention of succumbing to its influence. It was impossible, however, to refuse so open a request, so he led the way to a corner of the conservatory, and seating himself by the girl's side, turned upon her a look of critical curiosity.

"We are quite safe here. Please go on. I am all attention."

Sybilla gazed at the tip of her satin shoe and sighed; then she nibbled at her fan with little, white teeth, glancing furtively at the young man the while beneath her eyelashes. She had grey eyes, flaxen hair, and a large mouth, with beautiful, curving lips. There was not the least likeness to be discerned between her and the mother whom Sir Archie so much disliked, and he felt a momentary relief in the reflection that she must "favour" the family of the defunct "papa."

"You see," said Sybilla thoughtfully. "it's like this. We are both uncomfortable, and I thought you wouldn't mind-that it would be the best plan—oh, dear me !—if I spoke out ! Of course, mamma is very fond of me, and I love her dearly, because, after all, she is my mother, and poor papa left us so little money, so there is a little excuse for her; but still, I hate it just as much as you do, and I can see quite well that you are furious. Oh ! I do wish you would look the other way! I can't talk if you stare so hard ! If you were a poor widow, and had an only daughter, you would be anxious about her future — any mother would, and you must not imagine that I am blaming her Oh, goodness ! it's far more difficult to say than I thought, but you know what I mean ! You understand ! "

Sir Archie looked into the eager little face, and his cheeks flushed with unusual colour.

" I really—er—must confess that I am at a loss——"

"Oh, no, you are not—not really, you know! Oh, please don't pretend !" cried the girl, and bending nearer, she laid her hand on his arm with a swift, appealing gesture. It was done with the most childlike spontaneity, but Sir Archie shrank within himself; for when suspicion has once been aroused, it is difficult to subdue, and he was determined not to be taken off guard with guileless blandishments.

"Oh, please don't pretend !" cried Sybilla again; "because it's so wretched, don't you know, and you get so cross. It isn't nice for me, either, to be thrown at a man who shows so plainly that he doesn't want me; but mamma and I are different people, and I just wanted to say that you needn't worry about it any more, because I am the one to be consulted, and I don't want to marry you at all—I don't, indeed !"

Sir Archie gasped and was dumb. The

situation was novel, to say the least of it. and he was irresistibly reminded of the historical Captain Baxter, whom Miss Bibby refused "before he axed her." It was difficult to frame a reply to such a statement; and yet there sat Sybilla staring at him, with her little head held on one side, so like a pretty, penitent child asserting its innocence that the sight might have melted a heart of stone. Stone, however, is soluble compared to the granite of a young man's wounded vanity. Sir Archie had made up his mind not to marry Sybilla, but he felt excessively annoved that Sybilla should evince an equal unwillingness to marry himself. And if she were so mightily indifferent, pray why did she always blush at his approach? Was her complexion under her mamma's direction, like everything else ? He raised his eyebrows and replied in his most drawling accents-

"I assure you I never flattered myself that you did. Still, of course, I am none the less distressed ——."

To his dismay, the tears welled up in the grey eyes, and the lips began to quiver.

"You needn't sneer!" cried Sybilla "Oh! I do think you are tremblingly. unkind ! I was honest with you, for I thought you were a man who would be kind to a girl when she was in trouble. Do you think I *liked* to tell you ? I lay awake all last night thinking of it, and the bed shook, I trembled so much; but I said to myself: 'Yes, I will! He is not a boy, like the rest; and though he is cross and stiff, I believe he could be nice if he saw I was in earnest.' I have been so miserable all these months because I saw that you tried to avoid me I tried, too ; but mamma is so clever, I can't fight against her. But I thought if you knew how I felt, we could be just good friends together, and you wouldn't mind so much if you had to go about with me sometimes. I wanted to put things right; but if you won't believe me----

She stopped, quivering and tremulous, and there was a long silence.

Sybilla dabbed her eyes with a tiny handkerchief; Sir Archie leant over his chair and stared at her intently. A year ago he had been credulous enough, but the sudden change in his circumstances had given him an insight into human nature which made him strangely shy of belief. The momentary impulse to be carried away by Sybilla's appeal was checked by the remembrance of a score of equally clever devices by which he had already been thrown into the girl's company. Could it be possible that this was a flank movement, and that, realising the failure of her own strategies, the mother had coached the girl herself in the part which she was to play? It was a detestable thought, but the very possibility of its truth turned his blood to ice. He looked the little figure up and down, his lips drawn sideways beneath his moustache, his eyes cold and mocking.

"Really, Miss Keithley, you distress yourself unnecessarily, for I have been charmed to enjoy so much of your society. I don't feel that I deserve an explanation; but if things are as you say, it is, of course—er uncommonly hard lines for you——"

Sybilla looked at him sharply. The tears were still in her eyes, but a swift change passed over her face. The tremor left it, and the softness and the pathos. It clouded over with such unmistakable disappointment that Sir Archie felt a pang of remorse at the sight. Suppose, after all, she had been in earnest ! What an unutterable cad he must have seemed ! A moment before, the thought that he was being duped had filled him with anger; but this last doubt was a hundred times more galling. He looked anxiously at Sybilla, but she had already risen from her seat and to all appearance was engrossed in shaking out her gauzy flounces. A strip of mirror was fitted into the corner of the conservatory opposite which she stood, and as soon as her skirt was arranged to her satisfaction, she flitted towards it, turning her head to and fro and blinking her eyes, as if to satisfy herself that her recent tears had left no trace. There was no cause for alarm. A few tears leave but a transient impression on so young a face, and when the drops were wiped off the long eyelashes, there was no sign that anything unusual had taken place. She flicked out her fan and wheeled round with a brilliant smile.

"I'm ready. Shall we go? The next dance has begun !"

Sir Archie rose slowly. He felt that he was judged and dismissed, and chafed beneath the consciousness. After the intimate nature of the conversation, it seemed impossible to part in so abrupt a fashion. He felt an unreasoning desire to prolong the interview.

"I-er-I am afraid I have appeared inconsiderate. I assure you I did not intend --I hope you will forgive----"

"Oh, certainly !" cried Sybilla brightly.

"Why, you haven't kept me five minutes. The music has just begun. If we hurry, we shall miss only a few bars. How I love this waltz ! Such a swing, hasn't it ? It's impossible to keep still !"

She tripped on ahead, humming the refrain beneath her breath, with bewitching wavings of the head and neck. So absorbed was she in the exercise that she appeared oblivious of the arm held out towards her, and Sir Archie had scant opportunity of pressing his claims, for no sooner had she emerged from the conservatory than a young fellow rushed wildly forward, and making gestures as of one heaping ashes on his head, twirled Sybilla into the ballroom on the tips of her satin shoes.

When Sir Archie went to claim his second dance with Miss Keithley, that young lady was not to be found, and the last *rallentando* was reached before she came tripping downstairs, holding out yards of tulle and pointing ruefully to a newly mended rent.

"That clumsy Mr. Erroll went prancing on my frock ! Such a big tear ! It took ten whole minutes to mend !"

"Couldn't it have waited a little longer?" asked Sir Archie grimly. "That is my dance that is just finishing. I have lost it altogether."

"Yes," said Sybilla absently; "but, you see, it is quite new. Do you think," she held up the tulle in each hand, stretching it out until the voluminous folds seemed to form wings behind her slight form. "Do you think if I took out that width altogether, it would be too narrow? Nasty, horrid man ! I'll never dance with him again as long as I hive !" "Tripping downstairs, holding out yards of tulle."

"Will you give me the dances you have promised him, then, in compensation for the one I have just missed ?"

Sir Archie spoke eagerly, and the girl smiled at him with infantile sweetness.

"It wouldn't be quite *nice*, would it? It might hurt his feelings. I shouldn't like to do it so rudely as that, when there are so many ways of avoiding a dance—forgetting, and going home, and feeling faint, and——"

"Tearing your frock !" suggested Sir Archie shortly, and Sybilla cast down her eyes and sighed like a furnace.



Then, as her former partner came strolling out of the ball-room : "Do you want to take me in to supper, Bobbie ?" she cried pleasantly. "You may if you like, and I'm horribly hungry. I won't hurry you tonight. Oh, good-bye, Sir Archie ! I shan't be here for the extras. I am going home directly after supper !"

As the weeks passed by, it became evident that Miss Keithley was a young person of determination and resource. She had evidently resolved to avoid Sir Archie's society : and though her own mother was in arms against her, and the young man set himself deliberately in the way, Sybilla triumphed all along the route. It is true she was a thoroughly unscrupulous opponent and not given to sticking at trifles. When she was drawn to play tennis with Sir Archie, she threw down her racquet after the first set, declared with beaming smiles that she felt faint, and retired to eat sweet cakes and keep half-a-dozen young men in peals of laughter by her merry sallies. She developed fits of nervousness when he offered to drive her in his cart to the various picnics of the neighbourhood, and was prostrate with headache every time that he called at the house. A man is powerless against such weapons as these ; but so hard a thing is it to be slighted by a person to whom one is utterly indifferent. that the food which Sir Archie ate was bitter to his taste, and the amusements of the day fell flat, and the acres of his inheritance seemed bare and dreary, because, forsooth ! a little whippersnapper of a girl refused to welcome his tardy attentions !

Just about this time Mrs. Keithley fell ill more of chagrin at her daughter's wilfulness than of any definite illness, as Sir Archie shrewdly suspected; and Sybilla was therefore left at liberty to misbehave herself to the top of her bent. From one week's end to another she was invisible ; but on Sunday, Sir Archie had the privilege of sitting in the pew immediately behind her own in church, and spent the time of the service in studying the tilt of her hat, the shape of her pretty little ear, and in wondering how in the name of mystery she managed to twist her hair into such intricate patterns. It was an engrossing occupation to find the beginning of the coil and trace its wanderings in and out. At a moderate calculation, her hair must reach below her waist. Was the wave natural, or did she "do it " with crimping-irons ? The question seemed of prodigious importance and kept his mind employed during the First and Second Lessons, while during the Litany --well, to see her kneeling on the hassock with clasped hands and lowered lids, who would have believed what a scheming, unforgiving, story-telling little sinner she had been, and was prepared to be again so soon as the church doors were left behind ?

That was another of the aggravations. When Mrs. Keithley had been to the fore, she had invariably waited in the porch and taken forcible possession of Sir Archie as he passed; but now, the moment that the last "Amen" was sounded, Sybilla made a bolt for the side door and presumably vanished into space, since, follow as quickly as he might, no trace of her could be seen. For three weeks running, this performance was repeated; and then, driving slowly along the road, Sir Archie espied a glimpse of a rosewreathed hat behind a monument in the corner of the churchyard, and registered a solemn vow.

When the next Sunday arrived, he followed softly, seated himself on a stone close at hand, and awaited results.

The congregation filed slowly out of the gates, the roll of the organ sounded from within the church, and soft little snatches of song greeted his ears from behind the monument, repeating lines of the hymn which had been sung after the service, and the air of the voluntary now playing. The voice was clear and fresh as that of a thrush, and the unconscious ardour of expression sounded sweetly in the young man's ears. Then a little head came bobbing round the corner, two grey eyes roamed to and fro, lit on the waiting figure, and grew wide with surprise.

"Good gracious !" Sybila leapt to her feet, stood for a moment transfixed with astonishment, and then melted into gurgling laughter. "What a joke !"

"Isn't it?" said Sir Archie grimly. "Frightfully funny, don't you know. So this is where you have disappeared every Sunday? If it is not being too curious, may one inquire the reason of this extraordinary-----""

"I-er-I wanted to walk home alone ! I was afraid that perhaps----"

"I might overtake you. I guessed as much. It has been the same thing all round for the last two months, ever since that evening at the ball. You are angry with me, Miss Keithley?"

"Angry!" Sybilla's face sobered; her eyes turned thoughtfully to the grey church walls, to the tombstones dotted among the grass, finally to his own eager face. "Oh; no," she said simply, "not angry. When

A

you have been in trouble, and have made up your mind to trust in a friend—when you have said things to him that hurt your very heart to say, and he has sneered and taken it all as a—a *plot* ! it is not anger that you feel. I wish it were. I am not angry, Sir Archibald. It is time to go home to dinner ! "

He took a step forward.

"Sybilla, I was wrong. I was a conceited, self-sufficient fool; but I have been punished, and I—I am bitterly ashamed. You have proved the truth of your words, and it has made me very miserable——"

Sybilla sat down suddenly on the tombstone and drew a sharp breath.

"What did I say? I forget. I don't always speak the truth, you know, if I get excited. If it was anything nasty, I didn't mean it a bit. I want to be friends."

"You will forgive me? You really mean it?"

"Oh, yes, I will. I hate being vexed with people; only you must forgive mamma, too. I can't let you think hardly of her, especially just now when she is ill. Everything depends upon the way you look at things. Now, if I were a boy, and my mother planned and schemed and worked to help me on in life, everyone would praise her and write biographies to her memory. 'The mothers of great men,' don't you know. But I'm not a boy. I am only a stupid little girl who could never earn a penny for myself if I were on the point of starvation : and when my poor mother tries to find a home for me, people jeer and scoff at her and at me." She put up one hand to her cheek, which had grown suddenly crimson. "Oh, I see ! I know ! and it makes me *miserable*; but all the same, I am sorry for her, too. Almost all her income dies with her, so, of course, she is anxious about me. Now, just suppose you were my mother. How would you feel ?" asked Sybilla, with a fine air of probability at which Sir Archie smiled, despite himself.

"Excuse me, I refuse to suppose anything of the kind; but I see your point all the same. It seems hard lines that such a difference should be made between girls and boys, and it is only natural that Mrs. Keithley should be anxious." The thought of Sybilla cast homeless upon the world filled him with such horror that at the moment he found it easy to excuse her parent's machinations. "If the good lady had only the sense to keep her hand dark !" he added sagely to himself. Then his lips relaxed into a smile at the sight of the dainty little figure before him.

"I should not imagine that there had been any great—er—difficulty about the matter."

Sybilla made no affectation of ignorance.

"Oh, no," she said naïvely. "There have been plenty of them. But that makes it harder than ever for mamma; for, first of all she tries so hard to make them like me, and then when they do, I won't say 'Yes.' I have been so miserable and ashamed that over and over again I have made up my mind to accept the next man who asked me; but when it comes to the time, I—can't ! It's no use trying. I can't do it."

The last notes of the organ died away in the distance; there came a clanging of doors and crunching of gravel, as the sexton closed the church and hurried away towards his home. It seemed a long, long time to Sir Archie before he heard his own voice say in halting accents: "Why-can't you-Sybilla?"

The girl looked down at the grass and moved a daisy plant to and fro with the tip of her little shoe.

"It's—difficult to say ! I suppose I am sentimental. Love seems to me a beautiful thing. If I ever marry, I want to care very, very much. Mother says I expect too much that it is never like that in real life, only in books. But I think surely it must be sometimes; and if there is a chance, it seems worth while—to wait."

She lifted her face to his—a sweet, earnest little face, which might well enshrine itself in a young man's heart; but at the unconsciousness of the glance, Sir Archie felt a pang of foreboding, mingled with a bitter realisation of failure and neglected opportunity.

"I think it would be worth while to wait seven years, and twice seven years, for the chance of meeting the Rachel of one's dreams," he said softly, and Sybilla shot a glance at him and rose to her feet with a quavering attempt at gaiety.

"I always think it was so sweet of Jacob, don't you know, for she must have been awfully *passée* by the end of the time. Over thirty ! Gracious ! I shouldn't like that a bit. We *must* go home ! The most important consideration for you and me, Sir Archie, at the present moment, is that there will be no dinner left if we don't make haste !"

She took a step forward, but Sir Archie blocked the way. His face was pale and his voice sounded hoarse and strained.

"Sybilla ! one moment ! I have misunderstood myself, even more than you. I



"'Seven years! But oh ! what a long, long time to wait !'"

have always loved you. If you will give me another chance, there is nothing I would not do-----"

"Oh, stop!" cried Sybilla, "please!" She caught his hand in hers, gripping it hard with her little fingers. "Don't go on! It's no use, and I should be so sorry—so very, very sorry ! You are vexed with yourself just now, and you imagine things that are not true. We are friends—good friends —let it stay like that. I couldn't bear another mistake !"

The young man looked at her with a dreary smile.

"There is not much mistake about it, Sybilla. I tried to cure myself once, and in so doing found you a hundred times sweeter, truer, more lovable than before. I deserve to suffer, but don't say there is no hope. We were very happy those first few weeks. You were so kind to me. Sometimes I even dared to think——"

"Ah! so did I," sighed Sybilla softly. "But after that, everything changed. You grew cold and sneering. You—you *disappointed* me so!"

She shook her head with a defiant gesture, as if to keep back the tears which had started suddenly to her eyes. "It seems to me now that you are a different person. It could never be the same again——"

"'Never' is a long word, Sybil! Can you find it in that tender heart to punish me for ever? If you cared once, you can care again—I will make you care. Remember, I loved you all the time. If I had not cared for you, I would not have troubled myself one way or another. It would not have mattered. It was because I loved you that I acted as I did!"

The grev eves dwelt on his face with a grave dignity of expression. "Do you know," said Sybilla simply, "I don't think you understand what love means. If you had loved me, as I understand the word, you would not have thought of yourself at all. You would have been sorry for me-a fatherless girl—who was not too kindly spoken of by others. I think you would have tried to protect me. Some day I may meet a good man like that. I thought once that it might be you; but I was wrong. Goodbye, Sir Archie. I do forgive you, but I can't do more. Don't come with me, It's all over. I would rather be please. alone.'

"It shall never be over. I will wait seven years, and twice seven years, my Rachel; but I will win you in the end!" cried the young man hotly. Sybilla put her hands to her face and ran past him down the path. The tears were streaming down her cheeks, but the lips curved into a struggling smile.

"Seven years!" she repeated, "seven years! But oh! what a long, long time to wait!"

IN JUNE.

JNDER the garden wall,

• Glimmering stately and white, The lilies were standing, straight and tall, Through all the fair June night.

Down by the deep green lane,

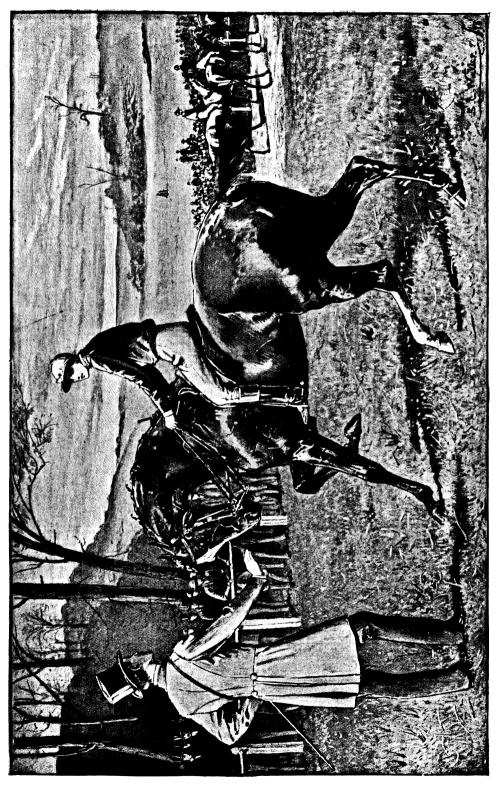
The nightingale's wondrous song,

Tender with longing, and love, and pain, Rang out the June night long!

Dear Heart !- you came to me,

There, where the light of the moon Silvered the boughs of the cedar tree, That night in fragrant June.

L. G. MOBERLY.



TOOLS OF THE FUTURE.

BY HENRYS PRITCHETT.



ID you ever visit a great museum like the National Museum in Washington or the British Museum in London ? If you have, you must have been struck by the thought that those who

make museums are tremendously interested in the story of man's life on the earth. This is shown by the fact that a large part of every such museum, and by far the most interesting part, is given up to collections of such things as help to tell this story. Here are ancient remains from the dried beds of old lakes, from the gravel of the glacier drifts, from the deposits in ancient and long-forgotten caves. Along with human bones are those of the wild animals which primitive man fought and hunted—the wild dog, the great cave bear, and the sabre-toothed tiger.

But more numerous than all these, and perhaps even more interesting, are the collections of tools which have been gathered along with these bones of men and of animals, and which tell more than all other things concerning the slow steps by which man has come to his present power and civilisation.

It is quite natural that these primitive tools should have outlasted in most cases the bodies of those who made them, for they are usually of lasting material, wood or stone or iron.

As one studies them in the collections of the museum, he recognises a steady improvement as time went on. The earliest are rude stone hammers, fit only for cracking the bones of animals upon which our remote ancestors fed—and used, no doubt, sometimes for cracking a neighbour's skull.

Later, flint arrow-heads and spear-heads were invented; and when the great ice-cap came down from the North and covered Central Europe and North America, man's inventive genius was taxed to provide better

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tools and weapons and garments for protection against cold. The evidences of these improved tools are found among the gravel deposits which the ice-cap left as it retreated slowly towards the North.

There were some rare inventors in those early days. When we name to-day the great inventors who have changed the character of the world's work, and given it new tools, we rarely go further back than a hundred years. We tell of the inventors of the steam-engine and the telegraph and the dynamo. Those are epoch-making, but think what an invention that was when the first iron was welded into a tool; what progress was made possible when the first wheel was set rolling along the earth's rim; what possibilities for the race were opened up by him who trained the first horse to the service of man !

What a delightful personal interest it would add to our collection of primitive tools in the museum if we could only label them with the names of their great inventors. The labels might read something like this:---

"First Stone Arrow. Invented by the Red-Haired One, 3rd Cave on the right-hand bank of the Danube, B.C. 72180."

"The First Saddle. Invented by the Blue-Eyed Khingin, The Caucasus, B.C. 56900."

"The First Axe. Invented by Arpad, son of the Harelip, 2nd Island of the Euphrates, B.C. 27552."

Alas! the names of the greatest inventors whom the world has known are buried in the forgotten records of the ages before writing was. I wonder if in A.D. 50000 the dynamo and the telegraph will seem to the men of that day as if they had always been, and whether Henry and Edison and Marconi will be forgotten along with the inventors of the alphabet and of the wheel and of the axe !

However this may be, it is evident that these ancient inventions and tools have been used by mankind to increase the common comfort and pleasure, and that they have also inspired other men to improve them. As time went on, tools were invented for this and for that purpose, to work in stone and metal and clay and textiles.

In a general way it is evident that as

man's wants and his pleasures have increased, the invention of tools has kept abreast of these wants, so as to minister to them. And thus it comes about that these collections of tools gathered into the museums from ancient caves, from the beds of old streams, from the ash-heaps of long-forgotten cities, tell the story of man's rise from savagery to civilisation. So true is this that certain striking periods in this slow process have been called the Stone Age, the Iron Age, and the Bronze Age, from the tools which characterised them.

Does this story which the tools of the past tell us give any sure indication of what are to be man's tools in the future ? Let us see. When we study the tools which belong to the past, we find that, two thousand years ago or more, hand tools had been brought to a high state of perfection. We have to-day no workers in marble more skilled than those of ancient Greece, no workers in metal more artistic than those of India, no weavers more cunning than those of Phœnicia.

All these tools and machines were what the Japanese call one-man-power—they were hand tools. This age of hand tools continued until practically the beginning of the last century, when men began to invent machines to take the place of hand labour; and the purpose in these machines was not so much to do more accurate work as more economical work, because the machine could take the place of several men.

Curiously enough, this effort brought men face to face with a new problem the solution of which, though not yet complete, has so far progressed as to change the whole machinery by which the world's work is done and to bring in an entirely different set of tools. This problem was the question of power, for as soon as machines large enough to do the work of a number of men came into use, it became necessary to have more power than that of human muscle to work them; and that has been the problem of the last hundred years—to furnish this power and to store it for use as it may be needed.

Now, to us who live on this globe, which we call the earth, there is really only one source of power, and that is the sun. Shut out the sun's rays, and, except for the rise and fall of the tide, all source of power on the earth's surface would be cut off.

There is a Latin inscription which is often carved on sundials, *Sine Sole Sileo*—Without the Sun I am Silent. Such an inscription might well be graved on the earth itself, for without the sun this fair planet of ours would be silent, lifeless, powerless. We seldom stop to think how prodigal a supply of power the sun pours out upon us, nor what astonishing tasks this is put to under our very eyes. We are lost in wonder at the exhibition of human power shown in the lifting of a stone weighing a few tons to a place in the pyramids, but the sun on a hot summer day will pick up a hundred thousand tons of water from a lake and drop it on some distant mountain-top.

Men began to harness this sun power indirectly a very long time ago in the simple waterwheels which served the old-fashioned mills, for the energy of the running water is solar energy indirectly applied, and often inconvenient for use. A great step in harnessing the sun's power was made when the steam-engine was invented. Since that day man's inventions have gone forward with a rapidity unknown in all the ages before, until to-day the whole character of the tools which he uses has been transformed.

Hand tools still remain, as they always will remain, but they take second place in the world's work; the tools of to-day and the tools of the future are the great machines which can most skilfully and most economically harness the sun's energy to the world's work. The man who thus harnesses the sun is no longer the worker with hand tools, but he is the engineer, the workman of the future, and his machines are the tools with which the world's greatest work must be done.

But while this may be accepted with certainty, it is not so easy to predict the method the engineer will use to harness this sun power. For, although the engineer of to-day realises, as the workman of a century ago did not, that the sun is his sole source of power, all the machines which are employed are most wasteful in their use of this power. And what is still more curious, the engineer still takes his power second-hand, instead of using it directly as it reaches us in the sun's rays.

When the sun is nearly overhead, he delivers power at the surface of the earth at the rate of more than two horse-power for each square yard of surface. Even after deducting the loss occasioned by the absorption of the earth's atmosphere, it is still true that each square yard receives when the sun is shining the equivalent of one-horse power working continuously. This means that there is delivered on each square yard an energy able to lift a weight of thirty-three thousand pounds one foot in one minute, and this power is continuous.

Almost all this energy at the present time

goes to waste, or, as the scientific men say, is "dissipated." A little of it is used in warming the air, evaporating the water, and in other ways, but the greater part is radiated into space.

Think what could be done with this power if the engineer could turn it to man's use. What power goes to waste in your back-yard ! The sun delivers on Hampstead Heath, free of charge, four times enough energy to warm and light London and supply all its manufactories, street railroads, and other consumers of mechanical power. Why did not some engineer suggest the use of it when the coal strike made the ordinary means of warmth and light so expensive ?

On the broad, sunlit plains of Arizona, the sun delivers an equivalent of mechanical energy which, expressed in horse-power, would seem almost infinite. A small part of it would suffice for the whole world's work. Why is it not set to doing this work ?

This is the problem of to-morrow. The engineer has made great progress in its He has enormously improved the solution. means by which indirect sun energy is used; he transforms heat energy into mechanical energy, and this, again, into electric energy; he has even devised a solar engine which will take up the energy as the sun delivers it and convert that energy—wastefully, to be sure -into a form suitable for use; but the problem of storing this power and applying it when and where man may need it-that problem is the problem of the future, and the machines which will do this-for it will be done—are the great tools of humanity by which men are to work their way to a higher step of safety and of comfort and of enjoyment.

This does not mean that the skill of the individual worker will ever cease to be valued. The time can never come when the skilled hand and the fitting tool will not be eagerly sought by the world. But it does mean that the great epoch-making tools of man are no longer hand tools; it means that he who

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leads in the world's work to-day must be able to understand the forces of Nature so as to harness them to the world's service. The man who can do this is the engineer, and the boy who is ambitious to win a place among those who are to lead in these great world problems will fit himself for the work of the engineer.

The old Greeks, who loved to enshrine in poetic legends all the processes of Nature, described the daily course of the sun in a charming tale, in which the sun was represented as a strong and beautiful man, with wavy locks and a crown of rays, driving a splendid chariot. Starting in the morning from the ocean in the East among the Ethiopians, and driving across the heavens in his glowing car, he descended in the evening into the Western sea. At night, while asleep, he was borne along the Northern edge of the earth in a golden boat to his starting-place in the East. The story goes that on one occasion young Phaeton, a son of the Sun, persuaded his father to let him drive the chariot across the sky; but the adventurous youth lost control of the horses, and, driving too near the earth, scorched it; mountains were set on fire. rivers and seas dried up, Libya became a desert, and the Ethiopians were blackened by the heat.

In our day, a modern champion has arisen who comes boldly forward to harness the horses of the sun. He has not grasped the reins fully, but it is plain that his is no uncertain touch. No mountains will be set on fire, and no rivers dried up by his driving; but under his strong hand the horses of the sun will, little by little, bow their proud necks to useful work ; rivers will be bridged, continents cut in two, deserts made to bloom, light and warmth will be sent to those who sit in darkness. And, streaming into all parts of the earth, the radiant power of the sun will minister to the service and to the joy of man. This modern Phaeton is the engineer, and already the reins are in his hands.

A POPPY.

THIS nest was not built on a battlefield; With tropic dew these leafy lips were fed; This curious craft its crimson sails did spread, When spray-laden trade-winds swept a coralline weald.

CHARLES INNISS BOWEN,

BIG GAME.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.



HE'S as cross as two sticks at your going," observed Delia to her sister, Lady Molly Calverley. "I could tell from the way she banged the door."

"Let her," said Molly indifferently, as with one leg crossed

on the other in the privacy of her room she laced her boots. "Evelyn's nothing to do with me now I'm nearly nineteen."

Delia, who was only sixteen, regarded her with admiration. "You wouldn't dare to go away on your own and leave her?" she suggested interrogatively.

It was in a way a challenge, but a mild, respectful challenge, and Molly saw no difficulty in taking it up. "I shouldn't mind at all," she said. "I've been in a cab by myself before now."

"No; you weren't; you were with Cicely," said blunt Eilean. Molly deigned to take no notice, but went on with her dressing.

"Oh, Molly, do you think you'll fall down?" inquired Marjorie, with the eager curiosity of her eight years.

"Of course she won't, duffer !" said Eilean. "You don't fall down on real ice, only on rinks."

Molly straightened herself languidly. "Do you think I'd better wear my picture-hat, or the one with fur?" she asked vaguely of the family.

"Oh, the picture one, Molly, do-please !" screamed little Marjorie.

"Fur, I should say," said Eilean.

Delia seemed to ponder; as she was nearest to Molly in years, it was her opinion that had greatest weight; but ere she could deliver it, twelve-year-old Cicely entered.

"Evelyn says you're to be quick, or she'll go without you," she said pertly.

"If you talk to me like that, I'll box your ears, you saucy thing !" said Molly angrily, as she fitted on her picture hat.

"Oh, Molly, lovely !" said Marjorie ecstatically.

"That ought to knock them," said Eilean critically.

"Eily, you mustn't say such things," reproved her sister.

"It looks sweetly pretty," said Delia. "You'll be getting married some of these days, Molly."

Molly shrugged her shoulders, as she nodded to Eilean to hand her her fur-coat. "Marriage," she said sententiously, "isn't everything. If I married at all, it would be a man with plenty of money and a position."

"And a handsome man," added Eilean.

"With lots of dogs," suggested Marjorie.

"Would you marry him if he wasn't in love with you?" inquired curious Cicely. "I wouldn't."

"Oh, you're a child. You don't understand," said Molly. "Love's not everything. It's only stuff that they feed schoolgirls on, like you. Is that Evelyn calling?" she asked anxiously. "Tell her I'll be down in a moment."

She donned the coat hastily, added some finishing touches to her toilet, and ran out of the room with a farewell nod.

"She does talk rot," observed Eilean. "I believe she'd be glad to get anyone."

Molly with her eldest sister drove up to the Skating Club and alighted. At the door they encountered two or three people, and Evelyn stopped to greet one of them. She rejoined Molly presently with a little air of excitement.

"Lady Cecilia says her brother is coming," she said in a friendly voice to her sister.

"Her brother !" said Molly.

"Yes, the Duke of Staunton, you know. He's just come back from Africa, shooting big game."

"And now he's big game himself, I suppose," said Molly.

"If you can think of nothing less vulgar to say, perhaps you'd better not speak at all," said her sister severely as they passed in.

The skaters were in full flight, and a goodly number of spectators were gathered in knots or seated in chairs, comfortably watching the sport; and very soon both Molly and her sister were speeding gracefully along the ice. Evelyn was an admirable

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skater, and Molly was not ashamed of her own prowess. As they glided smoothly along, Molly became aware of a commotion behind her, and she glanced round. What she saw was a tall, vigorous young man in a short coat, rocking vaguely about on the ice, with his arms in the air like semaphores. He dodged three skaters by a miracle, and then, getting in a straight line, sailed beautifully down the room till he reached the bend. At this point it seemed that he would fly off into the wall, but he dug his heels down, came to a wavering pause, and stood bobbing uneasily to regain his balance. His face was pink with his exertions, but he wore a grim, determined expression, and was seemingly unaware that there were any onlookers. What they thought and said did not appear to give him any concern. Carefully launching himself again, he started on a new tack, and came careering along towards Molly.

Ere he was half-way to her she saw the danger, and was curving gently away when the unexpected happened—his feet went up and out behind, and with two giant strides he had reached her, grabbed wildly in the air, and seized her. The next moment they were both on the floor of ice. Molly had sat down hard, and could have cried with vexation, as well as with the shock. But ere this calamity could fall she was assisted to her feet by someone, and found herself standing with her hands in his, thanking him vaguely. The young man was being rolled away somewhere in the background.

"Really, people shouldn't be allowed——" she began, and suddenly recognised her rescuer. She had met him before.

"That's quite true; they shouldn't," he said gravely, and added: "I hope you are not hurt."

"Oh, no," said Molly with a sublime loftiness. "Thank you very much. If you don't mind taking me to the edge."

He took her without further words, and placed her in a seat, unobtrusively seeing to her comfort. Then with a salutation he left her. Molly sat fuming inwardly. It was disgraceful that creatures like that awful person should be allowed in decent skatingrinks. She was mortified by her discomfiture and wanted to go home. In the distance she spied Evelyn, who was now approaching.

"Molly, who was that you were talking to?" she asked.

Molly was not in an amiable mood, and, moreover, she detested Evelyn's surveillance; so she said indifferently : "Oh, an acquaintance of mine."

"An acquaintance !" echoed Evelyn, raising her evebrows.

"Yes, a man named Messiter," pursued Molly coolly. "He picked me out of a canoe in the summer at the Towers."

"Ah, I remember," said her sister after a pause. "I don't approve of such introductions," she added; "you don't know who he is from Adam."

"At all events, he was the only person decent enough to pick me up just now," burst out Molly indignantly.

"Pick you up! Indeed! If you can't keep your feet, it would be wise not to come here at all," said Evelyn.

"I did keep my feet," said poor Molly angrily; "it was a brute of a man knocked me down."

"My dear, you can't afford to be knocked down by men——" Evelyn was beginning icily when she was interrupted by a voice—

"Lady Mary, the Duke wishes to apologise. May I have the pleasure of introducing him to you?"

Evelyn and Molly looked round sharply, and there was Mr. Messiter, with his calm, undecipherable face, and behind him the vigorous young man in the short coat, now without his skates. His full-coloured face was smilingly apologetic.

"Will you forgive me, Lady Mary?" he asked, without waiting for further formalities. "I hadn't the remotest idea I was going to hit you. You see, I haven't been on the ice since I was a schoolboy."

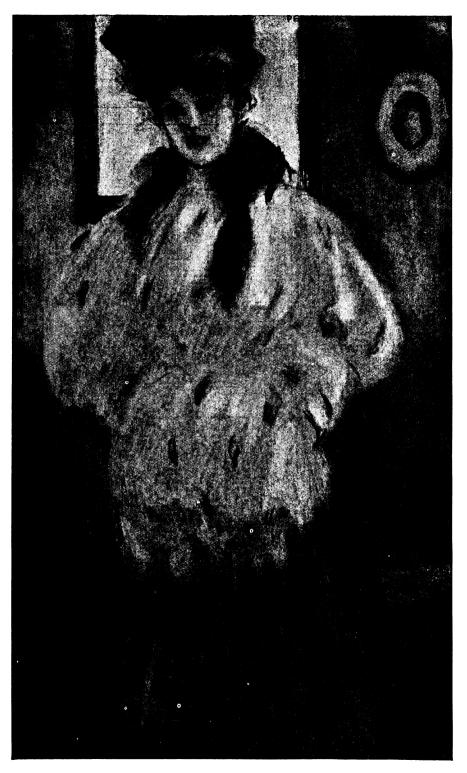
"It was of no consequence," said Molly aloofly.

Evelyn was a more than interested audience, but as she was not known to either of the men, she simply stood and waited. What would have happened it is impossible to say, but at that moment a new voice intervened.

"Oh, it's you, my dear. I wondered who it was," said Lady Cecilia from the ice. "Did Edward hurt you?" That was the opportunity for the formal introductions, and presently Evelyn and Messiter were engaged in talk, while the Duke devoted his attention to Molly.

"It was too bad," he said. "If I had to run into anyone, I might have run into someone else—that stout woman in blue and thingamy, for instance."

Molly felt disposed to laugh, but she maintained her piqued attitude. "I don't



see that it would have been any better for her than for me," she answered.

"Oh, I don't care about her," he observed frankly. "It reminds me of when I was in Colorado, shooting bear, and I knocked an old squaw into a water-butt, and——"

"Thank you, I'm not an old squaw," said Molly coldly.

He laughed. "I should think not." Nothing seemed to upset his complacency. "Cissy," he called across to his sister, "what about this famous Club and tea? Skating's a poor sort of business, ain't it?" he asked of Molly.

"I'm extremely fond of it," she returned.

"You'll come, won't you, Lady Evelyn?" Lady Cecilia was saying. "I'm giving my brother and Mr. Messiter tea in my Club, where we occasionally allow undistinguished members of the other sex. You'll come and have tea too?"

Evelyn looked brilliant. "Certainly, with pleasure," she answered; "tea fits my mood to a 't' after all this exercise." She smiled at the Duke, who, noticing another handsome girl, crossed to her.

Mr. Messiter turned to Molly.

"Is it peace and goodwill?" he inquired.

"It's our duty, I suppose," she said, relaxing, "but I find it hard sometimes to live up to it."

"So do I," he confessed, "awful."

Lady Cecilia showed a disposition to move, and the party streamed to the exit, where, the carriages being called, they drove to the Club. The Duke took possession.

"Oh, don't let's have any of those wretched cakes, Cissy," he said. "Can't they give us some sandwiches or something? Messiter wants Scotch tea."

Messiter hastened to disclaim any desire for this, and the Duke said good-humouredly : "Well, I do. Can't I have Polly and Scotch, Cissy?"

Lady Cecilia gave the order, and they chattered until the waiter brought the teathings. Evelyn was very bright and witty, and Lady Cecilia was absent-mindedly gracious.

"Are you sure you've got what you want, my dear?" she asked of Molly.

Molly assured her that she had. "I never get what I want," said Mr. Messiter in his deliberate way. "That's what keeps me happy."

"Happy ! " said Molly in surprise.

"Yes; there is only one golden rule for happiness—always have something beyond your reach. I have now." "What is it?" she asked, smilingly interested.

"A goal at which I shall never arrive."

"Then you'll be disappointed, and that means unhappiness," remarked wise Molly.

"I shan't know it, you see," he answered. I shall always hope to arrive."

"But you said you never would," she said in perplexity; "and if you know you never will, you know you won't."

"That sounds right," he observed thoughtfully. "You shed new light on the subject. But I mustn't allow you to depress me. I am incorrigibly hopeful, and in consequence I shall go on hoping till the grave closes over me; and when it yawns, I shall still have the goal unreached."

Molly protested. There seemed somehow to be a flaw in this argument, but she could not quite make it out. "But you say you won't, and then you will," she declared.

He nodded as he sipped his tea. "That's the advantage of being a complex person. You have your cake and eat it." It was too perplexing, and Molly fell back on more intelligible ground.

"What sort of goal is it?" she asked. "Politics?"

"Heaven forbid !" he said fervently.

"Painting?" she queried again.

"No. I know I never could paint decently," he replied.

"But you said —— " began Molly, and giving it up, stopped.

"By Jove !" said the Duke, his eye caught by the head of a moose over the doorway. "That's a beast Scott-Wilton shot along with me. I know the ugly phiz. I say, Cissy, I'll give you some things for this pub of yours, if you like. I've got some stuffed snakes and a mummy and some things that would suit."

He turned abruptly in his awkward way to stare round the hall, and kicked the table with his foot. Two cups and the cream-jug went over with a crash, and the contents flowed over on Evelyn's dress.

"Hang it !" said the Duke. "What a clumsy fool I am !" and, rising precipitately to offer his services, sent the whole table flying.

Lady Cecilia gave vent to an exclamation of alarm and annoyance, but Evelyn, who had materially suffered, said nothing. Her colour was still bright. Messiter elevated his eyebrows at Molly.

"It's all big-game shooting," he murmured. "Well, he's only shot a few tea-cups," said Molly derisively.

"' What sort of goal is it?' she asked."

"You forget Lady Evelyn," said he.

"Oh, she's not-" "Molly paused.

"All women are big game, you know," he said sententiously.

Molly pondered this. "To be shot?"

"To be shot at," he amended. "They're rarely hit. But they are captured sometimes, and then they adorn halls and drawing-rooms like this."

Molly laughed. "Isn't it generally supposed that it's the other way round?" she asked.

"Oh, we both hunt," he said mildly. "But women never get wounded; men do. They get positively gored sometimes. That makes them happy."

"Happy !" she echoed.

"Yes; we like risks."

"Women take risks too," said Molly firmly. Her companion was looking at Evelyn, who was exchanging sallies with the Duke and his sister.

"Do tell me about your biggame shooting, Duke," said Evelyn sweetly.

"Oh, well, you just go out and shoot them, you know," said the Duke vaguely.

"It's so easy, you see," murmured Messiter to Molly, with a nod towards the Duke.

A little later Evelyn rose to go, and the sisters took their departure in the brougham.

"The Duke seems very nice and bright," observed the elder in her pleasantest tone. "Oh, Evelyn, your dress !" cried Molly.

"Oh, I don't think it's much hurt," said Evelyn philosophically. "Of course, it was very clumsy, only I suppose he's got out of the way of being at tea-parties. Lady Cecilia's bringing him to call," she added complacently.

Lady Cecilia did. They arrived about a week later, and the Duke got on famously with Lady Templeton, whose feather - head did not notice his lapses. He talked on this occasion a good deal to Molly, who, now that she had forgotten her grievance against him, was amused by his inconsequence.

"He asked me if I read 'books and things,' and when I said 'No' very demurely, he confided to me that he hated women who did." Thus did Molly confide to that old family friend and confidant, the Hon. Roger Martin, commonly called "Tiggy."

"He ought to have found out whether you did before hating," pronounced Tiggy, shaking his head.

"But that was the joke, Tiggy. If I'd said 'Yes,' what would he have said?"

"Said he liked 'em," suggested Tiggy.

"No; he would have said: 'Oh, really, well, I shouldn't mind your sort o' books, I know.' Oh, I know the Duke, Tiggy. He's a duck." Mr. Martin looked

Mr. Martin looked serious. "They're not the same thing, dukes

and ducks, you know," he observed, "though they appear to be alike. The problem appears to formulate itself somewhat thus : Do dukes want ducks or ducats? I don't know. Some do."

"Some do what? You are stupid, Tiggy. I can't understand a word you say."

"It is mystifying," confessed Mr. Martin,

rubbing his eyeglass. "When they go to America, they get both."

"The Duke only goes to America to shoot," replied Molly.

"Duck shooting?" queried Tiggy in his most aggravating manner.



"No; big-gameshooting," said Molly shortly.

"Ah, well, it might even be called that, when one comes to think of it," said Mr. Martin thoughtfully.

"Why, that's just what Mr. Messiter said !" exclaimed she.

"Mr. Messiter ! And pray who is Mr. Messiter ?" inquired Tiggy politely.

"Oh, he's a friend of the Duke's."

"Big-game shooting too?" inquired Mr. Martin.

"No; he—I don't know what he does, but he can't swim."

"That's bad and sad. Perhaps he's a cripple?" suggested Mr. Martin.

"No; he's not," said Molly decidedly. "He's quite straight, and a good figure, and—and rather good-looking; and, oh, it was he pulled me out of the river—you remember."

"Ah, I seem to recall—and he only hunts small game," mused Tiggy. "What a pity, with such qualifications! After all, it isn't necessary to swim in order to start as a hunter."

Molly took refuge from this unintelligible irony in a dignified retreat. Tiggy was all very well when he admired you, and assisted you, and did the thousand things he had been accustomed to do since they were all small children; but Tiggy became tiresome when he was in these moods. Molly banged the library door on him.

But it was easily seen presently that the Duke had abandoned big game; and if he could not be said to be after small game, he was certainly devoting a good deal of his time to Lady Templeton's second daughter, a fact which Evelyn was the first to perceive. Now, Evelyn, with all her faults of hardness and coldness-indeed, possibly because of them — was essentially practical. It cost her a wrench to abandon her big game when she saw the quest was hopeless, but she heroically did so, and devoted her skill to keeping the hunt in the family. What she privately thought of the Duke's taste, and what she privately said to Molly, are of no consequence here : it is her acts that count.

"It is evident he's set his heart on buttercups and primroses, and that sort of thing," said she sneeringly to her mother, "and Molly must be talked to."

"What am I to say to her?" inquired Lady Templeton feebly. "She's only eighteen; and she doesn't know about things."

"So much the better," said Evelyn. "There will be no ridiculous obstacles. She'll take her medicine in jam."

Lady Templeton looked uncomfortable. "It's rather vulgar to call it medicine," she expostulated.

ⁱ Of course, I meant chocolate," said Evelyn, shrugging her shoulders. "Anyway, she mustn't be allowed to be a fool."

"I think he's a nice fellow," said Lady Templeton, buoying herself up. "Certainly he is; only dull and stupid, and rather lacking in taste. But taste's cheap enough. He can buy taste. All Park Lane does."

It was, however, as must appear, a matter of some delicacy, for though her mother and her sister knew how the Duke was shaping, and even Molly herself had suspicions, it was hardly possible to broach the subject in the open family. He came a good deal, and a dinner-party was given in his honour, to which his friend, Mr. Messiter, who had become acquainted with the house, was also invited. On this occasion the Duke was taken possession of by Lord Templeton, who was a dull, estimable man, with no sense of what was expected of him. Consequently Molly found herself in a corner of the drawing-room with Messiter.

"If there's one thing," remarked he, with his eyes complacently directed on his friend, "I dislike about the Duke, it is his persistency."

"But isn't that a virtue?" asked Molly.

"It may be a vice," he declared. "The Duke does not know when he's beaten. He's a true-born Englishman in that; the only awkward part about it is that other people do."

"But—but," said puzzled Molly, "why is he defeated ? "

"I don't say he is," returned Mr. Messiter coolly. "I only hope he is. You see, he goes out shooting lions and tigers, and he thinks the same method will apply to everything else. He takes big-bore guns with him. In fact, as you may possibly have noticed, they're all bore."

Molly could not quite understand this; she did not know if he were making a joke, but his face was quite grave.

"I think his stories are very interesting," she remarked with a snubbing air.

"So do I," he answered calmly. "Too decidedly interesting. He's too interesting a fellow altogether. Look how Lord Templeton's interested in him."

The Duke's eyes were wandering from his host, and had already reached their corner twice; but Messiter sat on unperturbed. He seemed to be enjoying himself.

"The Duchess, when there is one," he went on, "will be a very happy woman. I believe the family jewels are of enormous value — ropes of pearls, and opals and diamonds."

"How awfully nice !" said Molly, her eyes glistening.

He regarded her, "Yes, isn't it? And

two fine houses, and one hundred thousand a year, they say."

"Opals," said Molly, who had been thinking, "are unlucky unless you're born in October."

"Are they?" he rejoined, and paused. "When were you born, Lady Mary?"

Molly was guilty of a quick blush. "Oh —in—in October," she stammered.

Messiter said nothing, for at that moment the Duke, having emancipated himself, bore down heavily upon them.

"Lady Mary, will you come out with your sister and Lady Templeton in my motorcar?" he asked in his cheery way.

Molly hesitated. "If—if it's arranged," she said.

"Oh, we've fixed it all up," he responded. "Messiter, there's room for you too."

"Thanks," said Messiter languidly. "But I don't know your driving. Besides, I'm engaged."

"It was really very rude of him," explained Molly to her sisters next day, when the dinner was being discussed. "He didn't wait to hear when it was."

"Is the Duke going to drive himself, Molly?" inquired Cicely.

"Of course he is, duffer!" said Eilean; but Molly was talking privately with Delia.

"I believe he'll upset them," said Cicely confidently.

"Oh, he wouldn't do such a thing," said Marjorie indignantly.

"I wonder if they'll go to Brighton," mused Eilean. "If I had a car, I'd go to Brighton for lunch and back for dinner every day."

"What would you do if you were a Duchess, Eily?" inquired Marjorie.

Eilean contemplated the possibility with half-closed eyes. "I'd buy ten bracelets, all of different kinds of stones," she asserted. "Also about six pendants, and, of course, lots of rings. And I'd have——"

" Do have a carriage and six horses, Eily," pleaded Marjorie excitedly.

"Nonsense ! I'd only have motors," said Eilean scornfully. "I'd have lots."

"I'd have a dress for every day in the year," said Cicely, "and evening ones too. And I'd have——" "she broke off, for some of the conversation between Molly and Delia reached her.

"Real jewels, Molly?" she asked with interest.

It was not a question worth answering. Molly proceeded with her relation.

"Oh, Molly !" said Delia with real awe.

"Are you going to have them all?" inquired Marjorie in her customary state of ecstasy.

"You are a duffer ! They're the Duke's," volunteered Eilean.

"But Molly can have them if she likes," protested Marjorie. "I know she can. I heard Parker say so. He said 'the young lady could turn him round her paw.""

"Don't repeat such disgusting things," said Delia sternly, but looked at her elder sister with increased respect and wonder.

"Molly !" she said. Molly was conscious of a blush.

"Oh, Molly !" repeated Delia. "Do you think—?" She left off and glanced at the younger children, who were all agog. "You'd better go away," she said severely. "We don't want you gaping like pigs."

Delia put her arm through Molly's and drew her away. "Molly," she whispered, when she was out of earshot of the others, "do you think you'll take him?"

Her voice almost pleaded. But Molly had an access of crossness.

"How can I tell?" she said shortly. "He's not asked me."

"But he will; I know he will," said Delia triumphantly.

There seemed to be some reason in Delia's confidence, as Molly was aware, and as she became increasingly aware when the Duke called next time. Evelyn stagemanaged the call, and so it fell that the Duke and Lady Molly were left together by an accident.

"I'm glad you liked the motor drive," said the young man for the third time. He was neither original nor sensitive. "I've got a better car than that now, and I hope you'll come out on it."

Molly expressed a hope that she would.

"Do you remember when I upset you?" said the Duke with his customary bluntness.

"Certainly I do," said Molly with a little asperity.

He laughed. "I know I'm a clumsy beggar; but if I'd known it was you, I'd have sat down before."

"Did you do it on purpose?" asked Molly sharply.

"Purpose! Oh, well, no. I saw something in front of me and grabbed at it, you know. But if I'd known—"

"It's very kind of you," said Molly, experiencing a curious resentment of this complacency.

"But what I wanted, I suppose," said the Duke more thoughtfully, "was someone to catch hold of—a partner, so to speak." He saw his way now, quite as if he had been a man in a novel. "And if I could get hold of a partner I wanted, I'd pretty soon——"

"There'll be plenty of partners at Mrs.

PENRHYN STANLAWS. "Molly was near the door tures. and anxious to escape.'

Stuart-Cockburn's dance," said Molly, rising quickly.

She was angry, and without realising it she wanted to stop him. The best thing that occurred to her was to ring for the man to take away the unnecessary tea-things.

"Let me see; you like Scotch tea, don't

you?" she asked, turning to him. "I'm afraid we've been forgetful. Parker, will you bring the whisky and the soda?"

The Duke was disconcerted, and showed it. He took the whisky-and-soda without comment, but that ring seemed to have

been the signal for Evelyn's reappearance. She thought it was all over. But it was not quite.

'' D i d' the D u k e ''' she paused as she put half a question to her sister in a coldly amiable way.

"The Duke had a whisky-and-soda, to which he seems attached, and went," said Molly curtly.

"He probably was not quite ready. He's very awkward," Evelyn told her mother. "Molly showed bad temper over it. Perhaps we've been mistaken. She's flung herseif too obviously at him."

But there was something to hope for from the dance which came off the following week. Both the Duke and Mr. Messiter attended it, and there was not only a conservatory, but a long picture-gallery. The following afternoon a little party was gathered in the

library, while Molly recounted her adventures.

"Do do it again, Molly," cried little Marjorie. "Show us how he dances again."

"Oh, Molly, he wasn't like *that*, surely !" protested Delia.

"My dear girl, he was, I assure you. You would have thought I was an elephant he was trying to lift off the ground. And he tore Evelyn's flounce, but she only smiled. It was like this."

Molly, in the highest of spirits, dis-

sembled her dainty lightness and began to execute some laborious but well-intentioned manœuvres. She rolled into Eilean, caught at Cicely, and painfully reached the middle of the room. Then she floundered in achieving a clumsy turn of the waltz and kicked out her foot. Her shoe flew into the air, as the door opened and Tiggy's voice was audible.

"This is where I generally hang out."

The shoe struck someone, as it seemed in the face, and Molly uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said in confusion.

She did not complete her sentence; but Marjorie did.

"She was showing us how the Duke danced," she said shrilly ; "it is so funny." Mr. Messiter laughed softly ; he had

picked up the shoe.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Molly contritely. "Well, it wasn't the Duke's boot, you see," said Messiter gravely. Tiggy turned his eyeglass from one to the other.

"I'm glad to find in my old age that you're all growing so studious," he said, glancing at the bookshelves. "Mr. Messiter was anxious to see this haunt of ancient peace. You see its attractions, Messiter." Tiggy passed in. "Eilean, I suspect you of having tampered with this bookcase of books on primitive sociology. What have we there?"

Molly was near the door and anxious to

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escape, but her stockinged foot kept her "Did you-have you-I mean, waiting. my shoe dropped somewhere," she said to Messiter.

"It dropped on my nose," said he.

"You'd better put some beef on your eye," said Cicely, scrutinising him anxiously; "it'll be black."

"Thank you so much. Will you get me some?" he said politely. Both Cicely and Marjorie dashed away on this errand of mercy.

"Cook, we want some beef!" they yelled as they rushed into the kitchen. "Molly's blackened Mr. Messiter's eye."

Molly lingered. Where was her shoe? At the other end of the library Tiggy lectured Delia and Eilean. "Did you-did you see my shoe?" she called in embarrassment.

Mr. Messiter put his hand in his pocket and drew something out. As he looked at her, there was that in his gaze which she had never noticed before. He seemed no longer the cool man she had hitherto known.

"I have here a shoe," he said quickly and in a low voice, "which I should like to try on, with the privilege of marrying the lady whom it fitted."

"Oh, it would fit lots," said Molly faintly. "Will you let me begin with you?" he pleaded.

Molly hesitated; her heart was throbbing fast. Then she put out her foot slowly and ever so little a way. But it was sufficient for the experiment.

JUNE.

▲ BRIGHT and happy June,	Oh. stay for ever, June,
V 0 month of roses,	Dear month of flowers!
When every hedge, of bloom	Oh, why wilt thou so soon
Its wealth discloses.	Expend thine hours?
When birds sing melodies	We scarce thy beauties know
All through the day,	Ere thou dost flee.
And soft the west winds play	Oh, why, relentlessly,
Among the trees.	June, leave us so?
When long are Summer days,	For ever in thy calm,
And Summer breeze	Bathed in warm light,
Does lightly kiss the cheek, and lightly	With music in the field, and in the
go,	sky
And streams, to glittering bays	Raising a solemn psalm,
Silently flow,	We fain would lie,
While far beyond there lie the sleeping	Thou gentle month, from morn till
seas.	starry night,
But ruthless Time heeds not e'en lovers' sighs,	

EILY ESMONDE.

And we are left with naught but memories.

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ROBERT BRUCE REVIEWING HIS TROOPS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN. From a drawing by E. Blair Leighton.

Some Adventures of Robert Bruce.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.T.

T was all owing to chance that Robert Bruce was a Scots king. But chance is often ruled by the luck or ill-fortune attending us when we meet with a strong man. It is the strong man's influence that turns us one way or the other. Robert met Wallace and was forced to admire him. He became his friend and follower. But until this happened he was on the side of the English.

Now, what made him be on their side? It was because he was an Englishman—or, rather, one of that mixed race which was called Norman, and, conquering England, portioned out its best prizes among Normans. Many of the best prizes were the young heiresses of Saxon or Celtic lands. It became quite the fashion for young ladies to take husbands from Norman conquering families. Both the women and the men were wise in thus arranging matters, for after a war the best plan for those to follow who are to dwell together in one land is thus to become one people.

One people, yes. But why were English and Scots two people? Well, that is a very difficult question to answer. One quite understands Irish Celts and Highland Celts being quite averse to the society of Saxons, but why should the Saxon and Danish descended people on the north and south of the Tweed and Solway rivers be opposed to each other? There, again, strange accidents of attraction exercised by leaders is alone able to explain wars as well as likings. Saxons always have been apt to be fond of being under their own princes, as Prince Bismarck said when he observed that you must lead Germans through their princes.

Luckily for Saxons, the leadership extends over a greater number than does, as a rule, the

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Celtic leadership. Celts are apt to separate into very small divisions. Those of the Saxons have been larger and more lasting. The influence of England was more lasting than the influence of Brian Boru of Ireland. There was a separate Saxon Northumberland, and the country to the north of that around Edinburgh was another principality. But it was all a "toss up," after the Norman conquests in England, what the northern divisions would be. Great men like Bruce held land in both England and Scotland. The Norman tendency was to keep to the more civilised south. But Wallace's influence so wrought on Bruce, together with the ambition of attaining kingship in the

towers, like apothecaries' mortars placed upside down, were seen on hill or promontory of the sea, there were no better dwellings. There was much fir and birchwood in the glens, giving cover which has now almost disappeared.

One of the finest of the castles in the Lowlands is Bothwell, on the Clyde. Its great red stone walls and massive towers look down in ruined grandeur on the swift river flowing through a deep ravine, rich in trees and greensward. This castle was built by the man who had most to do with the defeat which Bruce and Wallace suffered in their. first great battle against the English forces led by Aymer de Valence.

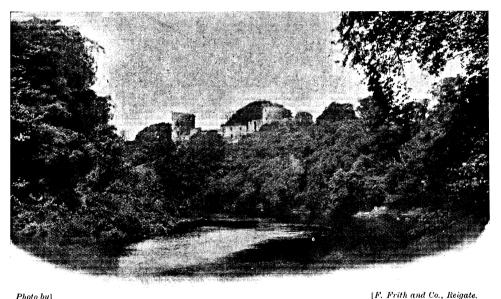


Photo by}

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

northern country, that he threw in his lot with the Scots.

There are still to be gathered among the people many tales of the king whose name is so dear to Scotsmen all over the world, and I will give you in the language of an old Gaelic-speaking Highlander, who told his tales years ago, some of the adven-tures of "the Bruce." The old Highlander could not read, so that all he knew came to him by oral tradition handed down from old days, when they told such stories round the fire kindled in the middle of the floor of a These houses had no chimneys, cottage. the smoke going up to a hole in the thatch of the roof. Except where castles were built by Norman families, or the rude round

From the Highland railway you see a pretty stream called the Tummel. On the banks Bruce heard from one of his friends that De Valence was encamped at Methven Bridge, near Perth. It was with a force of Highlanders that Robert advanced and called on Sir Aymer to surrender. The reply came back that though it was too late to fight that evening, Bruce would find him ready on the morrow. The Highlanders kept bad watch, and Sir Aymer, rightly believing that they would think his message meant no fighting till the day, made a night attack and routed them.

The disaster began for Bruce that wandering life which made him hide in the Argyll country where his son-in-law, Sir

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Photo by]

ROTHESAY, LOCH FAED.

[F. Frith and Co., Reigate.

Neil Campbell, had influence. It is a mountainous land, full of intricate inlets of the sea, called lochs, which run up far inland. The waters reflect wild woods and tumbled hills, which gave good hiding.

But the MacNaghtons, the MacNabs, the MacPhersons, and the MacDougalls, whose chief was brother-in-law to the "Red Comyn," were all against him. MacDougall of Lorne was his bitterest enemy, for Robert had found out that Comyn was a traitor to him, pretending friendship while secretly arranging for his capture, and, overcome with loathing and hatred, Robert had killed him before the high altar in a church.

The penance of this crime was to be the

hiding like a hunted beast for weary years, and, after the culmination of glory on the red field of Bannockburn, to die a victim to leprosy. So are the greatest in this world abased and raised up, and again cast down. And while we follow him through some perils of his time of trial, so wondrously overcome, we must think of the constant peril lurking in the dark woods, in the coming of every sail up the deep lochs, in the uncertainty lest an enemy be found wherever a hovel seemed to offer cheer to desperate hunger; for there were always merciless enemies about resolved to compass his ruin, and the friendly hills and caves were well known to many of his enemies, and could not afford any lasting protection.



Photo by]

[F. Frith and Co., Reigate.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.



When, for instance, the Bruce had resolved on visiting Sir Neil Campbell, and had been set upon by the MacDougalls at Dalree, a wide strath, wood covered, with here and there a mass of jutting rocks, and one lonely lakelet, was the scene of the encounter, again disastrous, and Robert had to fly. And as he passed by a house the pursuit was guided by three fresh enemies whose presence, was totally unexpected. A weaver and his two sons appeared at the door of the hut and shouted to the pursuers to get hold of the man with the cloak. They did not know that the cloak covered a battleaxe, and leaped after the fugitive. And he, sore pressed, made for a swamp; and as the sons of the weaver came up to him, he swung round on them, knocking them both down; but the father, coming up an instant after, got hold of the mantle, and though felled in his turn by the king, retained his grasp and fell gripping the cloak with its brooch, called now the Brooch of Lorne, and still in possession of the descendant of the chief who on that day came so near to saving King Edward from the disgrace of Bannockburn.

It is curious how the people remembered each incident. They called "The King's Shield" a place where he was obliged to lie in a hollow with goats and to drink their milk for dear life. "The Field of the King," "The King's House," are instances, and "The Pool of Swords," a water where weapons were cast away by fugitives in a fight in which he was engaged, are other cases among many.

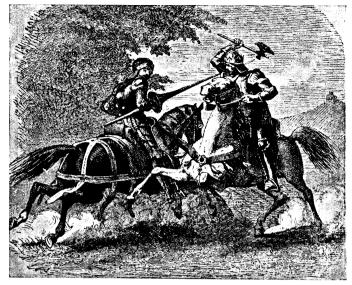
He went, they say, on a cold, dark night, in the Buchanan country on the shores of Loch Lomond, to the house of a man of that name, asking lodging, for he was wet and hungry, and there he got shelter, and was passed on like a slave by "the underground railway" in America in slavery days, to the Earl of Lennox, a good patriot, and so to Rothesay and then to Arran, for no man durst keep him long. In that isle of grand mountains, rising in splintered crags far over the waters of the Firth of Clyde where they widen to the Irish Sea, he shifted his quarters from cave to hovel, and from woods to the shelter of a fisher's boat under the sea rocks of sheltered bays.

Always hopeful of success, however dim the prospect,

he would tell his rough hosts that he would reward them when he became king, that the ancient charters given by Norwegian Lords of the Isles would be revived and made more ample in their favour; and such was the fascination of the man, and the fervour and might of his presence and speech, that men believed he would win, and worked in secret for him, gathering promises, collecting weapons, and arranging plans. And when he

THE CAPTURE OF BRUCE'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER. From a drawing by C. Ricketts.





THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN BRUCE AND DE BOHUN.

secretly sailed across the sound named after St. Brendan to the mainland, the place where he landed was called afterwards the King's Port, and the stone his foot first touched was called the King's Stone, and was taken up from the shore and set up above the bay in memory of him.

And thus he was helped by MacDonald to get to the Irish island of Rathlin, where the famous spider was seen by the king to be successful after almost endless attempts to fix a thread for its web on a distant rafter, and he took courage at the spider's pluck, and said he would not be beaten at that game by a spider, and sailed away resolving

to try again ! Again in a cave in Arran the gallant friends met. and it was remembered that "Old King Cole" or Fion Mac-Coul was the last king that had used the shelter, and that a thousand years had passed since then. and he had drunk from the well that comes from the rock near the end of its hundred feet of length.

It was a goodly cave, for it was fortyfive feet broad, and narrowed at the entrance, and there was a recess where a horse or two could be kept, and crevices on each side like guardchambers, and a chair cut in stone ! As soon as they ventured north

of the long headland of Kintyre, they encountered their enemies the MacDougalls where they least expected them. They had entered a house of a chief who was celebrating a wedding in his family before they were aware of the company bidden to the feast. They thought they were unknown.

"No one shall be turned from my door," said the chief, when they asked for a night's lodging.

But as they talked, the chief thought he knew them. He ushered them into the hall and bade them be seated, and there on the opposite side of the table were their foes the MacDougalls. But the Bruces were not known to them, and, haggard with privation, they were not likely to be recognised.

The MacDougalls gazed curiously at Robert and his brother Edward. "Whence have you come?" they asked the brothers.

"We have come from the south."

"And whither are you going ?"

Edward Bruce answered : "We are going north to visit the Western Isles."

"Have you heard if the traitor Robert Bruce has passed?" said one of the MacDougalls.

"Robert Bruce is not a traitor. He is the lawful heir to the crown of Scotland," replied Edward boldly.

Each speaker rose and drew his sword,

spoiled.

and the company rose

with them, but the

host took Bruce's part,

and the MacDougalls,

seeing themselves out-

numbered, left the

hall, and so the

wedding feast was

was one of the Mac-Donald clan, confessed

he knew them, and sailed with them.

helping them, and

being able to save them from several at-

tempts on their lives.

sleeping at night in an outhouse. At another

they were lured by

false fire-signals, and

narrowly escaped from

enemies too numerous

to attack. Yet in the

result Bruce contrived

At one time they were attacked while

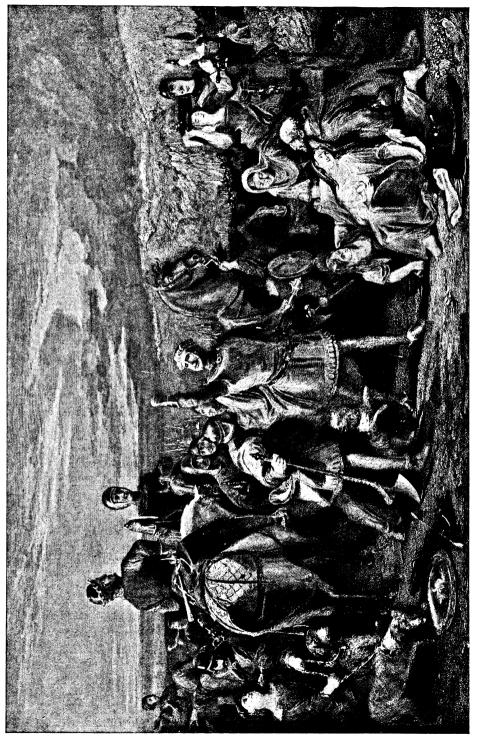
But their host, who



ROBERT BRUCE.

to get not only all the Campbells, who were always staunch to him, but also the whole power of the Lord of the Isles on his side, and so the forces of freedom gathered in secrecy, until strong enough to give the English garrison defiance, helped by the death of the first Edward, and by the unpopularity of the second of that name. And at last the English ranks, despite their splendour and their vastness, were broken, and Robert became indeed the king he had so long in vain claimed to be.

Tradition says that the Abbot of Inchaffray, who passed along the Scottish lines blessing the northern soldiers before they engaged in battle, was so afraid of the result that



"HEROISM AND HUMANITY." AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ROBERT BRUCE. From the picture by Sir William Allan. he did not bring with him his crozier, which is a beautiful piece of ancient silverwork now preserved in the National Museum at Edinburgh. This is what tradition says :---

"King Robert was angry with the Abbot that he did not bring the crozier before the battle, and he took the care of it from him and gave it to one whose name was the Pilgrim, the servant of Jesus, or Matere Dewar, who had been brave in battle. The crozier was a precious gift from the many rare virtues it possessed, and the Dewars who held it were called the Dewars 'of the gift.' In the year 1800 the Dewar family went to America.''

This is true, for they went to Canada, and Professor Wilson, of Toronto, bought the crozier and sent it back to the land whose freedom was *not* won by its presence at Bannockburn.

TO A HOLY SOUL BELOVED.

O^{UT} of grey weather into cloistered greyness The pilgrim at some reverend abbey shrine Finds, at the grey core of the church's dimness, A rose divine;

Where, poised between fair floor and soaring arches, (Stirred by what breath God knoweth where it sways,) A votive lamp exhales before the altar Its quenchless praise.

So flames for ever on my life's grey margin, A lamp perpetual in a secret place— Fed by what oil I know not—(of missed roses?)—

A human face.

O holy soul! O radiant remembrance! A star of faith before a lonely shrine; Fold up my hands in prayer lest I should pluck you— God's rose, not mine!

Grey weather wears at last to call to Compline,

When souls that came to worship steal away: When jewelled lancets pale to faded dumbness Till breaking day.

Then, as the dew about the dreaming roses, Then, like the dark beyond a lamp-lit shrine, I fold you in my dreams, and dare to call you Not God's, but mine!

ETHEL M. HEWITT.

THE MIDNIGHT CALL.

By FRED M. WHITE.



HE men stood facing each other, the one quick and eager, sanguine as to his eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses, the other bent and twisted with the reflection of some great tragedy on his face. A clock some-

where lazily chimed the half past eleven.

"What do I look like, Brownsden?" the twisted man asked hoarsely. "I know what a marvel you are in the indexing of the emotions. What do I look like?"

"Like a man who has done something years ago and just been found out, Ramsay," the other said. "It is almost a new expression to me, though I did see it once before in South Africa. He was a well-to-do, prosperous man, long married, respected, his crime twenty years old. And he was expecting hourly arrest..... Strange how those old things come to light. Make no mistake—yours is the face of an honest man. And yet!"

"Wonderful!" Ramsay muttered under his breath. "As a criminal psychologist, you have no equal in the world. It was your marvellous book on the ramifications of the criminal mind that first attracted you to me. And it was my privilege to do you some triffing service—"

"To save my life and my reputation. If only I had your scientific knowledge!"

"Yes, yes," Ramsay said impatiently. "If ever I found myself in trouble, you promised to come and help me. Hence my telegram this morning. Brownsden, I am in the deepest distress—nobody but you can save me. Look round you."

The criminal specialist Brownsden looked around accordingly. Ramsay's dining-room in Upper Quadrant, Brighton, was an artistic one. It had evidently been furnished by a scholar and a man of taste. There was a marvellously carved oak sideboard, then a Queen Anne bookcase; a fireplace carved by Grindley Gibbons himself; the electric lights

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were demurely shaded, only the flowers looked faded. The artistic reticence of it all struck the proper, soothing, refining chord.

"All mine," Ramsay said almost fiercely. "Gathered together bit by bit, pieced like some perfect old mosaic. It has been the one delight in a hard and gloomy life. All the house is the same. And the name of Dr. Alfred Ramsay is becoming known. Then it is all kicked away by a sudden and unexpected tragedy. Sit down."

Brownsden sat down obediently in a Cromwellian chair upholstered in speaking tapestry. It was his cue to get the other to talk. The deformed figure bobbed up and down over the soft red of the Persian carpet—words began to stream from him.

"I have been here now for four years," he began. "It was a hard struggle at first, but I had only myself to keep, and I managed to pull through. Then my books began to sell, but I did not get many patients—not that they mattered much. I kept to myself, with the result that I know nobody, and nobody here knows me except by name and sight. Yet I was not unhappy. I was making money until a month ago, when a sudden attack of nervous sleeplessness warned me that I was going too far. I decided on a month's cycling in the country—it has been very pleasant this Easter—and I went.

"A week before my departure it struck me as a good idea to let the house furnished, so I put an advertisement in the *Morning Post*. In reply I received a letter from a gentleman in London. I saw him by appointment, and—to make a long story short—he took the house for a month and paid the rent. Like me, my tenant was a man of the closet, an American, and he wanted a change. I was to leave the house just as it was, and my tenant would find his own servants. I gave my old housekeeper a holiday and started on my vacation.

"At the end of three weeks I was quite myself again, and longing to be in harness once more. Two days ago I was rather pleased to get a telegram from my tenant, saying that he had been called back to the States again by urgent business, and that he was leaving at once. He had sent the key to my agents. I telegraphed to my agents to send for my old housekeeper and explain to her what had happened, and to give her instructions to go home, saying that I would follow to-day. All this seems very bald, but I have not finished yet.

"I came back to-day, expecting no evil. I opened the door with my latch-key and came in here. To my surprise, I found the place dirty, the fire out, the flowers left by my tenant still in the rooms as you see them. Now, this is all so unlike my housekeeper that I was vaguely alarmed. I looked all over the house, finding nobody, until I entered my study and laboratory, which is at the back here. That was half an hour before I sent you my wire. As you are a man with no nerves, I will show you what I found. Come this way."

Brownsden rose and followed without a word. The laboratory and library had evidently been an artist's studio at one time -a large room with a dome-glazed roof. There was no carpet on the floor, the electric lights had not been turned on yet, so that Brownsden almost stumbled over some soft object that lay at his feet. He started back as the room suddenly flooded from the great arc light overhead and his eyes met the object on the floor. It was the body of an old woman in a neat black dress. Her silver hair was dabbled with blood; the scalp had been laid half open by a blow from some sharp instrument; the gnarled, knotted, hardworking hands were vigorously clenched. With an appearance of callousness, Brownsden bent over the body.

"This is your unfortunate housekeeper?" he asked. "How long has she been dead?"

Ramsay controlled himself with an effort ; perhaps his companion's manner restrained him.

"I have not dared to make a close examination," he said. "But there is little doubt that that brutal murder was committed between eighteen and twenty-four hours ago. Every symptom points to that being about the period of the crime."

"You have not discovered anything in the way of a clue, I suppose ?"

Ramsay replied that he had not done so; in fact, he had not looked for anything of the kind. He had been too stunned at his discovery to be able to do anything logical. As soon as he had pulled himself together, he had stepped out and despatched his telegram to Brownsden.

"One more question," the latter said, " and that is an important one, as you will admit. Don't you think that it is a serious omission not to call in the police?" "Well, yes," Ramsay said slowly, as if the words were being dragged from him. "Of course, I thought of that. A man like myself, who knows nobody, and who could not give anything very satisfactory in the way of a personal reference.... But seeing that the crime is a day old——"

"What does that matter?" Brownsden asked somewhat impatiently. "Of course, your hands are clean enough; one has only to look at the radiation of your eye-pupils to see that. But what with fools of officials and irresponsible cheap journalism——"

"I know, I know. But I wanted to have your views first. I could easily say that I got home at a later hour than was actually the truth ; that you came with me——"

The old, strange terror was stealing over the man again, and Brownsden's manner changed. He was in the presence of no common fear; no ordinary case was here, he thought.

"All of which would be very unwise," he said. "Suppose somebody saw you come in ? I dare say you rode from the station on your cycle? You did? Of course, you can get out of it by saying that you had no occasion to enter your study till a little time later. Also you would account for not seeing your housekeeper by the suggestion that she had mistaken your instructions. When did your tenant leave?"

"My tenant left at the time stated, or Mrs. Gannett would not be back at all. You need not speculate on my tenant, Brownsden. He was a man of standing; indeed, I met him to discuss terms, so he made the appointment at the American Legation in London. You may be sure that he does not count as a card in the game."

"Then we can rule that out," Brownsden muttered as he bent down to examine the body. "But one thing is quite certain—we must lose no time in sending for the police now. Hallo !"

The speech was broken off by the sharp intaking of the breath. As Ramsay drew near, he saw that Brownsden was gently opening the left hand of the murdered woman. A sharp edge of metal had caught his eye. Very gently he drew three coins from the knotted fingers, three half-crowns that seemed to be fresh from the Mint. On the face of it there was nothing unusual in their discovery, save that the suggestion that the murderer might have been fighting for some such small gain as that, for human life before now has been held more cheap. But there was a further discovery under the keen eye of Brownsden that gave the thing a deeper significance.

"This is very strange," he said, as he moved towards a shaded lamp on the table close by. "Here we have three brand new coins taken from the poor creature's hand, the bloom of the mould is still on them. Three perfect half-crowns with the head of perfect. Ramsay wiped his damp forehead and sighed in a kind of a subdued way.. Brownsden's face was still corrugated in a frown.

"I don't understand it at all," he said. "These are genuine silver half-crowns, with never so much as a scratch on them, and yet dated nearly four years ago. Unless—— Ramsay, what kind of woman was your housekeeper? I mean as regards temperament."

"Hot-tempered and obstinate," Ramsay explained. "Inclined to have her own way. Very literal, too. You see, she had a lot of Scotch blood in her."

"I see. If anybody had come to her after your tenant had gone, to fetch some forgotten thing, she would not have given it without proof of the messenger's veracity, I suppose?"

"' 'This is very strange.'"

Queen Victoria upon them. New coins fresh from the Mint, with the late Queen's head on them, and dated 1899!"

"Ring them," Ramsay burst out in a hoarse cry; "ring them !"

Brownsden proceeded to do so. But the coins rang true and clear—even the test by weight failed to prove them anything but "Indeed she wouldn't, not if it had been an empty sardine-tin."

"Um, that is quite what I expected. There is a pretty problem here, and I am already beginning to see my way clear. Your tenant departed in a breakneck hurry. Let us assume for the sake of argument that there was some pressing need for this. He either forgets something in his hurry, and somebody else who comes along is after the same thing. He tries to persuade your old housekeeper Gannett to part with that something, and she refuses. Hence the crime."

Ramsay nodded in a vague, unconcerned \mathbf{kind} of way. Already Brownsden was on the way to the telephone that hung in a distant corner.

"The police," he explained tentatively. "There must be no hesitation any longer. You see-----"

At the same moment the purring ripple of the telephonebell rang out. Ramsay pulled himself together with an effort and took down the receiver. When he replaced the instrument, there was a particularly sickly green smile on his face.

"You ring up the police and explain for me," he said. "I have to go out at once. It appears that the East Sussex Hospital people are at their wits' ends for a surgeon for a case that came in half an hour ago. I must step round. Do you mind ? I begin to wish I had never written that book on brain troubles."

Brownsden averred that he did not mind in the It was good to least. Ramsay to feel the fresh air

on his face again. The house-surgeon apologised profoundly-he knew that Dr. Ramsay did not take cases like this as a rule; but operation-surgeons that were up to the particular case like this were few in Brighton, and unfortunately it had been impossible to get anyone of them on the telephone. It was a case of a motor accident. The gentleman had been driving his own car and in some way had come to grief. There was no wound to be seen, nothing to account for the deathlike trance in which the patient lay. Ramsay had forgotten his own troubles for the moment. He would be very pleased to see the patient at once.

The patient lay like a corpse on the bed to all appearance he was dead. Ramsay's examination was thorough. He turned with a half-smile to the house-surgeon.

"No operation is necessary at all," he

said. "There is nothing at all the matter

"'I have served my time-three years for counterfeit coining!

> with the brain. What the poor fellow is suffering from is paralysis of the spinal cord, due to the shock; I am prepared to stake my reputation upon it. An application of the battery will be all that is necessary. In three days your patient will be out again. Look here!"

> Ramsay raised the lid of the sufferer's right eye. As he did so, he checked an exclamation. In an eager way he raised the lid of the other eye, and a half-puzzled, halfrelieved expression crossed his face.

"You have run up against a stone wall?" the house-surgeon suggested.

"Indeed I have not," Ramsay said quickly. "I fancied that I had recognised the patient, Try the but I appear to be mistaken. battery, and let me know the result. Not that I have the least doubt what it will be. The spinal column is not injured; it is merely in a state of suspense. You will not mind if I run away now? I have a very unpleasant task before me."

Something like an hour had elapsed between the time that Ramsay had left Upper Quadrant and his return there. There were lights all over the house, and seated in the hall were two policemen, who sat stolidly nursing their helmets on their knees.

Inspector Swann was in the study, and he had many questions to ask. So far as Ramsay could see, very few of them were to the point. But to the relief of the doctor, no questions were put as to the time when the body was found in the house when the police were sent for. The inspector was puzzled over the matter of the half-crowns, which were apparently genuine. Brownsden stood alone, smiling grimly as Ramsay answered the flood of questions poured over him.

"And now as to this tenant of yours, sir," Swann said. "When did he go away?"

"Probably the day before yesterday," Ramsay replied. "He sent the key to my agents, as you will find on inquiry at their offices; otherwise Mrs. Gannett could not have made her way into the house—I am quite sure that you will find that she called at my agents' offices and got the key. If you expect to discover anything in that direction, you will be disappointed. But perhaps I had better give you the letter which opened negotiations—I mean the first letter my tenant wrote to me."

Swann nodded approval. All the time a couple of detectives in private clothes were making a thorough search of the house. There was a long French window at the back of the study, leading into a square yard, and here a man was looking with the aid of a lantern. He tapped on the ground, and a hollow sound rang out. Swann's sharp ears caught the clang.

"What's that?" he asked. "Have you any well or anything of that kind?"

"Only the inspection-chamber," Ramsay said carelessly. "You could hardly expect—"

Something between a snarl and a cough came from the detective outside. He pulled up the cover of the chamber and dragged out a square box. It seemed to be heavy, for he staggered with the weight of it as he carried it into the study. Swann lcoked inquiringly at Ramsay, who shook his head assuredly the box was no property of his.

"This grows interesting," he said. "I have never seen that box before. What have you there, officer?" A box full of broken scraps of white metal, a box full of plaster moulds and files, and ohemicals of various kinds, some iron discs, and a press were handed out, until the whole contents stood confessed upon the table. The detective grinned and wiped his heated forehead. "The finest coining-plant I've seen, sir," he said; "and I've had some experience, too. Never saw anything so perfect in my life. What shall we do with it, sir?"

Swann was of opinion that a cab had better be called, and the stuff carried away. He took his own departure a little later, with the suggestion that nothing further could be done to-night. He carefully locked up the study and sealed it. He hinted that there was a deeper mystery here than met the eye; he would come again in the morning. Ramsay closed the door behind him and then staggered like a drunken man into the diningroom. With a shaking hand he poured himself out some brandy.

"There is more here than meets the eye," Brownsden quoted from Swann significantly. "You asked me to come down and help you. If you will confide in me——."

"I am going to," Ramsay broke out hoarsely. "I am going to do so. But it is far worse than I anticipated. You spoke a while ago of a man in Africa who lived cleanly for years, and yet whose past rose up against him at a time when—my God ! it is my own case all over."

"If you will confide in me," Brownsden repeated, "I dare say that—"

"I am going to confide in you," Ramsay whispered. "Great Heavens! the ghastliness of it! For I have served my time—three years for counterfeit coining!"

II.

"THERE you have it," Ramsay said, as Brownsden merely nodded. The half-defiant snarl in his voice was almost pathetic. "Here is my story in a nutshell. I am a gentleman by birth, by education, by instinct. Never mind what the temptation was—under the same circumstances I would do it again. After that I met with this accident, that has crippled me for life; but even that had its compensations, for it indirectly gave me a fresh start in life—under my proper name this time."

"I fancy I see what you are afraid of," Brownsden said.

"Of course you do. I am a solitary man; nobody knows anything about me. In any case, after the death of poor Gannett, my past would be dragged up. That is why I asked you to come here. But the thing is even more hideous than I imagined. The discovery of that coining-plant was a catastrophe that I did not anticipate. Questions will be asked. I shall be invited to clear myself. It is fortunate that owing to my accident that cursed Bertillon prison system cannot be applied to me. None of my old associates would recognise me. And yet the peril to my social and literary name is very great. Can you help me without—without——"

"Letting your name be mentioned?" Brownsden said. "I fancy so. To-morrow you must do nothing and leave everything to me. I am going to London, and you must give me the name of the man who took your house. Be guided entirely by me and think of nothing but your hospital patient. Is it a bad case?"

Ramsay replied that the case was not nearly so bad as it looked. His further services would hardly be required. He was more interested in the fact that the patient's one eye was a blue and the other brown than anything else. Brownsden smiled behind his cigarette.

"Different-coloured eyes, with largish red veins in the whites?" he suggested. "Ah! you need not be surprised. I have made eyes my study as much as anything else, and I have noticed that that peculiarity is common when the eyes are of different colour. Now you had better go to bed. And mind, you are entirely in my hands."

Ramsay gave the desired assurance. He was utterly tired and worn out, and he slept far into the next day. Brownsden seemed equal to the occasion, for he managed to get breakfast of sorts; and he volunteered the statement that he had been out since daylight. Pulling a blind back, Ramsay could see a couple of policemen outside, moving along the idle crowd of curious loafers that collected there from time to time.

"I suppose it is useless to ask if you have done anything ?" Ramsay said moodily.

"Well, I have," Brownsden said. "For instance, I am every minute expecting the cabman who drove your tenant, Mr. Walters, to the station from here. Of the two servants who were in the house, I can hear nothing, not even from the domestics next door. It appears they kept themselves to themselves very much indeed."

The cabman came a little later with a little surprise in store. He had been called to Upper Quadrant two days before. He had been called by a grocer close by, who had been requested to send a cab from the rank near him by telephone from Upper Quadrant.

"I presume you went to the station?" Brownsden asked.

"No, I didn't, sir; I didn't go nowhere. I put two bags and a case that looked like one of them typewriters a-top of the cab, and I waited for the gentleman to come out. I hadn't any notion then what I was wanted for. Just as the gentleman got on the step, with his rug over his arm, a motor comes up—regular swagger affair——"

"Stop a minute," Brownsden asked. "Did she look like a racer? Tell me how many men were inside and how they were dressed?"

"She did look like a racer, sir," the cabman went on. "The gents inside had furs and goggles same as they most have on good cars. Recognise 'em again, sir ? No, can't say as I could."

"Excellent idea for disguise," Brownsden said half aloud. "Quick way for a man who wanted to get about the country. What happened after that?"

ⁱ. Well, a few words passed, sir, that I could not hear. Then the bags were transferred to the motor from my cab, and I was told that I wasn't wanted. I got a couple o' bob for my trouble, and there was an end of the matter as far as I was concerned."

Brownsden seemed to be satisfied with this explanation, but he vouchsafed no further information. He hurriedly turned over the pages of a time-table.

"So far, so good," he said. "Now I am going to London. If you take my advice, you will not stir out of the house all day, because I may have to telephone or telegraph you. And don't forget that you are entirely in my hands."

"I could not wish for a more capable man," Ramsay said gratefully.

It was nearly five before the telephone rang out in the startled house, and by instinct Ramsay seemed to know that Brownsden was calling him from London. Brownsden's voice was low and clear, but there was a certain pleased ring about it that the listener liked.

"That you, Ramsay?" the voice asked. "Very good. I'm calling you from an office in Hatton Garden where they deal in raw metals. Before you do anything else, call up the East Sussex Hospital and ask how your patient is. Don't go and see him in any case; even if they ask you to do so, make some excuse. Ring up the hospital *now*. I'll wait." There was some little difficulty with the Exchange, owing to the main-line trunk connection, but the voice of the house-surgeon was heard at last. His information was a startling confirmation of Ramsay's diagnosis on the night before. The electrical treatment had acted like magic. The patient had so far recovered that he had insisted on leaving the hospital an hour before, though, of course, he was still very white and shaky. The main point was that he had gone off in a cab, presumedly to the Hôtel Métropole.

Brownsden heard all this subsequently with something like a chuckle. He would like to know if the Hôtel Métropole people had seen a guest arriving answering to the same description. An inquiry elicited the fact that the caravansary people had not.

"All this is excellent," Brownsden called down the long wire. "I was quite right to turn my attention in the direction of your late tenant, Ramsay. The address that your letters went to was merely a place where communications may be

addressed at a penny each, and where they are called for. The American Legation has known nobody by the name of Walters. The apparent puzzle that you met him there is quite easy. Any American subject can see the Ambassador by waiting long enough in the anteroom; and

your man probably knew that, hence he fixed a certain time to meet you there. After he had seen you, he had only to slip away, telling the porter that he would call again. There is no doubt that you have been the victim of a gang of swindlers."

Ramsay was of the same opinion. On the whole, it struck him that the counterfeiters had hit upon a most ingenious and original way of carrying out their work undisturbed. All they had to do was to secure some wellfurnished house in a good locality and then go to work. Brighton was a large place, and the neighbours would not be too inquisitive; it was possible to live in Brighton for years



"'I am going to have you arrested.'"

and never know the name of your next-door tenants. There was only one thing that really troubled Ramsay—had those people by any chance got an inkling of his past? Or was it merely coincidence?

Brownsden came down by the last train, apparently satisfied with his day's work.

"It's all right," he said. "I am delighted. If the police have only kept their discovery as to the coining-plant to themselves, everything will work out splendidly. But I fear that I shall put you to a little inconvenience to-morrow."

"Anything so long as you solve the mystery," Ramsay cried. "What do you propose to do?"

""Well," Brownsden said slowly, as he flicked the ashes from his cigarette, "I am going to have you arrested for the wilful murder of Martha Gannett !"

Ramsay stared open - mouthed at the speaker. His face had grown a shade paler. He walked up and down the room as if he were the sport of uncontrolled emotions.

III.

THE arrest of Alfred Ramsay the following morning on a charge of wilful murder of Martha Gannett caused a profound sensation. Not that the crowd overflowing out of the police-court at ten o'clock that day had much for their money. The police evidence was very brief and bald, not to say convincing, and after a hearing of a few minutes a remand was granted. A young advocate applied tentatively for bail for his client the police had not even made out a prima facie case. After some discussion the magistrates agreed to allow bail in two sureties of £2,000 each, which was tantamount to a refusal.

"I have not a single friend in the world," said Ramsay. "I will go to prison."

"The bail will be forthcoming to-morrow," the lawyer said.

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It was quite dark the same evening when two figures approached Upper Quadrant from the road behind that leads to the Downs. They climbed carefully over the wall, and one of them admitted his companion to the house by way of the French window of the studio laboratory, which had been left open on purpose. The figures proceeded to pull up the cover of the inspection-chamber in the yard and deposit a black box within. After that they wrapped themselves up in long overcoats and lay on the floor of the study. It was evident that they expected a long vigil, for one slept whilst the other kept an eye open.

It was past one before a slight noise in the yard attracted the watcher's attention. He reached out a hand and touched his companion, who immediately sat up.

"They're moving," he whispered. "Get as near to the door as you can, and switch on the light when I give the signal. I knew they would come to-night." There was a sound of metal in the yard presently, and then the two watchers smiled. Then the gleam of a lantern flashed out, and a heavy footstep came into the room. Somebody was panting with the force of expended energy. Then the light showed the black box removed from the inspection-chamber by the police the night before, and just replaced by the two watchers in the greatcoats. The man pulling the box chuckled, but his chuckle changed to a snarl and an oath as another figure bounded out of the throat of the darkness and fell upon him.

"You dog!" a voice said. "So I have got you, after all. You escaped me two days ago by means of that infernal motorcar of yours; but it's my turn now. I knew you'd come back for this."

"I'll have a knife into you presently," the man underneath hissed.

One of the watchers gave the signal, and the room was flooded with light. Just for an instant the two men fighting like mad dogs did not heed; then strong hands were laid upon them and they were wrenched apart. They stood up sullenly at length, with the cool, blue rim of a revolver-barrel pressed to the temples of each.

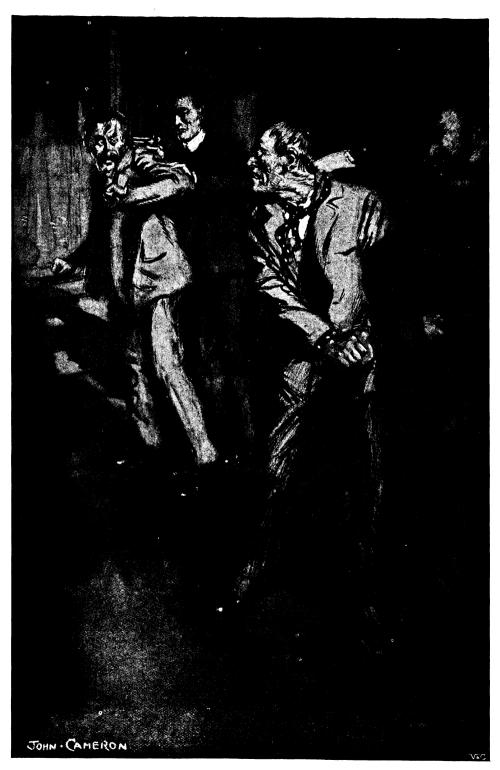
"This is a pretty good haul, Mr. Brownsden, eh?" the second watcher said cheerfully. "No need to ask if you know me—Inspector Wallis, of Scotland Yard, at your service. I wondered what had become of you, Joe. And you, too, Pattison. So Joe had the best of you, and you had made up your mind to murder him. Afraid of him, ain't you, Joe?"

The man addressed as Joe said something to the effect that his *soi-disant* colleague was a most murderous ruffian. The other burst out into imprecations.

"I'd have done it, too!" he cried. "Who found all the money? Who got that plant made? Nothing like it has ever been seen before. And because I had to keep out of the way for a bit, Joe leaves me in the lurch and comes down here. But somebody got me on his track again, and he'd ha' died here instead of that poor old woman if he hadn't got away in time."

"It was you who killed the housekeeper, of course ?" Wallis asked quite coolly.

"It was an accident," the man addressed as Pattison said sullenly. "I knew that Joe hadn't got time to get the plant away, so I called for it as if I came from him. And there was that old girl playing with a mould that had been forgotten by my dear friend Joe in his hurry, to say nothing of leaving



[&]quot;The other burst out into imprecations."

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some of the new-milled half-crowns about. So one thing led to another, and I hit the old girl harder than I intended. But I've said quite enough."

"Quite enough," Wallis replied grimly. "Go and fetch Dr. Ramsay in, Mr. Brownsden."

A cab stood outside at the corner of the road, and in it was Ramsay. By the time that he reached the house, the handcuffs were on both prisoners.

"I'llexplain everything presently," Brownsden said hurriedly. "Will you look at this man, who seems to be known professionally as 'Joe'? Have you seen him before?"

"Of course I have !" Ramsay cried. "I saw him under the name of Walters at the American Legation. It was he who took my house. I saw him also last night and the night before, at the East Sussex Hospital, where he had been taken after a motor accident. I should have recognised him before by the different colour of his eyes, but the pallor of illness makes a difference."

"Do you remember the gentleman?" Brownsden asked of the man Joe. "Is his face familiar to you?"

"Only once," the other man said with a shifty grin—" when I took his house. But what is the use of all these fool questions? It's a fan knock-out, and there's an end of it."

It was a little later, and Ramsay and Brownsden were alone. For the first time for two days the former found zest in the food that Brownsden had prepared for him. When he had finished, he looked up eagerly and asked for an explanation. He was utterly puzzled, he said.

"And yet it's pretty easy when it comes to be told," Brownsden said thoughtfully. "From the very first it seemed to me to be inevitable that your tenant had something to do with it. When we found that coiningplant, I was certain of it. You were the victim of an ingenious and up-to-date scheme. The idea of getting into a house like yours was admirable. I surmised from the first that Mr. 'Walters' was the coiner. When he went off in such a hurry, I felt quite sure that it was a case of diamond cut diamond. There is no such thing as honour amongst thieves. But you, personally, gave me a pretty clue when you spoke of the man in the hospital with the different-coloured eyes who had had a spill from a motor. Your tenant had eyes of two colours \cdot he had gone off hot

foot in a motor. Therefore it was only fair to assume that here was the man we wanted. Wallis compared my suspicions, and told me that he was looking for a man with different eyes, and he proceeded to tell me the history of the fellow he called Joe.

"When I heard by the telephone that Mr. 'Joe' had left the hospital. I felt pretty certain that he would try and get that plant back. But you were in the way. That is why you were arrested, and bail for a preposterous amount fixed. I arranged to bail you out very late at night, so that not a soul outside the police-station should know. Therefore to Mr. 'Joe' the coast was quite clear, and he would rush to your house with You see, there was just the impunity. chance that you would get bail on the morrow, as your lawyer hinted, so there was no time to be lost. The task was rendered all the more easy by the fact that 'Joe' knew your house as well as you know it yourself. So he came for the spoil—which we replaced—and we caught him. The other man coming along was not quite the piece of luck that it looks, because there is no little doubt that he had been watching 'Joe' all day. The other man was rather bounced into confessing to the murder of the poor old woman ; but it quite exonerates you." "Only I shall have to give evidence," Ramsay said. "And it is just possible-"" "No, you will not be required. 'Joe' did not know you, because I asked him on

did not know you, because I asked him on purpose to see, Your fears are quite groundless, Ramsay, and I congratulate you on your escape. It would have been precious hard lines on you, after all these years, if ——"

"I cannot sufficiently thank you," Ramsay said in a broken voice. "Some day I may be in a position to show my gratitude for your wonderful skill and kindness. But there is one thing that puzzes me. When we tried the so-called counterfeit coins, they rang true. What does that mean?"

Brownsden smiled as he took another cigarette.

"They are true," he said. "They are made from genuine silver. It is possible to melt silver and yet get cent. for cent. profit on it over the counter. Gold can be treated the same way. The coins we found were not quite finished—they had not been sweated to give them the appearance of having been in circulation. See how simple it all is."

"Ah, yes," Ramsay said. "And yet how simple it would have been to have fixed this on me if my past had come to light. Good night. And if any thanks of mine can—"



A POLITE HINT. STOUT MATRON : Jest you stand there, Liza! I dare say somebody'll be getting up presently.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE following amusing scene was enacted the other day at Highgate Ponds. A man who had brought his rod to the pond for a day's fishing, on hearing the well-known cry of "Sherbet! sherbet! halfpenny a glass!" approaching, gave his little boy a penny and told him he might go and get himself a glass of sherbet. The child obeyed with alacrity, and soon returned refreshed, but empty-handed.

"Where's the halfpenny change?" demanded the father.

"He didn't give me any change!" replied the child plaintively. At that the father's anger was roused.

"Bloke!" he vociferated after the retreating form of the sherbet man. The "bloke" turned and stopped.

"How much is your sherbet?" demanded the outraged parent.

"Halfpenny a glass!" retorted the sherbet man.

"My nipper gave you a penny!" announced the father.

"Yes-your nipper had two glasses !" returned the other drily.



JONES: Try this cigar, old man. SMITH: Why, what's the matter with it?

IT is often the lot of the Sunday-school teacher to find at the end of the afternoon's lesson the progress made is quite out of proportion with the energy expended. A young lady chose for the instruction of her class of little boys the text: "Eschew evil and do good; seek peace and ensue it." First she taught them to repeat the words after her in unison, then delivered a simple sermon on the subject, and finally called on her best little boy to repeat the text for the benefit of the others. Unhesitatingly he recited-

" "Chew evil it's too good ; seek pieces of suet."

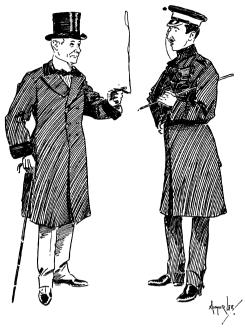


THE Dean of a certain cathedral was one day walking through the precincts when he came upon a labourer at work on a small plastering job. The man looked up at him and went on with his work without touching his cap. This lack of due respect nettled the Dean, who purposely passed the place again shortly afterwards. Again the man failed to salute, and the Dean said reprovingly-

"My man, do you know who I am? I am the Dean of this cathedral."

The labourer glanced from the short-tempered cleric to the lofty building, and replied-

"Darned good place, too - mind you keep it."



IRRESISTIBLE.

"How do you get on with the fellows in the regiment?"

"Oh, all right. Rather decent Johnnies-most of n. Two of 'em awful rottahs, though." 'em.

POINTS ON PROFILES.

CHARACTER reading by profile is the vogue of the moment among the fair sex, and although the art is as yet young, some interesting deductions have been arrived at, and intending Benedicks may gather many useful hints from the results already obtained. Thus we learn that the classical profile, including a large and limpid eye, denotes, in the owner, a tendency to temper and tears, and a partiality for Browning and toy Pomeranians. Her favourite colours are amber and purple, and she is easily gulled by her maid.

The sharp-nosed girl suffers less from limitations and enjoys a wider view of life. She is, however, sensitive to trifles such as stale tobacco-smoke and cockroaches, and makes a special point of finding out what she wants to know. She is a successful purchaser on remnant days, and a capital partner for the two-step. She detests cats, and her favourite colour is brown, from biscuit to burnt onion

The girl with the aquiline nose and a lump on the middle of it may always be depended on to look on the dark side of things. She is a frequent victim to influenza, but is pretty sure to make her way in the world, or be a hopeless failure; but in either case she will wait for her farthing change at the draper's.

The girl with the irregular nose and a lump on the end of it is generally of an affectionate disposition, and demonstrative by nature. She is a devourer of novels, a frequenter of matinées, a romantic day-dreamer, and usually stands when the Tube is full.

The woman with a deep-set eye, long upper-lip, and crows' feet possesses a firm character and an unvielding sense of duty. She oppresses her relatives, is a thorough disciplinarian, but betrays a weakness for discussing dogma with the newly ordained. Her favourite shades are blue and red, the representative colours of wisdom and war.

The pug-nosed girl, on the other hand, will be found to be easy-going and good-tempered. She is cheerful and contented, and of a simple nature, except when she hears herself described as above -when complications may generally be looked for.



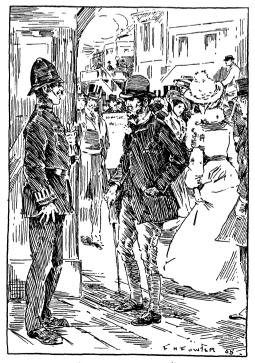
THE POINT OF VIEW.

Nurse's.

I'LL just lay the darling on the floor ! He's quite happy among the cushions. I shall now be able to trim my toque. It's a great mistake to be always nursing them.

Baby's.

The blue satin cushion tastes the best. Wish I could come across another button. The last was excellent. Hullo! here's a pin! Almost think I prefer it to the button.



"ASK A POLICEMAN."

FARMER GILES (who has come to London to see the sights, and has lost his party of friends) : Eh, lad, hast seen ou't of t'others?

But Mrs. Shem could not have heard The Goblin's doleful lay; For Mrs. Shem she said no word— She had no word to say.



A GOBLIN met a Mrs. Shem All on a Summer's day; The Goblin said to Mrs. Shem: "You'll pardon me, I pray; I've lost myself, dear Mrs. Shem, Will you kindly point the way?"



For Mrs. Shem was made of wood, And could not answer as she should; So when the Goblin understood, He simply



CASEMENT CALISTHENICS.

I OFTEN wondered why my great-aunt Eliza had such a beautiful figure, and one day when I had been admiring the elegance and symmetry of her frame, I put the question to the dear old lady herself.

"Perhaps, my dear," she replied, "you never do anything to develop *your* muscles." As a matter of fact, I had done nothing else for the last six months, and I was describing the modern treatment

for flat feet, salt-cellars, and double - chins, and how we spent our days in deep breathing, chair-vaulting, and heightincreasing, and our nights in face-masks, when she cut me short by saying-

"But do you mean to tell me, my love, they have never taught you Casement Calisthenics? It was the only form of beauty culture in my young days. Come to my room before breakfast to-morrow, and I'll show you what to do."

Needless to say I kept the appointment with feverish punctuality, and found the dear old thing dressed and ready for me.

"The exercise I am going to teach you," she said, "not only accomplishes waist - reduction and chest-expansion, but also manicuring and palmpolish," and she placed two pads of prepared doeskin in my hands. "You must face a large, flat surface such as a wall or door, but a casement is preferable, as it allows fresh air to play freely over the limbs and muscles. Now face the window-throw the arms above the head and make vigorous passes with each hand, pressing them with sufficient force on the pane to develop the muscles of the chest and neck. Now kneel and repeat the exercise in that position." Putting my heart into my work, I did my best to please her, but she seemed dissatisfied. "No, no, that will never do," she said. "We must evidently have more

air. You ought to conclude the exercise in the garden; but as the window-sill is broad and only a foot from the ground, you may get outside and repeat the process from there, facing the interior of the room." I hastened to obey her, and followed her directions with enthusiasm.

"There, that will do!" she cried. "Come in,

dear child; the effect is magical!" "Oh, I am so glad," I panted rapturously. "How do I look? Is my waist reduced, my chest

expanded-my complexion clear, my hair glossy?" But Great-aunt Eliza was looking past me into the garden.

"I don't know, love," she replied drily, "but the window's clean, anyhow !'

Jessie Pope.

OVERHEARD AT THE BOOKING-OFFICE: Do you issue "pleasure" tickets to Brookwood Cemetery?

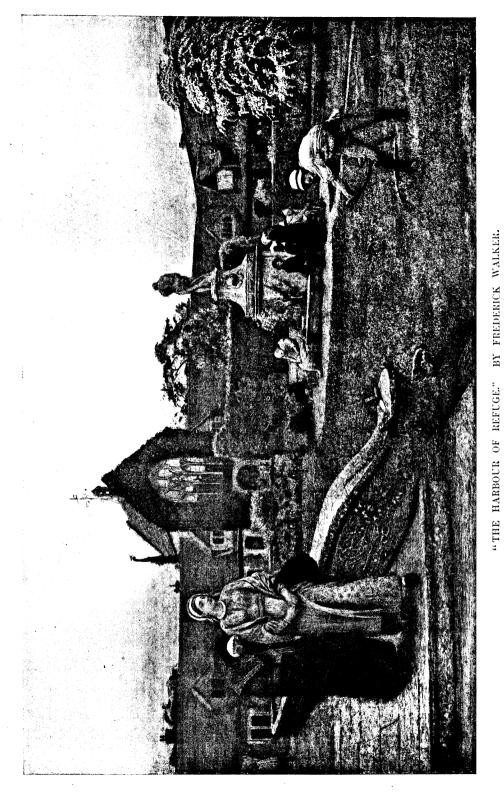


OF COURSE!

CRITIC: I tell you what it is, Mr. McDaub, those ostriches are simply superb. You shouldn't paint anything but birds. ARTIST (disgusted): Those are not ostriches. They are angels!

AT a recent steeplechase the leading horse stumbled at a jump and threw his rider, who, hastily picking himself up, looked round for his horse, which, to his great astonishment, was nowhere to be seen. Next minute, however, he discovered it lying on the ground, with a Cockney spectator triumphantly astride it.

"It's all right, governor," he cried cheerily, as the other horses flashed by; "don't you worry. I'm sittin' on 'is 'ead !"



From the picture in the Tate Gallery. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Aynew & Sons, Old Bond Street, W.



"THE OLD FARM GARDEN." BY FREDERICK WALKER. Reproduced by permission of R. C. Lehmann, Esq.

THE ART OF FREDERICK WALKER.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

Do give to Frederick Walker his just difficult a task for his admirers as for his detractors. Sir John Millais spoke of him as "the greatest artist of the century." George Mason, with whom Walker had much in common, who produced his work with the same doubts, the same long-continued effort, who shared with him in the dignity and beauty of treatment of subject, who laboured under the same health disadvantages, called him "the biggest genius of his day"; whilst Professor Herkomer only recently referred to his "Fishmonger's Shop," which was first exhibited at the Old Water Colour Society in 1872–3, as "marking the climax of English water colour." Across these soft taffeta phrases Ruskin, that captious critic, wrote with his usual assertiveness : "The laws of all good painting having been long ago determined by absolute masters, here is Mr. Walker refusing to learn anything from any of these schools or masters, but inventing a semi-miniature, quarter-fresco, quarterwash manner of his own."

When Frederick Walker died, his talents were but in process of development, and he in the throes of a passionate struggle for expression—the struggle to make a weak frame and vague, wayward temperament give utterance to the strong, incisive opinions which he held.

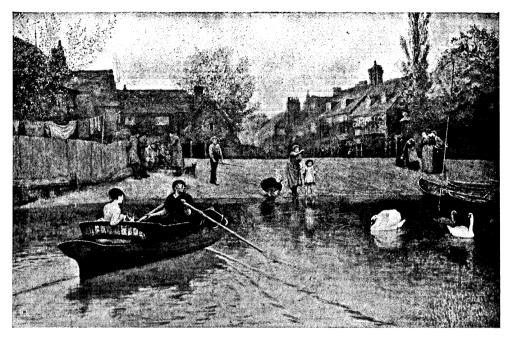
His early death was a loss of many valuable conclusions, since he would, had he lived and outgrown the faults and narrownesses incident to youth, have naturally completed that work which he was forced by death to leave imperfectly developed. The deferred, dispassionate judgment of Time will place the value of his work more truly than has done the indiscreet enthusiasm of the present generation, since this, by overestimation of what he did, has filched from his reputation the credit of that which he was endeavouring to do. It is probable that he was not a genius, since a genius would never have had to struggle with difficulties in the medium in which it sought to express itself, and, indeed, born ready equipped with technique, would have no more

JULY, 1906.



"THE SPRING OF LIFE" (ALSO TITLED "IN AN ORCHARD"). BY FREDERICK WALKER. In the collection of J. P. Heseltine, Esq.

ado than simply to assert itself through it; but akin to genius Walker certainly was. His work shows a dignity of style and an elevation of sentiment even in those pictures in which his methods were experimental, and whilst vulgarity was spread like a varnish over the works of many of his contemporaries, classicism lay upon his like a bloom. Whether this quality was conscious design or unconscious attribute, it is impossible to say, but long study of the Elgin Marbles seems to have left upon Walker himself some permanent impression which he, in his turn, transferred to each of his canvases, for both in his landscape as well as in his figure subjects there is something reminiscent of antique sculpture. Particularly is this noticeable in his picture of "The Bathers," the second work of his exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1867, and there hung almost



"THE FERRY." BY FREDERICK WALKER. In the collection of S. G. Holland, Esq.



"THE STREET, COOKHAM." BY FREDERICK WALKER. In the collection of S. G. Holland, Esq.

as badly as was "The Lost Path" in 1863, and in "The Plough," also exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1870, the year which marks the climax of his short career. Had Frederick Walker lived, it is probable that 1870 would have come to be regarded as the climax of but a phase of his career, since the few years which followed may well have been expressed by "reculer pour mieux sauter."

Whether his work will survive as a power to instruct, a thing of strong memory, of strong influence, a tangible, abiding presence to correct and guide, or whether its influence will flicker out, a flame in the doorway, a of his craft : certainly he died too early for his work to have reached its full accomplishment.

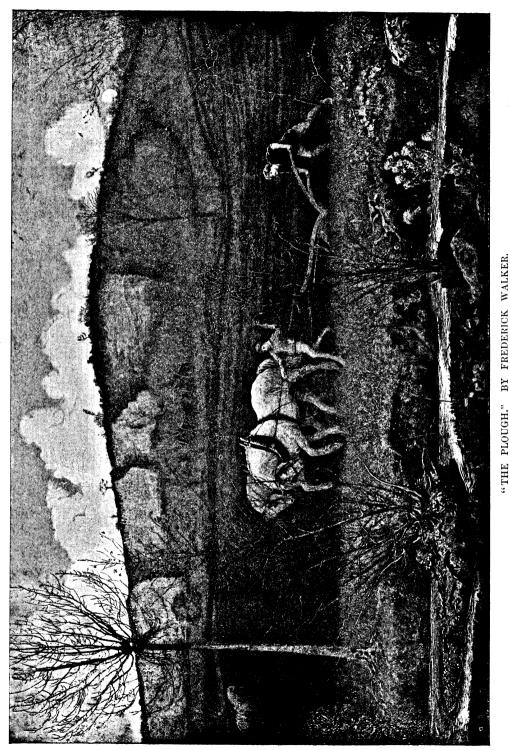
"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," yet the worst of Walker was probably Walker himself. Mr. Hodgson, R.A., in the Magazine of Art for September, 1889, gives a sketch so curiously sharp in outline that it is manifestly a true and vivid portrayal of Walker's personality. He says—

"His mind was not very cultivated; he was inarticulate, and his conversation gave no idea of his (artistic) powers. His intellect, I should opine, was of rather a



"THE WAYFARERS." BY FREDERICK WALKER. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, W.

feather in the wind—this, too, it is the task of Time to prove. Bastien Le Page, who was the contemporary of Walker, and by no means so gifted a man, and who lived but one year longer, lived long enough not only, as Henley puts it, for a vest amount of superfluous unbeautifulness to be the result of his teaching, but to found a school and to take rank with the Masters of his time. This is probably to be accounted for, since he had more curious distinction of style than Walker, shared with him the abiding virtue of sincerity, but was infinitely ahead of him in technical mastery of his material. Walker, when he died, was still but a student slow and lethargic caste there was a taint of hereditary disease in his blood, and its development was no doubt hastened by an abnormally irritable and sensitive nervous system. . . . (he was) blown about by every wind; childishly elated at one moment; depressed almost to despair at the next. . . . When annoyed, even by trifles, he was beside himself. It was terrible to hear him complain of the injustice and ill-treatment of which he supposed himself a victim, quite unreasonably as it appeared to me, as the world seemed to have agreed to treat him indulgently as a delicate and spoiled child of Nature. . . . In speaking of painting, he



In the collection of the Marquis de Misa. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, W.

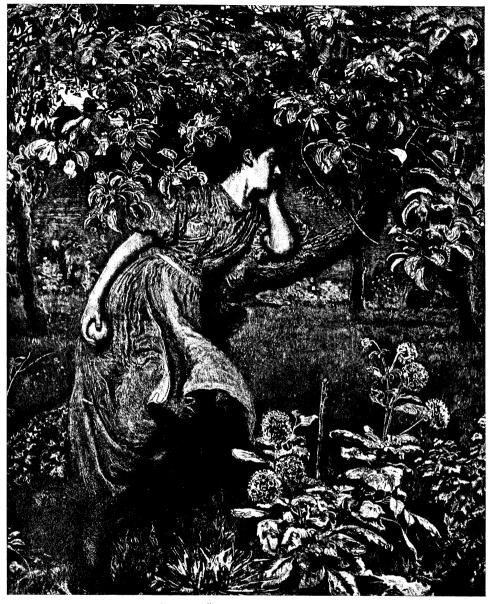


"SPRING." BY FREDERICK WALKER. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, W.

once said that 'Composition is the art of preserving the accidental look,' which is as good as anything that has been said on the subject. He had splendid gifts, but some malignant fairy, some disappointed godmother, at his baptism must have filched away the most essential concomitant the gift of a placid mind, and that equipoise of faculties which leaves the mind serene and imperturbable."

This description of Walker by Mr. Hodgson shows the young artist a pessimist in his art, a sufferer in advance over the failures he never made.

Tom Taylor wrote of him as "a nervous, timid, sensitive young fellow, frail and small



"AUTUMN." BY FREDERICK WALKER. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, W.

of body, feverish of temperament, but ever bright and prompt of wit."

And there is another and more pleasant description of Walker's personality—one which Du Maurier joined to that of his hero in "Trilby": "Both were small and slight, though beautifully made, with tiny hands and feet, always arrayed as the lilies of the field for all they spun and toiled so arduously; both had regular-featured faces of a noble cast and most winning character."

Each of these descriptions is more or less true, although not perfectly so, since Walker's hands, of which Du Maurier speaks, were not only tiny, but so frail and transparent as to seem emaciated. True it is that he was a nervous and febrile creature; fractious when a world too coarse touched his susceptibilities too roughly; pettily jealous; capable of 132



Thomas Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, large etching published by Messrs. Reproduced from the 'n the collection of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart.

pose ; tolerant of-indeed, seeking for — the notice that with the exhibition of his "Vagrants" became his portion; yet, if he retained the self-consciousness of a child, it was probably because the undue development of art in his nature stunted, in other channels, that nature's general growth, since the cultivation of one special faculty is almost invariably fatal to the development of other faculties. Yet Walker was not always the irritable, self-centred young man who suffered under that chronic disease known as "artistic temperament." There was a more normal, a more healthy and frivolous side to his character, one in which his sensitiveness, though always great, was not excessive. The writer of this article can himself recall him as giving, on many occasions, an admirable performance of lighthearted buffoonery. He was a great friend-indeed, a protégé-of Richard Ansdell, R.A., and an ally of several members of Mr. Ansdell's family with whom he was a contemporary in age. The Ansdells, Lancashire people, retained, although transplanted, as they had been for years, to London, much of their native rougher land's rougher ideas of hospitality and amusement.

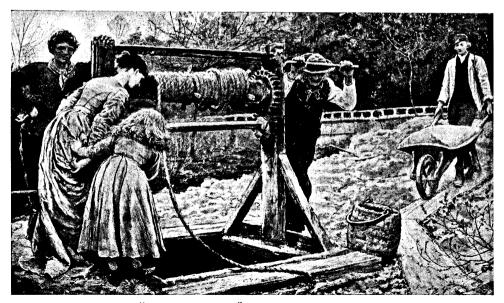
The Ansdells' sociable evenings which followed the entertainments of high-tea included in their programme the comic songs of the time. Frederick Walker, joining a boisterous chorus, has trolled forth that he was a jolly dog, has apostrophised



"THE FISHMONGER'S SHOP." BY FREDERICK WALKER. In the collection of S. G. Holland, Esq.

"Kafoozleum," and has counted up over and over and over again the augmenting numbers of "The Ten Little Nigger Boys." Frequently he has danced, joined in Dumb Crambo, played Musical Chairs, and on one occasion the writer recollects seeing him personate Marat in an improvised bath, in which he was stabbed to death with a paper-knife by one of the daughters of the house.

There is not much to say of Walker by way of biography. He came of a race of cultured people who claimed kinship with the arts as craftsmen of considerable ability. His father, a designer of artistic jewellery, had a taste also for painting, which we may



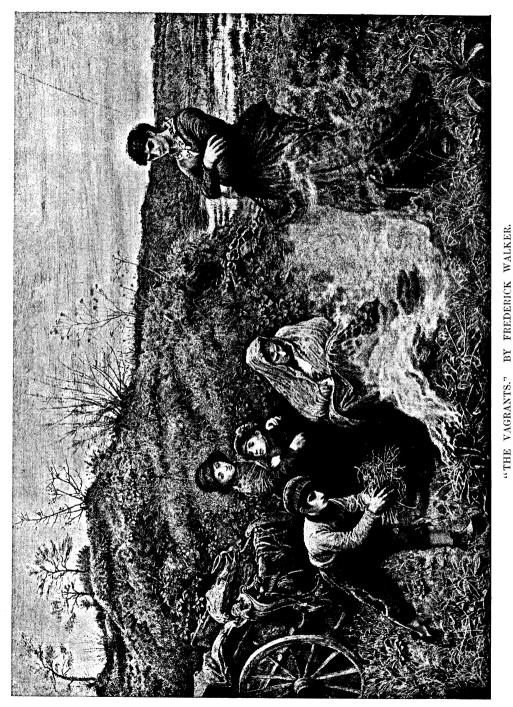
"THE WELL-SINKERS." BY FREDERICK WALKER. In the collection of Sir William Agnew.



"THE LOST PATH." BY FREDERICK WALKER. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, W.

well suppose to have been transmitted, since some family portraits show the grandfather of the subject of this article to have been an artist of no mean attainment.

He was a pupil, in the primary and essential of Art's A B C, of the Elgin Marbles at the British Museum, and this whilst he was going through a course of general education at the North London Collegiate School, Camden Town; and when he had reached the age of sixteen it was Mr. Arthur Lewis, of Moray Lodge, Campden Hill, whom Walker's mother consulted on the subject, and in whose firm the lad was then employed, who recommended that he should be allowed to pursue art as the



In the Tate Gallery. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, W.



"THE FIRST SWALLOW." BY FREDERICK WALKER. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street, W. THE ART OF FREDERICK WALKER.



"PHILIP IN CHURCH." BY FREDERICK WALKER. In the collection of Lady Tate.

business of his life. Mr. Lewis, a great patron of Mid-Victorian painters, and a man of very considerable art culture, probably saw, in the sketches submitted to his inspection, promise of quite exceptional power; and, his advice being followed, Frederick Walker's next eighteen months were spent, by day in the office of an architect, and at evening in the classes of Mr. J. M. Leigh.

In March, 1858, having given up the architectural work as uncongenial, he was

admitted a student of the Royal Academy Schools. For a couple of years the Leigh classes, the Academy Schools, the Langham (that association formed by artists and amateurs for the purpose of making studies from life), the attendance for three days a week at the studio of Mr. J. M. Whymper, to whom he went as an apprentice to learn the art of wood-engraving, and hours stolen for the purpose of the study of the Elgin Marbles, filled Frederick Walker's time. Then in 1860 his student days may be said practically to have ended; and he was launched into the most disturbed period in England of the century's art. When at twenty he ceased to receive instruction, he had not succeeded in defining for himself either the laws or characteristics which govern the mediums in which he sought to express himself. As a result, much that he produced in the years immediately following his pupilary emancipation was imperfect, and he had not gained the balance, the homogeneous quality, the accomplished precision which result from long practice.

The younger generation of artists had, at this time—"the 'sixties "-wearied of the precision and the restrictions imposed by the Pre - Raphaelite school upon their Therefore, freedom of technical expression. yearning, perhaps, for a better chance of asserting their individuality, they had rebelled against the tenets held by their immediate predecessors, from whom they deliberately cut themselves adrift. It is It is probable that, with the craving of youth to throw off convention, they saw, in this "Old Master tradition," cramping restrictions opposed to the exact interpretation of Nature; and so, somewhat recklessly, sought to adopt those methods tending to actuality then prevalent in Paris studios.

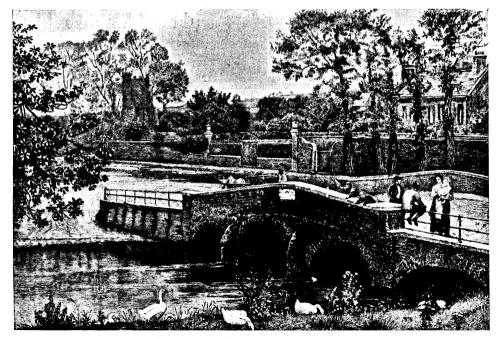
It is impossible to speak of an artist who

has been an influence upon the art of his time and succeeding times, without considering that movement which has, or those men who have, preceded him in the epoch he came to make his own, since it is by their or its influence that the course which his talents take is governed. We cannot, in fact, exalt any man to the high niche of originality without use of the ladder which has been constructed by other men.

For, although the art of what is known as "the 'sixties" was a departure from what is known as Pre-Raphaelitism, it owed the chief of its power to the very methods from which it set itself the task to break away.

Pre-Raphaelitism, the one great movement in art in England in the nineteenth century, was inaugurated in the autumn of 1848. The originators of it were Millais, Holman Hunt, D. G. Rossetti. The men who were called in to complete the corporate body were James Collinson, F. G. Stephens, Thomas Woolner, and W. M. Rossetti.

It was at a meeting between these seven enthusiasts that it was agreed to accept the obligations and limitations that afterwards characterised the work of the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. At this meeting, Millais, showing to the few assembled the engraving after the frescoes at the Campo Santo at Pisa done by artists of the Quattro



"OUR VILLAGE." BY FREDERICK WALKER. Reproduced from the large etching published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons, Old Bond Street, W.



"THE ESCAPE." BY FREDERICK WALKER. In the collection of W. Dalglish Bellasis, Esq.

Cento, made himself head of the new movement by his ordinance : "This is what the Pre-Raphaelite clique must follow." Among the chief of the outside sympathisers, who did not actually belong to it, were Ford Madox Brown, W. Bell Scott, Arthur Hughes, Thomas Seddon, Windus, and Deverell, most of whom contributed to its *Germ*.

In 1860, however, the Society of Pre-Raphaelite Brethren had become disintegrated, and with this disintegration a heavy burden of mannerism passed away. Millais, in ceasing to be a slave to the tenets he had framed, became a deserter from the cause, for, as Anatole France very truly says: "A master seldom belongs to the school he has founded as ardently as do his disciples," and Millais' painting of "The Black Brunswicker" in that year was the first effort of his emancipation. Yet, once again, acting as pioneer, this time in blackand-white, he it was who carried English Illustration forward into the "Naturalistic Romanticism," by which the art of the 'sixtjes was distinguished.

"Deeply influenced by the broad, later phases of Millais' black - and - white work were those artists whose tendency lay in the direction of idyllic naturalism and popular romance, the men to whom more particularly is given the name of the period and school, "The 'Sixties," and whose more immediate leader, as far as popular estimation goes, was Frederick Walker," writes Mr. Laurence Housman.

Thus directly, in the case of Frederick Walker, can we name Sir John Millais as the ladder by whose aid Walker rose into notice. And if some of the rarefaction of the Pre-Raphaelite atmosphere with which, in his black - and - white work, Millais was still surrounded, clung to the other, it became his by prescription, since the artist is a freebooter and at liberty to annex from the beautiful what he can, from wherever he may chance to find it.

Émulation is, in fact, the touch of the whip which prevents ability from becoming torpid; and whilst what the small man seeks he may find in others, yet what the superior man seeks he finds, though maybe he does so by the help of others, in himself.

In one instance only can we accuse Walker of direct plagiarism—namely, in his picture of "The Mushroom Gatherers," which is distinctly founded both in style and solemnity of tone on Millet's "Les Semeurs." In 1863, when Walker made his first visit to Paris, Romanticism was in the air, and those who felt its influence sought to combine it with Reality. The charm of Romance and the weight of Reality are two qualities excessively difficult to balance. Millet had, however, essayed the task, and succeeded in persuading them to keep their equilibrium. Perhaps study of this artist's work it was that enabled Walker to accomplish this same feat, and, with the exception of George Mason, he was the only man in England to attempt it.

It was in black-and-white that Walker first displayed the characteristics of his talent, and through this medium he obtained instant recognition. His work first appeared in 1860, in Once a Week; and at the end of that year the publisher of the Cornhill Magazine, Mr. George Smith, having noted first efforts, suggested \min to these Thackeray as a suitable illustrator to the "Adventures of Philip," which was about-to appear as a serial in that publication. Thus in January, 1861, Walker commenced the very notable series of drawings of which "Philip in Church" is probably the best. In 1864, Walker was made an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and Mr. Roget, the historian of that Society, tells us that Walker was elected to it on the strength of three out of four water colour drawings sent in for the Council's consideration, and afterwards to the spring exhibition of that year. Amongst these was "Philip in Church," a more detailed picture and a fuller development of the subject which had already appeared in the Cornhill; and this picture, when later exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, gained for Walker the Second Class medal, a distinction which no other drawing in the same medium obtained.

By the end of 1863, Walker had contributed seventy-four drawings to Once a Week, and during the same time he was illustrating in the Cornhill "The Roundabout Papers," "The Adventures of Philip," "Denis Duval," Miss Thackeray's "The Story of Elizabeth," and "The Village on the Cliff." To the Sunday at Home and Good Words he was also an occasional contributor, and it was during this same period that he executed for Messrs. Dalziel the well-known designs for "The Seasons."

That he was dissatisfied with the methods of his own productions is shown by the fact that again and again he attacked the same subject; and the design of "Summer" in "The Seasons" was the original motive—two boys bathing—out of which sprang the completed picture of "The Bathers."

In 1864 came the fuller, richer version of "Philip in Church," and in the Old Water Colour Society's Exhibition of 1868, of which Society, in 1866, he had been made a Member, came water colours from "The Village on the Cliff," Miss Thackeray's "Jack the Giant-Killer," "The Three Fates," all versions of the originals in black-and-white. To few artists is given the power to use three different mediums with the same ability, but there is scarcely a picture of Walker's which, done originally in black - and - white, has not been produced in water colour; and even of his oil pictures there are extraordinarily detailed. careful replicas done sometimes in both the other mediums. He showed charming fancy as a designer in the Moray Minstrel Invitation Cards, and of the three artists of repute, Godfroi Durand, Walter Crane, and himself, who at this time turned their attention to posters, his design, to advertise a dramatised version of "The Woman in White" (1871), was the first to attract widespread attention to its ability. It was in this year that Frederick Walker was made an Associate of the Royal Academy, and exhibited on the walls of that institution his "At the Bar," a picture with which he was so dissatisfied that, on receiving it back from the Exhibition, he rubbed out the face, with the intention of repainting it.

"The Harbour of Refuge," exhibited in 1872, and now, through the gift of Sir William Agnew, the property of the nation in the Tate Gallery at Millbank, contains, says Mr. Claude Phillips, in his able book on Frederick Walker, "the very essence of his latest style, with all its beauties and most of its defects nowhere has Walker lavished greater skill on the painting of detail or given a more jewelled-like quality to his work than he has in certain passages here." And Mr. Comyns Carr feels this picture to be "almost passionate in its utterance."

Mr. Claude Phillips propounds some interesting questions as to the direction which, had he lived, Walker's talents would have taken; since, in his obvious desire to lay bare the classicality which lies buried in Nature, he would have had, again and again in his art, to make sacrifices against which his love of truth would have rebelled; for to paint rustic life realistically, and to put into it the Greek spirit as well, is to strive for the impossible.

Such questions can never be answered, and we can but view Frederick Walker as an artist of fine achievement, of great promise and peculiar individuality — as one who painted Nature, not with her superficial aspect, but the Nature far withdrawn, the sources of which he strove, not unsuccessfully, to track.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—On an autumn evening in the year 1855, Enoch Grouch, a small farmer of Morpingham, Essex, was killed by the fall of the bough of a great elm. Summoned to the scene, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, of the Hall, find his child Sophy a few yards from her dead father, and, knowing her to be now alone in the world, undertake to look after her future. "Mother always said something would happen to that little girl, because of that mark she's got on her cheek," says Julia Robins, daughter of a widowed lady living in the village, alluding to a small birth-mark, just below the cheek-bone, which was destined to win for Sophy, in her subsequent career, the name of "*La Dame à l'Etoile Rouge*" with her friends, or "The Red-Starred Witch" with the more hostile citizens or ruder soldiers of Kravonia. At ordinary times this mark was a pale red in colour, but it was very sensitive to any change of mood; in moments of excitement the shade deepened greatly. In the second chapter we find Sophy old enough to leave the care of the Hall gardener's wifa and "live at the Hall and be taught to help cook." Three years later, while still scullery-maid at the Hall, she meets the young Lord Dunstanbury. That day means more than Sophy knows, for Lord Dunstanbury sends his eccentric kinswoman, Lady Meg Duddington, to call on the Brownlows, and the sight of the girl's strange beauty inspires the great lady to adopt her as a "medium." for the clairvoyant experiments which are her chief hobby. Sophy thus finds an interesting life among Lady Meg's Royalist friends in Paris. - But she is a failure as a "medium," and falls accordingly in "Mad Lady Meg's "favour. On the eve of the Franco-German War, Lady Meg dismisses her household, leaving a hundred-pound note for Sophy, who has barely time to see her soldier-lover, Casimir, Marquis de Savres, before he leaves with his regiment for the front. In the great charge of French cavalry at Worth, Casimir is shot through the heart, and, stricken with grief, Sophy escapes from Paris w SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS .- On an autumn evening in the year 1855, Enoch Grouch, a small Casimir, Marquis de Savres, before he leaves with his regiment for the front. In the great charge of French cavalry at Wörth, Casimir is shot through the heart, and, stricken with grief, Sophy escapes from Paris with a friend, Marie Zerkovitch, for the latter's home in Kravonia. There, in Slavna, the capital, Sophy learns something of the conditions of life at the Court of King Alexis, whose son, Prince Sergius, is unpopular by reason of his military severity, while the King's second, but morganatic wife, Countess Ellenburg, is intriguing for her own son, the young Alexis. From the window of her humble lodging Sophy witnesses a night attack upon the Prince by two half-drunken, insubordinate officers, Mistitch and Sterkoff, and, by hurling a massive bronze lamp down upon the latter, she saves the life of the Prince. The court-martial on Mistitch, a hero with the soldiery and mob, seems likely to the sense that the testiment that the Prince's assigning the rescale up of a prince of the latter with the soldiery has the hest moment the turn on Sophy's testimony that the Prince's assailants were aware of his identity; but at the last moment the Prince bargains with the intriguing General Stenovics. The Prince has been refused the big guns which he wants for ensuring the tranquillity of the city and, possibly, the very country's honour and existence. Stenovics agrees to give the guns in return for Mistitch's life. Yielding in appearance, in substance the Prince of Slavna has scored heavily. The big guns are ordered from Germany. The Prince has the money to pay for them, and they are to be consigned to him, and he has already obtained the King's sanction to raise and train a force of artillery from among his own men in Volseni and its neighbourhood. The idle King's family pride is force of artallery from among his own men in Volseni and its neighbourhood. The idle Knig's family pride is touched, and he instructs Stenovics to concentrate all his energies on arranging a brilliant foreign marriage for the Prince. Honour is paid to Sophy's services to the State, and she is created Baroness Dobrava. She pays a visit to the Prince's frontier fortress of Praslok, where Marie Zerkovitch with some misgiving watches the daily companionship of Sophy and the Prince. Meanwhile, the Countess Ellenburg and her party are busy with plans, for at a State reception the King has had an alarming fainting-fit, which his valet, Lepage, states to be the third within two months. At Praslok the inevitable happens, and the Prince dealarce his low to Sorbe but impediately afterwards receives from Connell Stanovics the Nucle Sorbergen and the Prince declares his love to Sophy, but immediately afterwards receives from General Stenovics the King's command to start for Germany at once. Simultaneously with the arrival of this command comes a private warning to the Prince: "The King's life hangs by a hair, and your Crown by a thread." The Prince decides to seek an audience of the King forthwith, and comforts himself and Sophy with the news that the big guns are on the way. General Stenovics and the Countess Ellenburg and their friends forestall the Prince's visit to his father and arouse the King to alarm lest the Prince's love for Sophy should preclude a foreign alliance. But when the intriguers accuse Lepage of treachery, the King begins to realise how seriously they are banded together against the Prince, and under the excitement of detecting conspiracy the King falls dead, from a stroke. "His Majesty is dead!" cries the doctor. "No!" replies Stafnitz. "Not for twenty-four hours yet! His Majesty dies—to-morrow!"

CHAPTER XVI.

A FRENCHMAN AND A MATTRESS.

Seemed to Cantain Marker' a little harsh. To use it was to apply to Kravonian affairs the sterner standards of more steady-going squeamish countries. A coup d'état may well involve fighting; fighting naturally includes killing. But are the promoters of the *coup* therefore murderers? Murderers with a difference, anyhow, according to Kravonian ideas, which Captain Markart was inclined to share. Moreover a coup d'état is war; the suppression of information is legitimate in war. If the Prince of Slavna could not find out for himself what had happened in the Palace, were his opponents bound to tell him? In fact, given that an attempt to change the succession in your own interest was not a crime but a legitimate political enterprise, the rest followed.

Except Mistitch! It was difficult to swallow Mistitch. There was a mixture of ingenuity and brutality about that move which not even Kravonian notions could easily accept. If Stafnitz had gone-nay, if he himself had been sent — probably Markart's conscience would not have rebelled. But to send Captain Hercules — that was cogging the dice ! Yet he was very angry that Stenovics

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should have divined his feelings and shut him up. The General distrusted his courage as well as his conscience—there lay the deepest hurt to Markart's vanity; it was all the deeper because in his heart he had to own that Stenovics read him right. Not only the brazen conscience was lacking, but also the iron nerve.

Getting no answer to his unpleasantly pointed question, Lepage relapsed into silence. He stood by the window, looking out on the lawn which sloped down to the Krath. Beyond the river the lights of Slavna glowed in the darkening sky. Things would be happening in Slavna soon; Lepage might well look at the city thoughtfully. As a fact, however, his mind was occupied with one problem only—where was Zerkovitch and how could he get at him? For Lepage did not waver—he had taken his line.

Presently, however, his professional instincts seemed to reassert themselves. He opened a cupboard in the room and brought out a clean pair of sheets, which he proceeded to arrange on the bed. Busy at this task, he paused to smile at Markart and say : "We must do the best we can, Captain. After all, we have both camped, I expect ! Here's the bed for you—you'll do finely." He went back to the cupboard and lugged out a mat-"And this is for me—the shakedown tress. on the floor which I use when I sleep in the King's room-or did use, I should say. In my judgment, Captain, it's comfortable to go to bed on the floor-at least one can't fall."

It was eight o'clock. They heard the outer door of the suite of rooms open and shut. A man was moving about in the next room; if they could judge by the sound of his steps, he also paid Dr. Natcheff a brief visit. They heard the clink of dishes and of glass.

"Dinner!" said Lepage. "Ah, that's Have I permission?" not unwelcome! Markart nodded, and he opened the door. On the table in the sitting-room was a savoury dish, bread, and two bottles of wine. Captain Sterkoff was just surveying the board he had spread, with his head on one There was nothing peculiar in that; side. his head was permanently stuck on one side -a list to starboard-since the Virgin with the Lamp had injured the vertebræ of his neck. But the attitude, together with his beaked nose, made him look like a particularly vicious parrot. Markart saw him through the open door and could not get the resemblance out of his mind.

"Supper, gentlemen !" said Sterkoff with malevolent mirth. "The Doctor can't join you. He's a little upset and keeps his bed. A good appetite ! I trust not to be obliged to disturb you again to-night."

Markart had come in by now, but he was too surly and sore to speak. Without a word he plumped down into a chair by the table and rested his chin on his hands, staring at the cloth. It was left to Lepage to bow to Sterkoff and to express their joint thanks. This task he performed with sufficient urbanity. Then he broke into a laugh.

"They must think it odd to see you carrying dishes and bottles about the Palace, Captain ?"

"Possibly," agreed Sterkoff. "But you see, my friend, what they think in the Palace doesn't matter very much, so long as none of them can get outside."

" Oh, they none of them spend the evening out ? "

"Would they wish to, when the King has an attack of influenza, and Dr. Natcheff is in attendance? It would be unfeeling, Lepage!"

"Horribly, Captain ! Probably even the sentries would object ?"

"It's possible they would," Sterkoff agreed again. He drew himself up and saluted Markart, who did not move or pay any attention. "Good night, Lepage." He turned to the door; his head seemed more cocked on one side than ever. Lepage bade him "Good night" very respectfully; but as the key turned in the door, he murmured longingly: "Ah, if I could knock that ugly mug the rest of the way off his shoulders!"

He treated Markart with no less respect than he had accorded to Sterkoff; he would not hear of sitting down at table with an officer, but insisted on handing the dish and uncorking the wine. Markart accepted his attentions and began to eat languidly, with utter want of appetite.

"Some wine, Captain, some wine, to cheer you up in this tiresome duty of guarding me!" cried Lepage, picking up a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. "Oh, but that wry-necked fellow has brought you a dirty glass! A moment, Captain! I'll wash it." And off he bounded—not even waiting to set down the bottle—into the little room beyond.

His brain was working hard now, marshalling his resources against his difficulties. The difficulties were thirty feet to fall, Sterkoff's sentries, the broad swift current of the Krath—for even in normal times there was always a sentry on the bridge—then the search for Zerkovitch in Slavna. His resources were a mattress, a spare pair of sheets, and a phial half full of the draught which Dr. Natcheff had prescribed for the King.



"It was no moment to stop and discuss matters."

"It's very unfortunate, but I've not the least notion how much would kill him," thought Lepage, as he poured the medicine presumably a strong sedative—into the wineglass and filled up with wine from the bottle Sterkoff had provided. He came back, holding the glass aloft with a satisfied air. "Now it's fit for a gentleman to drink out of," said he, as he set it down by Markart's hand. The Captain took it up and swallowed it at a draught.

"Ugh ! Corked, I think ! Beastly, anyhow !" said he.

"They poison us as well as shut us up !" cried Lepage in burlesque anger. "Try the other bottle, Captain !" The other bottle was better, said Markart, and he drank pretty well the whole of it, Lepage standing by and watching him with keen interest. It was distressing not to know how much of the King's draught would kill;

> it had been necessary to err on the safe side—the side safe for Lepage, that is.

Captain Markart thought he would smoke his cigar in the little room, lying on the bed; he was tired and sleepy-very sleepy, there was no denying it. Lepage sat down and ate and drank; he found no fault with the wine in the first bottle. Then he went and looked at Markart. The Captain lay in his shirt, breeches, and boots. He was sound asleep and breathing heavily; his cigar had fallen on the sheet, but apparently had been out before it fell. Lepage regarded him with pursed lips, shrugged his shoulders, and slipped the Captain's revolver into his pocket. The Captain's recovery must be left

to fate.

For the next hour he worked at his pair of sheets, slicing, twisting, and splicing. In the end he found himself possessed of a fairly stout rope twelve or thirteen feet long, but he could find nothing solid to tie it to near the window, except the bed, and that was a yard away. He would still have a fall of some twenty feet, and the ground was hard with a spring frost. There would be need of the mattress. He put out all the lights in the room and cautiously raised the window.

The night was dark, he could not see the ground. He stood there ten minutes. Then he heard a measured tramp; a dark figure, just distinguishable, came round the corner of the Palace, walked past the window to the end of the building, turned, walked back, and disappeared. Hurriedly Lepage struck a match and took the time. Again he waited, again the figure came. Again he struck a light and took the time. He went through this process five times before he felt reasonably sure that he could rely on having ten minutes to himself if he started the moment Sterkoff's sentry had gone round the corner of the building.

He pulled the mattress up on to the sill of the window and waited. There was no sound now but of Markart's stertorous breathing. But presently the measured tramp below came, passed, turned, and passed away. Lepage gave a last tug at the fastenings of his rope, threw the end out of window, took the mattress, and dropped it very carefully as straight down as he could.

The next moment, in spite of Sterkoff, somebody had left the Palace. Why not? The runaway was aware that the King was not really suffering from influenza—he could spend an evening in Slavna without reproach !

"I wish I knew the safest way to fall !" thought Lepage, dangling at the end of his rope. It swayed about terribly; he waited awhile for it to steady itself-he feared to miss the mattress; but he could not wait long, or that measured tramp and that dark figure would come. There would be a sudden spurt of light, and a report-and what of He gathered his legs up Lepage then ? behind his knees, took a long breath-and fell. As luck would have it, though he landed on the very edge of the mattress, yet he did land on it, and tumbled forward on his face, shaken but with bones intact. There was a numb feeling above his knees-nothing worse than that.

He drew another long breath. Heavy bodies—and even mattresses—fall quickly; he must have seven or eight minutes yet !

But no ! Heavy bodies, even mattresses, falling quickly, make a noise. Lepage too had come down with a thud, squashing hidden air out of the interstices of the mattress. The silence of night will give resonance to gentler sounds than that, which was as though a giant had squeezed his mighty sponge. Lepage, on his numb knees, listened. The steps came, not measured now, but running. The dark figure came running round the corner. What next? Next the challenge then the spurt of light and the report ! What of Lepage then ? Nothing—so far as Lepage and the rest of humanity for certainty knew.

Of that nothing — actual or possible — Lepage did not approve. He hitched the mattress on to his back, bent himself nearly double, and, thus both burdened and protected, made for the river. He must have looked like a turtle scurrying to the sea, lest he should be turned over—and so left for soup in due season.

"Who goes there ? Halt ! Halt !"

The turtle scurried on ; it was no moment to stop and discuss matters.

The spurt of light, the report! There was a hole in the mattress, but well above Lepage's head. Indeed, if hit at all, he was not most likely to be hit in the head; that vital portion of him was tucked away too carefully. He presented a broader aim; but the mattress masked him nobly.

There was another shot—the north-west corner of the mattress this time. But the mattress was on the river's edge. The next instant it was floating on the current of the Krath, and Sterkoff's sentry was indulging in some very pretty practice at it. He hit it every time, until the swift current carried it round the bend and out of sight.

The whole thing seemed strange and rather uncanny to the sentry. He grounded his rifle and wiped his brow. It had looked like a carpet taking a walk on its own account ---and then a swim !

Superior officers might be accustomed to such strange phenomena. The sentry was not. He set off at a round pace to the guardroom; he did not even stay to notice the white rope which dangled in the air from a first-floor window. Had he stopped, he would have heard Markart's invincible drugladen snoring.

Lepage had separated himself from his good friend and ally, the mattress, and dived under water while the sentry blazed away. He welcomed the current which bore him rapidly from the dangerous neighbourhood of the Palace. He came to the surface fifty feet down stream and made for the other side. He could manage no more than a very slanting course, but he was a strong swimmer, lightly dressed, with an indoor man's light kid shoes. He felt no distress: rather a vivid, almost gleeful, excitement came upon him as he battled with the strong cold stream. He began to plume himself on the mattress. Only a Frenchman would have thought of that! A Slavna man would have run away with unguarded flanks. A Volsenian would have stayed to kill the sentry, and be shot down by Sterkoff's guard. Only a Frenchman would have thought of the mattress !

He made land a quarter of a mile below the Palace. Ah, it was colder on the road there than struggling with the cold water ! But his spirit was not quenched. He laughed again—a triffe hysterically, perhaps. In spite of Sterkoff, he was spending the evening out! He set his feet for Slavna-briskly, too! Nay, he ran, for warmth's sake, and because of what the sentry might even now be reporting to Sterkoff, and, through him, to General Stenovics. The thought brought him to a standstill again; there might be a cordon of sentries across the road ! After a moment's hesitation he broke away from the main road, struck due south, and so ran

when he could, walked when he must, two miles.

He was getting terribly tired now, but not cold—rather he was feverishly hot inside his clammy garments. He turned along a country cross-road which ran west, and passed through a village, leaving the Hôtel de Paris on the main road far to his right. At last he reached the main road south and turned up it, heading again for Slavna and for the bridge which crossed the South River. He passed the bridge without being challenged as the Cathedral clock struck midnight from St. Michael's Square. The worst of his task was accomplished. If now he could find Zerkovitch !

But he was sore spent; running was out of the question now; he slunk slowly and



"'The King died at five o'clock, Monsieur Zerkovitch.'"

painfully along the south boulevard, clinging close to the fences of the gardens, seeking the shelter of the trees which overhung them.

Draggled, hatless, dirty, infinitely weary, at last he reached Zerkovitch's house at the corner where the boulevard and the Street of the Fountain meet. He opened the garden gate and walked in. Spent as he was, he breathed a "Bravo!" when he saw a light burning in the hall. He staggered on, rang the bell, and fairly fell in a lump outside the door.

He had done well; he, a man of peace, busy with clothes—he had done well that night! But he was finished. When Zerkovitch opened the door, he found little more than a heap of dank and dirty raiment; he hauled it in and shut the door. He supported Lepage into the study, sat him down by the fire, and got brandy for him to drink, pouring out full half a tumbler. Lepage took it and drank the better part of it at a gulp.

"The King died at five o'clock, Monsieur Zerkovitch," he said. He drank the rest, let the tumbler fall with a crash in the fender, buried him head on his breast, and fell into blank unconsciousness.

> He was out of the battle—as much as Markart, who slept the clock round in spite of Stenovics' shakings and Dr. Natcheff's rubbings and stimulants. But he had done his part. It was for Zerkovitch to do his now.

> The King had died at five o'clock? It was certainly odd, that story, because Zerkovitch had just returned from the offices of The Patriot; and, immediately before he left, he had sent down to the foreman-printer an official *communiqué*, to be inserted in his paper. It was to the effect that Captain Mistitch and a guard of honour of fifty men would leave Slavna next morning at seven o'clock for Dobrava, to be in readiness to receive the King, who had made magnificent progress and was about to proceed to his country seat to complete his convalescence.

Captain Mistitch and a guard of honour for Dobrava ! Zerkovitch decided that he would, if possible, ride ahead of them to Dobrava—that is, part of the way. But first he called his

old housekeeper and told her to put Lepage to bed.

"Don't worry about anything he says. He's raving," he added thoughtfully.

But poor Lepage raved no more that night.

He did not speak again till all was over. He had done his part.

At five o'clock in the morning, Zerkovitch left Slavna, hidden under a sack in a carrier's cart. He obtained a horse at a high price

from a farmer three miles along the road, and thence set out for the Castle at his best speed. At six Captain Mistitch, charged with Stafnitz's careful instructions, set out with his guard of honour along the same road — going to Dobrava to await the arrival of the King, who lay dead in the Palace on the Krath !

But since they started at six, and not at seven, as the official communiqué led Zerkovitch to suppose, he had an hour less to spare than he thought. Moreover they went not fifty strong, but one hundred.

These two changes —of the hour and the force — were made as soon as Stenovics and Stafnitz learned of Lepage's escape. A large force and a midnight hot march would have aroused suspicion in Slavna. had little doubt that in the course of a personal interview he could persuade the King to agree to a postponement of his journey. Of Sophy he meant to say nothing —by a reservation necessary and not in-



"' He's got no call to treat the horse like that, whoever he is."

The General did what he could safely do to meet the danger which the escape suggested —the danger that news of the King's death might be carried to Praslok before Mistitch and his escort got there.

CHAPTER XVII.

INGENIOUS COLONEL STAFNITZ.

AFTER his happy holiday the Prince slept well, and rose in a cheerful mood —still joyful of heart. He anticipated that the day would bring him a summons from his father; he

excusable. It was impossible not to take into account the knowledge he had acquired of the state of the King's health. The result of that condition was that his provision must, in all likelihood, be for months only, and not for years. The task for the months was to avoid disturbing the King's mind, so long as this course was consistent with the maintenance of his own favourable position. It must be remembered that no man in the kingdom built more on this latter object than the King himself; no man was less a partisan of Countess Ellenburg and of young Alexis than the husband of the one and the father of the other. The royal line-the line which boasted Bourbon blood—was for the King the only line of Stefanovitch.

Of the attack prepared against him the Prince knew nothing-nothing even of the King's mind having been turned against the Baroness Dobrava, whom so short a time ago he had delighted to honour; nothing, of course, of Stafnitz's audacious coup, nor of the secret plan which Stenovics and the Colonel had made and of which Mistitch was to be the instrument. Of all the salient features of the situation, then, he was ignorant, and his ignorance was shared by those about his person. On the other hand Stenovics had his finger on every thread save one-the Lepage-Zerkovitch thread, if it may so be called. That was important, but its importance might be nullified if Mistitch made good speed.

On the whole, the odds were much in favour of the coterie. If by any means they could prevent the King from coming alive and free to Slavna, the game would be theirs. If he did come alive and free, their game would probably be up. His presence would mean a hard fight—or a surrender; and Slavna had no stomach for such a fight —though it would be piously thankful to be rid of Sergius, whether as Prince or King, without the necessity of an ordeal so severe.

As a preliminary to the summons he anticipated, and to a possible stay of some days with his father at Slavna, the Prince had details to discuss and routine business to transact with Lukovitch, the captain of his battery in Volseni. He was early on horseback; Sophy and Max von Hollbrandt (Max's stay at the Castle was to end the next day) rode with him as far as the gates of the city; there they left him and turned down into the plain, to enjoy a canter on the banks of Lake Talti. The three were to meet again for the midday meal at Praslok. Marie Zerkovitch had been ailing, and kept her bed in the morning. The Prince's mounted guard rode behind him and his friends to Volseni, for the sake of exercising their horses. In the Castle there were left only Marie Zerkovitch and the servants. The Prince did not anticipate that any message would come from the Palace before noon at the earliest.

Morning avocations pursued their usual peaceful and simple course at the Castle; old Vassip, his wife, and the maids did their cleaning; Peter Vassip saw to his master's clothes and then, to save his father labour, began to sluice the wooden causeway; the stablemen groomed their horses—they had been warned that the Prince might want another mount later in the day. Marie Zerkovitch lay in her bed, sleeping soundly after a restless night. There seemed no hint of trouble in the air. It must be confessed that up to now it looked as though Praslok would be caught napping.

It was Peter Vassip, busy on the causeway, who first saw Zerkovitch. He rested and leant on his mop to watch the head which rose over the hill, the body that followed the farm-horse lumbering along in a slow, clumsy, unwilling gallop. The man was using stick and spur—he was riding mercilessly. Peter ran down to the road and waited. A groom came across from the stables and joined him.

"He's got no call to treat the horse like that, whoever he is," the groom observed.

"Not unless he's on urgent business," said Peter, twirling the water from his mop.

Zerkovitch was up to them ; he leapt from his horse. "I must see the Prince," he cried, "and immediately !"

"The Prince is at Volseni, sir; he rode over to see Captain Lukovitch."

"When will he be back?"

"We don't expect him till twelve o'clock."

Zerkovitch snatched out his watch.

"There's nobody here but Madame Zerkovitch, sir; she's still in bed, not very well, sir."

"Twelve o'clock !" muttered Zerkovitch, paying no heed to the news about his wife.

"The Baroness and Baron von Hollbrandt are out riding——"

"Can you give me a fresh horse? I must ride on and find the Prince at Volseni."

"Oh, yes, sir." He signed to the groom. "And hurry up !" he added.

"The guard's here, of course ?"

"No, sir. They've gone with the Prince."

Zerkovitch twitched his head irritably and again looked at his watch. "There must be time," he said. "They can't be here at soonest for an hour and a half."

Peter Vassip did not understand him, but neither did he venture to ask questions.

"Your horse'll be here in a minute, sir. I think you'll find the Prince in his office over the city gate. He went to do business, not to drill, this morning."

Zerkovitch looked at him for a moment, wondering perhaps whether he would be wise to tell his news. But what was the use of telling Peter Vassip? Or his own wife? What could she do? It was for the Prince to say who should be told. The one thing was to find the Prince. There was time at the very least an hour and a half. The groom brought the fresh horse, and Zerkovitch began to mount.

"A glass of wine, sir?" Peter Vassip suggested. He had marked Zerkovitch's pale face and strained air; he had wondered to see his clothes sprinkled with whitey-brown fibres—traces of the sack under whose cover he had slid out of Slavna.

Zerkovitch was in the saddle. "No," he answered. "But a bumper, Peter, when I've found the Prince!" He set spurs to his horse and was off at a gallop for Volseni; the road, though high on the hills, was nearly level now.

Peter scratched his head as he looked after him for a moment; then he returned to his mop.

He was just finishing his task some twenty minutes later, when he heard Sophy's laugh. She and Hollbrandt came from a lane which led up from the lake and joined the main road a hundred yards along towards Volseni. Peter ran and took their horses, and they mounted the causeway in leisurely pleasant chat. Sophy was in her sheepskin uniform ; her cheeks were pale, but the Star glowed. The world seemed good to her that morning.

"And that is, roughly, the story of my life," she said with a laugh, as she reached the top of the causeway and leant against the rude balustrade which ran up the side of it.

"A very interesting one—even very remarkable," he said, returning her laugh. "But much more remains to be written, I don't doubt, Baroness."

"Something, perhaps," said Sophy.

"A good deal, I imagine !"

She shot a mischievous glance at him : she knew that he was trying to lure from her an avowal of her secret. "Who can tell? It all seems like a dream sometimes, and dreams end in sudden awakenings, you know."

"If it's a dream, you make an excellent dream-lady, Baroness."

Peter Vassip put his mop and pail down by the stables, and came up and stood beside them.

"Did the mare carry you well to-day, sir?" he asked Max.

"Admirably, Peter. We had a splendid ride. At least I thought so. I hope the Baroness-----?"

Sophy threw out her arms as though to embrace the gracious world. "I thought it beautiful; I think everything beautiful to-day. I think you beautiful, Baron von Hollbrandt —and Peter is beautiful—and so is your mother, and so is your father, Peter. And I half believe that just this morning—this one splendid morning—I'm beautiful myself. Yes, in spite of this horrible mark on my cheek!"

"I hear something," said Peter Vassip.

"Just this morning—this one splendid morning—I agree with you," laughed Max. "Not even the mark shall change my mind! Come, you love the mark—the Red Star don't you ?"

"Well, yes," said Sophy, with a little confidential nod and smile.

"I hear something," said Peter Vassip, with his hand to his ear.

Sophy turned to him, smiling. "What do you hear, Peter?"

He gave a sudden start of recollection. "Ah, has that anything to do with Monsieur Zerkovitch?"

"Monsieur Zerkovitch?" broke from them both.

"He's been here; he's ridden at a gallop on to Volseni—to find the Prince." He added briefly all there was to add—his hand at his ear all the time.

"Hum! That looks like news," said Max. "What can it be?"

"He didn't stop even to tell Marie! It must be urgent."

They looked in one another's faces. "Can there be—be anything wrong in Slavna?"

"You mean-the troops?"

" I had thought of that."

"I can think of nothing but that. If it were anything from the Palace, it would come by a royal courier sooner than by any other hand."

"I can hear plainly now," said Peter Vassip. "Listen!"

They obeyed him, but their ears were not so well trained. A dull indefinite sound was all they could distinguish.

"Horses—a number of them. Mounted men it must be—the hoofs are so regular. Cavalry !"

"It's the Prince coming back from Volseni!" cried Sophy.

"No, it's from the other direction; and, besides, there are too many for that."

Mounted men on the Slavna road—and too many to be the Prince's guard !

"What can it be?" asked Sophy in a low voice.

"I don't know. Zerkovitch's arrival must be connected with the same thing, I think."

"There ! There are their shakoes coming over the rise of the hill !" cried Peter Vassip.

The next moment showed the company. They rode in fours, with sergeants on the



"Well, I'm ready."

flanks. The officer in command was behind —the three on the causeway could not see him yet. They were Hussars of the King's Guard, the best regiment in the Army. The Prince of Slavna had made them good soldiers—they hated him for it. But Stafnitz was their colonel. On they came; in their blue tunics and silver braid they made a brave show in the sunshine.

The three watched now without word or motion. The sudden sight held them spellbound. Not one of them thought of sending to warn the Prince. If they had, the thought would have been useless unless it had chimed in with Mistitch's will. Twenty men could have been on them before there was time to saddle a horse. If the expedition were a hostile one, the Castle was caught napping in very truth !

Sophy stood forward a pace in front of her companions; her hand rested on the little revolver which Monseigneur had given her.

On came the company; the foremost file reached within twenty yards of the causeway. There they halted. Half of them dismounted, each man as he did so entrusting his horse to his next fellow. Half of the fifty thus left mounted repeated this operation, leaving the remaining twenty-five in charge of all the horses. The seventy-five took position four deep on the road. They separated, lining either side.

The figure of their commander now appeared. He rode to the foot of the causeway, then dismounted, and gave his horse to the sergeant who attended him. His men followed and drew up in the road, blocking the approach to the Castle. Big Mistitch began to ascend the causeway, a broad smile on his face. It was a great moment for Captain Hercules—the day of revenge for which he had waited in forced patience and discreet unobtrusiveness. It was a critical day, also, in view of the instructions he had. To do him justice, he was not afraid.

Sophy saw and knew. This must have been the news that Zerkovitch carried, that he had galloped on to tell to the Prince at Volseni. Some event—some unknown and untoward turn of fortune—had loosed Mistitch on them! That was all she had time to realise before Mistitch saluted her and spoke.

"I have the honour of addressing the Baroness Dobrava?"

"You know me well, I think, Captain Mistitch, and I know you."

"Our journey together will be all the • pleasanter for that." "Your business with me, please ?"

"I have it in command from His Majesty to escort you to Slavna—to the Palace and into his presence. The King himself will then acquaint you with his wishes."

"You're a strange messenger to send."

"That's a point to put to my superior officer Colonel Stafnitz, who sent me, Baroness."

Sophy pointed at his men. "You ride strongly supported !"

"Again the Colonel's orders, Baroness. I confess the precautions seemed to me excessive. I had no doubt you would willingly obey His Majesty's commands. Here, by the way, is the written order." He produced the order the King had signed before his death.

Sophy had been thinking. Neither her courage nor her cunning forsook her. She waved the document away. "I can take your word, Captain? You're making no mistake to-day?—I really am Baroness Dobrava—not somebody else with whom you have a feud?" She laughed at him gaily and went on : "Well, I'm ready. I'm dressed for a ride—and I'll ride with you immediately. In two minutes we'll be off." She saw a groom in the road staring at the troopers, and called to him to bring her a horse.

This prompt obedience by no means suited Mistitch's book. It forced him about coshow his hand or to ride off with Sophy, leaving the Prince to his devices - and, in a little while, to his revenge.

"I mustn't hurry you. You have some preparations ----?"

"None," said Sophy. Her horse was led out into the road.

"You'll at least desire to acquaint his Royal Highness—?"

"Not at all necessary. Baron von Hollbrandt can do that later on."

Mistitch looked puzzled. Sophy smiled; her intuition had been right. The attack on her was a feint, her arrest a blind; the Prince was the real object of the move. She stepped down towards Mistitch.

^a I see my horse is ready. We can start at once, Captain," she said.

"I'm instructed to express to the Prince regret that it should be necessary——"

"The regret will be conveyed to him. Come, Captain !"

But Mistitch barred her way.

"His Royal Highness is in the Castle ?" he asked. His voice grew angry now; he feared the great stroke had failed; he saw that Sophy played with him. How would he and his escort look riding back to Slavna with nothing to show for their journey save the capture of one unresisting woman—a woman whom they dared not harm while the Prince remained free—and might become all powerful?

"If he had been, you'd have known it by now, I think," smiled Sophy. "No, the Prince isn't at the Castle."

"I'll see that for myself !" Mistitch cried, taking a step forward.

With a low laugh Sophy drew aside, passed him, and ran down the causeway. In an instant she darted between the ranks of Mistitch's men and reached her horse. The groom mounted her. She looked up to Mistitch and called to him gaily :

"Now for Slavna, Captain ! And hurry, or you'll be left behind !"

Her wit was too quick for him. Max von Hollbrandt burst out laughing ; Peter Vassip grinned.

"What are you waiting for, Captain?" asked Max. "Your prisoner's only too anxious to go with you, you see!"

"I'll search the Castle first !" he cried in a rage which made him forget his part.

Peter Vassip sprang forward and barred the way. Mistitch raised his mighty arm. But Sophy's voice rang out gaily :

"Nonsense, Peter ! There's nothing to conceal. Let the Captain pass !"

Her words stopped Mistitch—he feared a trap. Max saw it and mocked him. "Don't be afraid, Captain—take fifty men in with you. The garrison consists of a lady in bed, an old man, and five female servants."

Sophy heard and laughed. Even the troopers began to laugh now. Mistitch stood on the top of the causeway, irresolute, baffled, furious.

But behind his stupidity lay the cunning astuteness of Stafnitz, the ingenious bit of devilry. Mistitch's name availed where his brain could not. For the moment the Prince made little of the Crown which had become his; when he heard Zerkovitch's news, his overpowering thought was that the woman he loved might be exposed to the power and the insults of Mistitch. Sophy was playing a skilful game for him, but he did not know it.

"I hear something," said Peter Vassip again, whispering to Max von Hollbrandt.

Yes, there was the galloping of horses on the Volseni road !

Colonel Stafnitz had not miscalculated.

Now Mistitch heard the sound. His heavy face brightened. He ran down the causeway, loudly ordering his men to mount. He was no longer at a loss. He had his cue now —the cue Stafnitz had given him.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN'S HEART.

RATHER the touch of your dear hand, Than every gift Ambition brings; A woman's heart, you understand, Sets Love above all lesser things.

Rather the lovelight in your eyes, Than all the glory of the earth;

A woman's heart is very wise

To choose the thing of greatest worth.

Rather your love to crown life's day, Than all the greatness Fame show'rs down.

A woman's heart ('tis woman's way !)

Counts Love its best and brightest crown.

THE CAPRICE OF BEATRIX.

By FRANCES RIVERS.



is a lamentable world," said Beatrix. She made this remark at the end of breakfast, and between that and the coming of the morning papers.

There are few moments in life more agreeable than the one in which we draw into our lungs that first whiff of smoke from the morning's first cigarette. Under certain circumstances the agreeable sensation is enhanced—when, for instance, the implements of table furniture of the matutinal feast are in perfect taste, when the flood of morning sun is tempered by verandah-blinds, when a May-day allows such warmth as to permit French windows to be open, and when the operatic thrush practises his cadences near by.

As these were the present conditions, I could not find it in my heart to take the words as serious.

There is no one in this lamentable world whom I admire more than I do Beatrix, for Nature to her has been most prodigal of gifts and scattered beauty with a lavish hand. Now, I love Beatrix, not only because I reverence a woman who has assured to herself approbation by securing an attribute which makes her the superior of many others of her sex, but because I have a predilection for a nature that can, if it so please, upset, with simple subtlety and absolute insouciance, the entire peace of a household. If her mood is peevish, Beatrix not infrequently sets herself with deliberation to irritate, and by aid of fancied grievance rarely fails in her object; for, however limited may be woman's power to spread happiness, unhappiness comes well within her sphere of influence.

There is no doubt about it that this particular woman was given to anger; though it rarely lasted long, it was, for the time, a flame fed to scorching point by the opposition it encountered. This pleasure in making to suffer those for whom she would herself have suffered martyrdom is, to me, one of the many unaccountable problems of her

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nature. I do not condemn her, for I have within me principles which incline to mercy towards this weaker, more wayward side of my species, and expect from it neither the resignation nor the philosophy elsewhere so plentifully supplied.

Beatrix, after the matrimonial manner, has been my niece for about three years, and since half that time has done me the honour to take me into her confidence on the subject of many things. It is a tribute—a small tribute—which I tell her she would be wrong not to pay to the relationship. I have, I hope, too little vanity to mistake it for a personal compliment.

Amongst all women that I know she is the most capricious, the most hasty, the most intense; yet so tender-hearted, so attractive, so fascinating, and so feminine, with that most divine form of coquetry which shows itself in absence of coquettishness, that I can quite forgive Tom for being in the condition that his mother, graphic and denunciatory, describes as besotted.

Beatrix is of the first order of beauty, and I am sensitive to beauty; nor can all the failures of match-making mothers who began to pester the world from the time of the establishment of the dominion of Midas, and continue to do so unto this day, convince me to the contrary-she has one of those heads which Greuze delighted to paint, an expression which beseeches and bewitches, is childlike, with the added suggestion of woman's knowledge. How Beatrix came by such a face the heavens above, rather than her commonplace parents, best know. The rest of her-ah, well ! it's a sad matter when a confirmed bachelor has an eye for attitude and gesture; it renders him, amongst other things, ridiculous. The charms of her dressfor dress, after all, is the expression of the individual-with Beatrix, as is the case with all well-dressed women, lies in the power to fix rather than invite attention. She wore, on this morning, a white frock, to which was superadded a long overcoat of lace which fell from her shoulders and increased the superfluity which trailed on the floor.

She walked to the window and repeated : "It's a lamentable world, Uncle John, and this is a lamentable place."

"What is the matter with the place?"

I asked, for when our surroundings are to our liking, I contend that there is nothing so ungracious as to cavil at the means that makes them so. "If the house has demerits, I do not see them," I further advanced.

"Oh! it has no demerits; it is too perfect, that is its fault. There is not a tree to transplant, not a lawn to make, not a vista one would have changed; the rose garden is exactly in the right corner—___"

"It has," interrupted I, "some crumpled leaves. I thought—I only give this as a basis of argument"—I shot a propitiatory glance at my nephew's wife—"that this place was one of mutual choice."

"As for the house," said Beatrix, "it's a terror--a castle, as Thackeray has it, of *ennui*. In other words, a dungeon of dulness, a prison from which I can't escape."

"It has a south aspect," said I, "excellent (I quote from the auctioneer's catalogue) reception-rooms; perfect domestic offices; stables that are palatial; thirty bedrooms——"

"It depresses me. I am sure somebody has died here," she interrupted.

"As the house is old, that is more than probable," said Tom.

"And applies to the world," said I, "which is very old, and many people have died in it."

When a woman is thoroughly discontented, I have often observed that quips of fancy are thrown away upon her. But I confess that I was unprepared for Beatrix to pass by my last remark without her usual responsive smile.

^{*i*} I cannot think why Tom was fool enough to take it."

"You hear, Uncle John, you hear! She cannot think why I was fool enough to take it!" cried Tom.

Now, I was not altogether sure of my ground; I was, as it were, between Scylla and Charybdis. I found it difficult to agree with Tom and yet to mould my opinions on those of Beatrix; for although Tom was my nephew, Beatrix was my nephew's wife, and the grey mare, in this case, was the better horse. Besides, Dunmoyne was a house in which I liked to stay; and if, theoretically, I welcome the influence of women, practically I find it hard not to condemn their dominion; so I hedged.

"Perhaps," said I, and put the matter tentatively, "perhaps you miss society?"

Here Tom incontinently raised his eyebrows and levelled at me with sudden violence. "Hang society !" he said. Truth, sharpened to an epigram, be it addressed to whom it will, acts as an irritant. I turned my back on Tom and followed Beatrix to the window.

" Only last night you said ----- "

"Last night was a warm night, and there was a moon."

"This morning is a warm morning, and there is the sun," and I laid my hand on her arm. "Look at that garden."

"What do you see in it?"

"I suppose never do two people see the same scene," said I, "but I see it in a brilliant dress of yellow, green, and blue. Spring running an impetuous race and overtaking summer by sheer vitality. At the end of the lawn, betwixt it and the ha-ha of the park, on the terrace, I see the peacocks strut; then to the left is your beautiful Dutch garden, shining like an opal in the morning light."

Beatrix sighed. "Did you ever know a woman content with a garden?"

"You have precedent there, I allow."

Beatrix smiled at me. "Ah, Uncle John, I am satisfied to my heart's content when you are here. But when you are not—"

Every husband and wife, thought I, have their cruelties and kindnesses in which they take the lead and lose it, of one another, in turns.

"Discourtesy is a small tribute which human beings cannot avoid paying to that divine institution, marriage; and it is the sight of this offering which permits to the bachelor some glimpse of satisfaction of his lonely state."

Beatrix made me a haughty curtsy. It was one of those protesting sinkings where the spirit is upheld, although it permits to the body obeisance.

"My opinion, my dear, is, I see, worth the value of a pin to you."

"Just so much," she allowed, and added : "You insist upon leaving this afternoon?"

"We will put it the other way-this afternoon insists that I must leave."

Beatrix sighed.

I had an inspiration.

"Look how lucky you are in your neighbours : the Haughtons—they are jolly and cheery enough !"

"They are a huge family, naturally they are cheery," Beatrix flashed a glance which from the eyes of an ugly woman would have been described as one of temper. But then an ugly woman is such an unfortunate being that I never look upon one without pity--and, indeed, if I can help it, never look upon one at all. "Besides," she continued, "they are three miles off."

"Then you have the Bishop, a very potent personage."

"His gaiters and hat are very good to look at," said Beatrix, with a shrug.

"In time you'll know more people."

"But we know everyone, for, before we came here and whilst the servants were putting the house to rights, the card-basket was filled."

"The Murrays, the Grants, and the Shaws, they all seem to me very good company."

"So they are, and they come to lunch, or dinner, or tea; but consider the hours which we don't spend at lunch or dinner or tea."

"But look "—I glanced at Tom, a quite inoffensive glance of illustration—" as proof of the hours that we do, at the portliness so many of us acquire."

"Oh ! you laugh at me ! You are like Tom, you think I want amusement."

"It is very true," said I.

"But I don't pine for amusement. What I want is some sort of necessary work."

"Why not paint?" But the expression on the face of Beatrix reminded me of a maxim that I hold, which is that: "When bidden to a house, the guest makes payment for the hospitality it offers by opinions agreeable to his hosts," so I hastened to add : "Or needlework?"

"And waste time on useless things that I never finish?"

"Why not finish them ?" suggested I.

"Because they are useless."

" Write ? "

"Add to the list of women who put their names to bad novels! No, thank you."

"Write a good one?"

"Without technical knowledge! Why, even Meredith and Henry James and ——."

"Are there any other good writers?" I interrupted.

"Oh, how petty, how small, how unworthy are the ways in which women seek to spend their days!" cried Beatrix, the heat of argument, ever in inverse proportion to the cold light of reason, flushing with colour her cheeks.

"What do other women find to do? I never hear my mother——" began Tom.

Beatrix was really fond of her mother-inlaw, but now her heart received a little angry message from her brain. She glowered at Tom, for there is not a breath of suggestion which so fans to fury the storm matrimonial as that which places, as guide to the wife, the conduct of her mother-in-law. Tom, albeit not very quick to translate expression of heightened brow and sarcastic lip into words, could scarcely fail to see that the mention of my worthy sister's name was not likely to mend matters.

Beatrix took up the cudgels in defence of her sex.

"You condemn us to failure," she said. "Every effort that we women make, you men despise; you debar us from ambition, from freedom, from work. The insignia of success is reserved for you; you treat us as persons, make of yourselves personages."

She was gathering breath for further invective when I broke in—

"You want a change ; you ought to go to London for a bit."

"The great advantage of London would be to teach Beatrix, as it has taught me, to appreciate the country," interrupted Tom.

I ignored him. "London is the setting of other people, the country is the setting of self; and I should get away from self for a bit," said I. "London's success," I continued, "lies in this: it is parenthetical, it has surprising interludes, that willy-nilly lift us from ourselves."

The string I had touched commenced to vibrate.

"I adore London," said Beatrix, "but Tom won't let me go there, because he loathes it."

"That's all very well, Beatrix," said Tom; "but you know it was your wish that we should live in the country."

She sighed. "We had to live somewhere, I suppose." She turned to me. "Looking for this place was delightful." She included Tom in her audience. "Can't we—oh! can't we—look for some other?"

"Do be reasonable, B."

"You wouldn't like it, Tom; for the price we pay for reason is our youth. Those who change their homes," I continued, "are either knaves or fools; those who have to leave the place in which they live may be accounted the first; and those who voluntarily wander in search of a new Eden are always the last."

"We can't all be eldest sons," Tom growled; "but if one is systematic in admiration of the place from which one is absent, and systematic in disparagement of the place in which one is, choice of permanent residence does become a difficulty."

And in the frown of Beatrix I noted how the small, sweet courtesies of life smooth the matrimonial road.

"Then fill the house," suggested I.

"Who will come to the country now?"

"Heaps of people."



"She walked to the window and repeated: 'It's a lamentable world, Uncle John.'"

"That's likely, when we have nothing to offer them! Hunting is over, shooting is over, and as to fishing, why, you know as well as I do that we can't get those rights."

"There is always golf," I reminded her.

"Golf!" The tone implied a use for a club other than orthodox.

"I thought you were enthusiastic about it, and you bid fair to play rather well."

"Oh! audacity helps before you know anything, but a course of 'professional' changed that."

"Tom is faithful to it," I remarked.

Beatrix shot a glance of contempt at Tom. When a woman can contest a point by dint of charm, that charm becomes her argument and carries all before it; and as I watched a dimple near the mouth of Beatrix, I came to hold the game of golf in very low esteem.

"Tom," she said, "spends his tince in rehearsal, and even turns his walking-stick into an understudy of a 'putter' or a 'driver.' You've only to give him some silly-headed thing, and he's quite happy."

"Silly-headed thing !" the words opened to me the door of a large theatre of amusement. I smiled, she turned quick upon me, with the most engaging fury in the world. "I know exactly of what you're thinking !" she cried.

Now, I had kept my mouth from words. "I was thinking," said I, "of the restrictions of marriage."

"I suppose what you mean is that Tom may not do as he likes; but he has every liberty."

"Liberty is a negative quantity if you don't care to use it." Then I had another inspiration. "There is always Bridge."

"Pons asinorum!" and Beatrix showed her teeth. She is apt to show her teeth, when not in anger, in laughter.

"Why not try housekeeping?"

Tom interrupted here. "For Heaven's sake, don't mention that! The servants have only just settled down again."

In emphasising the "again," Tom perpetrated on his wife a libel, for no woman discharged social obligations with a better grace than she, no house was better tended, no dinners better cooked or better served. Indeed, Tom, speaking his real thoughts upon the subject, would oft declare that even in his mother's house were things not better done.

By Cupid, thought I, what is there in this matrimonial love that it should temper to sharpness so pliable a nature as that of Tom's, and make these two young people, both above the average of sense, fall out in so absurd a style?

That same afternoon I left, and to satisfy

my mind that she had no quarrel with me, but, on the contrary, to prove by repeated invitations to return that she still held me high in her esteem, Beatrix drove me to the station herself, and so away I trained to the greatest city in the world. Thoughts of Dunmoyne accompanied me; perhaps, said I to myself, the book of Beatrix's heart is still uncut at its most interesting page. women are not wives, all women are not mothers—yet marriage is the completement of women-it is, as someone wisely said, a fine invention to interest us in the futurethe future ! I repeated, and ended my reflections with an illuminated "Ah!"

Circumstance, that great god to whom even the heathen bow, pared away from the future many days, and the outside world was in dreary garb, it being sad November, when I was again a guest at Dunmoyne. Beatrix rose to greet me from a low chair she was sitting in, in the library.

She came forward with so cheerful a movement, so radiant an air, and with eyes so bright that I said to myself: "This woman is happy"; and had the contrary been suggested as the basis of a wager, I would have backed my opinion with my whole fortune. "Varium et mutabile," indeed, quoth I.

* * * * * * * And the morning after my arrival, in the gregariousness of my nature, I wandered in search of host and hostess, and happened on the empty wing separated from the main house by baize doors.

There I ran my quarry to earth. Beatrix was speaking. Now, her voice, though both low and soft, is truly articulate—so much so that I have often wondered how so tempestuous a woman came to have so sweet a cadence in her tones.

Every letter of the words, "We will put a gate here, Tom !" fell on my ears. With so simple a grace did she speak them, and so great an air of pride was there in her look, that if I rejoiced at their import, what must not have been the feelings of Tom ?

For a moment the veil was raised from one of the mysteries of life. I saw how the accession of that hope carried with it content high as it could go, to the very gates of heaven itself. Woman likes not for her confidence to be the sport of circumstance, so soft I closed the door and beat retreat. "Ah!" I murmured, my soul in arms against my loneliness, "there are joys that in our bachelordom we wot not of; for when spouse is at peace with spouse, how much better than any other house is that which each calls home !"

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES Α

VIII.—CRICKET.

ROM the list of famous cricketers who have appeared in the pages of Vanity Fair, there are several notable These omissions are, however, absentees. being remedied this season with all due haste, and at the time at which we write Mr. Ward is preparing his attacks upon A.C. Maclaren,

Tyldesley, Hayward, and R. H. Spooner. Yet this may be said of the Vanity Fair list, that it presents and represents men who have made a place for themselves in the records of the national game during the last thirty years. Every subject of a cartoon deserved that honour, even if some giants have been omitted.

At a well-known London club they tell an amusing story of a mistake made by "Spy" when cartooning a famous cricketer. It was just at the time when correspondence was going on in the Press about the status of amateurs, so that the remark was the more amusing. А famous amateur. whose life was devoted to cricket, whose name was in every mouth, and whose picture was in every illustrated paper, had been sitting to Mr. Ward.

of the famous amateur, "and I can assure you that he is a most gentlemanly man."

Cricketers were not thought as much of forty years ago as they are to-day. So it is hardly cause for surprise that Vanity Fair had been in existence some eight or nine years before the cartoon of "W. G."--the

close upon thirty

years old, it would

And yet "W.G." was

not always so easy to

recognise. The tale is told of his playing

once, in a country match, under the name of "Green."

The yokels, too, had

good cause to admire

his play, for he batted

most of the day, his

identity not being

established till late

in the afternoon, when

a stranger turned up.

whose exclamations of

astonishment soon

undeceived them. But

on the field—at any rate, in first-class

cricket—"W.G." was

better known than any

man living, for over a

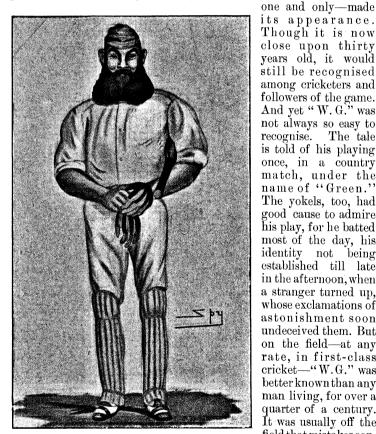
quarter of a century. It was usually off the

field that mistakes con-

cerning his identity

occurred. For in any

big man with a big

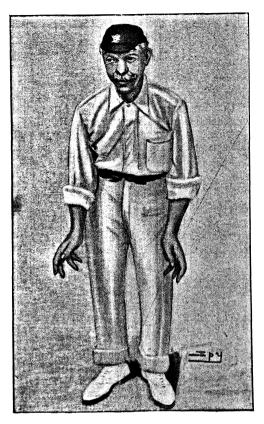


W. G. GRACE. 1877. " Cricket."

At dinner on the evening of the same day, the manners, morals, and general behaviour of professional cricketers were being dis-"Spy" stoutly maintained against cussed. an opponent that they were a quiet, well-behaved, and courteous set of men. To top his argument, he concluded : "I was sketching —— this morning," mentioning the name

black beard, some folk, with a gift for seeing likenesses, ofttimes thought they recognised "W. G." Perhaps the best story in this connection-told by Mr. C. W. Alcock-is that of a certain Mr. Scully, who, during "W. G.'s" jubilee year, happened to be at Boulter's Lock in a boat. He heard someone say: "Hello, there's Grice !" In a few

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.



ROBERT ABEL. 1902. "Bobby."

minutes Mr. Scully attracted so much attention that he lifted his hat, and—having a keen sense of humour-addressed his admirers as follows : "Gentlemen, I am greatly obliged to you, and I hope that you will not forget to add your names to my subscription list !" The incident passed over for the time. But Mr. Scully had a friend who persistently declined to see a great likeness between him and the Doctor. A few days after the incident at Boulter's Lock, the friend met Mr. Scully in the City, and presently the old subject of resemblance cropped Once more the friend pooh-poohed the up. likeness, and added : "Now, last Sunday, I was at Boulter's Lock, and there saw the real Dr. Grace, and he was as unlike you as possible!" The rest of the conversation can be best imagined.

But stories of "W. G." might be multiplied indefinitely. And our list contains no fewer than six-and-twenty names.

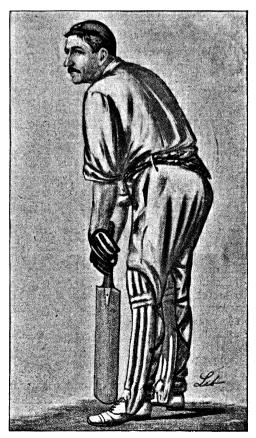
Who is it to be after Grace ?

"Unae nil majus generatur ipso, ncc viget

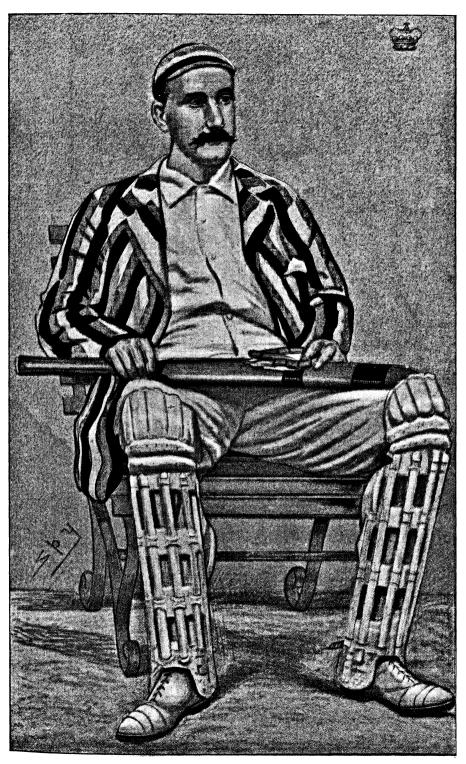
quicquam simile aut secundum," wrote Horace, and the words apply as well to the King of Cricket as they did to mighty Jove himself when one has to decide which great name in the *Vanity Fair* gallery to select next.

In that gallery one man stands out alone for a mercenary reason. Even "W. G.'s" cartoon is still obtainable for half-a-crown -a price also demanded for Ranjitsinhji's. rest of this noble band of All the cricketers can be obtained at reasonable prices, save one. The exception is that of W. W. Read, for whose picture the price is very considerably more. This shall decide me in choosing—and it is doubtful if second place could be awarded to a better man, almost forgotten though he now is of cricket crowds-"W. W." as my next subject.

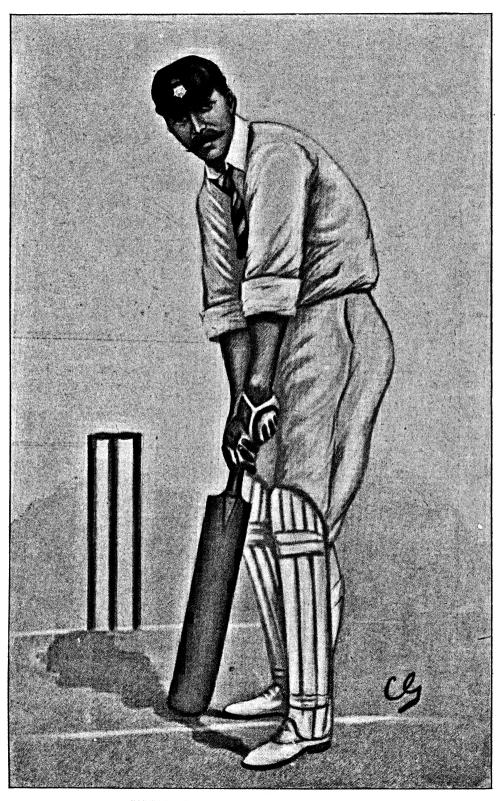
Think of his record ! Did not "W. W." stand in the gap and, with poor Scotton for a partner, save England in a Test ? Greater cricketing fame has no man than this. In



W. W. READ. 1888. "W. W."

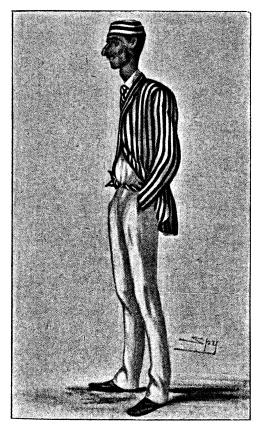


LORD HAWKE. 1892. "Yorkshire Cricket."



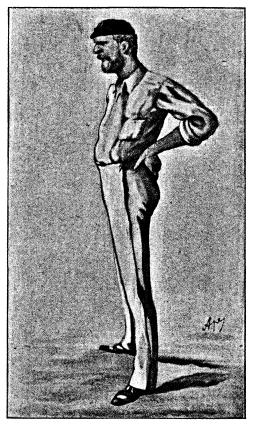
CAPTAIN EDWARD WYNYARD. 1898.

1884, thanks to W. L. Murdoch's great 211 -with centuries from P. S. M'Donnell and H. J. H. Scott-the Australians had piled up a huge score. And England's strong batting side-so strong that W. W. Read went in last but one-had collapsed. Eight wickets were down for 181, when "W. W." partnered Scotton, who had batted some three and a half hours for 53 runs. Walter Read rose to the occasion and played the innings of his career, as did G. L. Jessop eighteen years later, on the same ground and in circumstances equally doleful. He hit up 117 in a little over two hours, amid a scene of enthusiasm which has never been equalled on a cricket-field. All honour to that clear eye, cool nerve, and muscular arm.



FREDERICK R. SPOFFORTH. 1878. "The Demon Bowler."

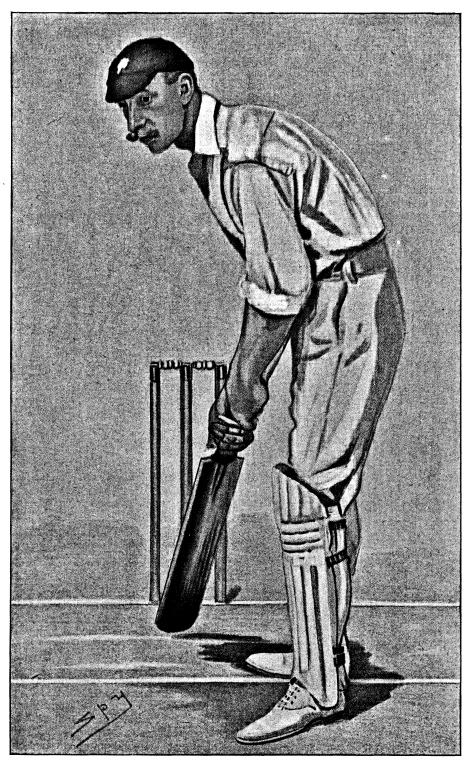
As Vanity Fair said of him about this period: "Probably no man has so many admirers who know nothing of him beyond his excellence at a certain game. The reason that so little is known of Mr. Read's early life is probably the fact that there is nothing about it worth knowing. Beyond a mild commercial education, his attainments are mostly physical, and due rather to the natural aptitude of such qualities as a straight eye



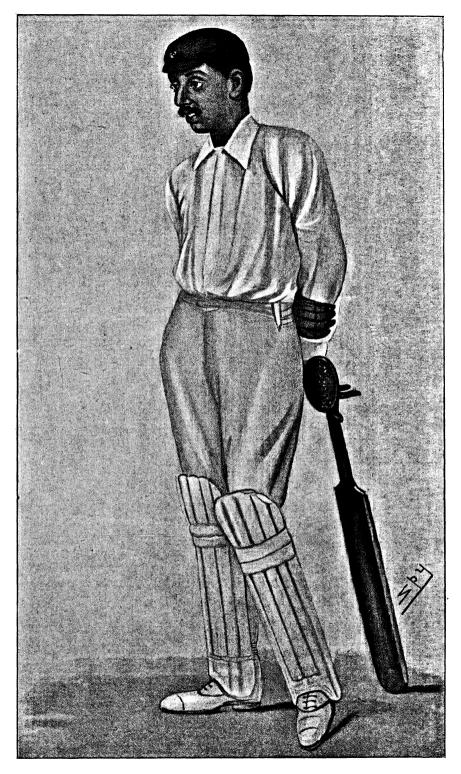
GEORGE J. BONNOR. 1884. "Australian Cricket."

than to any particular training in his youth. By pure instinct, for he had no early tuition, he held his bat straight, and one day he was seen doing so by the professional Jupp, who thereupon took him under his wing, with the result that he made his *debut* as one of the Surrey eleven at the early age of seventeen years.

"He plays very straight and hits all round with much freedom, so that no amateur eleven is now complete without him. His off drives are unequalled, and the way in which he lengthens a long hop on the off, sending it between point and mid-off with the speed of a round shot, is a thing to be seen and not forgotten. When he is fairly set, he is the second best run-getter we have.



HON. F. S. JACKSON. 1902. "A Flannelled Fighter."



KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI. 1897. *"Ranji.*"



LORD HARRIS. 1881. "Kent."

He can keep wicket with the best of them, and though, in order to save his hands for batting, he does not always do so, he once kept it for Surrey while the Yorkshire eleven scored 388 runs, without allowing them a single extra."

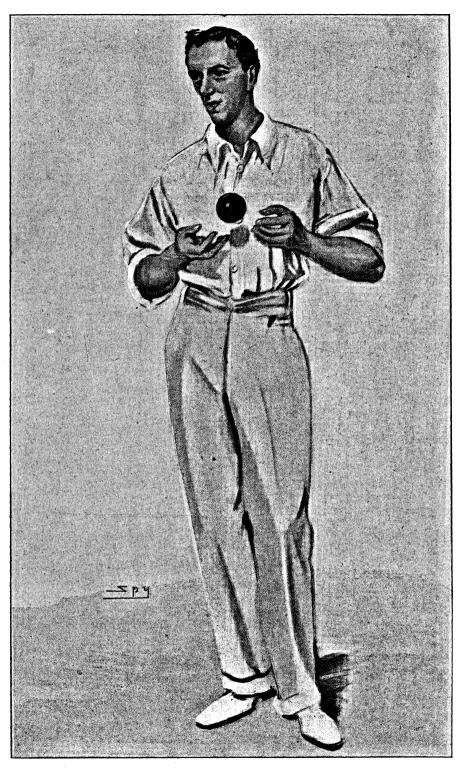
No fewer than five others of Vanity Fair's gallery took part in the match which proved such a triumph for "W. W." F. R. Spofforth and G. J. Bonnor—the only Australians thus handed down to fame— "W. G." himself, of course, with Lord Harris, who captained England, and the late Colonial Secretary and prince of stumpers, Alfred Lyttelton. But it was not as a wicket-keeper that the last-named distinguished himself in this match, nor as a batsman, but as a bowler. When the Australian total stood at 532, with only six men out, "W. G." took the gloves, and Mr. Lyttelton bowled lobs with such success that the innings closed for an additional nineteen runs.

As a matter of fact, this was not due to

his skill, for it occurred in days long before "declaration" was legalised as one of the fine arts of modern cricket, and the Colonials were simply bustling to get out. Mr. Lyttelton is probably the only modern cricketer who has kept wicket in a county match in a hard straw hat. How little the boy is father to the man in some cases may be gathered from the following tale. Quite unknown to themselves, the three youngest Lytteltons at Eton were respectively known as the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. "Bob," the senior, was thus nicknamed because he was so gullible that he would swallow anything in the world, yet he has lived to be the cricket authority of The Times. "Edward," blessed with a once vivid imagination, is now the genial yet austere headmaster of Eton, and "Alfred," though as a lad he possessed a singularly hot temper, is to-day the suave and influ-



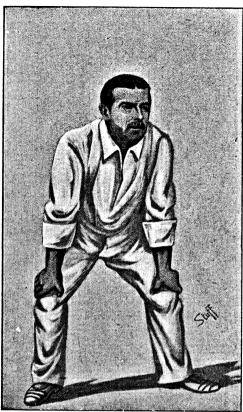
VISCOUNT COBHAM. 1904. "Cricket, Railways, and Agriculture."



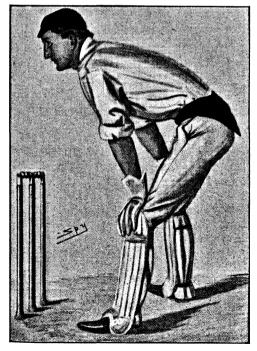
B. J. T. BOSANQUET. 1904. "An artful bowler."



GEORGE HIRST. 1903. "Yorkshire."



A. N. HORNBY. 1891. "Monkey."



HYLTON PHILIPSON. 1889. "Oxford Cricket."

ential man of the world, whose exceptionally winning smile has even mollified cantankerous carpers at Chinese labour.

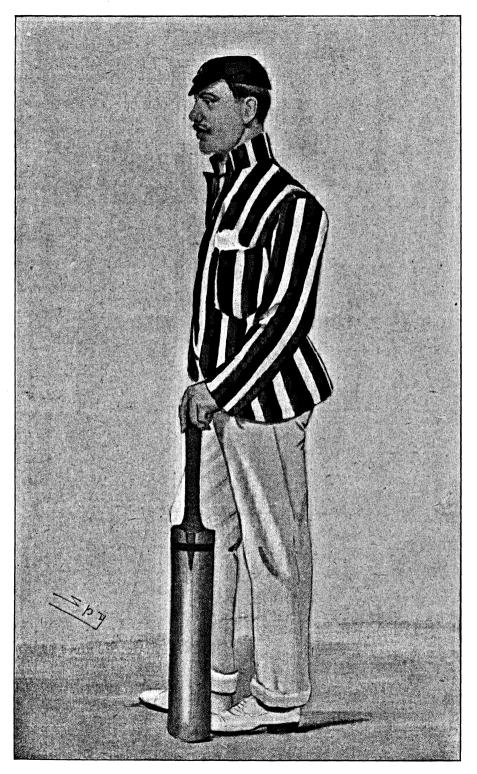
Memories of great games at the Oval irresistibly influence my choice of next man in. For though Abel has made huge scores all over the world, it was the Surrey ground which saw his chief triumphs. Yet Abel ought to have made his first century on a Gloucester ground. This is how he failed.



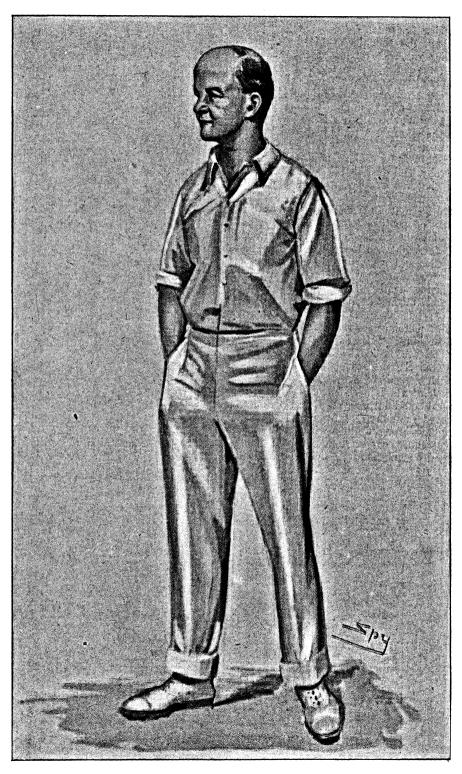
ANDREW E. STODDART. 1892. "A big hitter."

It was too wet to play on the third day of the match, and Abel had scored 99 the previous evening. But "W. G.," like the good sportsman he is and ever was, did not intend to let Abel stick at 99. So it was arranged that the Gloucester XI. should go out even in the pelting rain to let him get one run ! Solemnly they strode forth, clad in great coats and mackintoshes. All was ready, and "W. G." held the ball ready to bowl.

"W. G." held the ball ready to bowl. "How will you have it?" he asked Abel. "A full pitch to leg," was the reply.



LORD DALMENY. 1904. "In his father's steps."

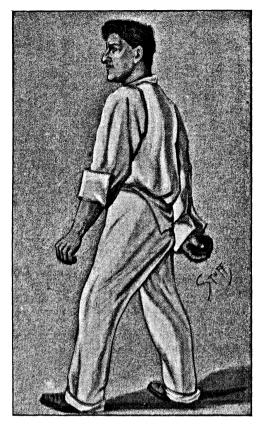


PELHAM F. WARNER. 1903. "Plum."

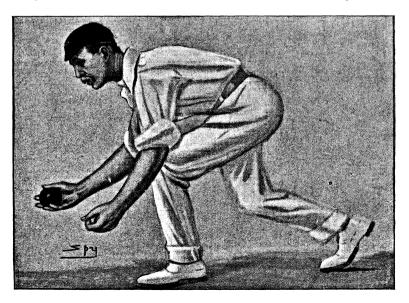
And a full pitch he got, and away went the ball, the thought of his first hundred lending vigour to the stroke. But J. H. Brain was at deep square leg, and the instinct of making a catch was too much for him. He forgot all about Abel's hundred, and by a brilliant effort brought off a beautiful catch. "W. G.'s" little kindness was wasted, and the Gloucester team had a wet outing for nothing.

for nothing. "Bobbie," or "The Guv'nor," as he was generally called, did not play for Surrey until he was twenty-two. That year his batting average for the county was 31. In 1897, he and Brockwell thrice put on a couple of centuries for one wicket; four years later he scored twelve separate centuries, and, for eight successive years, scored over two thousand runs, in 1901 making 3,309, an aggregate never yet exceeded.

Playing against the Gentlemen, he has not only made the highest individual score -247—but also the four highest innings in that match at the Oval. "Jehu Junior" said of him : "His defence is very strong, his patience is inexhaustible, and he has mastered the medium-paced ball; while he is such a bad bowler that he often gets wickets. He is a self-made player whose natural qualifications are few; but he believed in himself, and pluck and perseverance have brought him to high estate. He is not much bigger than his bat; but he



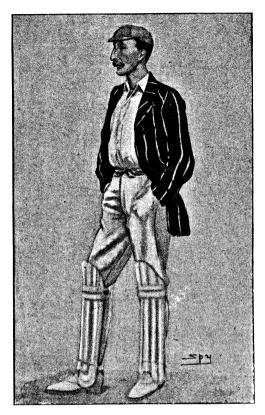
SAMUEL M. J. WOODS. 1892. "Sammy."



D. L. A. JEPHSON. 1902. "The Lobster."



GILBERT L. JESSOP. 1901. "The Croucher."



LIONEL C. H. PALAIRET. 1903. "Repton, Oxford, and Somerset."

The third cricketer who appeared in Vanity Fair was the great Mr. George John Bonnor. His father was from Herefordshire and his mother was from Lancashire; he himself was born at Bathurst, in New South Wales. He was sent to school, and afterwards became a sheep-farmer, learning to shoot, to ride, and to run. His great bodily strength made him the tremendous hitter he was. As "Jehu Junior" said of him : "He is a quiet, amiable, low-voiced, comely giant, standing six feet six in his boots, measuring forty-five inches round the chest, and weighing seventeen stone. He can throw a cricket-ball a hundred and twenty-nine yards, he can bowl very fast indeed, and is a very hard hitter. He is neither a smoker nor a drinker. He is gentle and goodhumoured, and is altogether a most excellent specimen of the Greater Briton."

An amusing story is told of the giant. Mr. C. I. Thornton, in his day the finest hitter ever seen, was constantly "chipping" Bonnor about his big hits. On one occasion Bonnor witheringly remarked; "You think you can hit: I have a sister in Australia who can hit as hard as you do." The genial "Bun's" retort was instantaneous. "You should bring her over to England and marry her to Louis Hall" (the great Yorkshire "stonewaller") "You could then have a perfect cricketer—in the future."

When the giant first appeared at Sheffield, a voice from the crowd sang out : "Here be Joombo !" When tiny Alec Bannerman came on to the scene, the same wit called out : "Here be Little Joombo !" It must be remembered that Alec was a proverbial stonewaller to appreciate the further tradition that Bonnor and he were "the long and the short of a hit." On the way back from one of the earliest tours, the Australians visited San Francisco. A big Yankee looked at the stalwart Cornstalk, and observed : "I guess I thought I was some, but I guess he's somer."

In the Earl of Darnley and Viscount



R. A. H. MITCHELL. 1896. "Mike."

Cobham those interested in cricket will recognise the once familiar figures of Mr. Ivo Bligh and Mr. C. G. Lyttelton.

Lord Darnley played cricket for Eton for two years, and for Cambridge for four years, once as captain. In 1882 he captained the English eleven in Australia, and on one occasion, when he had hurt his hand while batting, some bandages were brought to him into the field, and to tie them up a lady's handkerchief was borrowed. With true courtesy, he subsequently insisted on being introduced to the owner to thank her personally for the loan. That lady eventually became his wife, and, as the fairy tale runs, they lived happily ever after. He has since been President of the M.C.C., but has now descended to golf. "Jehu Junior" described him as "an unassuming, upright, popular fellow, with a gentle voice.'

Lord Cobham, of the great cricketing family of Lyttelton, was a free hitter, a destructive bowler, and an effective wicketkeep. He played for Cambridge against Oxford for four years, and for the Gentlemen against the Players for five years. His father played for Cambridge in '32, and three of his brothers were in the Eton eleven of '72. He is a Railway Commissioner, a Fellow of Eton College, and a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. A. N. Hornby, the popular "Monkey," is another face now no longer familiar on our cricket-fields. At Harrow he attracted attention by the startling unorthodoxy of his batting, and though he failed to achieve a reputation as a scholar, he was in the school eleven as soon as he was as high as his bat. His schoolfellows worshipped him for his extraordinary agility. Later, those responsible for him tried to turn him into a business man; being unable to expel nature, they failed. He played all over England and Australia, headed the Gentlemen's batting averages, and captained the County of Lancashire for ten years.

His running between wickets will probably be better remembered than even his batting, for there was nothing in the way of a stolen run that Mr. Hornby would not attempt, if only his partner would respond. On one occasion, a muddy day at Lord's, which saw the match begun and finished, "Monkey" Hornby was batting with poor Briggs as a partner. "Johnny" just played a ball wide of short slip, and not unnaturally refused his captain's urgent beckoning to run. Mr. Hornby just scrambled home the M.C.C. fieldsman being surprised out of all smartness by the sheer audacity of the attempt—and then, turning round to his partner, he called out : "Oh ! Briggs, Briggs, *do* keep awake !"

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Of Lord Harris, another cricketer of the past, whose features are scarcely as familiar to-day as they were in the 'eighties, "W. G." tells us that "the only bad thing" he knew about him was that he "permitted political ambition to interrupt a brilliant cricketing career."

But whenever Lord Harris is remembered as a player—and in his time he was a very fine batsman and field, and second to none in captaincy—the stand which he took against unfair bowling must always be recollected to his credit. He refused to play at Lord's in one Gentlemen r. Players match because the M.C.C. Committee had included among the Gentlemen a well-known bowler of doubtful action. And when asked to captain England v. Australia, at Old Trafford, he made his consent conditional on a certain Lancashire fast bowler—whose "throwing" was generally recognised-not being chosen. On another occasion, backed up by the Kent Committee, he adopted an even stronger attitude, when Lancashire were coming to play Kent at Canterbury. The Lancashire Committee were informed that the stumps would be pitched and the umpires in their places, but that Kent would decline to play allowing Lancashire to claim the matchif certain players were included. When Lord Harris returned from India-where he was Governor of Bombay for five years-his old county, Kent, invited him again to play for them. He replied that he appreciated the honour, but was sure that he was no longer good enough for first-class cricket. That was in 1895. In the following year he did play again for Kent, and made a century against Somerset.

And here I must break away from cricketers of the past and introduce the captain of the Surrey team, Lord Dalmeny, M.P., if only in the hope that he will take warning from the above, and not allow his attendance at Westminster to keep him up late o' nights, and so spoil his eye for his cricket duties. For last year the successful Surrey captain—apart altogether from his merits as a mere leader, of which much, indeed, might be written took rank as the finest and most popular hitter of the present day. The longer the season lasted, the better the heir of "the lonely furrow" played.

Apropos to hard hitting, and the excitement of fast scoring, what are the prospects

N

of "The Croucher" returning to his earlier methods, before golf claimed him? May he regain the form he displayed against the Yorkshire bowling, which at one time he trounced to the extent of 101 runs in forty minutes!

We must not lose sight of the great connecting link betwixt the two generations of cricketers, a position rightly occupied by Lord Hawke, whose keenness for the summer game shows no signs of abatement even after five-and-twenty years' hard labour. The popular Yorkshire captain linked up the list of famous Cambridge leaders, following as he did Lord Darnley, Mr. A. G. Steel, and the Studd brothers, and coming before Messrs. S. M. J. Woods, G. Macgregor, and Stanley Jackson. Lord Hawke is the fifth titled captain already mentioned as appearing in the Vanity Fair gallery, no small proof, were any needed, of the way in which the national game helps to make all men equal. The famous Yorkshire elevens of recent years, great though their players have been, probably owe more to their captain than to any one batsman or bowler-a fact loyally acknowledged by the men over whom Lord Hawke has ruled-with a mild but firm despotism-for many years.

By the way, the art of letter-writing will never be lost so long as "the Baron" wields the pen, for possibly no one in this generation writes better letters, and that without affectation-a quality absolutely foreign to the nature of the uncrowned king of modern cricket. He will tell you that the happiest day of his year is the one on which he entertains "all my dear boys" at his seat, Wighill Park. That afternoon he hands to each of the professionals an envelope containing the talent money he has earned in the season, which is allotted by Lord Hawke by a system of marks in which good fielding obtains as generous recognition as skill with bat and ball. He let us into his own secret as captain when he said : "A favourite expression of mine is 'Now, boys, buck up!' and I think it goes a long way. For it is not jockeyship, it is not individual success that is going to win a match. As in the old Eton boating song it is Swing, swing together !' so in cricket it is 'Pull, pull together !' That has been the secret of Yorkshire's success."

"Martin," as his friends call him, is far indeed from the Kiplingesque definition of a flannelled fool, for he is thoughtful, earnest, and strong-minded. He once dismissed a

great professional from the team, though he believed he had no one to replace him, simply on a point of principle. ""I would rather have lost every match than have overlooked what occurred," he observed, and the courage of the action was characteristic. At Eton he won running races, and he has since not only played cricket in many climes, always taking the true standard of English manhood to Colonial kith and kin. but has shot big game. He rides hard in the hunting-field, and likes a game of croquet, but so far has resisted golf. He hates only one thing-making a speech.

Mr. Jackson has probably had more stories told of him than any living cricketer. For since his Harrow days, till last year's successful tossing and general play against the Australians in the Test matches, no single cricketer has more greatly appealed to the public. But though Mr. Jackson has furnished an endless fund of stories for other cricket-writers, he holds yet another distinction among latter-day cricketers in seldom, if ever, himself contributing to the Press. Up in his own country he is a bit of an orator.

At the University, there was a certain lordliness about "Jacker," as he was always known, which, if it did not make him enemies, at least promoted the invention of stories concerning him. Everyone knows the Harrow yarn which accused him of remarking, after a century against Eton, that he was glad he had made the runs, "as it would give the Governor such a lift" --the Governor, by the way, being at that time Chief Secretary for Ireland.

He was ever a good fellow at heart, and one of his most amusing yarns dealt with a conversation he had heard between his brother officers, in which it was remarked that "at last they had succeeded in making a good chap of him." He did well in South Africa. Years have given him a perfect discretion. In the cricketing world as in private life he is known as a thorough sportsman and a man of unusual ability. He should have a future—beyond cricket.

Mr. Jephson was born in Surrey, and played three years for Cambridge before he was asked to help in the representation of his county. It was at one time said of him that he should have put himself on to bowl more. Certainly he has won considerable distinction with the ball. Against the Players at Lords he once took six wickets for twenty-one runs. As "Jehu Junior" said of him : "He is a most dependable person who scores best on a slow wicket, though he can generally make runs when they are wanted. He has contributed entertainingly to cricket literature. He has also confessed to missing a Player through sleeping at extra slip. They call him 'The Lobster,' and he has his eccentricities. He likes music and golf, and has also written a fairy tale."

At the University he used to go in last, and in those days batted with a dogged stubbornness that gave little hint of the subsequent Jessopian exhibitions he gave of hurricane hitting. It was on the occasion of his fiercest slogging at Hastings that one of the opposing side said: "Call that a lobster? Well, it's far easier work to field out to a crab of a stonewaller!"

"A victim to Test cricket." Such may be the obituary of many great cricketers. And of none greater than of Mr. A. E. Stoddart, who succumbed to its fatal spell, and the discomfort of being " barracked," when down in Australia some few years ago. For except for an innings of 221-the highest he ever made in a first-class match-he practically abandoned the noble game at the conclusion of that tour. Comparisons, even in adjectives at cricket, are apt to be misleading, but for purposes of reference it may be mentioned that this 221 took less than five hours to compile, and included twenty-six fours.

He was ever a strenuous athlete. Early in his career he made a century and a half in the big Jubilee match between the Gentlemen of England and the M.C.C. He became a record scorer, making 485 for Hampstead against the Stoics. His batting was strong and free, and in the field he covered more ground than any rival. To his cricket fame he added a fine football reputation; when at his best, he was a magnificent threequarter, and made a good captain of the English Rugby team.

It was as long ago as 1878 that the great Spofforth appeared in Vanity Fair. He was then twenty-five years of age. "The Demon Bowler," as he was generally known, comes of a good English family. His father, after being concerned in several exploring expeditions into the interior of Australia, married a New Zealand lady and settled down in the Antipodes. "Love of athletic pastimes," said "Jehu Junior," "which has been imported from home by Australia only to be increased and improved upon, seized him at an early age, and from his schooldays up he has been known for his quick eye, true hand, and good judgment. He is withal of excellent manners, modest and diffident, and has become a favourite with all who have known him in England."

The Demon is full of good stories when you can make him talk. Once, he relates, he was bowling very fast against Yorkshire on a bumpy wicket, and consequently knocking the batsmen about, though he never was an "injurious" bowler, like some who might be mentioned. Suddenly an old Yorkshireman rose up among the crowd and yelled : "Chain t' long beggar up; he's trying to kill them !" Nowadays, as a veteran, "Spof" bowls quite slow, but many judges believe that to-day, at the age of fifty-three, he is almost as difficult as ever.

Another example of Colonial athletic greatness may be found in Mr. S. M. J. Woods. He first played football and cricket at Brighton, neglecting somewhat the humbler opportunities of learning. At cricket and football he soon made himself a remarkable reputation. We do not suppose that in the history of University cricket a more remarkable sight was ever witnessed than the fast bowling of S. M. J. Woods and the wicket-keeping of MacGregor. They were both of them fast friends, and members of the same college. Sam would rush up to the wicket, stick out his left leg with a curious, lever-like action, and send down a tremendously fast ball. Mac, as like as not standing close up to the wicket, rarely let a bye be scored; his long arms would shoot out and capture the fastest and wildest efforts of Sam with an uncanny certainty.

Contemporaries at the University always declare that one night when "ragging," Sammy accidentally knocked Mac clean through a plate-glass window. The stumper's hands were badly cut, but with magnificent pluck he not only kept wicket the very next day, but kept phenomenally well.

As a football player Sam combined the strength of a Hercules with the agility of a Mercury. I remember an eye-witness telling me of the curious incident that occurred at a match in the north of England, when Cambridge University were playing a Yorkshire team. The Cambridge back was a man of small physique. During the game Sam slightly twisted his ankle, and to give it a rest he took the position of full back. Now, there was a very large and ferocious Yorkshire forward, who also played for England, who came through the scrum at the head of a rush, got past the three-quarters, and, taking up the ball, charged down upon the full back. In the excitement of the

moment he did not notice that a very large man had been substituted for a very small one in that position.

The Yorkshireman did not attempt to avoid his enemy, while Sam went for him somewhat after the fashion of a charging bull. The impact was, I am credibly informed, audible all over the ground, and the Yorkshireman was removed with a broken collar-bone.

Once in a Somersetshire match catches were being dropped wholesale, and after a usually safe field had let a particularly easy one through his fingers, he observed : "It seems to me, Sammy, that there is a regular epidemic about." "At any rate, it isn't catching," was the instantaneous retort. "Bos," as he is generally known, is a

backbone of cricketing tours. America, Canada, the West Indies, Australia, and New Zealand have seen him run up scores and capture wickets. Perhaps his most notable success was achieved in 1904 with Mr. Warner's team in Australia: he won a critical Test match for his side by taking five wickets for twelve runs on a pitch in excellent condition. At one time he was a fast bowler. and now he delivers "googlies" with artful discrimination. He acquired his weird bowling by practising at a wall with a lawn-tennis ball. What began in mere idle effort soon interested Having developed a knack of curving, him. he proceeded to practise against any lady who would face him with a lawn-tennis racquet. He is thus a cricketer indebted to the fair sex for some of his skill. Dr. W. G. Grace cheerily says he is another, for he recalls how his mother used to bowl to him on the Downs when he was a wee lad. The odd thing about "Bos" is that neither he nor anyone else ever knows when he is going to be unplayable or very, very, very emphatically His most dangerous ball is the reverse. one which seems to have a leg break, but which comes the other way. He is a great man at argument, and loves to theorise; he is never convinced by a critic who disagrees with him.

George Hirst is a complete master of the West Riding dialect, who has played for England about a dozen times. He bowls with a noted swerve, he bats with a daring pull, and he fields with all the virtues. As his biographer said of him : "He is a really fine fellow with the heart of a lion ; he has a very good appetite, and quite a nice smile."

Mr. Lionel Palairet is the pride of Somersetshire and one of the most perfect exponents of cricketing good form that ever stood at the wickets. The Yorkshire bowling has always seemed to suit him. It is not generally known that he was born in Lancashire. Up at Oxford they used to say he practised style in batting before a lookingglass.

Captain E. G. Wynyard is a capital bat, who has his own opinions and is not easy to convince when he has made up his mind. He can always tell you what an England team ought to be, and he has a kind heart.

In his own way, Kumar Shri Ranjit-Sinhji stands out as the greatest batsman we have ever seen in this country, and, when he first appeared, one of the finest fielders that ever stood in the slips. After coming from India, he learnt his cricket at Cambridge. Of all his strokes, his leg glance is, perhaps, the most famous. His quickness of eye was, in his undergraduate days, something beyond what can be expected of a European. For the same reason that allows him to make his marvellous catches in the slips, or to catch a fly in the air, or on the wall, with equal certainty, he is a first-rate billiard player, an excellent tennis player, and a fine performer at every sort of game that requires agility of vision.

His biographer wrote of him in Vanity Fair: "He is very good company and he speaks unaccented English. When he is travelling, he asks at every station what is the sport of the place; he is exceedingly generous, he is always at home, he has a quaint way of telling a good story, he is full of unassuming pluck, and he may be known a mile off by the elasticity of his walk. He has a violent temper, which he generally controls with marked ability; and the people idolise him. He was first known at Cambridge as 'Smith'; now everyone knows him as 'Ranji.' He never bets."

When speaking of him, the "juggler" story is irresistibly suggested. When Ranjitsinhji first began to play for the 'Varsity, one of the earliest victims to his almost supernatural quickness in the slips was Mr. C. W. Wright, the old Cambridge and Notts cricketer. Mr. Wright, who has himself played cricket in all parts of the globe, had only recently returned from India when Ranji snapped him up in this match at Cambridge. On his return to the pavilion his companions asked him : "Did you ever see such a catch?" Charles's thoughts went hastening back to the basket trick, the invisible rope, and the mango tree. "Call it cricket? He's a blessed juggler!" he replied.

It may not be uninteresting to quote the following description of Ranji's methods at the time when he was first coming into prominence, some ten or twelve years ago. "He prefers," wrote a friend, "fast bowling, even on a fiery wicket, and takes a ball off his nose and puts it for four to leg with facility. When he was practising at Cambridge, he would choose a rough wicket, and then get Lockwood and Richardson to bowl in their usual way at him, saying that he got better practice from them than from slow bowlers. There can be little doubt that if a man has pluck enough to do this sort of thing, he is likely to learn a good deal."

Mr. P. F. Warner, the "Winston" of the cricket-field, as he has lately been called (a description implying both the height and depth of compliment or reproach, from whichever point of view you may be looking), is a quiet, cheerful individual, who, if he lacks a sense of humour, has an immense knowledge of cricket. He can tell you the scores of nearly every match in which he has played. He wields his pen less easily than his bat, vet with tolerable effect; he can speak fairly well, and never loses heart. He does not object to criticism. He can play a losing game very well, and he can usually keep friends with his men. "Jehu Junior" added to his accomplishments that he "owed his wig-maker a bill," but this, we have every reason to believe, is a malicious libel. He is universally known as "Plum."

All Etonians of his own time knew Mr. Hylton Philipson as "Punch"—the most popular man of his school generation. As a batsman he marred his average, after leaving Eton, by undue recklessness, but once at Chiswick Park in 1887, against Middlesex, in conjunction with Mr. Kingsmill Key, he put on 340 runs for Oxford. The highest praise of his great ability as a wicket-keeper is that he was considered superior in that department to Mr. G. MacGregor himself by the Australians when they both toured at the Antipodes with Lord Sheffield's team. has won distinction at football and racquets, and there is a rumour that he has ridden with success in point-to-point races.

In recalling the late Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, one cannot improve upon the words of Lord Harris: "He was a great Etonian, a great cricketer, and a great master of the game, and he leaves behind him the memory of a great man." At Eton, "dear old Mike" had only one foible : he always believed that at least six lads in his own house deserved places in the eleven. He used to say that once he was bowling in Devonshire, and appealed for a catch at the wicket. The village umpire strode towards the batsman and said : "Bill, did you hit that ball?" Bill preserved a judicious silence, whereupon the umpire remarked : "Well, as *you* won't say anything, I appeal to the other umpire," who immediately gave Bill out. Those who object to modern slow cricket may be interested to learn that when Mr. Voules joined Mr. Mitchell at the wicket in some match, the latter said : "Now, Rat, steady for the first hour !"

Mr. C. B. Fry is not included in this list owing to the fact that it was as an athlete, and not as a cricketer, that he was cartooned in *Vanity Fair*. His portrait, therefore, falls into our next series of reproductions. A few words about him are necessary to give completeness to this review of cricketing talent.

As "C. B." Mr. Fry is as familiar to the man in the street as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, whilst he is dearer to the heart of the British schoolboy than anyone else. As Admirable Crichton he will be dealt with under another section ; but it is permissible to forecast that some day in the House of Commons he may score as freely as at Brighton. He is the only famous run-getter who completely recast his whole method as a batsman *after* he had scored a century in the University match. To have done so after accomplishing what most men are proud of to the last day of their life is an achievement which argues much moral as well as physical perseverance after an ideal.

Finally we provide a summary of what most of the cricketers here cartooned have done, and in the following tables those who are now sitting for their portraits are included as well as those whose counterfeit presentment has already been published. Only G. J. Bonnor and Lord Dalmeny have not played in Gentlemen v. Players, an honour which certainly awaits the member for Midlothian in the near future. He alone has not been chosen in a Test match. Apart from S. M. J. Woods, who was not only born in Australia, but has represented the Colonies in this country, the only cricketers who have not crossed the Equator to play the game are the Hon. F. S. Jackson, C. B. Fry, R. H. Spooner, I. C. H. Palairet, D. L. A. Jephson, with Lord Dalmeny, and in the figures given are included English efforts in eleven-a-side matches at the Antipodes. Of the amateurs, Lord Harris, Lord Hawke, Lord Darnley, Lord Dalmeny, H. Philipson,

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Not Out.	Average.
K. S. Ranjitsinhji	438	22,277	285	57	59.21
C. B. Fry	481	22,865	244	29	49.49
Hayward	706	26,726	315	62	41.50
Tvldeslev	529	19,964	250	41	40.90
Tyldesley	1,463	54,073	344	103	39.75
A. C. MacLaren	542	18,293	424	37	$36 \cdot 22$
R. H. Spooner	152	5,186	247	6	35.52
Abel	988	32,432	357	72	$35 \cdot 40$
P. F. Warner	401	13,429	204	22	$35 \cdot 24$
L. C. H. Palairet	436	14,695	292	18	35.15
Capt. E. G. Wynyard	200	6,521	268	10	$34 \cdot 32$
Hon. F. S. Jackson	490	15,498	160	35	34.06
W. W. Read	739	22,219	338	53	$32 \cdot 38$
A.E. Stoddart	513	16,081	221	16	32.35
G. L. Jessop	490	14,928	286	24	32.03
D. L. A. Jephson	276	7,504	213	41	31.93
B. J. T. Bosanquet	269	7,826	179	23	$31 \cdot 81$
Hirst	643	19,133	341	93	29.43
Hon. A. Lyttelton	158	4,148	181	12	28.41
Lord Harris	370	9,488	176	22	$27 \cdot 26$
S. M. J. Woods	516	12,642	215	22	25 59
A. N. Hornby	683	15,974	188	38	24.65
Lord Dalmeny	72	1,510	138	2	21.57
Lord Darnley.	125*	2,622	113		20.97
Lord Hawke	763	13,497	166	84	19.87
G. J. Bonnor	214	3,682	124	17	18.69
H. Philipson	150*	1,748	150		17.83

BATTING AVERAGES.

* Completed innings.

and B. J. T. Bosanquet were at Eton; the Hon. F. S. Jackson, A. N. Hornby, and A. C. MacLaren at Harrow; C. B. Fry and L. C. H. Palairet at Repton; Captain E. G. Wynyard at Charterhouse; P. F. Warner at Rugby; and R. H. Spooner at Marlborough. Oxford contributes six and Cambridge seven to our list, C. B. Fry being the only one to make a century in the University match. Middlesex provides five; Lancashire and Surrey each four, besides the fact that Lord Dalmeny has played for the two Metropolitan counties; Yorkshire gives three; Kent, Somersetshire and Gloucestershire two each, whilst Captain Wynyard represents Hampshire, and F. R. Spofforth has been captain of Derbyshire. The averages here given represent the life-work of these heroes of bat and ball up to the commencement of the present season.

With the exception of the great Australian, the cricketers of *Vanity Fair* have never been selected mainly because of skill in bowling, and though all the foregoing have bowled at a pinch, the following appear to be the only ones whose analysis specially merits compilation, and who have taken a hundred wickets. Owing to the variation in the number of balls in the over at different periods, it would be unsatisfactory to include overs or maidens.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

		Runs.	Wickets.	Average.	
F. R. Spofforth . Hirst Hon. F. S. Jackson S. M. J. Woods . Hayward G. L. Jessop . B. J. T. Bosanquet D. L. A. Jephson . A. E. Stoddart . C. B. Fry Dr. W. G. Grace .	•	$\begin{array}{r} 8,773\\ 27,848\\ 13,874\\ 20,532\\ 10,348\\ 15,896\\ 12,328\\ 7,405\\ 5,729\\ 4,674\\ 49,824 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 682\\ 1,407\\ 685\\ 972\\ 464\\ 696\\ 512\\ 295\\ 211\\ 165\\ 1,737\end{array}$	$12 \cdot 80 \\ 19 \cdot 79 \\ 20 \cdot 25 \\ 21 \cdot 12 \\ 22 \cdot 30 \\ 22 \cdot 83 \\ 24 \cdot 07 \\ 25 \cdot 10 \\ 27 \cdot 15 \\ 28 \cdot 08 \\ 28 \cdot 51 \\ \end{array}$	
W. W. Read L. C. H. Palairet . K. S. Ranjitsinhji	•	$2,992 \\ 4,604 \\ 4,485$	$ \begin{array}{r} 101 \\ 136 \\ 128 \end{array} $	$29.64 \\ 33.85 \\ 35.03$	
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B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and HOME GORDON.

THE DOUBTING OF THE DOCTOR.

By HENRY C. ROWLAND.

THE sudden shying of his hunter almost threw the doctor into the road ; then the outer wheel of the high dog-cart struck a rock upon the bank, and for a while the doctor hovered in mid-air, as it seemed to him, at least three feet above the seat. So perfect, however, was his Park form that,



"The sudden shying of his hunter."

when he alighted, his former correct position was unchanged by the breadth of a hair.

Somewhat startled and decidedly annoyed by the unlooked-for manœuvre, the doctor brought in his hunter with a vigour that almost hauled him back over the dashboard. At the same moment a suspicious ripple came from the bushes that fringed the side of the winding road, and bringing his hunter to a full stop, the doctor looked in the direction with an air of pained surprise. It was in his mind that a few terse but dignified words of reproach on the impropriety of scaring ramping hunters might not be amiss.

Standing in the alders at the foot of an ivy-covered elm, there stood a lady, who,

aside from her more conventional drapings, looked as if she might just have been released from the hollow trunk of the tree behind her.

Dr. Livingston Wentworth gathered whip and reins affectionately to the second button of his driving-coat, and with the other hand stiffly raised his hat. Something in the precision of his movements might have suggested the idea that his confidence in his balance had been destroyed by his recent shock.

"I beg your pardon------" he began.

"Oh, don't mention it," the lady interrupted. "I was a bit startled for a moment, as you seemed to be charging right down upon us; but it was all right as soon as I opened my parasol at your horse—"

"I fear that I—

"Oh, *don't* apologise. Really, you know, it was well worth the shock to see the expression on your face as you sat there with so much dignity, about three feet above the seat——" Rising mirth interrupted her, then suddenly her face grew serious, and she glanced down at her side. Following her eyes, the doctor was startled to see the prostrate figure of a man. Looking back at the girl, he noticed for the first time that her

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dress was torn at the shoulder, and the earth ground into the sleeve.

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply. "Have you had an accident?"

The girl threw out her hands with a pretty, deprecating gesture.

² Oh, hardly that—my father and I were driving, and as we went over this rut, the hind-axle broke and let us down. Father was thrown against that tree."

Dr. Wentworth stared. "I should be inclined to call that an accident," he remarked drily. "Is your father hurt?"

Cold-blooded indifference in such an apparently charming girl jarred upon him disagreeably. He leaped to the ground and tied his horse to a sapling; then he turned to the girl, who was watching him with a peculiar expression.

" "He is not hurt," she said, with a touch of impatience in her voice and an imperceptible movement of her body, as if to oppose the examination. "You are very kind, but we do not need any assistance. I have sent a farmer-boy for a trap."

The doctor coldly disregarded the hint of her words and walked over to the prostrate man, who was spare and grey and elderly; he was lying on his back, and his face was ashen. Now and then a groan was forced from between his blue lips.

"Are you in pain?" asked the doctor, bending over him.

The man emitted a quavering groan. "There is no such thing as pain," he gasped brokenly.

A horrible suspicion threw a pale light into Wentworth's mind. Still stooping, he swung around to the girl, who was watching him with cold hostility.

"Once or twice he has thought he was suffering," she remarked in a superior voice, "but that was only a passing weakness. We do not admit the possibility of pain or disability, and just at your ill-timed arrival I had succeeded in convincing my father that his condition was perfectly normal."

Wentworth's skilled fingers were making a hasty examination of limb and body. After the first shock, the horrible truth had filled him cold disgust which even the physical beauty of the girl at his elbow was powerless to modify. Presently he turned to her, and there was a note in his voice that brought the blood into her cheeks.

"If his normal condition consists of a smashed collar-bone and an arm broken in two places, with incidentally a sprained ankle thrown in, your idea is fairly accurate, Personally I have my doubts. That ankle must be giving him the very deuce, to judge from his general condition."

The girl drew herself up haughtily. Wentworth rose to his feet and looked her over with a cold and curious eye. She was undeniably beautiful, and a lady; but although Wentworth possessed a chivalry almost Quixotic in character, he felt for the moment that nothing would do him so much good as to seize her rounded shoulders in his strong surgeon's hands, and shake her until the big coil of red air tumbled about her face and her pearly teeth rattled in her silly little head.

The girl surveyed him with a look of calm superiority.

"I think," she remarked, "that if, instead of referring in a vulgar way to an entirely



"Why, Honoria !"

mythical power of evil, we were to unite in prayer, it would prove of the greatest benefit to my poor suff——" she checked herself, colouring—" misguided father."

Wentworth stared at her in speechless wrath, compressing his lips to restrain the flood of forceful and, it is to be feared, profane expressions that were struggling to escape. At that moment, happening to glance past the girl, he caught sight of a country buggy ditched a few rods down the road.

" Is that your buggy ?" he asked.

"Yes," said the girl shortly.

"Perhaps I can patch it up, so that we can use it to drive your father to the next farmhouse. My cart would jolt him too much, and I am afraid might change his views in regard to the abstract existence of pain."

"There is no such thing as pain ! Oh ! my ankle !" quavered the wounded man. Wentworth looked at the girl and hoped that he saw a faint indication of distress in her long, grey eyes.

"You would not be able to mend the buggy, I am afraid," she remarked less haughtily. "The axle is broken in two."

"Suppose you go and pray over it while I am putting a splint on your father's arm," suggested Wentworth. "You might get it to knit by the time I got through. There's no reason why it shouldn't work just as well on the axle as on a bone !"

A suspicious quiver was apparent at the corners of the girl's mouth. Her face grew slightly pale.

"Will you kindly leave us?" she remarked with dignity.

"No," said Wentworth bluntly, "I won't."

The girl clenched her small hands. "I command you to go!"she exclaimed, stamping her little foot passionately.

"I decline to obey," said Wentworth calmly.

For a moment she glared at him with such a vindictive look that

he almost thought she was going to strike him. Wentworth stared back sternly, without taking his eyes from hers. A groan came from the prostrate man, and at the sound the girl suddenly wheeled and, placing both her graceful forearms against the trunk of the great tree, rested her forehead on them and burst into a wild storm of tears.

Wentworth hesitated; then, whipping out

his heavy clasp-knife, split a small sapling and cut three splints. Kneeling by the father, he gently loosed his collar and cravat and with the aid of his handkerchief and that of the wounded man, proceeded to immobilise the fractured arm. Soon the

" T "The doctor firmly but gently in-

QUHART WILCOX

"The doctor firmly but gently interposed his six feet of stalwart manhood."

girl's sobs ceased, and, glancing over his shoulder as he worked, Wentworth saw that she was watching him fixedly.

"Go over and look under the seat of my cart, and you will find a flask in the pocket of my overcoat," he said, without turning his head; "mix a little brandy and water in the cover and give him a drink. His pulse is very bad!"

There was a moment's pause; then he

heard a rustle behind him, and glancing covertly back, saw that his order was being obeyed.

Together they raised the sufferer's head and gave him to drink, and Wentworth noticed, with an inward grin, a feeble but gratified smack as the last swallow passed his lips, and a look of more than appreciation for the stimulant. A faint twinkle appeared in the mild, blue eye as the patient's head fell back on the moss.

"Get my overcoat out of the cart and spread it over him," commanded Wentworth, as he drew the edge of his knife along the lacing of the old gentleman's shoe. Again the order was immediately carried out.

Having treated the ankle to his satisfaction with such means as he had at hand, and disposed the patient as comfortably as possible, Wentworth turned to the girl.

"Thank you very much," he said. "You have been of a great deal of service; in fact, I wouldn't ask for a better assistant—and and—now, if there is anything else that you would like to try—a hymn, you know, or anything like that——" He hesitated, for an ominous glitter was growing in the girl's eye.

"There is no such thing as pain !" came more confidently from the ground. "My ankle doesn't hurt me as much—hem—that is to say, I do not *think*—er—young man, do you happen to have any more of that stimulant? It—er—appears to strengthen my faith."

Wentworth looked at him with a slight quiver about his mouth. A faint colour had crept into the pallid cheeks, and as he met Wentworth's look, there was just the suspicion of a flicker in the upper lid of the left eye.

"Certainly," said Wentworth encourag-He turned to the daughter. ingly. "Give him another drin-er-that is, let us repeat the stimulant." The girl obeyed in an ominous calm, and Wentworth noticed that she seemed to avoid his eye. As she was filling the flask-cover from the little rill at the side of the road, the rattle of wheels suddenly broke in upon them. The doctor looked up and saw a smart, two-seated buckboard drawn by a pair of handsome but rather heavy greys. On the back seat were two elderly ladies. Suddenly one of them leaned forward and emitted a somewhat discordant cry of recognition.

"Why, Honoria!" she called ; then to the coachman : "Stop, Johnson !"

The coachman checked the pair's mo-

mentum; the girl, flask in hand, rose to her feet.

"Why, Honoria !" cried the lady; "what are you doing here? Where is your father? What is that you have in your hand? A flask? Whatever has happened?"

The doctor looked at the lady with interest. She was tall and somewhat angular, with decided features which showed traces of a beauty almost effaced by the indulgence of varying hysterical convictions. Just then her expression was one which went to inspire a defensive attitude on the part of the beholder. Beside her sat a woman of similar age, with a set of features which seemed perpetually at odds with themselves.

From the ladies the doctor looked at the girl. Her expression hardly seemed to indicate the pleasure or relief which the meeting might have been expected to produce.

"Father is up there in the bushes," replied the girl a little defiantly, as though she feared criticism for keeping a father in such a place. "We broke down and were thrown out. There is the buggy farther on," she added, with somewhat the air of the Russian driver who throws the lap-robe to temporarily divert the attention of a pursuing pack of wolves.

"Is your father hurt? And whose trap is that?" (indicating the dog-cart).

"There is no such thing as pain !" came a decided voice from the bushes.

The lady descended hastily and stepped over to where the sufferer lay. At sight of the doctor she paused, then her piercing eye swept the recumbent figure of her husband with strong disfavour.

"Honoria!" she cried austerely, "who is this person with your father? But first throw that nasty bottle in the ditch!"

The girl hesitated, and the doctor came to her aid.

"My name is Livingston Wentworth, madam. I am a surgeon. And as I was driving past——"

"A surgeon! And you have dared to swathe my husband's free limbs in your odious sticks and rubbish? Remove them at once, sir! Eliphalet, I am amazed at you! Get on your feet at once, sir! Honoria, how could you permit of such vandalism?" She made a movement towards her husband, but the doctor firmly but gently interposed his six feet of stalwart manhood. The amused expression had left his face, which was very grave.

"Pardon me, madam," he said; "but

I am afraid you do not understand. Your husband's arm and collar-bone are broken, and he is suffering——"

"There is no such thing as pain !" came



"I shall do nothing of the sort. I tell you the man is all smashed up." Amazement and disgust were giving way to positive anger.

There was a moment's pause while the lady and the doctor remained deadlocked in a silent and motionless strife. The lady turned to the coachman.

"Johnson, come here this minute!"

The coachman, whose well-trained impassivity of countenance was giving way to an expression of uncomfortable interest, saluted and wriggled uneasily upon his seat.

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, I daren't leave the 'osses, ma'am." The greys were dozing apathetically.

"Come here at once !" in a slightly higher and somewhat strident key. With ostentatious care the coachman wrapped the reins about the whip and reluctantly descended.

"Remove this person !" ordered his mistress, indicating the doctor with a contemptuous nod.

The coachman approached with some misgiving. A look of positive relief spread over the doctor's face, but there was a set look about his jaw and a gleam in his blue eyes that did not escape the observant Johnson.

"You wouldn't 'ave me lay 'ands on a gentleman, ma'am !" he protested weakly.

"I believe you heard me order you to remove this person !"

The coachman shifted his weight to the other foot. The doctor smiled wickedly.

"Johnson," he remarked suavely, "there is no such thing as pain; but if you attempt

to interfere with me or my patient, you will need a course of absent treatment for the next six weeks before you are fit for service again."

"I think the 'osses are going to start, ma'am," said the perturbed coachman, springing to the heads of the dozing greys.

There was a somewhat embarrassing pause for a moment; then Honoria stepped quietly to her mother's side.

"Mamma, the doctor is right! I think that we had better move papa just as he is, without disturbing the dressings—"

"Yes, yes, Patience," exclaimed the prostrate Eliphalet. "Get me home and abed; then, after the—er —anatomical relations are properly er—adjusted, you may treat me

according to your own excellent methods. At present I am in a great deal of—er excitement, and do not feel equal to any more—er—manipulations!"

The mother surveyed with mingled expression the different members of the party; and when her eyes finally came back to her helpless spouse, there were tears in them whether of vexation or sympathy, the doctor was unable to determine; nor did he much care, if the truth were known.

"Very well," she said at length in the voice of a martyr. "Since my own flesh and blood, and even my hired servants, will not support me, I am obliged to submit, I suppose; but it is under protest—the strongest protest!" She turned to the doctor. "I shall refer the matter to my son, sir!" The doctor bowed, striving to hide an expression of gratification.

"Johnson," he called, "come here and help me to put your master in the carriage —that is, if you dare leave the pair," he added maliciously.

A modest cough from the ground drew his attention. Looking at the injured man, he thought that he caught once more that almost imperceptible flutter of the eyelid. A large experience of mankind for one so young suggested something to his mind : he turned boldly to the wife and mother.

"Madam, since you have so considerately permitted my profane system of treatment to prevail in the present case, I will carry it out further, to the extent of prescribing for the patient a dose of the orthodox stimulant before he is moved." He turned to the girl. "Will you kindly hand me my flask?

In an aggrieved silence a heroic dose of the medicine indicated was poured out and given to the patient, who received it with sad but unprotesting fortitude. This done, the doctor reinforced the dressings and rigged an improvised sling, after which the unfortunate Eliphalet, with many facial contortions, was tenderly bestowed in the carriage. The wife placed herself at his side, and, the woman in her triumphing over the theorist, rested his pale face upon her shoulder. The other elderly lady took the front seat.

"Honoria," commanded the mother, "get in front."

The doctor made a dissenting gesture.

"It would not be safe," he declared. "Johnson would be too crowded to have perfect control of his horses. If you will permit me," turning to the girl, "it will give me great pleasure to drive you home in my cart." He turned to the coachman. "Rather crowded, aren't you, Johnson?"

A fleeting look of intelligence crossed the well-ordered features.

"Oh, werry, sir—more particular as the pair is a bit skittish, 'avin' stood so long in the stable."

"You see," remarked the doctor, "we will follow close behind you. All right, Johnson-drive on."

A rising protest from the back seat was snapped short by a quick tug at the traces. The doctor gently drew the bewildered girl aside, and the vehicle passed on. As they stood in the road, the girl and the man looked at one another. Mingled emotions were struggling in the pretty face, but the doctor's was gravely respectful.

The carriage swung smartly around a

bend. Above the thud of the horses' feet on the hard-packed turf there suddenly arose another and odder sound. They listened in amazement, for with the rhythm of the hoofs came the quavering, uncertain air in thin, but cheerful tones, of a popular drinking song.

For a moment they gazed at one another in silence, the doctor making heroic efforts to maintain his expression of polite concern.

Suddenly the girl sank back against the bank, and the next moment the woods were ringing with peal after peal of irrepressible laughter.

*

A high English dog-cart drawn by a roadwise hunter was bowling along a winding drive through the woods. A hunter is the most sagacious of horses, and this horse was the wisest of hunters, as was evidenced by the painstaking way in which he kept his eyes on the road ahead and carefully avoided rocks and holes.

As if to demonstrate what he could do when he really cared to try, the hunter shied violently, throwing Honoria almost into the doctor's arms.

"Intelligent animal!" commented the doctor. "He always shies here. He remembers how you startled him the day we first met."

"Ah, yes," murmured the girl softly; "I shall never forget——" She paused.

"Forget what?" asked the doctor encouragingly.

"How funny you looked, holding the reins and sailing through the air so gracefully. You reminded me of one of the cupids in the 'Aurora' of Guido Reni!"

The doctor surveyed her with dign.fied reproach.

"It might have been very serious. If I had happened to land on the wheel when I came down, instead of the seat—"

"That would have been funnier still! You would have looked like Fortuna—or a circus-poster!"

The doctor looked at her with mingled emotions.

"You looked like a siren," he remarked, and added severely: "and behaved like one, too. I don't know that I have ever come so near to being lured to my destruction; and when the fairy tale got to the approach of the fiery——"

"Don't you *dare* call mamma a dragon !" "I wasn't. I was going to say 'steeds,' when you—___" "You don't deserve to have a-

"Mother - in - law ! I know it. But Johnson believes in me. He asked me to look at one of the horses' legs yesterday and-

"How silly you are ! Papa swears by you, and many of mamma's friends are beginning to----"

"Swear of me. Yes-but they wouldn't if they knew how miserably unhappy I am !"

convert.'

"Nonsense ! I don't believe it ! Really ?" The fresh young face was turned an imperceptible angle in his direction.

"Yes," dejectedly. "There really is not much for me to live for. I have not told anyone, but I am going away !"

"Going away—where?" she cried. "For a walk—in the woods probably. I want to try and see if I can conjure up in my imagination how I must have looked when Heather shied and——"

"Take me home, if you please. I do not think I care to go any farther to-day."

"There is a bit of a chill in the air. I think that if we were to sit a little closer-""

"Will you be so good as to turn around ?" "Don't dare. I'm afraid of upsetting, and breaking my collar-bone and arm and spraining my ankle. I've got an idea of what might happen—what ! Oh, I say—oh, I am a brute !

The little head with its mass of red-gold hair was as far from him as the narrow seat would permit. The rounded shoulders were rising falling convulsively, and the and grey eyes were buried in a tiny handkerchief.

"Oh, I say-Miss Hampton !---oh, by George ----- " The doctor groaned in anguish and felt that he would like to throw the loop of the reins about his neck and be dragged in the dust behind the cart. Then suddenly a better idea came to him, like an inspiration. He slid one arm along the back of the seat. The intelligent hunter slowed into a

The girl sat up and turned to him

"Don't take it so to heart, Dr. Wentworth; but every once in a while, when I think of how you looked-Sir ! "

"Darling !"

"You are insolent !"

"You are an angel !"

"Turn around this minute and take me home ! "

The doctor gathered up the reins.

"Do you think you can turn without upsetting?" timidly.

"Perhaps — if you get away over on this side?"

"Perhaps we had better keep straight on."

"I think so. These crooked paths are very dangerous."

She looked at him askance, but his face was entirely grave.

"What do you mean by speaking to me as you did just now ?"

"Do you really want to know?"

The doctor dropped his voice—and the maiden dropped her head-and the next moment the intelligent but misguided hunter started suddenly, for his patrician, pointed ears had caught a familiar sound.

"But you are still a Philistine," she pleaded.

"No, dear; I am a convert. There is no such thing as pain !" replied the doctor with an air of thorough conviction.



Wild Animals and Their Portraits.

Вч С. І. В. Рососк.

Illustrated from paintings by NELLIE HADDEN, F.Z.S.

I N the career of an artist, more especially a painter of portraits, few hours can yield more interest than those spent face to face with wild animals as sitters; and if



LEOPARD CUB. Reproduced by permission of R. I. Pocock, Esq., F.Z.S.

there be added the advantage of a leaning towards natural history, the interest, for ever expanding, will not confine itself to the artist alone. Hence, without further excuse, are given the following ex-

periences. There is no more delightful open-air studio than the Zoo in summer-time; and many happy hours may be spent there studying the wild creatures and their ways. In the Zoo the artist is surrounded by an atmosphere of good will; everyone employed there is ready to help in every way possible, and even the animals seem to become friendly after the easel has been set up in front of their cages for a day or two, and to pose themselves in suitable attitudes.

To begin with the tallest, though among the youngest



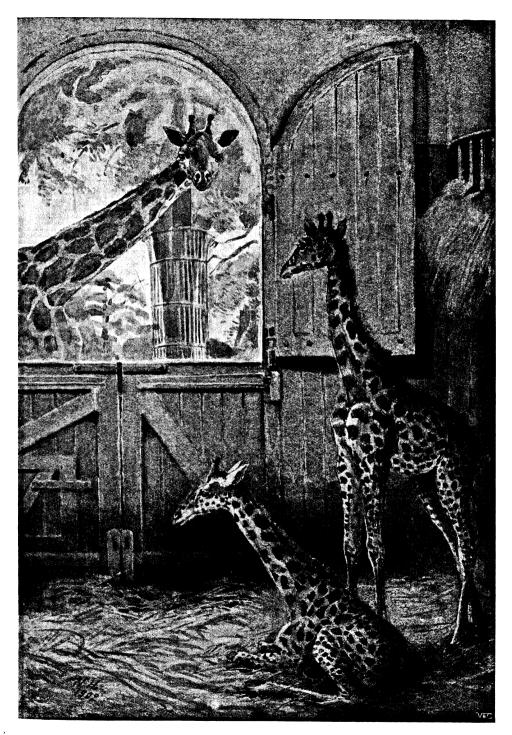
LEOPARD CUB. Reproduced by permission of R. I. Pocock, Esq., F.Z.S.

of these subjects, the two giraffes from Kordofan, in the Soudan, presented to the Zoological Gardens in 1902 by Colonel B. T. Mahon, D.S.O., were peculiarly obliging in lending themselves for study. Mere youngsters, the male eleven and the female eighteen months old, they took very readily to their new surroundings, though evincing an almost insatiable curiosity about all they saw, in which the artist and her painting paraphernalia played no small part.

They in turn became objects of the closest scrutiny to the old female giraffe living next door, who would from time to time, and with commendable honesty, make visits of inspection pure and simple, drinking in through



WEST AFRICAN BABY LEOPARDS AT THE ZOO. 186



GIRAFFES FROM KORDOFAN. An old resident inspecting the new arrivals at the Zoe. Reproduced by permission of Colonel B. T. Mahon, D.S.O.



STUDY OF A YOUNG PUMA. Reproduced by permission of F. Simpson, Esq.

the rate of at least one foot per year—and to judge by the very independent stare with

which they greet the artist, the handsome striplings have quite dissociated themselves from the fact of ever having been her almost infantile sitters.

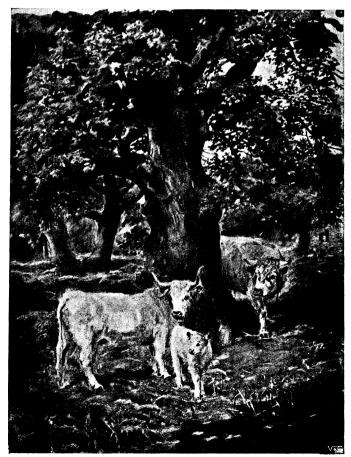
The puma whose head is here reproduced was a very easy model. Barely halfgrown, quite tame, and well supplied with that marked independence, not to say indifference, towards humans which characterises the cat tribe, she was superior to all cajolery often of necessity practised upon other animals under like circumstances. Given her way, she lent herself to the process of sitting in a manner that left nothing to be desired. She, too, was, and is, a denizen of the Zoological Gardens, and as seen in these days, disporting herself in adult manner in a large outside cage, she bears less likeness than she did to her early portrait.

Of quite another class of model were "Diana" and "Jupiter," two leopard cubs that became the chief attraction of the Zoological Gardens in the summer of her large, luminous eyes impressions evidently favourable to the newcomers, s in c e all three soon became good friends.

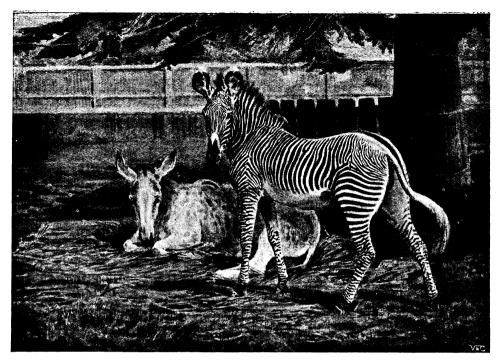
One cannot easily get used to the rapid g r o w t h of these giraffes which is at year—and

1904. Into the short lives of these creatures were crowded more incident and change. vicissitude and happiness, than is usual with their kind. When little more than a week old, with their eyes still shut, they were robbed of their mother and junglehome together in West Africa, and were offered for sale by a native to Major Albert Pearse, R.A.M.C., who bought them and determined, if possible, to bring them alive to England. Had they fallen into less kind and resourceful hands, it is quite certain they would not have survived the difficulties of feeding, the only food procurable being condensed milk of an inferior quality, which they drank from a quinine bottle supplied with a piece of hollow bamboo for tube and a fountain-pen filler for teat.

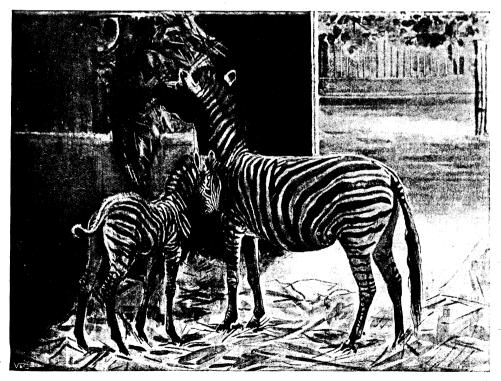
Notwithstanding the great care given them by Major Pearse on the voyage home, they were, with their shrivelled faces and attenuated forms, the most piteous-looking pair of orphans ever presented to the Zoological



WILD CATTLE OF THE CHARTLEY HERD DISTURBED,



IMPERIAL ZEBRA AND THE FAVOURITE DONKEY OF QUEEN VICTORIA. PAINTED AT THE SHAW FARM, WINDSOR.



BURCHELL ZEBRA AND FOAL. Reproduced by permission of Frank Simpson, Esq.



MINIATURE PAINTED FOR HER LATE MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE KING.

Society's Gardens. However, I took them in charge, and through the bottle-feeding stage nursed them after the manner of sick infants, which—and their treatment together with a later and more generous diet, firstly sparrow and then pigeon—ultimately fitted them to sit for their portraits.

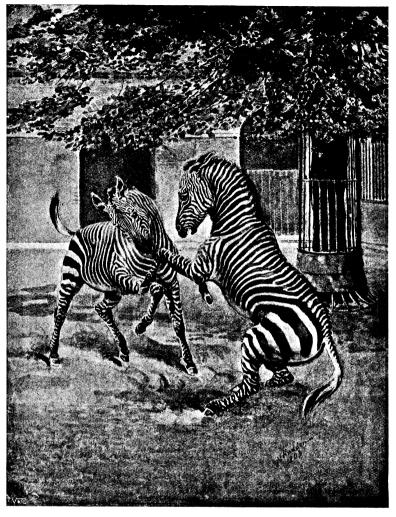
As the result, no doubt, of much handling, the cubs became perfectly tame, and would go freely enough to one's lap. They had the run of the Superintendent's house, upstairs and down; in fact, "Jupiter's" favourite game was to imagine a cave underneath my bed, and surreptitiously stock it with boots, slippers, rabbit-skins, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc.

These young leopards were, indeed, as interesting out of doors as in, but space

only allows for the concluding remark that they were among the nicest of "wild sitters."

On an inspection of the picture of wild cattle, almost the first question that suggests itself is: "How did the artist get near enough to paint that group?" Quite so; but—and in this case the "but" is large—although the trees are veritable products of Windsor Forest, the cattle were occupants of the Zoological Gardens, and were painted there with the lower half of a shed door between them and the artist. The bull, however. was less formidable than he looks, for before the sittings were over, he became friendly enough to allow himself to be scratched under the chin with a paint-brush.

The more famous relations of these models



A STUDY IN STRIPES: MOUNTAIN ZEBRAS AT PLAY.

—old stock of the Chartley breed—have lately been the subject of rather widespread controversy, owing to the fact of their being offered for sale, along with the estate of their owner, Lord Ferrers, with the stipulation attached that the removal of the beasts should be at the purchaser's own risk. Although the herd was much reduced in numbers, to catch and transport such animals in safety to themselves and all concerned presented no light task, and it is believed that many would-be purchasers of these magnificent park adornments hung back on that account.

The original pair of Chartley cattle presented to the Zoological Society's Gardens brought with them the condition that none of the offspring should leave the Gardens; therefore almost annually the enforced slaughter of a beautiful young calf formerly took place there. Happily this restriction was withdrawn when the herd was sold.

The series of portraits representing all the known species of zebra represents more time and labour in the painting than may at first be supposed; for many may be inclined to agree with the old lady who, after watching the process for some time, said: "It must be very easy to do zebras: you just draw them, and then stripe them all over!" That method would hardly satisfy those giving the commissions. As is easily seen, the markings differ with the species, each having its own particular pattern and differing on the two sides, yet the stripes fitting to a nicety. Added to this there is



CEYLON LIZARDS AND SNOWDROP ORCHID.

the almost constant movement of the animal, which tends to blurr the markings, and the artist's vision likewise.

These particular animals differed as much in temper and disposition as in their coats. Jess, the beautiful Grevy zebra, presented by Menelik II. of Abyssinia to Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria, was painted at the Shaw Farm, Windsor, where she shared quarters with a superannuated white donkey that used to draw the Queen's small chaise.

It was only by judicious use of freshly cut green grass that Jess could be induced to keep her amiable qualities uppermost, which, after all, never ran to the length of allowing her homely companion to share in the dainty diet. It is Jess that figures again as the "Imperial Zebra" in the miniature which was presented to the late Queen. It is painted on ivory, and the archway framing the animal was copied from genuine old Coptic stonework in the South Kensington Museum.

The other zebras were more easy of access, living in the Zoological Gardens, and, on the whole, were less inclined to "put on airs" than Jess, although the Burchell foal offered more difficulties, through its susceptibility to



HORNED LIZARD OF CEYLON.



A WAPITI KING. By permission of Frank Simpson, Esq.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

panic, a failing which is believed to be common with foals born in captivity.

The attitude of the "Mountain Zebras at Play" is not a "pose," but an actual occurrence, and might be considered mute testimony to the state of their well-being at the Gardens. This species of zebra is, unhappily, very nearly extinct, but few specimens being known to exist outside Cradock, in Cape Colony, where a certain number are being preserved.

When the late Cecil Rhodes last visited the

Gardens, these zebras particularly caught his eye, and drew from him the remark : "Take care of your mountain zebras, for if anything were to happen to them, would never get another pair." vou These words, alas ! proved prophetic, for,



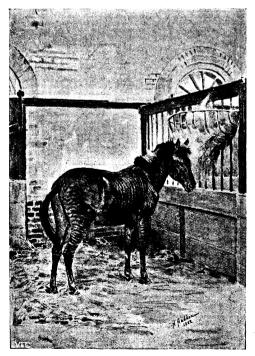
WANDEROO MONKEY.

shortly afterwards. pneumonia carried off one-the female-and up to the present it [≥]has not been possible to replace her.

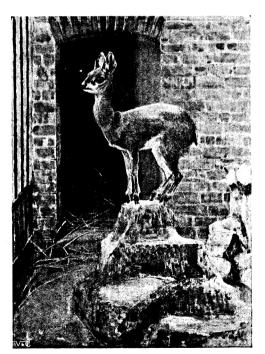
The next picture of this series of the horse tribe represents an animal now familiarly known as "Kitchener's Hybrid," and is, in reality, a cross between a pony and a Burchell zebra mare. As a yearling it was bought in South Africa by Captain A. C. Webb, of the Johannesburg Remount Depôt, who broke it to the saddle. During the late war in South Africa it

became the property of Lord Kitchener, who presented it to the King.

These hybrids will probably be extensively bred in the future, since the few that have already been tried as beasts of burden in the tropics have shown themselves to be as



A ZEBRINNEY. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

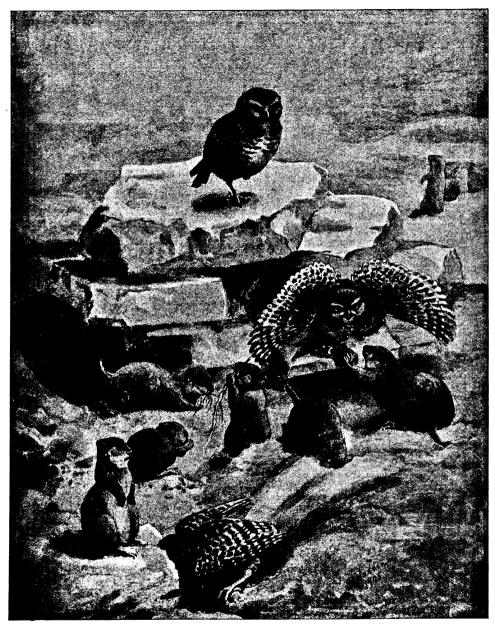


KLIPPSPRINGER FROM SOUTH AFRICA. By permission of Frank Simpson, Esq.



The King Bird of Paradise.

BIRDS OF PARADISE.



SHAM SOCIALISM AT THE ZOO: BURROWING OWLS AND PRAIRIE MARMOTS.

tractable as horses, and at the same time, in virtue of their zebra blood, far more capable of withstanding diseases to which European horses readily succumb in hot countries. Oddly enough, Kitchener's Hybrid, despite its former tractability and the many attentions it now receives, is showing a marked return of those characteristics in the way of temper, etc., usually attributed to zebras. The members of the fur and feather group of burrowing owls and marmots one would naturally imagine to be as dissimilar in habits as appearance, yet this picture, painted at the Zoological Gardens a few months ago, is a genuine example of the homes of these creatures in their natural state, apart from the fact that often a rattlesnake is added or, rather, adds itself—to the community. The marmots or prairie-dogs are the primary inhabitants of their self-constructed homes or burrows, and, being very defenceless, can offer no resistance to their parasitic intruders, who, yielding nothing themselves towards the commissariat, compel their hosts not only to house, but also to feed them on the young marmots, which are produced in great numbers.

Captivity, however, seems already to have had its effect on these individual specimens in the matter of diet, for it is no uncommon thing to see the marmots struggling to retain the meat intended for the owls, and again the owls stealing and devouring the marmots' vegetable food. While this picture was in progress an owl was hatched in one of the burrows, producing as much excitement in the family as any human could desire upon a similar occasion, followed by a positive reign of terror for the marmots so long as the young owl needed protection; in fact, during this period the marmots behaved as if they hardly dared to call their skins their own.

But seldom does opportunity offer for the painting of the little monkey, which is a uative of Ceylon, for it comes of a very delicate race, and is difficult to keep in captivity owing chiefly to its being a leaf-feeder, and to the impossibility of substituting a suitable diet. It is a highly nervous creature, and proved by far the most timid of Miss Hadden's sitters, absolutely refusing to appear unless she were alone.

Among wild subjects Ceylon lizards earned for themselves an almost unique distinction —that of repose. Given congenial surroundings they would readily settle themselves, and without any apparent movement, apart from the eye muscles, would retain one position for at least half an hour at a stretch. They were painted in Ceylon, and therefore showed themselves in the full brilliance of their "at home" garb, which might not have been the case had they been subjected to foreign climatic or other influences.

In a "Natural History of Ceylon," written in the 'sixties, it is recorded that the hornlike erection on the nose of this species of lizard was not erectile, but Miss Hadden distinctly remembers a contrary experience. Visiting her little model very late one night, she was surprised to see him stretched full length, as if dead, with his horn lying flat over the point of his nose and resting on the moss on which he was lying. In this attitude he was left, and on the morrow her surprise was equalled on finding him with horn erect and as spry as ever. Perhaps the horn is always lowered when the lizard sleeps ?

The pretty little antelope known as the klippspringer is rare as a sitter, since it never lives long in captivity. As is at once seen by the extremely delicate feet, it is a mountain dweller, and feeds on the vegetation there found, and if removed is unable to accustom itself for long to any other form of food.

The central figure in the wapiti picture certainly stood for his portrait, but, to be accurate, not as represented, amid such fitting and congenial surroundings. In the place of trees and suggested freedom were iron bars and undeceptive limitations. He was painted at the Zoological Gardens and, thanks to the cud-chewing habit of this family, proved one of the quietest of models.

It is a curious fact that imported wapiti, as a rule, breed and thrive better in menageries than when given free use of a large area.

Some time ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, an interesting attempt was made to cross North American wapiti with red deer in the hope of increasing the size of the latter breed. Complete failure, however, attended the enterprise, and, strange to say, the wapiti were quite unable to adapt themselves to an environment so well suited to the red deer, and soon entirely disappeared.

For the portrayal of birds of paradise the brush is of more value than the pen, their sole claim to notice lying in their feathers, which are of such exquisite delicacy and beauty as to have rightly won for them the names of "God's Birds," "Birds of the Sun," and "Paradise Birds" from those Europeans who earliest saw them; although in plainer language, but with equal truth, they might be called "Gaudy Starlings," since structurally and also in habits they belong to the crow or starling tribe.

It is, of course, a satisfaction to be able to paint from life the commoner kinds of birds of paradise, but one cannot altogether repress regret at the thought that their rarer and more magnificent relations are still locked in the fastnesses of mountains and swamps in New Guinea. Far better there, however, than adorning (?) ladies' hats. If one has been fortunate enough to see these beautiful creatures displaying themselves, the soft feathers raised over the back and falling like a fountain on all sides, the sight of a plume in a hat makes one shudder and sigh to think these "commoner kinds" have become the "victims of fashion."

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY.

By E. E. KELLETT.



HE worst thing about old Taylor was his uncertainty. You never knew how he'd take things. Some days, when he was in a good humour, you could say almost anything to him, and the next he'd half murder you for almost

nothing. Once, for instance, he was in an awfully good temper, and when I made a sad hash of the Virgil, translating "dum conderet urbem" by "while he hid in the city," and so on, he only pulled my ear and said : "Better luck next time." Next day, when I really had been swotting, you know, he got into a fearful tan because I parsed "queri" as an infinitive and translated it "of an oak" as if it had been the genitive singular from "quercus." He made a lot of remarks about consistency, and told me to write out the lesson twice.

This sort of thing lent a sort of sporting interest to Taylor's forms. The chaps used to try it on with him just for fun, to see whether they got a thousand lines or nothing at all. There was no fun in trying it on with Vernon—the thing was *too* certain there. Slow, like chess; whereas Taylor was like cricket; you never knew whether you were in for a duck or a century. Still, it was often annoying not to have the least idea how the old chap would take things. After all, consistency is a virtue.

But I never found out how changeable Taylor could be till I took algebra with him and got on to equations and problems. Then, indeed, he altered about every second, and contradicted himself like a politician. He'd do a sum on the board, and x would turn out to be 16. Then he'd say: "Sit down and work out the rest in the same way." So we did ; but when we put x = 16again, he'd storm like a trooper. One time I really thought I'd got hold of x at last. There was a regular stinger of a sum, but I managed to work it out, and got $x = -\frac{1}{7}$. "I'll stick to this," I whispered to Hoppy; and, as my shirt-cuff was already pretty well crowded out with history notes for the next lesson, I stuck $x = -\frac{1}{7}$ on a slip of paper and put it inside my watch. "William the Conqueror's always 1066," I said to myself; "and x is going to remain $-\frac{1}{7}$."

Well, would you believe it? Next day we had equations again, and, as I had the answer ready-made, I didn't see why I should make much of a fuss about the working. So I put down a few figures, to make a decent show; and at the end $x = -\frac{1}{4}$. But Taylor was in one of his funny humours. He'd changed his mind again, as usual, and wanted something quite different for x from what had satisfied him the day before. He looked at my working and fancied there was something fishy in it. "This won't do, Montagu," he observed. He was always hard to please.

"I did my best, sir," I replied.

"Your best!" he retorted, putting on the beastly sarcastic tone he's so fond of, but which doesn't make us love him any better. "You'll have to do a little better than that." And he fumbled in his pocket for the notebook in which he puts down his impots. "Do sums eleven to twenty inclusive—inclusive, mind—right by six o'clock, or it will be worse for you !"

Here was a pretty mess! Taylor would listen to no explanations. "Quantum mutatus," as Virgil says, from that Taylor who had pulled my ear and wished me better luck! Seeing that he was in his obstinate mood, I gave up arguing the point, and sat sullenly scratching my pen till the end of the hour.

In the study with Hoppy I relieved my pent-up feelings. "Of all the beastly chaps in the world, old Taylor's the worst," I said, "and algebra's the beastliest rot I know!"

Hoppy, though he was in fair spirits himself, having got no less than three equations right that morning, was kind and sympathetic. "Rough on you, certainly," he said.

""But what am I to do?" I cried. "Ten pigs of sums to be done by six o'clock! And right, too! Might as well tell me to cut a piece of cheese off the moon, and toast it for his beastly breakfast."

"Let's look at the sums," said my friend. "Perhaps we can do them between us."



"He'd do a sum on the board."

It was not long before he saw the hopelessness of the task. There were sums about trains, and greyhounds, and grandfathers who would soon be twice as old as their grandchildren; and x had to do for the whole lot. At first, it is true, Hoppy wis hopeful; he was elated with his success of the morning. "Let's try this one," he said. "A man is twice as old as his son. In ten years he will only be half as old again. How old is the man now?"

"Very well," I said. "Stick down x as the man's age."

"Which age?" asked my friend-" what he is now, or what he will be?"

"Which you like. It all comes out much the same; x is the unknown quantity, as Taylor's always telling us, and we don't know either age, so what *does* it matter?"

"Well, we'll call the son's age x, then; that seems better; then the father is twice as much as x. Stick that down, Slops."

I did so, but I seemed no "forrarder." Hoppy also speedily stuck. "Which did you say x was?" he said after a minute or so.

"I said nothing," I answered; "you're running this show, not I."

"We shall *never* do these !" cried my friend dolefully, after a few minutes of hopeless scratching on the paper. "And these others are worse; x is a boat's crew one minute and a bath-tap the next. I'm afraid it's all up."

"Can't you find some way out?"

"Seems to me," he proceeded reflectively he was a great chap for philosophising, was Hoppy—"as if x is remarkably like old Taylor himself—a sort of barometer, you know, the kind of man that's lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, like those chaps in the Bible. You never know how he'll take things, and you never know what x'll do next, either. I shall put down x = Fatty as my answer to these sums. Yes, O Taylor, unstable as water, thou shalt not excel; thou shalt be x only."

He seized a piece of paper, and dabbed down a few figures, with "Therefore x = Fatty," and "Q.E.D." at the bottom, with a triumphant flourish to complete the proof.

"Stop this rot!" I cried; but when once Hoppy had hold of an idea, he worried at it like a dog with a bone. "The parallel is x--act," he went on, gazing at the ceiling "Taylor's lines are sometimes fifty, sometimes five hundred; so it is with x. He's now a grandfather and now a schoolmaster *in loco parentis*, even as x is. He's exasperating, in fact." A cushion stopped his eloquence. "What do you want?" he said.

"We've got to do these beastly sums," I replied, "and you go jawing like a parson. Talk sense, you silly ass! Suggest something."

"Can't you go and ask Taylor to let you off, and you'll never do it again ?"

"No," I replied; "this is a beastly unjust punishment, and I'm not going to beg off." (That was our way: we never tried to beg off an impot unless it was a just one. If it was unjust—well, we had a little pride.)

"You might appeal to the Head," observed my friend after a few moments of further reflection.

"Won't do, either," I replied; and, indeed, Hoppy had only thrown out the idea as a sort of forlorn hope, and as it were to gain time. He put his hands behind his head, scanned the ceiling zealously, and thought hard.

"There's nothing for it that I can see," he said at length, "but to make it up with Thompson."

"How will that help us?" I asked.

"Much every way," replied Hoppy : "he's a placable sort of chap, is Thompson : and nothing pleases him like chaps going and begging his pardon. Suppose we please him very much ; then he may do the sums for us. He's a decent fellow, really, and he's a regular dab at mathematics. Let's go and apologise to him."

"What for? We've done nothing for at least a week."

"My dear chap, what on earth has that got to do with it? Apologise for *not* doing anything, or for not apologising before; it will be an apology anyhow. We don't try to get off impots we don't deserve, and we don't apologise when there's anything to apologise about, so it comes out straight. Thompson will like it, and that's the chief thing. It's the golden rule, you know—confess to others as you would that they should confess to you."

Accordingly, off we went to Thompson's study, and found him in, just preparing to make tea. (Hoppy generally liked to combine pleasure with business.) He seemed surprised and a little annoyed to see us, perhaps remembering the somewhat stormy interviews we had so often had with him in the past, when discussing with him the justice of certain punishments—discussions in which his theories generally differed entirely from ours. He gazed at us wondering whether he had given us an impot and forgotten all about it. It was some time before



"Thompson had a fair allowance from home, and kept a good supply of food."

he could be convinced of the sincerity of Hoppy's confession. Where sincerity was required, I always left Hoppy to do the work.

"You're wondering why we've come," began my friend; "and I'm not surprised you *should* wonder. You've given us nothing for several days."

"Do you want me to give you something now?" said the prefect. "Perhaps it seems slow."

"Not at all, old chap." Ignoring Thomp-

son's little shudder at the familiarity, Hopkins went on : "We've come to tell you how sorry we are for ragging in the dormitory. We really are. We've been regular beasts, and we're ashamed of ourselves." There's nothing like going the whole hog when you begin apologising.

"Eh, what?" cried Thompson, so astonished at this extraordinary statement that he all but dropped the tea-kettle he was holding.

· "It's true; we've come to apologise,"

repeated my friend, edging his way inside the door; for the scent of the tea was appetising. "We're about sick of it, and that's a fact."

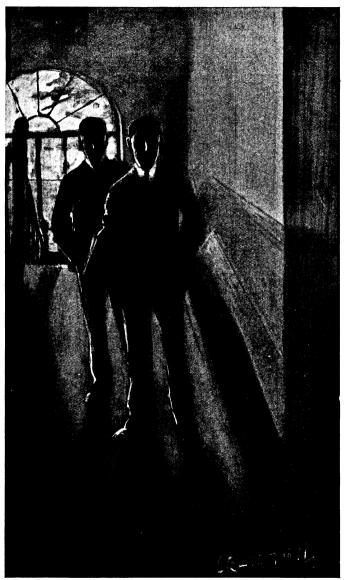
"You haven't made so much row as usual the last two or three days,

that's true," said Thompson.

"No; and that's because we're going to turn over a new leaf." As a matter of fact, it was because Vernon had caught us out of bounds, and given us so much that we couldn't afford to run any unnecessary risks. "Just give us a chance, old chap, and you'll see how we'll behave. It won't be easy for us to settle down all of a sudden," he added cunningly; "but if you don't spot on every little thing, you'll soon see we are on the mend."

Thompson looked suspiciously at Hoppy's face; but, as usual, it betrayed no more than he chose. The prefect stopped a minute and reflected again. I saw clearly what he was thinking. "They've no impot to get off, so it can't be a drawand yet, and yet-they've never done anything so far without an intention, and what on earth their intention is now I'm blest if I can tell." Hoppy said nothing ; but his innocent and ingenuous face, pleading for pardon, spoke more eloquently than many It would be caddish words. to refuse, though it had by this time become Thompson's rule to refuse, on principle, any request whatever that he Old habits are hard made. to overcome, and it was therefore not surprising that Thompson should hesitate. But at last, in spite of all his caution, he saw clearly that in any case there was

that our advances were due to the hope of grub, accepted the hint, and invited us to sit down and partake, which we did with considerable relish. Thompson had a fair allowance from home, and kept a good supply



"We went round to old Fatty."

nothing to lose. Even a single night's respite was worth purchasing by the mere holding out of a flag of truce. So he extended his hand. We took it.

"Jolly good cakes you seem to have," said Hoppy; and Thompson, who perhaps thought of food. Hoppy, indeed, seemed so intent on enjoying the meal that I was afraid he might be forgetting the real object of our visit. But he knew his way about better than I did. He was getting the prefect into the proper frame of mind, praising his grub, admiring the pictures on the walls, and talking generally so openly and pleasantly that Thompson was led on bit by bit to forget entirely the feud between us. When the ice was quite broken, Hoppy began, like the chap in Tennyson, in one of the bits that Taylor used to give us for dictation in his scratch forms, to draw nearer his object, "wheeling round and round the central wish, until he settled there."

"I wish I was good at acrostics and puzzles," he said.

"Aren't you?" asked Thompson.

"No; and Sloppy here's worse."

"Some of them are easy enough," said our host.

"Ah, easy enough for you; you're clever. But it's different for us poor chaps. I wish you'd give us a leg up."

"What do you want to do them for?"

"Well, it's this way," answered Hoppy. "Slops and I are in for an acrostic prize in a mag.—not acrostics only, you know, but puzzles and that sort of thing."

"And you want me to do them for you?"

"No. You aren't allowed to do that. You have to swear that you've had no direct help. But here's one: 'Mary is twice as old as Anne was when Mary was as old as Anne is now.' Well, you see, we can spot that's done by algebra."

"Easy enough," answered Thompson, taking out his pencil and some paper.

"Steady !" cried Hopkins; "we don't want *that* one done, or else we shall lose the prize for getting help. But you might teach us how to do things like them."

" Isn't that a bit fishy?"

"Not at all. We're doing algebra, and if old Taylor weren't such an ass of a teacher, we should have learnt how to do it long ago. But if *you* teach us, we shall learn in a sec. It wouldn't be unfair if Taylor had taught us; how can it be unfair if someone else does it?"

Thompson yielded. He was just beginning to put down a few x's and y's on paper, when Hoppy produced a book. "Here's the exact sort we want," he said, turning over the pages and lighting casually on the very sums that Taylor had chosen for my impot. "Just show us how to do those, old chap, and we'll manage Mary and Anne for ourselves, never you fear."

Thompson began with the sum about the grandfather's age, and did it for us in a few seconds. He was really a clever chap, you know. "Do you see?" he said, when he had done. Yes, Hoppy saw; but he wasn't quite

sure that it was quite the sort of sum that would help us with Mary and Anne; so Thompson kindly offered to do another. Meanwhile, behind both of them I stood, and carefully copied down the working. The sum about the trains, also, though explained with perfect lucidity, was hardly of the right kind; and Thompson was led on to do the next, about taps filling baths, and another after that. All of them I carefully copied.

When the whole ten were done, Hoppy was profuse in his expressions of gratitude. "If we get the prize, Thompson," he said, "we'll give you a share of the grub." (Hoppy was no miser; he often said he didn't care for money, but only for what money would bring.)

"Don't mention it," answered Thompson politely, and bowed us in the most friendly way out of the study.

"Yes," I answered ; "we've done some good business."

* "And," added Hoppy, "we've got Thompson to allow us to make a *little* row in the dormitory without being punished. You remember how I rubbed it in that we couldn't settle down all at once. He'll think we're trying to improve, because it'll only be a little row; and we shall have a jolly good time. You can make a lot of row with little, if you keep it up long enough."

"Do you know," I said, "I really think I begin to see through x a little better than J did."

"So do I," replied my friend. "Thompson made it quite plain. I shouldn't wonder if I polished off a regular heap of those sums tomorrow. It's just what I've always said: it isn't that algebra's really so hard, or that we're so stupid, but Taylor's such a rank bad teacher that no one *could* learn from him."

"That's about the size of it," I remarked. "He's a regular ass, and so changeable."

"Yes, he's like x, as I said. But I see through x now, and I see through Taylor."

"Bet you you don't."

"Bet you I do. I bet you I'll do five x sums to-morrow, and I bet you I guess right how Taylor takes your impot."

"Well, how will he take it ?"

"He'll ask you if you did it all yourself. Then you'll say you didn't. Then he'll get tanny, and say ycu're cheating, and threaten to report you to the Head. Then you'll tell him you think *he's* unfair to set you an impot you can't do, and then punish you for getting someone to help you to do it. Then he'll get tannier still, and probably give you another impot. That's old Taylor all over."

"Well, we'll see. Come along with me, and we'll take him the impot and see if you're right."

We went round to old Fatty, accordingly, and I showed him the sums. He inspected them with great care, looking to see not only that the answers were right, but that the working was tolerably correct. He would have liked, I could see, to find a flaw; and, when he couldn't, began to try one of those mean tricks for which he was famous—just as Hoppy had prophesied he would.

"Did you do these all by yourself?"

I hinted that this was hardly a fair auestion.

"Come," he said; "no nonsense, Montagu. Did you do all these sums right by yourself?"

"I'd rather not say, sir."

"That means you had help."

"I didn't say so, sir."

"No, but it's pretty plain that if you couldn't do a single one of these sums this morning, you couldn't have done ten this afternoon. This is all but cheating, sir. I'm not sure it isn't a case for the Head Master."

"Well, sir," I cried with some indignation, "I think it very unfair that you should set me an imposition you knew I couldn't do ! You'd have punished me if I hadn't done it at all; and now, when I've done it, with or without help, you threaten to report me ! "

He went off again, just like x: you never *could* be sure when you had him. He simply said : "Sit down, both of you."

We sat down, and the old chap, instead of being angry, became quite kind and nice. "Now, Montagu," he said quite gently, "you say you think it unfair if I set you an impossible task ? Speak out ; don't be afraid."

"It does seem a bit hard, sometimes, sir," I said.

"So it does, I don't doubt it," he replied. "But, now, think a bit. Don't you think you sometimes set me an impossible task?"

"When, sir?" "Why"—and the old chap became still more mild in his tone—" when you set me to teach you to do sums, and pay no attention as I teach you. Isn't *that* unfair?"

I felt a little queer.

"It never seemed so to me," I replied.

"But it ought to seem so to you. You expect—or at any rate, your parents dothat when you leave, you'll have learnt something. But you set me impossible tasks; and I can get no one to help me. For instance, this morning I spent no less than half an hour teaching you how to do problems in algebra. You ought to have been listening. Did you?"

No answer.

"While I did those sums, now," went on Mr. Taylor, "you had opportunities either of idling or of attending, for I was looking away from you and Hopkins. Did vou attend all the while ?"

"No, sir." The old chap was so pleasant and nice that I was bound to be open and above-board with him.

"Of course not. If you had attended, you'd have been able to do those ten sums as easily as—as the boy that did them."

"I can't do algebra, sir."

"You've never given it a chance."

This is true, and I knew it. "Very well," went on old Fatty, pulling my ear in the way he'd often done before, "the imposition was perfectly fair, if only you'd attended. But what I mean is this. Isn't it hard on me that you should expect me to teach you algebra, when you're not willing to be taught? You wriggle, and pinch other boys under the desk, and chatter when you ought to be attending, and all that sort of thing-you know what you do-and then you say it's unfair if we masters expect you to do ten

simple sums. Don't you see what I mean ?" "Yes, sir, I think I do." I was really repentant; and, what's more wonderful still, "We really *will* try to so was Hoppy. work," said he.

"Try, yes, and you'll find everything different. Masters are what boys make them, to some extent; if you're nice, they'll be nice," said old Taylor. Curiously enough, " Masters he ended up with talking of x. and boys are like x and y," he observed. "As one varies, so does the other. If y is disorderly, x is severe, and so on." He bade us a kindly "Good evening."

"Well," said Hoppy, when we had got time to discuss in our study this extraordinary jaw of old Fatty, "I knew well enough that Fatty was x; but it never struck me that you and I were wise."

"No," I replied, ignoring his pun, as I usually did.

"One thing's certain," he proceeded, "Taylor's so fat that he's an unknown quantity."

LITTLE ESSON.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opens in the chief studio of the artists' colony at Creelport-on-Dee, where Mina, daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, Claude Hilliard, makes a dramatic entrance, and, vowing that she has left her brutal father's house for ever, declares her readiness to be the wife of the first of the young artists whose vague love-making in the past shall now become an offer of marriage. In her heart she hopes that one Hunter Mayne will speak first, but the silence is broken by youthful Terence Fairweather, who is already marked down by consumption. This chivalrous youth escorts the hysterical girl to the house of his aunt, Lady Grainger, a little way out of the town, and shorly afterwards the young couple are married, but not before Mina has had a dour time with Terry's relatives, Lady Grainger and her spitcful daughter Hilda. The latter has hoped to marry her cousin Terry, and in revenge threatens to exploit certain letters previously written by Mina to Hunter Mayne. Terry refuses to take the letters into account, and Mina is protected from her drunken father by the venerable minister, Dr. John Broadbent, and his sister, Miss Bee, at the Manse. SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS .- The story opens in the chief studio of the artists' colony

CHAPTER V.

TERRY ASKS HIS WIFE TO SMILE.



EAR," said Terry Fairweather to his wife, softly, as, high in the Engadine, they sat looking out on the snows of Forno and Fedroz, "dear, if it helps you to tell me, do so. You have loved me

more than I could have hoped, more than I deserved. You have done everything for me"--(after a pause) "given me everything. save only that which it was not in your power to give !"

"And that is to say—I have given you nothing !"

Terry raised himself from the great couch, which had been brought out specially from England for him, lifted himself up on his elbow, eager of heart like the boy he had ever been.

"No-no-No!" he cried, while his wife put out her hand to check his dangerous excitement, "it is not true. You have loved me more than I ever thought possible. Mina, my dear little Mina-I always knew. never expected to be able to do more than just stand by you for a while. But I wanted to do that so much, to leave you with a home and a position. My money has never been any use to me, you see, Mina. And whenwhen the chance came-that night in the studio, I saw how it would take you out of that wretched place, out of that man's hands! And then-

A fit of coughing interrupted his words.

She put out her hand to stop him. But as it lasted longer than usual, she raised him up on his couch with all the lithe strength of her young body, till his poor head lay on her bosom. Then she petted him, crooning over him, her hand ready with the potion so soon as the fit should be over.

Even while he coughed, his eyes sought hers gratefully. A dumb fidelity of affection, mingled with a bitterness which her love had scarce sweetened, showed plain on Terry Fairweather's pale face. He lifted up his hand to place it behind her head and draw her down to him, but it fell limp on the brown Jaeger rug she had bought for him as they passed through Bâle.

"Hush, Terry, dear ! What is the use of troubling about anything ?" she said. "We are here all alone, we two, away from everybody, and you know the doctor says that the cure has already begun to do you good."

He nodded and smiled, well pleased, ready like a child to be turned from his purpose.

"At all events," he said, "I am happy to be where I am. But perhaps I tire you?"

She clasped him tighter, still holding him

to her, and then suddenly—burst into tears. "Oh, I do—I do!" she moaned. "I never thought I should love you. I did not at first. But now, when it has come to us -oh, Terry, Terry, it is hard-hard----"

Her girlish phrases, half-sobbed, halfspoken, touched the young man to the quick. He moved in her arms as if he felt a spasm of pain.

"No, no, Mina, do not grieve," he answered quick to her unspoken question; "I am better-truly better. I want to live now-because you care about me a little. And Dr. Williams said wanting to live was half the battle. Bring me the mirror, Mina. No, not that one—your own pretty one in the silver case—the one I bought

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you. So—now I shall see what sort of a husband the Fates have given you to sick-nurse. You are a good hospital nurse, Myn, dear. I should like to see you in the regulation white collar and cuffs. Though it does not matter, because I always love to see you, whatever you have on. Now, that's quite a pretty speech for a sick man !"

The room where they had installed themselves was the best and largest in the great Kursaal Maloja, upon the heights of the long Engadine swell, just where it feathers over Italy, like a breaker changed into stone. They were almost alone in the hotel. Indeed, it was kept open chiefly for the sake of the very rich Englishman and his young wife—who, said all the staff, was devotedly attached to him, quite beyond the wont of the young wives of men rich and sick.

Outside, through the closed-in glass balcony, large as a conservatory, they could see the Forno Glacier setting its feet deep among the green pinewoods, behind the Catholic church which the Belgian count built. The sweeping white curves and black ridges led the eye upwards to the splintered peaks of the Val Bergel, on which the snow was only sprinkled, grey like hoar-frost. They were too steep for it to lie there.

Here Terry and Mina Fairweather had stayed six weeks, during which time winter had fallen—not coming gradually as in less elevated regions, but descending like a catastrophe. Snow lay deep where, ten days ago, Mina had gathered the last flowers of autumn. They blossomed on the slopes where she had looked in vain for edelweiss, while Terry watched her anxiously from the pastures beneath, basking his chilly limbs in the warmth of the good sun of September.

Terry sat long with the silver-backed mirror in his hand, studying his own face.

"Let us cast up the reckoning," he said. "Item, hair better brushed than usual that's you, Mina ! Two hollow jaws, the same number of bright eyes, and two red sixpenny bits on my cheeks. Do you know, Myn—by Jove, I say, it is true ! I used to have a lot of grey hairs there in front, where I put my fingers. The boys used to joke me about it. Well, now they have all turned black. It's happiness that has done it. Your work again, Myn !"

The tears were running down the girl's face. She tried to take the mirror gently from his hand, but he held her off with the other, laughing.

"No, let me finish, dear. Sit there—in front of me! I will put the mirror so, beside your face. I want to see how we look, you and I, when we go out. Husband and wife, Mina, husband and wife before all the world !"

With a gasp Mina Fairweather commanded her tears, smiled Aprilly, and did as he bade her.

"Now, look pleasant, Myn," he said, "same as you do at a photographer's-here You first. goes! I'll begin. Hair of honey-gold, and such pretty combs to hold it up with, always on the point of coming . down, but never does altogether. Except at night, Myn, and then it does not matter, being prettier than ever. Eyes plush-velvet black, with purple reflections. I've often tried to paint them—so has—___ Myn—Myn, I did not mean that! Forgive me. Even Esson could not get your eyes right-and owned it. Poor Esson ! I believe he loved you more than any of us-except me, of course. He helped us, too, like a little man."

"He loved you, Terry," said his wife gently, "that was why."

"Óh, yes, good old Esson," said Terry; "he was fond of me. But he worshipped the Creelport mud you wiped off your shoes before coming into the studio—poor Esson!"

"Well," said Mrs. Terence Fairweather, sighing gently, "if that be so, he said less about it than any of you."

"I know—I know; he had more sense. He saw there was no use," said her husband. "I used to be a stupid enough fellow, Myn, and noticed little at the time except how pretty you looked. But somehow now things come back to me, clear as spring water in a tumbler. Now I can see and understand. I think this being ill has sharpened my wits, Mina. Did it ever strike you that I might end by getting better—strong like the other fellows?"

She paled, her cheeks white as her brow, where the hat and the masses of honeycoloured hair covered it.

"End by getting better, Terry?" she repeated. "Why, I have always hoped it prayed for it. You know that, Terry!"

"Well," he laughed, "do you know, on my word, I think you and the doctor may not be so far wrong. Give me your hand, Mina; I am tired of this beastly old sofachair. See how the sun shines outside. Give me your arm, dear girl. If I were only steadied up a bit, I declare I could walk twenty miles ! Just hand me my overcoat. I cannot breathe here."

With a sudden access of power, a rally

quick and unexpected, he was on his feet before she could prevent him.

"My coat !" he said. "Do this for me ! Help me, Mina—the light one. You say the wind is icy outside, but we will take a



"'Let your husband have all he wants to-day. He will die during the night !'"

sharp walk and so home. Let us get off before the doctor comes. It is his business to keep me here—mine to get out! Quick, Myn !"

And to look at his glowing face as he hurried across the room, looking everywhere for his coat, his silk cravat, his gloves, there was indeed but a little of the old, quiet, weary, silent Terry Fairweather about him. Marriage had changed him into another man. He looked almost handsome as he turned to

face his wife, who very reluctantly was getting on her things to accompany him.

But all suddenly, as he was in the act of rallying her on selecting a certain grey-plumed hat to fascinate the handsome Austrian cavalry officer who always stared so at her, he caught his hand to his throat, and it was all that Mina could do, by abandoning everything, to catch him in her arms and lay him back on the sofa.

The seizure was a momentary one. For when the doctor of the Sanatorium came in answer to her hurried summons, Terry was sitting up again, fuller than ever of nervous excitement. He even rose to shake hands.

"We were going out for a little walk," he said, "but my wife" (he always spoke the word with pride, and his poor wasted frame seemed to fill out as he pronounced it)—"my wife is a tyrant, and—but why do you want to examine me to-day? It was only a fit of faintness, I assure you. I have been too long indoors."

Gravely and quietly the doctor bent to the examination of his patient, listening the while to his bright conversation.

"You are surprised to find me so much better today," said Terry; "indeed, almost quite well!"

The doctor nodded, but went on with his tapping and listening.

"Do you know, ideas run like wildfire through my head this morning. Even my wife allows that I am bright. And yet she will not let me sit out there in the glass balcony, because she says the cold will strike in. Now I want a good lunch. I am quite hungry—really, I mean. When was I ever hungry before? Eh, doctor, answer me that. Will you lunch with us? What shall we order? That good Straw-wine, or the Valtelline which sparkled purple on the boards of Imperial Cæsar, as old Sigismond used to say at Davos, down in the Buol? I always liked to hear him say that, and then to see old Buol stare. I think *he* wondered why Imperial Cæsar did not come up to his *pension* for the winter cure."

Here a fit of coughing interrupted him. The doctor finished his examination and stood regarding Terry, his brows knitted, his lips compressed.

"Dr. Rhoeder," the sick man began again, "tell me, are you of my faction or of that of my wife? Can I have nothing but bed and gruel--one sloppy treatment after another?"

"To-day," said the doctor gravely, "you can have everything you desire."

Mina started, and her lips became almost the colour of her pale face; but Terry joyously clapped his hands at the news of a victory.

"Did I not tell you, Mina," he said exultantly, "the doctor is with me? Have up the wine-card, Mina. We will order the Sasella now—the old green-sealed stuff which the count got for his own drinking."

"I fear I cannot stay to lunch with you," said the doctor with great gentleness. "I have to go down to Casaccio to meet a patient who is coming up from the Lake. Good-bye."

"Why 'good-bye' so solemnly, doctor?" said Terry peevishly. "It is only till this evening, you know, or the morning at the longest. Or are you sad because your new patient, the one you are bringing up from Casaccio, is dying? Ah, poor fellow, I hope it is not too late. Whatever it has done for me, this Alpine air of yours kills very quickly those whom it fails to cure. But good luck, doctor, and may your patient be as fortunate as I have been !"

On the landing, outside the door, Mina faced Dr. Rhoeder.[.] That awful passage of eyes took place between them which has brought sorrow aud anguish to so many millions of hearts. It happens when the door is shut on the half and quarter-truths of the sick-room.

"Well," it says, "put away those smiles, those meaningless, cheering words. Now, then, for the truth—eye to eye, man to man —or more often, perhaps, man to woman. Which is it to be, life or death?"

That was what the dark, wide-open eyes

of Mina Fairweather demanded, imperiously demanded, of Dr. Carl Rhoeder. And Dr. Carl Rhoeder, who had pronounced more death sentences than all the judges in the land, or in many lands, was not the man to lie.

He took Mina's firm, womanly hand in both of his. They were trembling.

"Madam," he said, "by my age I might be your father—permit me, at least, to be as your brother. Let your husband have all he wants to-day. He will die during the night !"

"Die—die—die?" She uttered the words in a low, hoarse whisper, thinking, as women do, of her husband even then; for when you nurse the sick, you must never forget. "No -surely not—I was beginning to have some hope. Even I! He seemed so much better —to-day—I have never seen him so well, so bright in all my life!"

"Be brave," murmured the doctor, "brave for his sake. Let him die happy. Do all he asks. This is the death-rally—it is quite characteristic, on these Alpine heights. God give you strength, dear madam ! I shall be back in the morning."

And he was gone. Mina Fairweather, still as death itself, stood with one hand on the smooth ebony knob of her husband's door.

"Yes," she said, speaking the words with an indrawing of breath, "I must be brave— I will be brave! He shall see that I do indeed love him—but oh, how much less than he deserves! If only—if only I had had more time! Oh, Terry—Terry!"

She went in again and found her husband lying on the sofa, very pale.

"What were you saying to the doctor so long ? he demanded a little peevishly. "Was he telling you anything I was not supposed to hear ?"

Mina turned her head to the side with the wayward air which she knew he liked so much. He called it her "princess pout."

"Perhaps even a doctor is not sorry to talk to me for a minute, you jealous boy! Have you anything to say against it?"

He turned towards her and, with a swift, repentant gesture, took her hand. Then he laid it against his cheek.

"I am not afraid," he said. "I used to be —at first. Yes, I confess. You were so lovely, and I—I looked so insignificant beside you. My cousin Hilda said so, you know the Green Girl, as you called her, she prophesied it. Kind of her, wasn't it? But I made you love me. I am glad, eh, Mina?"



"' Promise me that never till the day of your marriage will you reveal that Terry Fairweather left you a rich, a very rich woman."

She nodded, silently, praying God that He would help her to keep the tears out of her eyes.

"Dear," he said, "do you know you spoil me; but I will make it up to you. Up till now I have only been a worry to you. But when I get well-next spring, when I take you to Venice, perhaps-or to Normandy, when the apple-blossom is out. I know I can paint pictures as good as Little Esson's. Why, I can see them in my head. I could write books, too, and after a little, when I get stronger, I will. I feel that I could do anything for your sake—for the sake of your love. Oh, it won't be any more : 'That's the husband of the b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l Mrs. Terence Fairweather !' But 'Oh, that is little Mrs. Fairweather -- you know, the wife of the Fairweather, the celebrated poet and painter !' How will you like that, my pouting princess? Ah, here comes the Sasella ! Careful with that bottle, boy-it sparkled on the board of Imperial Cæsar ! "

Then between coughing and laughing, he chanted to a music-hall catch-

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!"

Mina Fairweather, tried beyond her powers, gasped at the ominous words, and then, again gripping herself with both hands, turned on her husband a face as pale as death itself.

"Stop, Terry," she said. "For Heaven's sake, stop ! Don't sing that !"

"Why, what's the matter, Myn?" he asked, looking up, surprised. "Speak to me ! Is it anything that swab of a doctor has been saying to you outside? Ah, I see. You were not to tell me." Here his face changed ~' I suddenly as the truth smote him full. What is the word—' the last am dying. rally '? Well, Myn, it is hard on a fellow. . . . No, don't deny it. Lying is no use. I see it in your face. Rhoeder could not lie to me, I suppose, so he set you on to do it. You don't do it well. Your hand, Myn. It's deuced hard on a fellow-just whenwhen I had made you like me a little-more than a little, eh, Myn? Well, well, it might be worse—you might have married Hunter Mayne-and-and you married me instead !"

His wife bent her head suddenly upon his shoulder and burst into tears. Terry answered to the appeal like a charger to the spur.

"Steady, Myn," he said, putting an arm about her neck. "Go slow, old lass! I'm not worth crying for-though I have made you care about me a little these last months ! And that's one comfort ! "

"Terry-oh, Terry," she sobbed, "I cannot bear to lose you-I cannot do without you-I love you !"

He patted her gently with his hand as one soothes a fractious child.

"No, Myn, no !" he said. "I love you-I always did. I knew from the first you could never really love a fellow like me. But then I knew, too, that I could make you like me ever so much. I played for that—and I knew, too, that-that-it would not be for long ! "

His hand rested on her thick, many-coiled hair. She had sunk to her knees before him and lay with her cheek on his lap, convulsed with grief.

"Hush thee!" he murmured over and over, dry-eyed and smiling. "Dear, listenthink what you have done for me. You have given me these happy months-so happy! I never tasted life before, did I? They were all the sweeter because I knew they would be few, and-that neither of us would have time to get tired of the other ! Do not cry, there's a brave girl. God has sent you into my life for good-me also into yours, Myn, dear Myn !"

Mina Fairweather sat up and looked at her husband, the tears still running softly down her cheeks. His translucent hands, long and delicate, caressed hers.

"Myn, dear," he said, "I want to talk to you a little. It's about business this time. About the future—after——"

Mina started, wide-eyed, divining his thought. Indeed, the sinking of his voice at the last word told her all.

"I shall never marry," she said, forestalling him, " never-never -- never ! "

His hand touched her hair, descended over her cheek, gently patted it, and then was seized and kissed eagerly, nervously, wistfully.

"Dear," he began again, still more softly, "listen. You will marry again—yes, hearken to me this once. Do not break in. I wish it. I hope it. Indeed, that was partly why I married you. Otherwise, knowing what I knew, I would scarcely have had the right. But, Myn, I want you to marry a good man. I have thought about it."

"Oh, hush, hush, Terry !" cried his wife.

"Have you no pity?" "Dear," he said, "I have all the pity that may be in any man's heart. I took you at a hasty word. You have not known what it was to love-not fully, as a girl like you ought to know. But I see clearly now. Listen, Myn, I am a far richer man than any-

one knows of. Did you ever remark that I paid the bills over here (and they have not been small ones) by making you write cheques on a great French bank? No, of course you would not. Well, dear Myn, most of my money stands there in your You can get it when you like. My name. father, for reasons of his own, at a time of great risk to himself, when he was in danger of his life in Britain, placed a very large part of his fortune in the French Rentes. Indeed, nineteen-twentieths of all. Only lately did I come into possession of that part of his fortune, when I was twenty-five years of age. Well, dear, I have done as I promised before I married you. I have left two-thirds of my fortune, so much as is known to exist in England, away from you-to my aunt, Lady Grainger, and her daughter. I have left you, so far as Britain is concerned, only your strict legal third. I have so diminished my properties in England that you will be a poor woman, with little more than the necessities of life—that is, so far as the people of Creel-port are to know. Dear, I have one thing to ask you, only one-will you do it?"

Mina looked at him, the tears still in her eyes, her breast rising and falling tempestuously.

"Terry," she said, "I promise you before God to do as you wish !"

"Well, then, dear, when you go back to Creelport—for you will go—let it be as a poor woman. Brave the taunts of Lady Grainger, and the reproach that I have left the bulk of my estate away from you. Promise me that never till the day of your marriage—and not till the sun sets upon that day—will you reveal that Terry Fairweather left you a rich, a very rich woman."

"I promise," she said. "But indeed it is useless. Terry, I shall never marry again."

He patted her head gently, indulgently, a peculiarly sweet expression, almost playful, flickering about his lips.

"Smile at me, Myn, just this once," he said; "and whenever you think of me—afterwards—I want you to smile—yes, like that. Don't be sorry at all. And then you will say: "Terry—dear boy—how good he was to me!"

And so in the warmth of his wife's smile, and with his eyes deep in hers, the night came for Terry Fairweather.

CHAPTER VI.

CREELPORT'S UNRULY EVIL.

THERE was a strained hush of expectation in Creelport. Young Mrs. Terence Fairweather

was coming home. That is to say, Mina Hilliard, whom her husband had cut off with a bare fifty or sixty pounds a year, leaving, so they said, all that he legally could away from her—to *her* enemies and *his* relations, Lady Grainger and her daughter.

"There must have been something sore wrong," purred the worthies of the little Scottish township, naturally prone (like the do-nothings of all small societies) to think the worst, and to say even worse than they thought.

"He has found her out, I'll wager!" said Mistress James Yellowlees, the uptown baker's wife, wondering if her husband had gotten in his week's supply of "chemicals" and "sweeping stuff" all labelled "Finest Five Stars Wheat : Minneapolis Mills, Minn."

"I never thought muckle of that Hilliard lass, mysel'," said Mistress "Polly" Purdie. "My guidman, when he was the nicht watchman in the service o' the honourable the town-council and magistrates, used often to say——"

"Call him the night-policeman and hae done wi' it !" said Mrs. Yellowlees, who in her heart thought the ex-officer's widow too far beneath her to be allowed to put on airs.

"Aweel, at ony rate," continued Mrs. "Polly," "she will hae her lawfu' third. They canna rob the widow o' that; and though it has been sair squandered amang thae artist loons, and naething but a pittance left, it will aye pay for guid baker's bread like yours, Mistress Yellowlees."

"I hae nae reason to be ashamed o' my bread, nor o' my baps neither," said the baker's wife, bridling; "and 'gin it be the puir thing's guidwill to eat oot o' my shop, and if she pays her bills every Saturday reg'lar, it is no my business to say her nay. And as for a bit shortbread at an orra time —or a wheen ginger snaps—I am sure that the bit lass is welcome to them wi' all my heart."

"It's you that has the guid heart," crooned her gossip. "Aye, dear, but what it is to hae the wherewithal to gie, and withal the kindly willing mind ! It's no at every door that she micht look for the like. For in time past Mina Hilliard held her head high, when she was in the town afore. It will be a sair dooncome for her to live in Dickie Dickson's bit cottage. They say she has ta'en it from the Earl by the half-year. Ye see, he kenned her faither when he was laird o' Kilterlilty and a magistrate ! He wadna be willing to gie her a langer tack, and doobtless the like o'her couldna get caution ! Aye-aye ! "

Mrs. Yellowlees abstractedly put some Albert biscuits (which had been too long in the window, and had become a little flyblown) back in the bottom layer of a tin box of them that was going out to the Orphanage, where her husband had the bread contract. She filled the blank in her window-dressing with four fresh ones off the top. Then she closed the lid and pasted a strip of blue paper saved for the purpose round about the join. All was in the way of business, and she did it mechanically.

"I wonder," she said at last, when she had had her thought out, and it was ready to be clothed in words, "I wonder that Mina Hilliard likes to come back here, where she's kenned and noted. After her being married to such a rich man—wi' his tale o't —and her faither and brither but little credit to onybody ! Had it been me, my certie, I wad hae had mair pride !"

Mrs. "Polly," half sitting on the single chair which stood on the outside of the counter, but ready to pretend she had been on foot all the time if a customer entered, shook her head with admiring wisdom. Then she projected towards Mrs. Yellowlees a forehead bulging with solemnity. Mrs. "Polly" was a little, pale-faced, insignificant woman, with sparse, tow-coloured hair, who seemed to pass her life in eluding observa-But, as she dodged furtively about, tion. she could look more laden with other people's guilty secrets than any other woman in Creelport. For this reason she was popular among the large colony of folk who in a remote country town pass their petty lives in shadowing their neighbours with their suspicions, and reporting the results in hushed tones to each other.

* *

In Little Esson's studio they discussed the news very differently, but after their own fashion, always with an eye to the fact that Jerome Hilliard was (usually) lying on the second-hand sofa, and that he might or might not be able to hear what they were saying. Also Little Esson had once or twice of late manifested such an ungovernable temper, that not even the rights of hospitality could completely excuse his words.

Nevertheless they all continued to drop in upon him as usual—dogmatic John Glencairn, who was said to argue aloud with the dead people about the principles of art whenever he worked in the churchyard; Fuzzy Wells, fresh from painting a new "entire" horse, "The Bold Buccleuch" by name, for Andrew Banchory, the great stock-rearer of the district. He had not yet got over the strength of the potations with which Andrew Banchory had every evening assisted the great work, and in spite of the gibes of his companions he, Fuzzy Wells, confined himself for the present to plain water as a beverage. There was also Hunter Mayne, more successful than of yore, a little stouter, and more rarely present among the "boys," because he had recently installed himself in a new studio of his own, most gorgeous to behold, where he daily painted members of the best county families, and was understood to spend the rest of his time in wallowing in the yellow gold accruing therefrom.

The newest recruit of the night was a certain Marcus Frobisher, a tall youth of the bluest blood of aristocracy, who had spent enough time in the pleasant Parisian upland of Montmartre to become a violent Anarchist, and who scoured the shops whenever he went to town for ties of the colour of blood. Frobisher had roomed with Hunter Mayne first abroad, and afterwards at Creelport, till such time as the latter had grown great and built a house for himself. He called regularly on Lady Grainger, and was believed to be paying his respects to Miss Hilda.

This was the conversation which took place in Little Esson's studio, conducted at first with some attention to the uncertainty of Little Esson's temper on the one hand, and on the other to the fact that Jerome Hilliard was lying on the sofa with his face buried in the pillow, a prey to mingled melancholy and the dying fumes of alcohol.

"Say, fellows," exclaimed Fuzzy Wells, who was making a caricature of the way Little Esson had of stepping back every three or four strokes and standing with his head on one side to judge the effect of his last stroke, "some of Mina's furniture came to Dickie's to-day! I saw it!"

Little Esson turned sharply upon him.

"Better say Mrs. Fairweather," he said ; "I've told you that before."

"We'll, she always used to be Minawasn't she?" grumbled Fuzzy Wells. "Anyway, you needn't snap a fellow's head off."

Esson inclined his brush ever so slightly in the direction of Frobisher, who was talking to Hunter Mayne on the other tumble-down sofa at the end of the room.

"Strangers in the gallery !" he murmured, so softly that only Fuzzy and John Glencairn heard him.

"Right you are, Esson," said Glencairn.

"Fuzzy is an idiot. I say, what are we to do with *that*?"

With a disgustful droop of the eyelid he directed his two comrades' attention to the



"''Tell me,' said Mayne, waking up suddenly, 'does she wear mourning?'"

attitude of Jerome Hilliard prone on the nearer couch.

"He'll choke himself one of these days," said Fuzzy, "lying with his nose in the pillow !"

"And a good job, too !" spluttered John Glencairn savagely, giving the sleeper's head a shove down with his hand as he passed on the way to examine Little Esson's picture. But Esson, with the surprising strength resident in that small, thick-set body of his, easily turned the sleeper over, and arranged him with his cheek resting on the cushion.

"Why do you take so much trouble with

that—swine?" said John Glencairn. "Why do you have him here at all? I don't believe he has ever paid a cent towards the expenses. Why don't you chuck the drunken brute to the door?"

Little Esson turned, his palette in his hand, and looked John Glencairn over from feet to head and back again.

"Oblige me," he stammered a little, as he always did when excited, "oblige me by telling me what the — hem hem —business it is of yours? Have you paid for the whiskies-andsodas you have carried away from here every night for the last three years?"

"But it's doing you harm, Esson," argued Fuzzy Wells. "Why, only yesterday I heard that you missed a good commission - a cool hundred and fifty----to paint the presentation portrait of Lady Partonriggs, because old Partonriggs said that he would not let his young wife (she's fifty if she's a day, with a moustache like a tom cat) go to a studio in which that fellow Hilliard was lounging about all day! It was a hunt ball pre-

sentation, too—the Southern Counties Royal Otterhounds, and you could have had quite a series of them."

"See here, you two, and any more of you that there may be," hissed Little Esson fiercely between his teeth, "this is my house, isn't it? It's built chiefly of bits of old shipwrecked brigs, I know. It's pitched without and its tarpaulined within. The chimney in made of dashed bad stone and worse lime, and the furniture is worth, say, tuppens-ha'penny. But such as it is, it is mine. Also the loaf you are cutting a hunk off. Fuzzy, and the butter in a lordly dish you are going to lard it with-eke that siphon and whisky-bottle (do try and save just a sniff for the others, John), and the cheese and the cold pie! And if it pleases me to ask Jo Cormick the poacher, and Peters the sweep, and Hutchie the Sheriff's officer, it's not any business of yours, is it? Go outside and make your remarks there. There's plenty of room between here and the Isle of Man. And as for losing your infernal hundred-and-fifty, and your hunt ball presentation portraits-

Little Esson slapped his thigh at this point in a manner expressive of the most utter contempt for all hunters and huntsmen, otters and otterhounds, for ladies the most sportive, and even for cheques of one hundred and fifty pounds sterling payable to bearer.

"I want to get the bloom on this stretch of hillside right," he said; "there's not nearly enough atmosphere. If you would remove your immense carcasses out of the light so that a fellow could see, I should be grateful."

"Leave him alone with his deathless works till his temper improves," said Fuzzy. "Come on, John. Let's stroll up as far as Dickie's cottage, and see what we can see, at any rate."

"I suppose you fellows are not ashamed to spy—on Terry's widow the first day she comes back?" inquired Little Esson softly, as they were going out.

"Well, the road is free to all, so far as I've heard," said Fuzzy, "and I don't see any harm in looking. Besides, if I could lend a hand at opening boxes or knocking in nails, hang it if there's anyone in the world I would sooner do it for than for Mina Hilliard!"

Something in the sound of the name seemed to reach the sleeper on the couch. Jerome Hilliard was far gone indeed, but he knew his sister's name.

"Mina!" he chuckled. "Time to be getting home, Mina! The old man will be after you with his stick. He doesn't whop me, though—I know too much! You should keep your eyes open, Myn!"

"Faugh !" grunted angrily John Glencairn, "think of coming back to be burdened with that ! Get up, you hulking beast !"

And on Jerome refusing to lend an ear to this advice, he kicked away the half-dozen books which, in the absence of a fourth leg, supported one end of the couch, and so tumbled the sleeper forthwith on the floor.

Little Esson turned fiercely on the aggressor. He laid down his palette and advanced towards John Glencairn.

"Get out," he said, "or I'll put a palette knife into you !"

Hunter Mayne and Frobisher now came forward and asked what it was all about.

"Out with you, Glencairn !" cried Little Esson fiercely; "and, what's more, don't come here again till you know how to behave yourself !"

As he spoke, Jerome Hilliard raised himself on his elbow. "Say, where is Mina? I thought somebody said my sister was here a minute ago. Who dared to mention my sister's name in a mixed company? It was you, Esson—it was—I heard you! You sneered at her because she is poor! I'll show you what it is to belittle Jerome Hilliard's sister! Take that!"

And with the back of his hand he struck Little Esson hard across the face.

For a moment there was the palpitating silence which always, among men, follows a blow. Little Esson had the thin-bladed knife in his hand, and as the streaky flush followed the blow across his pale cheek, he seemed to grip it tighter. But quick as lightning he was on his knees beside Jerome, holding him in his arms.

"Hilliard," he said, "you know better than that. Grip yourself, man. Think what you are doing. Put that on your head —more of it on the back of your neck. It's all right; you'd better go, all you fellows. He will be all right now. I'm sorry I pitched into you, John. You'll not bear ill-will, but look in at night as usual, eh, John? It's all my hanged temper !"

And in a few minutes Little Esson and Jerome Hilliard were left alone. On the road the expelled ones made a few remarks each to the other.

"Ever see anyone like him?" said John Glencairn, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "Fancy asking my pardon for having a bad temper!"

"He's a wonder," said Fuzzy Wells with deep conviction. "God made no more like him! Broke the mould, I expect. I thought, though, he would have slain you when you kicked down the old sofa and tumbled that beast Hilliard on the floor."

"Why does he do it, think you?" mused Glencairn, humping his big peasant's shoulderblades up to his ears, as if he found it cold. He always thought out things so. "Blest if I know!" said Fuzzy. "Can't help it, I suppose. Built that way, maybe." "Well, I can," said Glencairn, drooping

his shoulders as suddenly. "So long, Fuzzy." Behind them Frobisher and Hunter Mayne

were walking towards the new studio. "She's lovelier than ever, I tell you," said Frobisher. "I saw her in London. I was with the Graingers' lawyer, looking into the business of the will for the Broom Lodge people, you know. She didn't know me, of course, nor look at me. I saw her when it was read. She must have tremendous selfcommand. When the old fellow read out that her husband had left her nothing but fifty-five pounds a year (which he could not help doing), she never so much as quivered an eyelid. I tell you I admired her."

"Um-m-m !" said Hunter Mayne. "She did not always have so much self-command as you call it. I remember—___"

"What do you remember ?"

"Well, never mind what, Frobisher. But you say she is prettier than ever?"

"Well, I don't know what she was before, of course—I'm a new chum, here," said Frobisher ; "but now, she is a sight too pretty to be going round unattached, with only about fifty pounds a year to live on—that's all !"

Hunter Mayne appeared to be plunged in a deep reverie. He did not respond to his companion's requests for further information, nor for a long time did he offer any opinion as to what could induce Terry Fairweather's wife to come and fix herself in a hole like Creelport.

"It's cheap—I suppose," he said at last, after Frobisher had repeated the question four times in various forms.

"Tell me," said Mayne, waking up suddenly, "does she wear mourning?" "No-o-o," said Frobisher. "There was

"No-o-o," said Frobisher. "There was something in the will about that, if I remember right. He asked her not to—' in deference to the wish often expressed during life by the aforesaid Terence Fairweather' —something like that. But she wears a sort of grey dress trimmed with black, or black trimmed with grey, I forget which. Anyway, she looks like the huntress Diana in it, her of the Ephesians, you know—the wench they sculp in marble with the bow and quiver—stunning, I tell you !"

"U-m-m !" was all that Hunter Mayne said to this, and bidding Frobisher "Goodnight," he went slowly up the stairs of his new studio, impartially biting the twin ends of his long blonde moustache.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BREED OF THE ITHERWORDS.

MINA FAIRWEATHER walked quietly down the New Road from the station. Then she passed along the West Shore to avoid her father's house. She had no desire thus early to encounter the napless tall hat, the tight, black frock-coat, the severely kneed trousers, and over-tight boots of damaged patent leather, which, about that hour, might usually have been seen leaving the forlorn town-residence of the Hilliards of Kilterlilty, and taking the direction either of the Blue Lion or that of the livery-stables held by Bibby the English horsedealer.

It was a spring morning, nippy and "bask," far on in March. A thin and icy wind whipped any puddles which were not frozen into fretful dimples, and caused the grains of sand to scour the faces of the pools which still remained iced over, till they shone like cloudy steel—a day altogether Scotch, however—the sun busy doing his work cracking the clods in the fields, and the farmers wearying for the time of the sowing, and looking carefully to their seed-corn.

Before Mina's arrival there had been many comings and goings between the Manse of Creelport and the little house round the corner. Indeed, though it was on the Earl's estate, the cottage known as Dickie Dickson's was in some sort an *appanage* of the glebe. The minister, indeed, possessed the immemorial right to veto any tenant displeasing to him. There was also an arch cut in the great, bounding, quickset hedge, and a neat gate which opened into the little garden of "Dickie's," while the best part of the Manse damson-plums could only be gathered from Mina's side of the arch.

"Eight pounds a year I am to pay," meditated Mina, as she walked along—"that seems a good deal of rent for Creelport. But, after all, there is no other place in the town like it—retired from the road, with a little seat at the gable from which to spy the ships away out upon the sea, or the folk walking up and down the High Street. Then, is there not a back way of escape to Bee and the Manse? I did well to take old Dickie's den. And, then, have I not got Fleckie, my ten times reliable Fleckie?"

The young widow looked up as she approached her home, raising her eyes for the first time from the ground, and saw at the door of a little rose-clambered cottage, on a bank above the road, a tall, raw-boned, masculine-looking woman standing. "Are you Fleckie?" cried Mina, with some eagerness.

"I am that—juist young Fleckie Itherword," said the woman, laying an emphasis on the adjective, and smiling a broad smile, so broad there was room for no more with any safety—"Manse Lummy's ain brither's dochter. At least," she added cautiously, "I never heard ony ither weighted wi'me!"

"You are come to help me, then?" said Mina. "I am—Mrs. Fairweather." She had hardly yet been long enough in Englishspeaking lands to be familiar with the sound of her name. It still tripped a little awkwardly upon her tongue.

"Save us !" said the great-armed woman, "but ye are shilpit and dowie, my bairn ! Yet ye are what the lads caa' bonny—at least, ye wad be if ye had had to do guid ootdoor wark like me. I hae never been in a house-place before; juist plain byre-lass to Andro Banchory, and it needs yin wi' some pith i' their elbows for *that* job ! "

"You mean," said Mina, "on account o' the heavy work."

"I mean naething o' the kind," said the giantess. "I mean juist to haud Andro himsel' at airm's length. He's no canny, Andro Banchory. Guid peety the puir peefer o' a thing that's gane to fill my place! It'll be heard tell o', or a' be dune! But come ben, come ben. Gin I dinna do richt, I am no ower prood to be spoken till, as the cow said when they chased her oot o' the yaird after clearing the green o' the spring blanket-washin'!"

Thus was Mina Fairweather equipped with a dwelling, a garden, a serving-maid, and, in short, a home of her own, at the easy rate of sixteen pounds in the year, equally divided between the Earl's rent and Fleckie Itherword's penny-fee.

For some time the Creelport folk could find little to object to in her demeanour. Even Mrs. Polly (a contraction for policeman, not the familiar diminutive for Mary) grew "disjaskit," because, with all her mystery, she could find out nothing to Mina's discredit, even after hiding for four hours shivering behind the dyke opposite Dickie's cottage. She had seen a woman—big and strong as a horse, she said—come to the door and throw a pail of soapsuds over the dyke as easily as if it had been a cup of tea. Part of the contents drenched the hidden Mrs. Polly, and her gossips, disappointed of news, affirmed to her face that they were sorry. But afterwards, and to each other, they said it served her right for spying upon a poor young thing that had been left so recently a widow.

So Mina went and came, quietly, steadily, her eyes on the ground, living plainly and paying for everything over the counter as she got it. Her simple dress of grey and black was considered even by ill-wishers like Mrs. Polly as "mair in keeping" with Mina's situation than "great horses' tails o' crape," after which, without doubt (so that lady affirmed) Mina's soul was secretly lusting. But then her man "had forbidden it in his will, puir thing. Aye, he kenned weel that there would be no mourning for him in her heart !"

There was but one in all Creelport to whom Mina's heart was drawn in these first days of her home-coming. Yet when she spoke to Miss Bee of her late husband, she encountered a strange and chilling silence.

"At first when Terence died," she said to this confidante, "it seemed as if all the cords about my heart had been cut. It weighed me down. It felt as hard and as heavy as——"

"As a channel stane !" suggested Miss Bee. "Little wonder, poor lass—left all by yourself to face poverty in a foreign land !"

"Ah, Bee," said Mina, her face taking on that infinitely soft expression it always had when she spoke of Terry, "it is not as you think. If it had not been for some settlements that were to be made in Paris before I came home—business that kept me hard at it from morning till night—I think I should have gone mad !"

Miss Bee nodded a little drily. Mina, however, did not notice this.

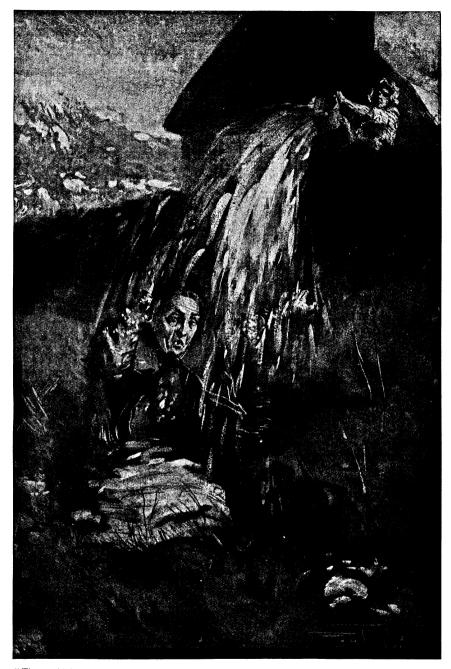
"There never was anyone so good as Terry, dear Bee," she continued, laying her head on the broad and comfortable shoulder of the minister's sister. "He loved me long before, you know—only he never dared to speak of it. He thought—that is—well, I was foolish. And now it seems a thousand years since I used to run in and out among the boys in my brother's studio. But not one of them loved me like Terry!"

"Well, there was one that I knew of ———" began Miss Bee, but Mina stopped her with a start and a scared lift of her head from its resting-place.

"Oh, never speak of him—please ! Bee —I cannot bear it ! "

Miss Bee's clear grey eye divined at once that Mina understood one thing, while she had meant another. But she only answered with a sigh : "Perhaps it will be as well."

There was a long pause in the little parlour



"They said it served her right for spying upon a poor young thing that had been left so recently a widow."

• which Mina's taste and simple means had already made so prettily characteristic. Her thoughts went back once more to Terry—as, indeed, they mostly did now. She had not yet begun to look forward or make plans. She was content just to exist. "If only I had loved him more!" she murmured, with her brow down again on Bee's shoulder. "*He* loved me so much!" "I wish he had shown it more, then," said Miss Bee sharply. "I have no patience with him, Mina, leaving all his money to those Broom Lodge——" Here she paused to think of a word, and, finding none, concluded her sentence lamely with "those *women*," but pronounced in a tone of voice very unlike the usual warm-hearted, impulsive Miss Bee of Dr. John's manse.

Mina lifted her head and stared, hardly taking in the meaning of the words.

"You are not angry with my poor Terry?" she said.

"Oh, no, not that !"

Miss Bee threw back her head with something of Dr. John's action in the pulpit when he denounced the sins particularly abhorrent to him—such as evil-speaking, illwill among neighbours, and spiritual pride.

"Terence Fairweather's money was his own," said Miss Bee determinedly; "there was no need to leave it away from you. Besides (what is the use of hiding it ?), there was worse—selling out stock and giving it away while he was alive, so as to leave you poor !"

"Bee, he never did !" Mina uttered the words, but she blushed as she herself heard them. For the first time she understood that she could not possibly explain the truth. She was bound by her promise to Terry, by her oath sworn only a minute or two before he died.

Miss Bee nodded her head doggedly.

"Well, Mina, of course it is good and sweet of you to love him—or even to *think* that you do," pursued Miss Bee; "but there is one thing, dear—the way you have been treated absolves you, in the opinion of all right-thinking people, from the duty of remaining long a widow."

" Bee !"

" Mina ! "

"I forbid you to speak to me like that !"

"Oh, very well," said Miss Bee cheerily; "I shall not need to *say* it again. You will know that I am thinking it."

"Oh, Bee," said Mina, suddenly beginning to cry, as the impossibility of making people think well of her Terry presented itself for the first time to her mind, "you will be sorry one day for saying those things about Terry Fairweather. If I could only tell you what he was to me—___"

"Yes," said Miss Bee acidly. "And to those Broom Lodge women! Oh, don't tell me!" "Do you want to get rid of me?" demanded Mina suddenly, a curious fire coming into her eyes—the same which had been there the night of the scene in the studio. But Miss Bee, a woman wise in her generation, was quick to recognise a danger-signal. She put out her hand and drew Mina towards her.

"There," she said repentantly ; "kiss your old jealous Bee. You shall say whatever you like about your Terry. Only keep on loving me. He was an angel of light; and indeed I am grateful to him. For-if he had left you a rich woman, you would have stopped on in London, where you would have married a peer of the realm, and never looked near your poor old Bee or her brother Dr. John. And it is ever so much nicer to have that hole in the quickset hedge, and to be able to run in and out every half-hour to make sure that you and Fleckie Itherword are behaving yourselves. Besides, Lummy has been in a perfect heaven of a temper ever since her niece came to Dickie's cottage. Is Fleckie happy, think you?"

"Well," smiled Mina, "as to that, I cannot tell. She says she has not nearly enough work, and wants me to find out if I cannot get a cow's grass from the Earl. But I say to Fleckie, where would the cow come from in that case? I think she proposes to steal me one of her old master's, judging by the determined way she laughs and shakes her head."

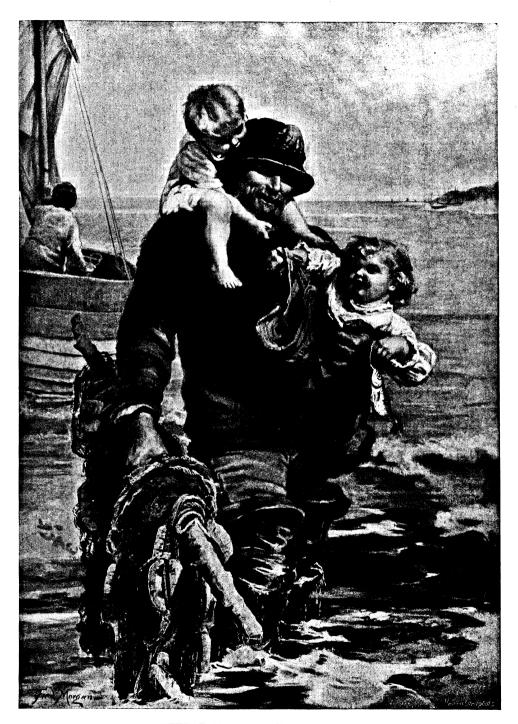
"If her heart is set on it," said Miss Bee, laughing, "look out, then ! I know the black Itherword breed !"

"It seems the only thing that will keep her from wearing away the Earl's house altogether by scrubbing and holystoning, washing and scouring and polishing. Fleckie vowed to-day that if there had not been a brass knocker on the front door, she did not know that she could have stayed !"

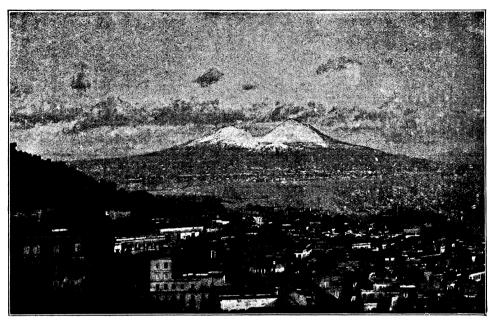
"Brass knockers need cleaning after every shower," said Miss Bee approvingly.

"Then I asked her," continued Mina, "why she did not go and help her aunt at the Manse, where there was so much to be done. And she said : 'Because I dinna want my head broke. Lummy bade me never leave your hoose, mem, nicht or day, till ye were married—or I was dead !'"

(To be continued.)



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VESUVIUS WITH ITS PERPETUAL HALO OF SMOKE.

Vesuvius, Yesterday and To-day.

BY G. R. LORIMER.

Illustrated from photographs by Frank Alvord Perret, Hon. Assistant Director of the Royal Observatory on Vesuvius.

LTHOUGH the recent eruption of Vesuvius has been dwarfed to some extent by the appalling disasters that have overtaken San Francisco, it has gripped the imagination of the very many thousands of English-speaking people to whom Southern Italy has been a happy holiday-ground. To those who have stayed at Naples in the past few years, the change between Vesuvius of March last and the Vesuvius of to-day must Much of the railway indeed be startling. that served to take travellers to the point at which the final ascent of the crater was undertaken has disappeared. Villages, that only a few months ago were prosperous and populous, have been blotted out, Bosco-Trecase and Ottajano, San Giorgio, Torre del Greco and San Giuseppe having suffered Those of us who remember these most. places in their peaceful days, wrapped in perpetual sunshine, apparently prosperous, and labouring hard but happily to send out their characteristic produce to Italians the

world over, will best realise the extent of the disaster.

It cannot be suggested that the recent eruption came altogether in the nature of a surprise to Southern Italy. The earthquake in Calabria suggested the commencement of an era of disturbances. Vesuvius itself had long been restless without doing much harm, as though preparing for one of the disastrous periods of activity. Old people who had passed three-quarters of a century in the shadow of the mountain were uneasy and suspicious, and there was a spirit of unrest over the entire region last year. This feeling became intensified after the Calabrian earthquake.

It is interesting to recall a journey to the summit of the mountain taken a year or so ago, and to compare the conditions prevailing then with those that obtain now. When one leaves the terminus of the railway in normal times, there is a short climb to the terminal station, and when the ascent of which we write was



THE CONE AS SEEN FROM THE ATRIO.

made, the ground there was very hot underfoot, and the air was full of sulphur vapour and smoke from the *fumarole*. Then, too, there was a certain element of danger to visitors upon the mountain-side. Everv now and again, white smoke would rise suddenly and in considerable volume, and from the dense mass a collection of stones would shoot up like shot from a gun. Happily, most of these projectiles fell within the crater, but there were a few that lacked even that measure of consideration.

When one had tramped steadily forward, ignoring these unpleasant interruptions, the crater itself was reached at last, and it was possible to see, past the ever-present vapour, the seething mass in the depths, the walls descending almost sheer to the un-quenchable fire. The sight was a memorable one, and the sounds were hardly less remarkable. One could hear a noise as though a thousand stokers were feeding the subterranean furnace, and yet right above the steam and smoke and suggestions of the *inferno*, one could see the bright blue sky that shines over Southern Italy, and calls fertility from ground that was once the playing-field of molten lava.

Before the April eruption altered the entire appearance of the crater, it was divided by a lava wall into two basins, by the side of which an eccentric cone had been formed. This was in effect a little miniature volcano, with a smoking crater of its own, and, from a point quite close by, one could see Pompeii, bare amid the surrounding suggestions of an active and healthy civilisation, like a skeleton at a feast. From this vantage-ground one could watch in safety the explosions from the larger basin, and at night the road along the mountainside was made luminous by the coronal of fire that always shone above the crater. Here, too, we could see, a little below us, the Royal

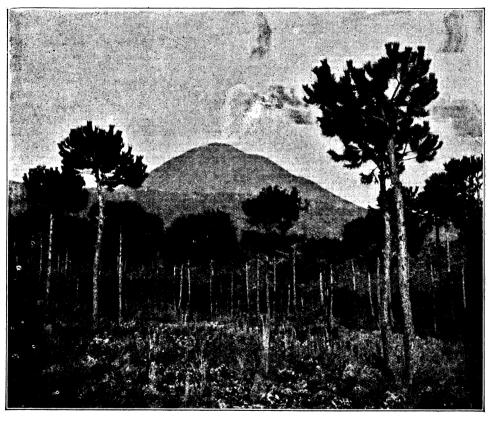
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Observatory in which Professor Matteucci, then unknown beyond his own native land, laboured industriously. It should be unnecessary to recall his devotion to duty in April last, or to tell of the honour conferred upon him by the King of Italy, or of the visit he received from King Edward about the beginning of May, when His Majesty visited the area that the earthquake has ruined for the time being.

Down to the time of the last eruption, the

molten from the mountain, hardens, and in the course of time yields a fertile soil to the husbandman, thus granting him some reward for the terror and anxiety often associated with life on the mountain-side.

It was slow going over the many-coloured lava fields, and two hours' tramp was required to reach the Atrio del Cavallo, the curved valley between a summit that was, and Monte Somma which is, a wall of the ancient crater, the crater that overwhelmed

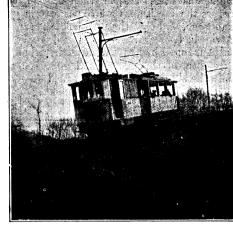


PINE TREES BEHIND VESUVIUS GROWING ON THE FERTILE LAVA SOIL.

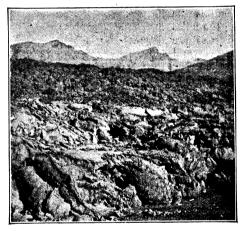
cars were running from the observatory as far as the base of the cone. At the cone's edge they joined the cable road of the funicular railway, which leads to within 700 feet of the crater. It may be interesting to recall in this place a journey to the cone made on foot by way of Resina, little more than a year ago, over country that has since been devastated. There was an old carriage road from the village that ran through the vineyards, where the wine known as Lachryma Christi was made, up to the edge of the lava—the lava that, after coming Pompeii. The crater of Vesuvius is constantly shifting its landmarks, and when a great eruption comes, the change is baffling even to those who thought they knew how the land lay. In the Valle dell' Inferno, hot air and white sulphur smoke beset the visitor on all sides, and every crevice in the rocks was red. There was a little volcano just about twenty feet high, with molten lava flowing from its crater, a complete replica of its larger and more dangerous brethren. The guide explained that it came from a depth of twenty miles, and there is ample food for thought in the suggestion. In such a place as this, the least impressionable person feels the strength of angry Nature, the uncertainty of the conditions of life that must prevail the world over within the volcanic zone, the terror that waits upon earthquake and eruption. In miniature and avoidable form the horrors were all around. One saw living pools of fire and red rivers of lava all kept for the moment in hand, but ready, in response to orders from the very bowels of the earth, to swell, extend, and scatter destruction along the terraced mountain-side.

The first of the visits mentioned here was paid nearly two years ago, and during last year Vesuvius showed herself as wayward in moods as a woman or a motor-car. In February it was possible to photograph the fused lava at the bottom of the crater; in March there was so much activity that the lava of the Atrio was at

the cliffs of Monte Somma: in September there was an eruption of considerable magnitude, accompanied by shocks of earthquake that drove the countryfolk in the outlying villages into the streets. At Portici, doors would not remain closed, and the windows of Naples and the villages round the city were shaken by the concussion, while masses of lava and stones, thrown from the crater to a great height, seriously damaged the



ON THE VESUVIAN RAILWAY.



LAVA-FIELDS.

cable - railway and its terminal buildings. The eruption formed a brilliant spectacle at night, portions of the crater's rim falling into the abyss, only to be ejected again in a magnificent outburst of sparks, while the brightly luminous lava and stones covered the entire cone with an interlacing network of fiery lines. At one time it appeared from Naples as if three eruptive mouths had opened, each a fountain of



GUIDE ROASTING AN APPLE IN THE HOT LAVA-BEDS,

liquid fire, and even at that distance the peculiar zigzag course of the larger masses of rock down the mountain-side could be clearly followed. By day the effects were less interesting, and from a photographic standpoint the eruption was distinctly disappointing. As predicted by scientists, the resulting eruptive cone afterwards collapsed with a terrific sound, sending up an immense quantity of fine volcanic ash, which later descended on Naples in a layer of soft, darkcoloured dust. When the eruption ceased, the top of the mountain was seen to present a slightly different appearance, the crater walls having been built up so as to give a flat summit, not unlike that of Fusiyama.

Following these changes, we made another ascent in December, to see a funicular repaired and note the damage that had been done. Workmen were busy at the terminal station, and pointed out that the final climb to the cone was much steeper than it had been before the eruption, that the eccentric cone had gone, and that the mouths of lava in the Atrio had closed. We noticed that the sulphur fumes had passed altogether, that the great heat of the ground had gone too, and only the showers of ashes remained to make

the trip uncomfortable. Looking down upon the thousands of homes built along the lower slopes of the mountain-side, one felt surprised to think of the people who are content to live with such a neighbour as Vesuvius: but of course there are two sides to every question, even to the questions that relate to a volcano. The mountain-side is literally a land overflowing with wine and oil, and the marvellous fertility of the soil is due to the eruptive products of Volcanic *tufa* builds the Vesuvius. walls of countless dwellings; the miles upon miles of street and road are paved with lava slabs. Moreover, and this point is often overlooked, the whole region itself-now of so glorious a beauty-once lay beneath the sea. Does not the power to do



THE "FUMAROLE," OR SMOKE-FUNNELS.

harm imply a corresponding capacity for doing good? *Chi sa?* At all events, it cannot be said of Vesuvius that it is neither hot nor cold. And the surrounding loveliness needs a foil, else were the picture incomplete. Nothing can be more inane or tiresome than a continuously perfect accord, and in building up the harmony of the universe it would seem that the Great Composer in His wisdom has seen fit to introduce an occasional discord the more clearly to set forth and emphasise the nobler themes. Such is the volcano—a contrast—a mighty disconance in the great Earth symphony.

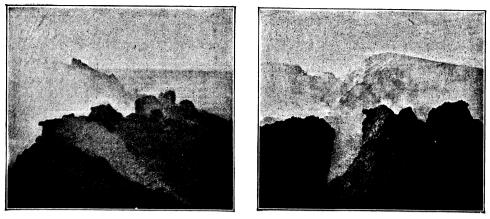
To-day Vesuvius stands in fresh and un-



AN ECCENTRIC CONE.

familiar guise, towering over ruined villages and lava-fields that were vineyards but a month ago. The April eruption, of which the full tale of destruction has yet to be told, was a disaster of the first magnitude. Many accounts have been given by eye-witnesses, but perhaps the best view was obtained from the deck of ships approaching Naples from Messina, in days following the first destructive outburst. Fifty miles away a pillar of cloud could be seen high over the cone, followed by an almost perpendicular wall of smoke. When the wind changed, the crater could be seen over the peninsula of Sorrento. and the column of smoke was judged from the sea to be about 12,000 feet high, rising in a thin column from

the crater, and taking the familiar pine tree shape as it rose. The pointed top of the cone had disappeared, and the crater itself was obviously enlarged. Below the mountain a yellow mist spread everywhere, save where the lava was seen flowing in yellow streams. The King and Queen of Italy sailed through the Bay of Naples on the 9th of April, in order to get

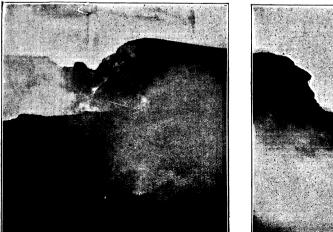


TWO DETAILS OF THE GREAT CRATER.

the most complete view of the change in the mountain's aspect. The April disaster was heightened by the opening of a fresh fissure at Ciaramella, where the new-born crater hurled out masses of incandescent rock and a two-tongued torrent of fire. of which one tongue was 200 yards broad, and travelled at a pace that made the evacuation of the villages in the way a matter of difficulty and danger. One of the chief dangers of life of Vesuvius arises from the erratic action of the crater. Nobody knows how it will be ejected, or what fresh fissures will open, or where. The place that is quite safe from to-day's eruption may lie in the path of molten lava at the next outbreak.

Perhaps it is as well that mankind has an irresistible tendency to repair a damaged city or countryside. In old time, when all manner of strange ideas controlled men's thoughts, a place that had been visited once

by destruction would have been avoided for all time to come. Nowadays it is different. Just as San Francisco is being rebuilt, the mountain-side of Vesuvius is returning to normal life. As these words are written, and while they are being read, the work proceeds steadily. Doubtless the funicular railway will be repaired, and from the lava that destroyed vineyard and homestead, fresh and fruitful soil will come in the course of time to reward the much tried husbandman. It is curious, perhaps, in view of the recent eruption. to remember that the Vesuvian railway was only really completed in 1904, when the hotel was built half way up the mountain-side. This railway will be restored before long, and then travellers will be found starting in all security from the town of Pugliano at the volcano's base and travelling on the motorcars as far as the power-house, where the electrical energy of the entire system is



STRANGE BOCK FORMATIONS KNOWN AS THE "DEMONS" OF THE CRATER,

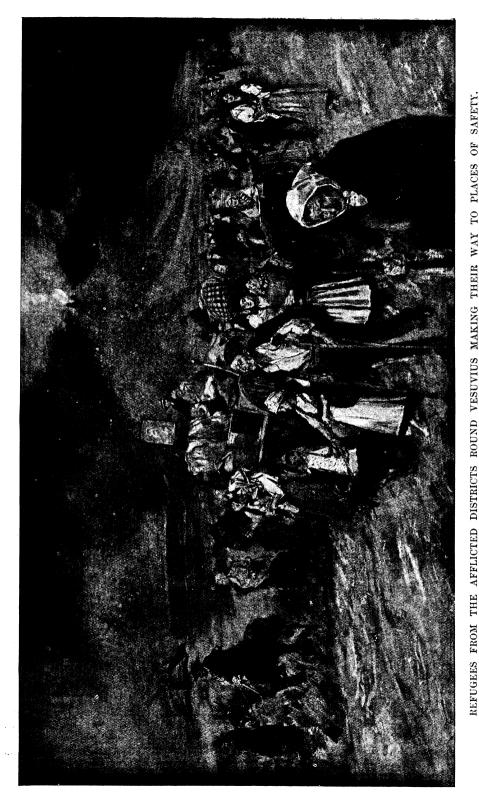


VESUVIUS IN ONE OF ITS WICKED MOODS.

generated by dynamos. From the powerhouse an electric locomotive, working on a toothed railway, takes the car on gradients ranging from eighteen to twenty-five per cent. to the Eremo station, where the new hotel was built just two years ago. From this point the cars proceed as far as the base of the cone, and doubtless will once more join the cable-road of the funicular railway, which will be restored.

It will not be a very large percentage of the thousands who visit Vesuvius in the next few years that will give a thought to the great April tragedy of 1906, although at the time of writing it is estimated that some one hundred thousand people are suffering still from its effects, and the resources of a poor country have been strained almost to their snappingpoint. Perhaps the truth is that the district is so exquisitely beautiful, the associations are so many and so interesting, that it is almost impossible to keep in mind the troubles that have beset a region of such natural enchantment from time to time. A new generation is ever on the road to Vesuvius.

Perhaps the finest view of all is secured from the Eremo Station, where the student and the scholar will find no lack of reminiscences. South and west, the Gulf of Naples presents a panoramic view, remarkable, not only for its exquisite beauty, but as well for the number of historically interesting places which it includes. Guarding the northern entrance to the bay stands the Island of Ischia, with its high volcanic peak, the Epomeo, supposed to be extinct. To the right is Misenum, whence Pliny sailed to his death in the eruption of 79; old Puteoli, once visited by Paul and Luke while on their way to Rome, and the Pausilippo, with Virgil's rock and tomb. There lies the city once named for Parthenope, the Siren drowned as Ulysses passed her by-



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I., FROM A SKETCH BY A. BIANCHINI.

as possible, and through the rain of lapili, or small stones, and scories, they made their way out of the danger zone. Many were lost while wandering among the askes. Upwards of 100,000 took refuge at Naples, and some 10,000 at Sarno, on the other side of Mount Vesuvius. It is impossible to exagperate the scenes of horror which occurred when, in a few short hours, the smiking countryside was changed into a region of desolation. The terror-stricken inhabitants fled from the devastated vallages, taking with them as much portable property

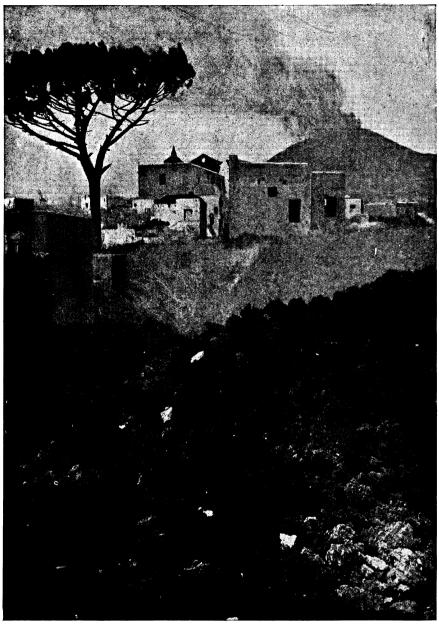


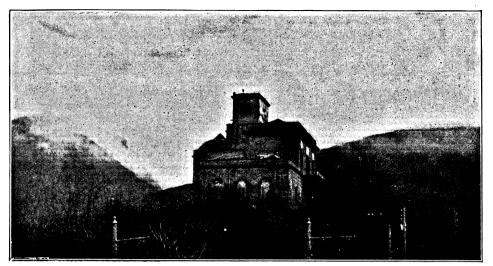
Photo by]

[George Mooser.

THE VILLAGE OF BOSCO-TRECASE DURING THE RECENT ERUPTION.

The lava five was practically confined to the southern slopes of Mount Vesuvius. Two streams of lava joined at Bosco-Trecase, and Rowed thence through the valley, the lava varying from thirty to forty-five feet in depth, and from one hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty feet in breadth.

the Naples of to-day—and grouped along the mountain's base, skirting the "tideless, dolorous, inland sea," are Portici and its Bourbon palace; Resina, built upon the lava-covered Herculaneum, and Torre del Greco, elevenfold victim of Vesuvian eruptions, the coral-fisher's home. To the left, on the site of buried Stabia, Castellamare lies curved beneath a range of lofty summits, tapering down to where the Sorrentine Peninsula—a long and knuckled finger points out the isle of Capri, with its many-



A VIEW OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

hued grottoes and memories of Barbarossa, Tiberius, and Murat. You see Sant' Angelo —there Peter walked and preached; yonder were the haunts of Fra Diavolo, those dark ravines and olive-slopes in the shadow of Mont Sant' Angelo. From the volcano's base there stretches towards Naples a plain of verdure like an inland sea—a dream ocean, with villages and towns most strangely rising from peaceful depths in a way that

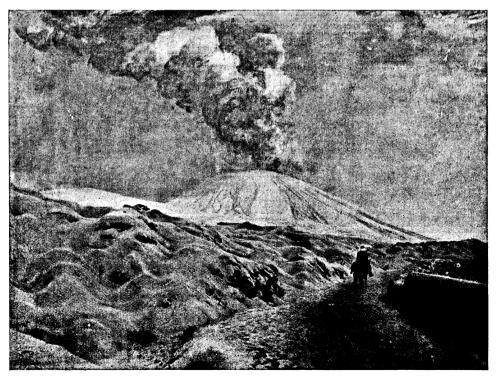


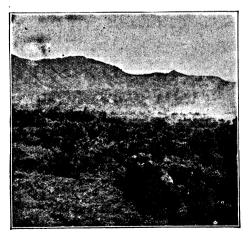
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[C. Abeniacar.

THE NEW VESUVIUS: THE GENERAL ASPECT OF THE FRESH CONE AND THE OLD LAVA-BEDS. The Observatory, which used to be surrounded by a green oasis of orange and lemon trees, roses and camellias, now stands in the midst of a Sahara of volcame dust, which covers the country to a depth of a yard or more, while in the direction of Vesuvius, instead of the dark colour of the old lava-streams, everything is of a whitish grey colour. makes the legends with which these shores abound seem easy of belief. Could Virgil's magic have upreared the Castle of the Enchanted Egg? So one would say from here, as it floats, a fairy fortress, below the Falcon's beak, and huge St. Elmo crowns the city heights beyond. There are Phlegrean Fields of classic song—the Lake Avernus, Greek Kyme and the Sybil's Grotto, the Roman Baiae, the Herculean Way. And if Procida must needs recall Sicilian Vespers, so the spirit and the beauty of Vittoria Colonna seem yet to breathe in Ischia's haunting loveliness.

Few save visitors to Naples and its neighbourhood can realise how great an industry is associated with the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. There was a time when a carriage and a pair of horses took one over the lower road between beds of lava and cinders, and at a certain point it was necessary to walk. Now the lower rail and the funicular have robbed the ascent of all its difficulties. although it is necessary and imperative to take a guide, because a false step near the crater would be fatal, and there is an almost morbid curiosity aroused in those who approach the edge for the first time. For ladies the general practice of travel in the last steep stretch is by help of the *aiuto*. This is a loop back-spliced on the end of a short rope that is carried over the shoulder

of the porter who walks in front; while people whose tastes are very luxurious, or whose weight is rather above the normal, rely upon a second assistant to push them behind. Even if the days of activity have passed altogether, the visitor need not despair of seeing the crater of Vesuvius, for there is a *portantina*, or side-bar chair, that can be hired; it is carried by two men. In as much as there is a constant flow of visitors to Naples throughout the winter and the early spring, it will be understood that the resulting industry is one of quite considerable proportions, and its dislocation will have added to the troubles of population, unless, as is not unlikely, the mountain-side should be ready to welcome more visitors by the time the next season comes round. Seeing how tourist arrangements are made, it was perhaps as well that the trouble, if it had to come, should come in April rather than November, when the season is just about to There is nothing callous in the begin. attitude of those who are making haste to repair the ravages of Nature. Southern Italy lives for a great part upon her tourists; she must clean the roads and clear away the ruins, and garnish the shattered villages, and wear a smiling face amid her grief when the winter brings pleasure-seekers to her shores. For 'tis in winter that she gathers her harvest.



THE VALLE DELL' INFERNO.

THE CHARLATAN.

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By FRED M. WHITE.



HE extraordinary affair at 19, Grosvenor Gate, the town residence of the Duchess of Dumblane, occupied the public mind for at least three days — a remarkable testimony to the dramatic features of the case.

The Duchess, as everybody knows, is a recognised leader of Society, very young and very pretty; also, according to her friends, who are capable of expressing an opinion, very foolish into the bargain. On the other hand, the Duke is a pillar of the Upper House, given to politics and striving to effect that economy which is necessary now with a nobleman who depends largely on his estates for his income.

The affair is briefly told as follows. The Duchess had been dining at a certain house where Royalty was expected—a dull, decorous, very full-dress affair—and for the purpose she had procured the family diamonds from the bank where they were usually kept. After the State dinner-party was over, her Grace had returned home and given the gems into the custody of her maid, afterwards going to a "bridge"-party in Stratton Street. The maid was told that she could go to bed if she liked, as her mistress would be very late.

At three o'clock the following morning, the Duchess returned home. The Duke was away in South Africa on some semi-political mission, so that the Duchess had the house to herself. According to her story, she had let herself into the house with a latch-key and had proceeded at once to her dressingroom.

A dreadful spectacle awaited her there. Helena, the maid, lay on the floor, absolutely unconscious, and bleeding from a wound on the face and another on the neck. The place was in great disorder—evidently a severe struggle had taken place. Greatly alarmed, the Duchess summoned the servants to her assistance, and the police were called in.

Helena was by no means so badly hurt as

first appeared. Restored to consciousness, she had a queer, confused story to tell. She had put away her mistress's diamonds and had taken a book up which interested her.

That was about one o'clock in the morning. She had fallen asleep in the dressingroom, but was suddenly aware of the fact that somebody was in the room. Before she could jump up, she was grasped from behind; she struggled and called out; she was conscious of two blows, and then she recollected no more.

The natural inference was that the daring thief had come for the jewels. The thing had been carefully worked out by an expert gang, whom the police professed to know all about. Would the Duchess give them a minute list of the missing gems? And then came the most extraordinary part of the story. The jewels were not missing at all. The Duchess had gone through the cases, and they were all intact.

Harold Resbie had read all about it in the *Daily Flash*. The exceedingly popular novelist and social favourite smiled to himself as he read the story. Time was when it had been just on the cards that the Duchess of Dumblane might become Mrs. Harold Resbie. But the Duke had come along, and Harold had accepted the inevitable. It was not to be expected that Miss Florence Vane would resist a chance like that.

But that was two years ago, and Resbie had got over it by this time. He had so far got over it that he felt a little ashamed to think that he had ever given a serious thought to the pretty, silly, frivolous, and slightly selfish Duchess of Dumblane. They were still very good friends, as they had been for years; and when the little lady needed a tonic in the shape of a good scolding, she never sought it in vain at the hands of Harold Resbie.

He was just back from Monte Carlo now, where he had been dallying with the plot of a new novel. For the third day in succession the *Daily Flash* squeezed a column out of the Dumblane mystery, as they called it. The Duchess would be certain to be very piquant and very dramatic on the situation, and Resbie had made up his mind to call on her. A little note from the lady in question, im-

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ploring him to come round, as she was in great trouble, decided Resbie's mind for him. He would drop into Grosvenor Gate about tea-time.

The drawing-rooms were deserted as Resbie arrived. The Duchess, charmingly arrayed in a pink, silky wrap, awaited him. She could do no more than press the hand of the novelist and sink into a chair with a sigh of deep resignation. Four footmen contrived with great exertion to set out the tea, after which they retired, with strict injunctions to the effect that the Duchess was not at home to anybody.

"What is the trouble about?" Resbie asked.

"My dear Harold, don't you read the papers?" the Duchess asked reproachfully. "Surely you know all about that most agitating affair which ——."

"Well, you have forgotten that by this time, surely? Your nervous system——"

"Don't talk about nerves. I am a perfect wreck. When I think of that awful night ——."

"But you haven't lost anything," Resbie said. "And as for nerves, that is all nonsense, thanks to the outdoor life you lived at the old Vicarage. If you had lost your jewels, for instance——"

"My dear Harold, that is exactly what has taken place."

Resbie's manner changed—he became interested instead of cynical.

"I don't understand. Of course, I read all about that mysterious outrage here. But you told the police that not so much as a finger ring was missing."

"So I did, Harold; but it was not true, all the same. A heap of stuff was left, but all the fine family diamonds were gone. I dared not say a word about it, because I knew that Dumblane would be furious. He gave me the keys of his safe, and he made me promise that whenever I wore the diamonds, I would see that they were locked up personally. But it seemed to be all right, and I was dreadfully late for my bridge-party the other night. So I just handed the diamonds to Helena and went off."

"How long has Helena been in your service?" asked Resbie.

"My dear Harold, how suspicious you are! Helena is an absolute treasure. Besides, she came to me with a splendid recommendation from the Marquise de Boishardy."

"The Marquise being suspected of cheating at cards," said Resbie tentatively. "Lots of West End tradesmen are wondering where the Marquise has gone. This Helena—"" "Harold, I would stake my reputation on the probity of Helena."

"Very well; we will not pursue the investigation in that direction. What do you want me to do?"

"Really, I don't know," the Duchess said falteringly. "I confided in you because you are a novelist and have a strange gift for solving the workings of the human mind. Look how you prophesied that I should marry the Duke, even when you and I were practically engaged ! I want you to take this case in hand and see if you can make anything of it. Of course, it's a dead secret......"

"Really ! Now, how many of your bosom friends know the truth ?"

The Duchess was forced to admit that she had confided her story to a select few, but not more than twelve altogether. Those bosom friends were deeply interested. Resbie wanted to know if that was as far as things had gone at present.

"Almost," the Duchess said, speaking with a certain hesitation. "I almost wish now that I had told the police everything. But that is not the strangest part of the affair. When I mentioned the matter to Irene Charteris, she advised me to go to one of those marvellous creatures who look into crystals and keep black page-boys."

"So they did in the days of Queen Anne," Resbie said sarcastically. "You were to go and see this woman with a view to getting your diamonds back. If we read of these things in books, we laugh. Sane men and women consulting a vulgar charlatan who——."

"But she isn't," the Duchess exclaimed. "She really is marvellous. Why, she sent me her card the very day of my loss. When I saw her the day before yesterday——"

"She told you that there had been telepathic sympathy between you, eh?"

"My dear Harold, how did you know that?" the Duchess cried.

Resbie felt inclined to abandon the case as hopeless. And yet cleverer people than her Grace had believed thoroughly in that senseless tomfoolery.

"In the course of my profession I have met some of these people," he said. "This woman saw a possible chance of making money out of you. She gazed into the crystal and told you that you would get your gems back if you followed a certain course. Did she arrange for a *séance* at the house of that very foolish Mrs. Charteris, for instance?"

"Harold, it was absolutely wonderful!" the Duchess cried. "When I got that card,



"Resbie's manner changed-he became interested instead of cynical,"

1 had vague hopes that something would come of it. I told Irene Charteris everything. She said that there was nobody like Madame Lesterre. A *séance* was arranged for the same evening—there were about a dozen of us present, all my dearest friends. It was a long time before the spiritual influence came, but it did come at last. Madame Lesterre is a lovely woman."

"They always are," Harold said cynically. "Otherwise they would never make salt."

"I declare she was beautiful; her face was inspired. She said that she saw a certain box, fitted with jasper and gold, with initials in the enamel on the lid. At once I recognised that she was describing the Louis Seize writing-table in my boudoir. She said she could see a drawer in this thing filled with cotton wool, and on the cotton wool was a case of shabby leather. Inside this case there were things glittering like fire."

"Well?" Resbie asked, interested in spite of himself, "and what happened then?"

"Why, I came home. It was vague, but soothing. I opened that particular drawer in my writing-table, and there was the very case that Lesterre had seen in her vision. When I came to look inside it, I found the diamond collar with the clasp that Charles I. gave to the family."

"Do you mean to say it was the grand collar that everybody knows of?" Resbie cried.

"Absolutely the same, Harold. Imagine my delight, imagine how cheerfully I paid Madame Lesterre's fee of a hundred guineas. In some marvellous way she had identified the thief in the crystal, and her will power had compelled the return of that collar."

"Wasn't her will power equal to getting all the swag back?" Resbie asked with a touch of the usual cynicism.

"No; I put that to Madame Lesterre. We have had two more of the *séances* since, and each time there has been a substantial result. Of course, those hundred-guinea fees are very trying, especially as I am so hard up just now. Of course, too, the story is sure to leak out when I have got all the gems back, and it will be the making of Lesterre. The thing will be in all the Society papers, and then she'll be able to charge what she likes."

"The most amazing thing I ever heard of," Resbie murmured.

"Yes, isn't it? Only I wish that it didn't cost such a lot of money. We're going to have a *séance* here to-morrow night, and quite a lot of people are coming. They are all pledged to secrecy, of course. I hope they will find the tiara then—I'm very anxious about the tiara."

Resbie opened his mouth as if to say something; then he seemed to think better of it. He switched off the conversation slightly.

"I hope you will let me be one of the party," he suggested. "It's just possible that I may find a way of solving this wonderful mystery. But my selfishness causes me to forget the human side of the story. How is your maid?"

"Helena? Oh, she is getting on very well indeed. The wounds are more or less superficial, and the girl has a wonderful fund of nervous energy. She laughs at her adventure already."

"It's just possible that she is laughing at something else besides that," Resbie said darkly. "Don't keep her tied up to the house too much."

"My dear Harold, she was out the very next day. I wanted her to have assistance for the time, but she positively declined. Helena is a very remarkable girl."

"So I should imagine. Now, I've got an idea about this thing. It is the kind of idea that would only occur to a novelist, and in itself it would make a pretty plot for a smart story. Whether my theory will be supported by facts remains to be seen. You say you have a *séance* here to-morrow night. I shall come, as you have asked me; but I am to have a free hand in the matter and ask what questions I like. Also I am to dine with you here beforehand at 7.30. I flatter myself that I shall have a startling surprise in store for you."

"Are you not going to tell me any more than that?" the Duchess asked.

"Not a word," Resbie said firmly. "I don't want to have the whole thing spoilt at the start. Give me another cup of tea and let us talk about something else."

It was an hour later that Resbie left Grovenor Gate and made his way eastward. His first stopping-place was at the offices of a well-known firm of private detectives, and for a little time he was closeted with the head of the firm. He did not want much, he said—only two persons watched carefully for the next four-and-twenty hours. He must have a full report from the agent delivered in person at his chambers by seven o'clock the following evening.

"There will be no difficulty about that," the inquiry agent said. "Anything more, sir?"

"No. Yes, by Jove! there is. I was

nearly forgetting the most important thing. I want one of your ladies to call upon me about five to-morrow. She must have plenty of pluck and be ready for a dashing adventure which, however, will only last a few moments. She had better be in some kind of disguise. Can you manage that?"

The head of the firm was understood to say that he could manage anything of the kind, and that it was merely a matter of money. Resbie went away well satisfied with his plans, so far as they had gone. There was only one other thing to do.

"It's a pretty scheme," he told himself, "and worthy of the brain of any novelist. It's all theory on my part up to now, but I'm ready to bet any money that my theory is the correct one. A pretty plot, and the credulity of fools! But when you find levelheaded business men and prominent journalists dabbling in this sort of thing, what can one expect from a mob of Society women whose brains are represented by the letter x? Hansom !"

Resbie drove away to Bond Street, where he stopped at length and asked for Madame Lesterre. Madame was in, and she was at present disengaged. Resbie passed into the sacred chamber, furnished as such rooms always are. He saw a tall, graceful woman, with a sweet, sad face and dark, pathetic eyes. The face was right enough, he thought, but the mouth was thin, and the lines of it both greedy and ambitious.

"You came here out of idle curiosity, Mr. Resbie," the woman said.

"That's perfectly true," Resbie said candidly, though he was a little moved by the swiftness of the woman's intuition. "And yet my curiosity is not idle. Fact is, I'm casting about for a plot for a new story; and as I was passing here, something came into my mind that may do. So I paid my two guineas at the door so that I could renew my acquaintance with this kind of atmosphere. I always find atmosphere is wonderfully stimulating to the imagination."

"Then you do not believe in this kind of thing?" Lesterre asked. "The psychological—___"

"I'm not quite certain that I believe in anything," Resbie laughed. "Let me smoke a cigarette here and have a chat for a few minutes whilst I get my atmosphere. Really, I feel as if I were going to get very good value for my two guineas."

Half an hour later, Resbie was back in his chambers again. He took a sheet of thick paper, and an envelope to match, and dictated a letter as follows to his secretary. There was no address to it, and no signature besides the initials—

" DEAR MADAME LESTERRE,----

"I dare not sign my name, I dare not come and see you. I am in great distress. Will you help me? At nine o'clock to-morrow I shall be at the corner of Hilton Street, by the entrance to the Green Park. I hear you have a *séance* in Grosvenor Gate a little after that time. Will you ask your coachman to pull up at the spot I speak of, and I will tell you all I want to say through the window of your brougham. Don't fail; it is a matter of ten times your usual fee. Don't fail me. "I.C.F."

"Post that, Miss Maynard, please," Resbie chuckled, "and say nothing about it. If you are a good girl, I'll tell you the original plot and its sequence, if all goes well."

II.

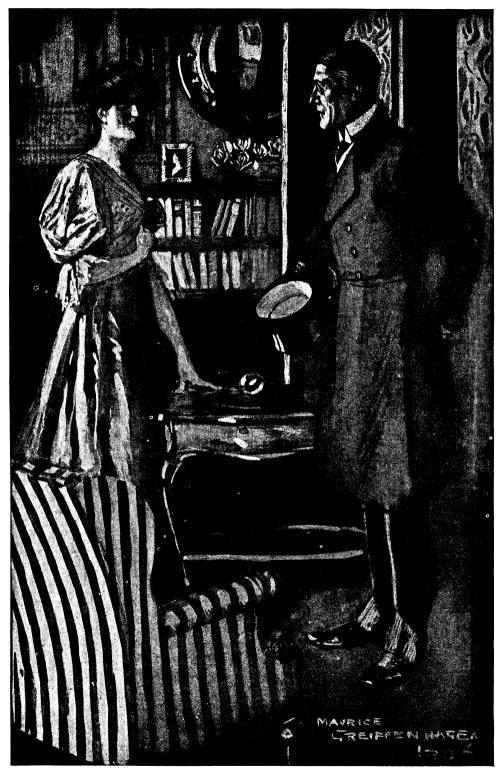
WHAT with police and pressmen and disinterested friends, the life of the Duchess was a burden to her. Also the excitement of the séances was getting on her nerves. She had a vague feeling that, piecemeal, she was going to recover the whole of her property; but, even then, the price she was paying for it was a high one. Also she was beginning to regret that she had taken certain friends into her confidence. She began to notice that people watched her suspiciously. A certain lady journalist had inserted a daring paragraph in a Society paper. To crown all, a leading official from Scotland Yard had inquired whether there were any truth in the persistent rumours that the stones had been stolen, after all.

Therefore it was that her Grace welcomed Harold Resbie to dinner with effusion. She declared herself to be utterly bored to death ; she was nervous and uneasy. Resbie said something soothing. He looked very calm and confident as he came into the drawingroom.

"I'm sure some of those women have been talking," the Duchess said. "They all promised me most faithfully that they would not say anything to anybody. And yet people are actually hinting to me that for diplomatic reasons I am concealing the truth. A man who came from Scotland Yard to-day——"

"Oh, so they are getting hold of the truth also?" Resbie asked.

"It looks like it. Really, the number of falsehoods I have had to tell lately is enor-



"' You came here out of idle curiosity."

mous. And the daughter of a clergyman, too! If those people at Scotland Yard force me any further, I shall be really ill."

There was no exaggeration here, as the novelist could see. The Duchess of Dumblane looked anxious and worried; there were dark rings under her blue eyes.

"You ought never to have kept the truth from Scotland Yard," Resbie said. "I have no doubt, had you wished it, they would have allowed the public to think that nothing was lost. 'As it is, you call them in to help you, and then you deliberately put them off the scent."

"I don't see what difference that could make," said the innocent Duchess.

"Why, it makes every difference, of course. It removes motive, for one thing; and it prevents the Yard people from looking for a confederate in the house. You may say what you like about your servants and their blameless integrity, but there was a confederate in the house.

"Now, I have taken this thing in my hands, and I am going to work it my own way. Unless I am greatly mistaken, I shall have the pleasure of handing all your jewels back to you in the course of the evening; but I must do it my own way, or not at all. In the first instance, it is imperative that I should have a few words with your maid. Send her into your boudoir presently for something or another, and I will follow. I came half an hour before my time for this purpose. There is no time to lose."

Resbie spoke sharply and sternly and in the voice of one who expects to be obeyed. A little later he strolled into the boudoir, where a pretty, dark girl with a vivacious face appeared to be looking for something. Resbie quietly closed the door behind him. There was not very much conversation, but it was mainly on the side of the novelist. All the same, the second gong for dinner rang before Resbie returned to the drawingroom.

"I was beginning to get quite alarmed," the Duchess said. "I do hope you have not upset Helena. She is by far the best maid that I ever had. If she gives me notice——"

"Oh, but she won't," Resbie said cheerfully. "One thing I can promise you with every confidence—if there is any notice given, it will come from you. Cheer up, your troubles are nearly over; you will sleep with an easy mind to-night. And now let us go into dinner. I shall not refer to the subject again."

It was an exquisite little dinner, and

Resbie enjoyed it thoroughly in his critical way. He looked upon a good dinner as a distinct addition to the joys of life. The wines were poems in their way, and the subsequent cigarette had a flavour of its own. Resbie looked at his watch presently.

"We have been exactly an hour and a half over dinner," he said.

"Have you found it too long?" the Duchess laughed. "Personally, I look upon the time seated over dinner as so much hideous waste. All this fussy cooking is lost on me. I should like to go back to the soup and locally killed chicken of the dear old Vicarage days."

"No woman can dine," Resbie said thoughtfully. "It is an art that she never acquires. A bun and a glass of claret is what I saw a Princess dine off in Paris. What time do your people come?"

The Duchess remarked that the seance was fixed for a quarter to ten. She had asked some dozen of her bosom friends to see the manifestations. She was getting very restless and nervous again, as Resbie noticed from behind the pungent blue haze of his cigarette-smoke. She wished that the whole thing were over.

"Have half a glass of champagne," he said soothingly. "As you are never used to it, the wine will do you all the good in the world. I am glad to see that you keep your simple tastes. Drink that up and trust in me. I am not going to disappoint you."

me. I am not going to disappoint you." The Duchess and her visitor had barely reached the drawing-room before some of the guests began to arrive. They were a smart, level-looking lot, as Resbie was bound to confess, so that their credulity over the powers of Madame Lesterre was all the more amazing. There are many remarkable things in the *olla podrida* called Society, but nothing more amazing than the belief in the charlatan who looks into crystals and foretells the future.

Resbie sternly repressed a desire to laugh at the whole thing, but he was not slow to see that the policy would be a mistaken one. The conversation turned on the occult. Madame Lesterre was a great favourite; but, on the other hand, there was a new star, in the shape of a mulatto, who was doing remarkable things. The atmosphere was false and meretricious, and Resbie began to long for a little fresh air.

Yet, on the face of it, Madame Lesterre had performed a wonderful thing. When the story became public, as it was bound to do, her fortune would be made; in future, she could always charge pretty well anything for a consultation.

Madame Lesterre was announced, and the audience fluttered respectfully to greet her. The dark face was a little pale, her eyes expressed both fear and indignation. She suffered herself to be led to a chair and surrounded by her admiring disciples.

"Your work has been too much for you to-day, Madame?" the Duchess said.

"My dear child, it is not that," Lesterre said, with a languid, insolent familiarity that roused Resbie to anger. If the woman had her deserts, she had been behind stone walls. " My friends, I have to-night been submitted to a most insufferable outrage. I received a note purporting to come from a client of mine who was in great trouble. I was to stop my brougham on my way here—give her a secret audience. I did so, and a woman in a veil looked into the window. Instantly she passed some pungent stuff on a handkerchief to my face, and I fainted. could not call out, though I never quite lost I have a vague recollection of my senses. being searched, but fortunately for me I had left even my purse at home. Ornaments I never wear, as you good friends of mine are Then the thief made off and was aware. out of sight before I could recover my There is an experience for voice again. you!"

"You will place the matter in the hands of the police ?" somebody suggested.

"No, I shall let it pass. The police say my methods are not legitimate, just as if I were a mere fortune-teller ! We shall have the manifestations in here."

"Why not in the library?" said Resbie. "It is more spacious and more sympathetic.".

Resbie's voice was low and level, so that nobody noticed the curious intonation of it except Madame Lesterre, who turned and looked at him sharply. Then she smiled, as one who recollects the face of a pleasant acquaintance. Resbie repeated his suggestion again.

"The library is certainly a more comfortable room," the Duchess said. "The dark doors have-----"

"No, no!" Madame Lesterre cried. "In here, if you please. When I entered the house, I had no prejudices. But my temperament is a singular one and open to all kinds of passing influence. When I entered this room, I was in a state of nervous indignation. I was going to suggest that the manifestation be postponed to a future occasion. Then the charm of the room came over me, and my spirit was at rest. I feel that I am going to do great things to-night."

Resbie said no more. He had gained his point, though the others did not know it. He stood in the background, as if he took no further interest in the proceedings. Madame produced her crystal from her pocket and placed it on a little table. After that, in a deep, impressive voice she asked to have the door locked. Not only did Resbie lock the door, but he took the key from the lock and placed it in his pocket.

The lights were turned low, the manifestations had begun. For a long time the gazer looked into the glassy ball with a rapt attention. Her lips began to move, but no sound came from them; she grew rigid and stiff, she did not seem to breathe.

"I see something misty," the words came at length. "I see a soldier, a great General, dressed in the fashion of a bygone day. I see Eastern palaces and the hurry of fight. I see men fall; then I see the soldier with a magnificent diamond cross in his hand. It is set in gold snakes."

"Isn't it marvellous?" the Duchess whispered half-hysterically. "That is the Grand Cross that Lord George found at Delhi. Madame has never seen it, yet she describes it perfectly. She speaks again."

The march was going on. She told what she could see. She saw the cross suspended in mid-air; she saw it fall to the ground, and there it was picked up by invisible hands and conveyed to a black vase with gold figures upon it. Behind the vase was a picture of a child asleep.

"The Ming Cup," the Duchess cried. "The Ming Cup, in the far corner yonder, with the picture by Rubens behind it. Mr. Resbie, will you see what is in the cup? I am too nervous to look. It is possible that the missing Cross—"

The Duchess paused, unable to proceed any further. In a solemn, tense silence, Resbie crossed the room and lifted the cover from the priceless Ming Cup. He plunged his hand down until it touched some hard, brilliant surface. As he raised his hand again, and the electrics flashed up, a stream of fire, cross-shaped, struck the eyes of everybody.

"It is the Cross surely enough," Resbie said quietly. He was the only one there who seemed to have kept his head. "Madame has been wonderfully successful. I suppose this is the marvellous gem that I have heard so much about. Pray do another one."

But Madame Lesterre, half-fainting in a



"She told what she could see."

chair now, declined gently. The mental strain was too great; her poor frame could not stand two of these activities in one evening. Perhaps later on in the week, when she had recovered from the strain——"

Resbie turned away and looked into the crystal. His gaze grew grim and intent. He began to mutter. Madame Lesterre turned to him with an indulgent smile.

"Mr. Resbie is feeling the influence," she said. "The highly strung brain of the novelist will ever be a good one for the telepathic attraction. Do you see anything?" "I see many things," Resbie said. "For

"I see many things," Resbie said. "For instance, I see a plant, a very pretty plant indeed——"

"Eh, what?" Madame said sharply. "Do you mean to suggest that—? But go on, go on."

"A plant," Resbie proceeded. "It grows rapidly and gives off seeds. One of these seeds bursts and turns into a bowl. It is like the great bowl with the Rose du Barri cover over there, on the top of the Chippendale cabinet. I dare not break the spell by going to look myself. But will somebody take off the cover and see what is inside? Unless I am greatly mistaken, it will be found to contain the Duchess's diamond tiara."

Madame Lesterre had grown strangely still and white. One of the elect crossed the room and took something from the bowl. It gleamed and glittered as it found the light. There was no question what it was, as the Duchess's delighted scream testified.

"I am getting on," Resbie said. "For a mere amateur, I am doing very well indeed. We need not go into details over the rest of the seeds, but keep strictly to business. Over there on the chimney-piece is an antique enamelled tea-caddy. If you will look inside there, somebody will find the necklace of pearls. . . . Is that really so ? Now please try that ginger-jar on the little pedestal. . . . So that contains a breastplate of diamonds. As I am in form, and the strain not too much for me, I had better finish my innings. Try that Sheraton cabinet, under the big palm. Thank you. . . There, I fancy that is the lot. Really, I did not know that my powers were so wonderfully great."

Nobody spoke for a long time; they were all too surprised. But on a table before the Duchess stood the whole of the missing property. Madame Lesterre had risen to her feet and was looking defiantly towards the door. One or two of the sharper guests were beginning to get a grip of the truth. Then Madame turned and held the handle of the door. She was not well—she must get home. Without saying farewell to anybody, she waited till the door was opened and Resbie was escorting her down the stairs.

"I will see you off the premises," he said. "A wonderful manifestation, yours. It is a pity that you have made up your mind to leave England. I don't think I was misinformed when I heard that you were leaving for Paris to-morrow, with no intention of coming back to—er—*practise* here?" Madame accepted her defeat gracefully

Madame accepted her defeat gracefully enough, and Resbie returned to the drawingroom. He sat down under a perfect stream of cross-questions. He proceeded to explain when the babel ceased.

"It was quite an easy matter," he said. "When the Duchess told me, I regarded this as a put-up job between the maid Helena and somebody outside. When I saw the maid and recognised the fact that she was not in the least hurt, I felt certain of it. All that blood, etc., belonged to somebody else. I found the motive when I heard of that first manifestation. The whole thing had been schemed by Madame Lesterre, to give herself a unique advertisement. I worked the thing out like a story. The first thing I did was to set a watch on the maid Helena. I was not in the least surprised to find that she was in the habit of visiting Madame, nor was I surprised to find that Madame is her sister. Then I was certain of my put-up job. Robbery was not the motive; a marvellous new advertisement was. Helena had only to arrange where to hide the different gems. and there you are. That is what the novelist found out. Gradually the gems would be discovered, and Madame would stand on a higher pinnacle than she had ever done before. To make sure, I had her searched to-night. I did not care to take any risks. When I came here to-night, I took the liberty of seeing Helena and asking her a few questions. She confirmed it all; she told me how the thing was planned for to-night. So I decided to have my little surprise too. Ι got all the jewels from Helena and gave her instructions where to hide them in this room. No, I was not afraid of her going back upon me, for I took care to tell her, which is a fact, that I had a detective waiting outside the house in case there was any treachery. worked my little surprise, and you thought it was Madame Lesterre. Like the shrewd woman she is, she gave in at once. I am afraid that none of you ladies will ever see her again, as she departs for Paris to-morrow, with no intention of returning to England.



"AS OTHERS SEE US !"

HARRY: Now, this is the sort of day's outing I like! Quiet an' select. No beastly excursionists muckin' the place about an' ruinin' everything. What? EVANGELINE: It's 'eavenly, 'Arry! I suppose we may as well leave the papers an' bottles behind

It'll save carrying 'em. HARRY: Right oh ! us.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

RAILWAY POLITENESS.

I TOOK the liberty of commenting upon his urbanity. He made light of it. If he had the virtue, he said, it was due to the fact that he made very long railway journeys; it is your short stagers who stand upon rights. The man who quarrels about the window is probably getting out at the next stop. He can consider a new-comer merely in the light of a disturber of comfort, but with a couple of days' travel ahead you regard him hopefully, as a possible comrade and good fellow.

I fancy that there is something in this. On the London lines the politeness of passengers increases with the duration of their daily journey. Within the four miles, no one closes a door behind him. At five miles you find this done, and at six the window is put up if opening the door has necessitated its being lowered. I have heard that those who travel home by main-line expresses say "Good evening" as well. Modern parents con-sider no other educational apparatus so important as the railway season ticket. At my own station, Crouch End, the morning up trains disgorge masses of Highgate little girls, and on the down platform are as many Crouch End

lassies on their way to Highgate. To the careless observer, these alighting children are on their way to school; whereas they have finished the first item of the day's curriculum, and perhaps the most important. To boys of the City schools this truth has been known for generations. In calculating the time they have given to home lessons, they always add that spent on the railway journeys to and fro; partly, no doubt, because they cherish a delusion that they revise their home lessons en route, but also because they recognise that railway travelling itself is an educative influence.

B. A. Clarke.

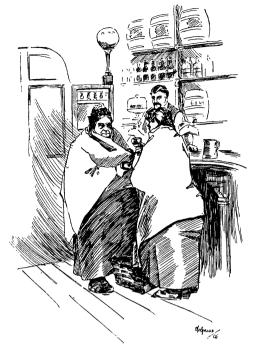


"WHAT's that, mamma?" cried a little girl, pointing to a green object on a gooseberry leaf.

"That's a caterpillar, darling," replied her mamma, as she continued her stroll along the garden path. Next moment the child called her back with the joyous cry--

"Oh, mamma, do come and look at these dear little tiny kittenpillars!"

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.



VERY MIXED BATHING.

MRS. GRUNDY : I don't agree with this mixed bathing ; it's scandalous.

MRS. JONES: 'Orrible. Let the gents hev it if they wants to, but not the lydies; it's 'orrible, I say.

THE GOURMET'S CONSOLATION.

VE got a cold, a beastly cold,

I cough and sneeze like mad.

My son's just been expelled from school For conduct black and bad.

- My second girl—the pretty one With fluffy, auburn locks—
- Is out in spots. The doctor says He's sure it's chicken pox.
- My wife is ill-the old complaints, Neuritis in the thigh,
- Acute lumbago in the back, Iritis in the eye!
- She groans, poor dear! My heart would bleed
 - Did not my dreadful cough,
- Which shakes me like a hurricane, Take my attention off.
- My eldest girl, the piquant Pearl, Whose nose is *retroussé*,
- With Freddy Bones, the butcher's boy, From home has run away.
- My bank has burst! Our boiler, too, Has maimed the cook for life.
- Last night a burglar stole my plate And nearly killed my wife.

But what care I for surface woes? To-night I'm dining out

With Guzzling-Hogg, the alderman, The one that's getting stout.

- His champagne is the very best I get in any house;
- His chef is Joseph's second self.
 - I hope he gives us grouse.

G. Frederic Turner.

- CC-

HEWITT: This is an imported cigar.

JEWETT: I don't wonder they wouldn't keep it on the other side."



HISTORY LECTURER (in despair): Well, at least you can tell me where Magna Charta was signed?

PUPIL (cheerfully): Oh, yes! King John signed that at the bottom.

- CCC

DISTRICT VISITOR (to old woman with dog): Well, Mrs. Gyles, that is a nice little dog you have there; what breed is he?

MRS. GYLES: It's the sort as they calls a "geranium," I think, mum.



THE NEW BOY.

McTAVISH'S NEW Bor (at the telephone, caller vociferously shouting "Are you there?"): Man, are ye blin'? I've been nodding ma heid tae ye for the last half-'oor!



THE PERMANENT WAY. HE: Do I make a fool of myself very often? SHE (sweetly): Oh, no, not often—only it seems to last.

BOSOM FRIENDS.

(Mrs. Kutte-First's first Tuesday; the hostess with her guests, Mrs. Harry Gaye, Mrs. Bigge-Twyst, and the Misses Thynne, seated round drawing-room fire. Mrs. Harry Gaye rises.) Mrs. H. Gaye: Well, dearest, I must be getting

Mrs. H. Gaye: Well, dearest, I must be getting on, or my old man will be frantic. Ta-ta, you nice people; don't forget Thursday.

Mrs. K.-First: Butmust you go? (They kiss lovingly.) You'relooking delicious. I should like to eat you. (Exit Mrs.H.Gaye with effective swish of silk.)

The Misses Thynne (in chorus): Isn't she perfectly sweet?

Mrs. B. Twyst: Yes; quite a dear person. Did you notice her teeth, by the way?

Mrs. K. First: You mean the last new ones. Rather obvious, aren't they?

Miss Thynne: But not so much so as the stumps were, surely.

Miss Trixie Thynne: What a duck ylittle curl she wears over her ear! It just toned with her feather.

Mrs. B.-Twyst: Yes, quite fascinating — both from Paris, I should think.

Miss Thynne: And poor old Harry seems so devoted —it's quite splendid of him.

Mrs. K.-First: I hope it may last.

The Misses Thynne (in chorus): Oh, so do we!

Miss Trixie Thynne: He's such a dear thing, but always blind to a woman's imperfections.

Mrs. B.-Twyst: Do you know, Trixie, I always thought Harry was in love with you before Mrs. Harry snapped him up.

Miss 'I hynne : That's quite probable—and he was not the only one——

Miss Trixie Thynne(coyly): It's not fair to tell tales out of school, sissie, or I shall tell about you and Captain Barton.

Miss Thynne: Come along at once, you bad child. Good-bye, dearest. Good-bye, darling. (All kiss.)

Mrs. B.-Twyst (as door closes on the Misses Thynne): Poor things, how badly they're both wearing!

Mrs. K.- First: Yes; and Trixie used to be quite pretty when I first knew them.

Mrs. B.-Twyst: That must have been years ago. They're nothing but skin and bone now both of them. I wonder they don't leave the place and start again somewhere else.

Mrs. K.-First: Yes, they might have a better chance. Still, they keep very bright, poor dears.

Mrs. B. Twyst: Well, they say, while there's life there's hope, don't they? But I mustn't keep my horses waiting any longer. Have you seen my new chestnuts?

Mrs. K.-First: I expect so; but, do you know, horses don't thrill me a bit, dear-nowadays.

Mrs. B.-Twyst: Wait till you've got some of your own, darling.

Mrs. K.-First : Oh, it's not that at all; but driving is quite insipid to me since we've had the car.

Mrs. B.-Twyst: Really! I saw you in it the other day. Isn't it that little car Dr. Barker had



BACK TO THE LAND.

WOPSER: Look 'ere! I've had enough of this job. It makes me sweat.

to get rid of because his patients objected to the noise? I thought it must be.

Mrs. K.-First: Oh, dear, no! Ours is practically a new car, and absolutely silent. I often wonder you have never taken up motoring; the jolting is so good for reducing the weight.

Mrk. B.-Twyst: But really good cars never jolt, dearest. But good-bye. We're going to Lady Small's to-night, and I must try on my new frock.

Mrs. K.-First: Good-bye, darling; it's been so sweet to have you all to myself for a few minutes. Don't forget Thursday. (They embrace. Exit Mrs. Bigge-Twyst.)

Mrs. K.-First: What a cat that woman is, and she's eaten all the cakes! Jessie Pope.



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"THE GAMBLER'S WIFE." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells, New Bond Street, W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

THE ART OF MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

BY R. C. TRAFFORD.

TEW painters owe less to direct training in the tenets of art, or more to the natural absorption of it, than does Marcus Stone, R.A. That "irreparable evil," a bad primary education, which means artistic decadence, was not only spared him, but at a time when few youths, intended for the career of painter, would have been doing more than learning to sharpen a pencil, measuring a model by its aid, swallowing formula, or gauging, by help of the plumb-line, the inclination of a figure—learning, in fact, that "ferment of indecision" that attends the attainment of those first principles of art as taught in an art school-he was being trained by suggestion, a process of instruction which his ready wit made him absorb with avidity.

Perfect technical achievement in any art is reached only with infinite labour; but both observation and imagination, which must ever precede its acquisition, were put into training in Marcus Stone when, as a lad of fourteen, he was, in his father's studio, thrown in contact with such men as Landseer, John Phillip, Dyce, Clarkson Stanfield, Mulready, and Egg, men of pictorial talent whom, with a little indulgence, it is quite possible to class as artists of importance.

In the mid-'fifties, the time of which we are writing, "our æstheticisms, our objects, our aspirations, our desires, our arts," were different from what they are to-day. The wish to be truthful was not very great, but that to be conventional was very distinctly marked; Augustus Egg, however, was both a gifted and a well-trained painter of genre, chiefly from poets, novelists, or anecdotes of history. His by no means inconsiderable reputation had been established, and the picture which, being in the National Gallery, ensures him his measure of fame, "Patricio Entertaining Two Ladies, from the Diable Boiteux," already painted. John Phillip-Spanish Phillip, as he was called—had, too, made his first success with "The Letterwriter of Seville." Dyce was nearing his half-century; Mulready, a veteran, almost a septuagenarian; Landseer in the height of his fame; and Clarkson Stanfield had been for twenty years an Academician. Through

August, 1906.

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being thrown into the society of these and similar men the young Stone came to understand and admire their earnest search

for the picturesqueness which underlies life and character — came early, on his own part, to look out for romanee in reality. For it must not be forgotten—indeed, it can scarcely be too frequently recalled —that Romanticism is the natural diet of youth.

Mr. Frank Stone, A.R.A., the father of Mr. Marcus Stone, who was born with the century, adopted the artistic profession when he was of the age of twenty-six ; and, devoting the first years of his professional career to water-colour, was made a member of "The Old Water-Colour Society" in 1832; and it was not till 1837 that he exhibited in oil ---a portrait, in the Royal Academy. From that year we can follow his success by means of such pictures as "The Legend of Montrose "- his first subjectpicture in that medium, exhibited 1840; "Christ and the Sisters of Bethany"; scenes from Shakesperian subjects; until, having worked through a course

the more completely assured. He was elected an A.R.A. in 1851, and died in 1859.

He was a popular and genial man, and his house became the

> meeting-place for many of the pro-

> minent painters

of his time. as



"A PRIOR ATTACHMENT." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Manzi, Joyant and Co., Publishers, Paris, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

of episodical motives, he came ultimately to show that preference for rural groups of two or three figures by which his reputation was

pursue, has no finality. This perception, then acquired, accounts now, when success might otherwise have easily lulled him to

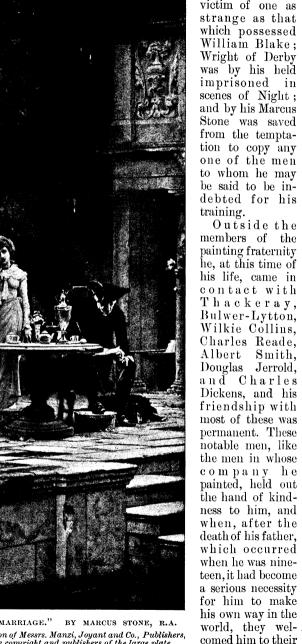
we have already pointed out. It was here that the germ originated which resulted in this *posse* of men, combined with others, hiring a large studio in the then rural district of Campden Hill and forming themselves into a class to draw and paint together from the living model. Twice a week, for several years, they met for systematic and hard work, and it was to the gatherings of this body that the young Marcus Stone, a boy just in his teens, was admitted. It was in the society of these men, men many of them his father's contemporaries in age and his equal in repute, that the mind of the lad cleared itself of the affectations and erroneous opinions which almost invariably cling to adolescence, and opened itself to the understanding that the difficult path of labour which the true artist who seeks new horizons must

lethargy, for his earnest and continued effort to do his best.

Such an education is unique, since, by the

responsibility of rejecting or accepting this or that tenet, by following, voluntarily, this or that method, he, at an age when few lads do more than dream, was forced to think for himself, and learn, unprecedentedly early in life, that most difficult of all habits, selfresponsibility.

Ruskin, in an essay on painting and poetry, said : "God has made every man fit for his work; He has given to the man whom He means for a student the reflective, logical, sequential faculties; and to the man whom He means for an artist the perceptive, sensitive, retentive faculties . . . the student has no understanding of the vision nor the painter of the process; but chiefly, the student has no idea of the colossal grasp of the true painter's vision and sensibility." Ruskin was apt often to "lift a beautiful voice and tenor nonsense," but here he sings of truth, and it was the perceptive, retentive faculties in the making of this artist-imagination. Like a palette, imagination is part of the equipment of a studio. Gilray, by his,



"AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE." Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Manzi, Joyant and Co., Publishers, Paris, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

of his artist mind that allowed Marcus Stone to benefit largely by irregular tuition. One other factor was there brought to bear him aid in his struggle for recognition, with a geniality which proved them thoroughly appreciative of his industrious endeavour.

houses and gave

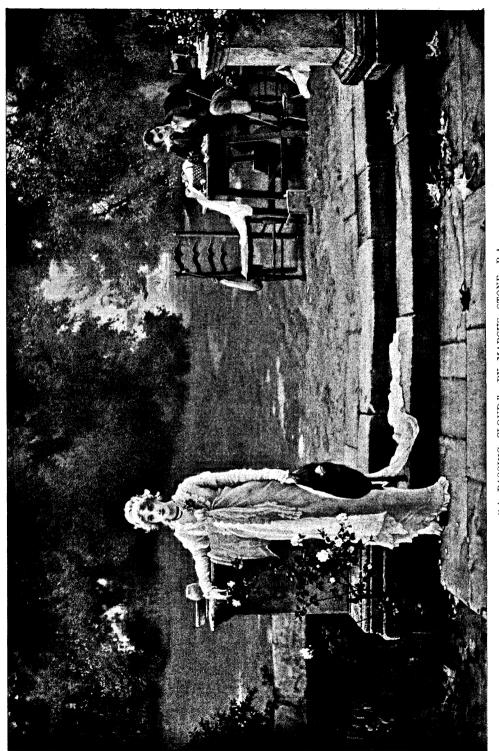
Smith.

was made a carica-

turist ; Gova was



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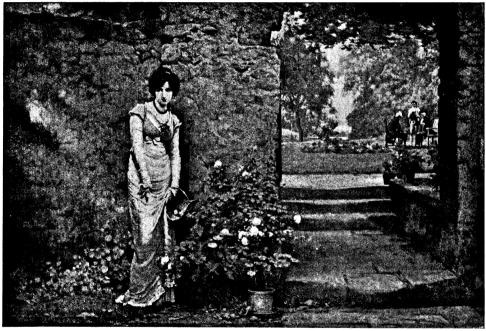


Reproduced by permission of the Artistic Photygraphic Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W., publishers of the large engraving. "A PASSING CLOUD." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

With Charles Dickens the close friendship of Marcus Stone, which had originated with his father and been passed on to the son as an inheritance, closed only with the death of the author.

Happening one day to find the boy, then about eleven years of age, industriously occupying himself with the illustration of "Bleak House," Dickens asked that the sketch, when completed, might be given to him. This gift resulted in the lad receiving, the following Christmas, as a present, a copy of the author's "Child's History of England," with this dedication :—

Marcus Stone. From his friend, Christmas 1853. CHARLES DICKENS. Charles Dickens treated Marcus Stone almost as a son, making him an ever-welcome guest at Gad's Hill; and that he had a high estimate of the young artist's ability was made manifest by his entrusting to him the illustration of "Our Mutual Friend," which, in 1863, began to appear as a serial; and when "Great Expectations" was published in volume form, it was illustrated by many of his drawings. Dickens introduced him, among other people likely to prove helpful to struggling talent, to Longman the publisher, saying: "He wishes to make an additional opening for himself in the illustration of books. He is an admirable draughtsman, has a most dexterous



"THE PROPOSAL ACCEPTED." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A. Reproduced by permission of the Illustrated London News, Ltd., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

The book was accompanied by a letter which we here reproduce :—

"Tavistock House.

"Nineteenth December 1853.

"MY DEAR MARCUS,—You made an excellent sketch from a book of mine, which I received (and have preserved) with great pleasure. Will you accept from me, in remembrance of it, *this* little book? I believe it to be true, though it may be sometimes not as genteel as History has a habit of being.

" Faithfully yours,

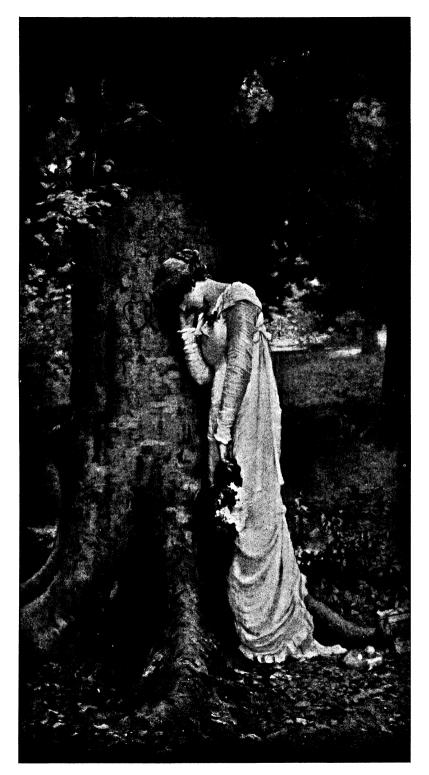
"CHARLES DICKENS."

hand, a charming sense of grace and beauty, and a capital power of observation. These qualities I know well of my own knowledge. He is in all things modest, punctual, and right, and I would answer for him, if it were needful, with my head. If you will put anything in his way, you will do it a second time I am certain." All of which praise from the great man must have been very gratifying to its object.

Mr. Stone tells how, in 1862, when he was twenty-one years old, he went to Paris, and how, happening to dine, on the eve of his return to London, with Bulwer-Lytton and



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"ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A. Reproduced by permission of the Illustrated London News, Ltd., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

Charles Dickens, he was entrusted for delivery to their respective publishers with packets of MS. He recalls feelingly, even now, the the drawings he made for "Young Mr. Brown," a book published anonymously, but generally attributed to Mr. Grenville Murray.

anxiety these packets occasioned him ere he finally left them at their respective destinations the offices of *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Household Words*.

Black - and white work failed, however, permanently to attract to it an artist so ambitious of distinguishing himself in colour as Marcus Stone. and although he interviewed Thackeray, with a view to doing work for the Cornhill Magazine, he never undertook any; and, indeed, of this special interview nothing seems to have resulted save Thackeray's somewhat meaningless comment: "Now, how do you get such nice pencils to draw with? Mypencils won't draw." In 1869 he did, however, a number of drawings for



"SWEET SEVENTEEN." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Manzi, Joyant and Co., Publishers, Paris. Copyright, 1897, by Boussod, Valadon and Co.

Anthony Trollope's novel, "He Knew He was Right"; and, a few years later, ended his career as a black-and-white artist with large scale the work of other men, brought him success, for, as the best dramatic painting of the year, it won him a medal from

He was but a lad of seventeen when he exhibited his first picture in the Royal Academy and conquered reputation with his brush. The picture was entitled "Rest," and was followed in 1859 by one called "Silent Pleading," both developing that unconscious appeal to popularity which was to mark his later work.

In his next picture, "The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon," exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1860, Mr. Stone digressed into historic times, and from that, as though feeling his way, into Shakesperian illustration, he found his subject in "Much Ado About Nothing '' (1861), thescene being Claudio's accusation of Hero. This, Mr. Stone's only endeavour to illustrate on a



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Reproduced by permission of the Artistic Photographic Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W., publishers of the large engraving. "THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts.

"A Young Painter's First Work" (1862) was again of a different *genre*, as also was

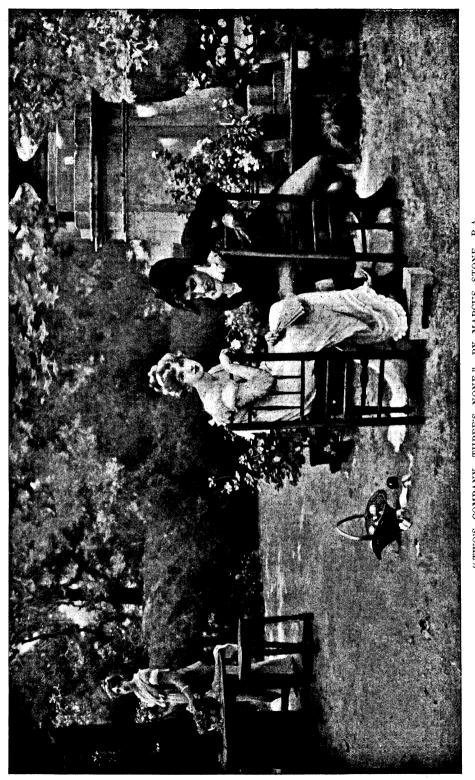


"GARDEN FLOWERS." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Manzi, Joyant and Co., Publishers, Paris. Copyright, 1892, by Boussod, Valadon and Co.



"WILD FLOWERS." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Manzi, Joyant and Co., Publishers, Paris. Copyright, 1892, by Boussod, Valadon and Co.

that of 1863, "On the Road from Waterloo to Paris," which may be classed as allegorical history; and in this last groove he remained for several years, producing (1863) "Watt Discovering the Condensation of Steam";



Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Clare Street, Bristol, owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate. "TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S NONE." BY MARCUS STONE, R.A.

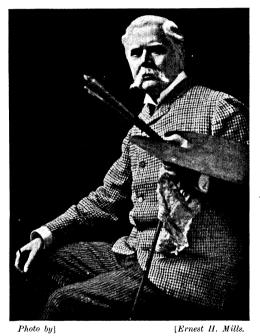
(1867) "Nell Gwynne Begging Aid for the Old Soldiers"; (1869) "The Princess Elizabeth Forced to Attend Mass by her Sister Mary"; (1870) "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn Observed by Queen Katherine"; (1871) "The Royal Nursery," in which we see Henry VIII. playing with his son, and the neglected child Elizabeth looking on askance"; (1872) "Edward II. and Piers Gaveston." In 1873 with "Le Roi est Mort—Vive le Roi !" he brought this series to an end.

"Stealing the Keys," "An Interrupted Duel," and "My Lady is a Widow and Childless" (1874); "Sain et Sauf" (1875) led Mr. Stone's work back to connect it in subject with the "Rest" and "Silent Pleading" of his earlier years. But 1876 saw a great change in his style, and may be taken as marking the era of his projection of that series of love dramas that has to-day made his work so popular, and which may be sail to have culminated in charm in "A Sailor's Sweetheart," the picture which, of all those he has painted, Mr. Stone confesses his favourite, and "II y en a Toujours un Autre," now the property of the nation and in the Tate Gallery at Millbank.

In this, his present phase of art, we see Mr. Stone as the poet of phantasy materialised in paint. His fairy terraces and enchanted gardens form the background to dramas of emotional life where, amongst exquisite possibilities of sunshine and happiness, his men and women, symbols of romance, learn to conjugate the different moods and tenses of the verb to love.

He has approached love and youth in each of their pleasant aspects and stages; and a study of his pictures yields, one after the other, the many phases of a decorous passion. His work is not to make portraits of ordinary men and women, but to be, as it were, the visual echo of those emotional moments in which we see them radiant in the glory of eternal youth. His interest in the theme is doubtless stimulated by his patrons, but the worst that can be said of him is conveyed in applying to him the remark that W. H. Henley made in connection with Édouard Frère : "He exaggerates his defects for the pleasure of the sentimental public." Particularly true of Marcus Stone are these words, since few painters of present time are there whose work is more widely known or has been more liberally rewarded by purchase. Translated into black-and-white-and his work reads well in the translation—Mr. Stone's pictures have been spread abroad to reach not only Continental countries, America, and our Colonies, but Japan and China have extended to them welcome. In both these empires is his work recognised and approved, and different in each of these two countries as is their art, that they share in the divine gift of appreciation of talent so dissimilar is a noticeable fact.

Mr. Alfred Lys Baldry, in his admirable literary sketch of Mr. Marcus Stone in the *Art Annual*, claims for his subject a place among the Realists, saying : "We are naturally attracted by the pictorial rendering of



MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

what we know well. Whether it is a familiar place, a scene from a phase of life with which we have been in contact, or a face that we recognise as that of a friend, is quite immaterial; what appeals to us is the familiarity of the subject, and we accept the picture because we know what it is about." Plausible as this reasoning is, we venture to differ from it, for "Realism is the desire to compete with Nature, to be Nature." Rather than attribute to Mr. Marcus Stone such an attempt, we should class him with the Impressionists. There is in the human eye one spot only of clear vision; outside this vision all falls away in blur. This



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special point of sight—practically the focus —Mr. Marcus Stone uses to emphasise the interest of his canvas. He insists on elisions and assertions, using in subject the same freedom of sacrifice as the Impressionist does in *technique*. Actually he is neither Realist nor Impressionist, but Idealist. The essentials of his art are romance, harmony, simplicity of sentiment and effect. His method, the liberal expression of a well-considered purpose, is to use these qualities as the vehicle with which to portray emotion ; and that he has come to clothe this emotion in a particular form is the fault, if fault it be, of his own popularity.

Wouwerman, to a large proportion of the people who frequent picture galleries, would cease to be Wouwerman, did not his canvases contain a white horse; so, in like manner, would those of Marcus Stone cease to be recognisable as his should they fail to contain their love-story.

Whatever his exact subjects may be, whether we see, as in "Wild Flowers" (1890), or "Garden Flowers" (1890), and "Bright Summer" (1893), his maidens depicted as fancy-free, or whether we see his maidens in love, as in that picture so called (1888), in "II y en a Toujours un Autre," "A Peacemaker" (1886), "A Passing Cloud" (1891), "A Sailor's Sweetheart," "An Offer of Marriage" (1883), or with their happiness secured, as in "The Honeymoon" (1893), they are each and all, these works of Mr. Stone's mature years, full of the meditative quality that pertains to the spring of life and the dreamy wonderland of love. Love is, indeed, the melody set in a rhythm of line.

In his taste, apart from his art, Mr. Marcus Stone, is, however, peculiarly catholic. A man of rare intelligence, of trenchant insight, and broad sympathies, he has little liking for those innovations of eccentricity which have of late been produced in paint; although, as he justly observes, art in England is in so bad a way, owing to the continued falling off in the demand for modern pictures, that young, able painters, finding no sale for legitimate work, are naturally tempted to try whether, by peculiarity, they cannot attract public attention. "They try," to quote Mr. George Moore in his "Essay on Artistic Education," "all methods: robust executions, lymphatic executions, sentimental and insipid executions, painstaking executions, cursive executions," till they reach at last those impertinent executions built up systematically by able craftsmanship. But with none of these styles is Mr. Stone in sympathy.

That art which lives is, he argues, modern *i.e.*, it expresses the types, the tendencies, the spirit, the weaknesses or the ideals of the age in which it is created, in sincere, forcible and appropriate terms.

Thus he holds Holbein modern because he was true to life; Velasquez modern for the same reason, and Miss Austen, to depart into another branch of art, because her books are actual reproductions of the times in which she herself lived.

The deplorable falling off in the demand for modern pictures, Mr. Stone realises to be due not to one, but rather to a combination of causes. Artists themselves, by forcing up the prices of their work to the highest limit, have shut out from the possibility of becoming purchasers the small collectors. Again, the commercial man has become the buyer, and has brought his financial methods into the studio, with disastrous results. He considers an "Old Master" a sound investment, an opinion approved by the dealer, since he makes more profit when a work with the name Romney, Gainsborough, Reynolds, etc., attached, passes into other hands, than when he is the medium between a living artist and even a liberal pur-chaser. Then change of taste has during the last forty years swept the country, for many men have built themselves houses, and employed the craftsman, rather than the artist, to adorn and embellish them.

Probably one of the most beautiful houses built in the Metropolis during this period is that built by Mr. Marcus Stone himself in Melbury Road, Kensington. His studio, which occupies nearly the whole of the first floor, is peculiarly spacious and finely proportioned, and the walls of it are hung with tapestries excellent of design and harmony of colour, which, holding within themselves a thousand hints of mystery and romance, are eminently adapted to form the background to his canvases.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—On an autumn evening in the year 1855, Enoch Grouch, a small farmer of Morpingham, Essex, was killed by the fall of the bough of a great elm. Summoned to the scene, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, of the Hall, find his child Sophy a few yards from her dead father, and, knowing her to be now alone in the world, undertake to look after her future. "Mother always said something would happen to that little girl, because of that mark she's got on her cheek," says Julia Robins, daughter of a widowed lady living in the village, alluding to a small birth-mark, just below the cheek-bone, which was destined to win for Sophy, in her subsequent career, the name of "La Dame à l'Etoile Rouge" with her friends, or "The Red-Starred Witch" with the more hostile citizens or ruder soldiers of Kravonia. At ordinary times this mark was a pale red in colour, but it was very sensitive to any change of mood; in moments of excitement the shade deepened greatly. In the second chapter we find Sophy old enough to leave the care of the Hall gardener's wife and "live at the Hall and be taught to help cook." Three years later, while still scullery-maid at the Hall, she meets the young Lord Dunstanbury. That day means more than Sophy knows, for Lord Dunstanbury sends his eccentric kinswoman, Lady Meg Duddington, to call on the Brownlows, and the sight of the girl's strange beauty inspires the great lady to adopt her as a "medium" for the clairvoyant experiments which are her chief hobby. Sophy thus finds an interesting life among Lady Meg's Nayalist friends in Paris. But she is a failure as a "medium," and falls accordingly in "Mad Lady Meg's "favour. On the eve of the Franco-German War, Lady Meg dismisses her household, leaving a hundred-pound note for Sophy escapes from Paris with a friend, Marie Zerkovitch, for the latter's home in Kravonia. There, in Slavna, the capital, Sophy learns something of the conditions of life at the Court of King Alexis, whose son, Prince Sergius, is unpopular by reason of his military sev she saves the life of the Prince. The court-martial on Mistitch, a hero with the soldiery and mob, seems likely to turn on Sophy's testimony that the Prince's assailants were aware of his identity; but at the last moment the Prince bargains with the intriguing General Stenovics. The Prince has been refused the big guns which he wants for ensuring the tranquillity of the city and, possibly, the very country's honour and existence. Stenovics agrees to give the guns in return for Mistitch's life. Yielding in appearance, in substance the Prince of Slavna has scored heavily. The big guns are ordered from Germany. The Prince has the money to pay for them, and they are to be consigned to him, and he has already obtained the King's sanction to raise and train a force of artillery from among his own men in Volseni and its neighbourhood. The idle King's family pride is touched, and he instructs Stenovics to concentrate all his energies on arranging a brilliant foreign marriage for the Prince. Honour is paid to Sophy's services to the State, and she is created Baroness Dobrava. She pays a visit to the Prince's frontier fortress of Praslok, where Marie Zerkovitch with some misgiving watches the daily companionship of Sophy and the Prince. Meanwhile, the Countess Ellenburg and her party are busy with plans, for at a State reception the King has had an alarming fainting-fit, which his valet, Lepage, states to be the third within two months. At Praslok the inevitable happens, and the Prince valet, Lepage, states to be the third within two months. At Praslok the inevitable happens, and the Prince declares his love to Sophy, but immediately afterwards receives from General Stenovics the King's command to start for Germany at once. Simultaneously with the arrival of this command comes a private warning to the Prince: "The King's life hangs by a hair, and your Crown by a thread." The Prince addicates to seek an audience of the King forthwith, and comforts himself and Sophy with the news that the big guns are on the way. General Stenovics and the Countess Ellenburg and their friends forestall the Prince's visit to his father and arouse the King to alarm lest the Prince's love for Sophy should preclude a foreign alliance. But when the intriguers accuse Lepage of treachery, the King begins to realise how seriously they are banded together against the Prince, and under the excitement of detecting conspiracy the King falls dead, from a stroke. "His Majesty is dead!" cries the doctor. "No!" replies Stafnitz. "Not for twenty-four hours yet! His Majesty dies—to-morrow!" If the Prince of Slavan cannot find out for himself what has happened in the Palace, are his opponents bound to tell him? Strict watch is kept that no one shall leave the Palace, but Lepage makes good his escape and bears the news of the King's death to Zerkovitch, who carries it to the Prince at Praslok, whither Mistitch is sent at the head of a strong force to endeavour to trap the Prince.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO THE FAITHFUL CITY.

THE King had died yesterday-yet none had told his heir ! Mint ! out for Dobrava with fifty men to wait for the King-who was dead ! The dead King would never go to Dobrava-and no messenger came to the new King at Praslok !

Zerkovitch's news was enough to raise the anger of a King-and Sergius blazed with it.

But more potent still was his wrathful fear as he thought of Sophy at Praslok, in the power of Captain Hercules.

He had his guard of twenty mounted men with him. With these he at once set forth, bidding Lukovitch collect all the men he could and follow him as speedily as possible. If Mistitch had really gone to Dobrava, then he would find him there and have the truth out of him. But if, as the Prince hardly doubted, he was making for Praslok, there was time to intercept him, time to carry off Sophy and the other inmates of the Castle, send them back to safety within the walls of

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Volseni, and himself ride on to meet Mistitch with his mind at ease.

Relying on Zerkovitch's information, he assumed that the troopers had not started from Slavna till seven in the morning. They had started at six. He reckoned, also on Zerkovitch's statement, that they were but fifty strong. They were a hundred. Yet, had he known the truth, he could not have used more haste-and he would not have waited for another man ! He stayed to tell no man in Volseni the news about his father--except Lukovitch. But as his twenty rode out of the gate behind him, he turned his head to Zerkovitch, who trotted beside him - for Zerkovitch neither could nor would rest till the game was played-and said : "Tell them that the King is dead, and that I reign." Zerkovitch whispered the news to the man next him, and it ran along the line. A low stern cheer, hardly more than a murmured assurance of loyalty and service, came from the lips of the men in sheepskins.

Mistitch saw them coming and turned to his troop; he had time for a little speech and Stafnitz had taught him what to say: "Men, you are servants of the King, and of the King only. Not even the Prince of Slavna can command you against the King's orders. The King's orders are that we take Baroness Dobrava to Slavna, no matter who resists. If need be, these orders stand even against the Prince."

Stafnitz's soldiers—the men he petted, the men who had felt the Prince's stern hand were only too glad to hear it. To strike for the King and yet against the hated Prince it was a luxury, a happy and unlooked-for harmonising of their duty and their pleasure. Their answering cheer was loud and fierce.

It struck harsh on the ears of the advancing Prince. His face grew hard and strained as he heard the shouts and saw the solid body of men across his path, barring access to his own castle. And within a yard or two of their ranks, by the side of the road, sat the figure which he knew so well and so well loved.

Now Mistitch played his card—that move in the game which Sophy's cool submission to his demand had for the moment thwarted, but to which the Prince's headlong anger and fear now gave an opening—the opening which Stafnitz had from the first foreseen. It would need little to make the fiery Prince forget prudence when he was face to face with Mistitch. It was not a safe game for Mistitch personally—both Stafnitz and he knew that. But Captain Hercules was confident. He would not be caught twice by the Volseni trick of sword ! The satisfaction of his revenge, and the unstinted rewards that his Colonel offered, made it worth his while to accept the risk and rendered it grateful to his heart.

Sophy sat smiling. She would fain have averted the encounter, and had shaped her manœuvres to that end. It was not to be so, it seemed. Now she did not doubt Monseigneur's success. But she wished that Zerkovitch had not reached Volseni so quickly; that the Prince had stayed behind his walls till his plans were ready; and that she was going a prisoner to Slavna to see the King, trusting to her face, her tongue, her courage, and the star of her own fortune. Never had her buoyant self-confidence run higher.

On the top of the causeway, Max von Hollbrandt looked to his revolver, Peter Vassip loosened his knife in its leather sheath. A window above the gate opened, and Marie Zerkovitch's frightened face looked out. The women-servants jostled old Vassip in the doorway. The grooms stood outside the stables. No one moved only the Prince's little troop came on. When they were fifty yards away, Mistitch cried to his men : "Draw swords !" and himself pricked his horse with his spur and rode up to where Sophy was.

Mistitch drew his horse up parallel to Sophy's, head to tail, on her right side, between her and the approaching force. With the instinct of hatred she shrank away from him ; it had all been foreseen and rehearsed in Stafnitz's mind! Mistitch cried loudly: "In the King's name, Baroness Dobrava !" He leant from the saddle and caught her right wrist in his huge hand : he had the justification that, at his first attempt to touch her, Sophy's hand had flown to her little revolver and held it now. Mistitch crushed her wrist—the revolver fell to the ground. Sophy gave one cry of pain. Mistitch dropped her wrist and reached his arm about her waist. He was pulling her from her horse, while again he cried out: "In the King's name! On guard!"

It was a high jump from the top of the causeway, but two men took it side by side— Max von Hollbrandt, revolver in hand, Peter Vassip with knife unsheathed.

As they leapt, another shout rang out : "Long live King Sergius !"

The Prince rode his fastest, but faster still rode Zerkovitch. He outpaced the Prince and rode right in among Mistitch's men,



"Two shots rang out sharply-that was all."

crying loudly, again and again, unceasingly : "The King is dead ! The King is dead ! The King is dead !" Then came the Prince ; he rode full at

Mistitch. His men followed him and dashed with a shock against the troopers of Mistitch's escort. As they rode, they cried : "Long live King Sergius!" They had unhorsed a dozen men and wounded four or five before they realised that they met with no resistance. Mistitch's men were paralysed. The King was dead they were to fight against the King ! The magic of the name worked. They dropped the points of their swords. The Volsenians, hesitating to strike men who did not defend themselves, puzzled and in doubt, turned to their Bailiff—their King—for his orders.

As the Prince came up, Mistitch hurled Sophy from him; she fell from her horse, but fell on the soft grassy roadside, and sprang up unhurt save for a cruel pain in her crushed wrist. She turned her eyes whither all eyes were turned now. The general battle was stayed, but not the single combat. For a moment none moved save the two who were now to engage.

The fight of the Street of the Fountain fell to be fought again. For when Peter Vassip was darting forward, knife in hand, with a spring like a mountain goat's, his master's voice called : "Mine, Peter, mine !" It was the old cry when they shot wild-boar in the woods about Dobrava, and it brought Peter Vassip to a stand. Max von Hollbrandt, too, lowered his pointed revolver. Who should stand between his quarry and the King, between Sophy's lover and the man who had so outraged her ? Big Mistitch was the King's game, and the King's only, that day.

Mistitch's chance was gone, and he must have known it. Where was the sergeant who had undertaken to cover him? He had turned tail. Where was the enveloping rush of his men which should have engulfed and paralysed the enemy? Paralysis was on his men themselves; they believed Zerkovitch, and lacked appetite for the killing of a King. Where was his triumphant return to Slavna, his laurels, his rewards, his wonderful swaggerings at the Golden Lion? They were all gone. Even though he killed the King, there were two dozen men vowed to have his life. They must have it-but at what price? His savage valour set the figure high.

It was the old fight again, but not in the old manner. There was no delicate swordplay, no fluctuating fortunes in the fray. It was all stern and short. The King had not drawn his sword, Mistitch did not seek to draw his. Two shots rang out sharply that was all. The King reeled in his saddle, but maintained his seat. Big Mistitch threw his hands above his head with a loud cry and fell with a mighty crash on the road, shot through the head. Peter Vassip ran to the King and helped him to dismount, while Max von Hollbrandt held his horse. Sophy hurried to where they laid him by the roadside.

"Disarm these fellows !" cried Zerkovitch.

But Mistitch's escort were in no mood to wait for this operation; nor to stay and suffer the anger of the King. With their leader's fall the last of heart was out of them. Wrenching themselves free from such of the Volsenians as sought to arrest their flight, they turned their horses' heads and fled, one and all, for Slavna. The King's men attempted no pursuit; they clustered round the spot where he lay.

"I'm hit," he said to Sophy, "but not badly, I think."

From the Castle door, down the causeway, came Marie Zerkovitch, weeping passionately, wringing her hands. The soldiers parted their close ranks to let her through. She came to the roadside where Sophy supported Monseigneur's head upon her knees. Sophy looked up and saw her. Marie did not speak. She stood there sobbing and wringing her hands over Sophy and the wounded King.

That afternoon—an hour after the first of the straggling rout of Mistitch's escort came in—King Alexis died suddenly! So ran the official notice, endorsed by Dr. Natcheff's high authority. The coterie were in up to their necks; they could not go back now; they must go through with it. Countess Ellenburg took to her knees; Stenovics and Stafnitz held long conversations. Every point of tactical importance in the city was occupied by troops. Slavna was silent, expectant, curious.

Markart awoke at five o'clock, heavy of head, dry in the mouth, sick and ill. He found himself no longer in the King's suite, but in one of the apartments which Stafnitz had occupied. He was all alone; the door stood open. He understood that he was no more a prisoner; he knew that the King was dead !

But who else was dead—and who alive and who King in Slavna ?

He forced himself to rise, and hurried through the corridors of the Palace. They were deserted; there was nobody to hinder him, nobody of whom to ask a question. He saw a decanter of brandy standing near the door of one room, and drank freely of it. Then he made his way into the garden. He saw men streaming over the bridge towards Slavna, and hastened after them as quickly as he could. His head was still in a maze; he remembered nothing after drinking the glass of wine which Lepage the valet had given him. But he was possessed by a strong excitement, and he followed obstinately in the wake of the throng which set from the Palace and the suburbs into Slavna.

The streets were quiet; soldiers occupied the corners of the ways; they looked curiously at Markart's pale face and disordered uniform. A dull roar came from the direction of St. Michael's Square, and thither Markart aimed his course. He found all one side of the Square full of a dense crowd, swaying, jostling, talking. On the other side troops were massed; in an open space in front of the troops, facing the crowd, was Colonel Stafnitz, and by his side a little boy on a white pony.

¹ Markart was too far off to hear what Stafnitz said when he began to speak—nay, the cheers of the troops behind the Colonel came so sharp on his words as almost to drown them; and after a moment's hesitation (as it seemed to Markart), the crowd of people on the other side of the Square echoed back the acclamations of the soldiers.

All Countess Ellenburg's ambitions were at stake; for Stenovics and Stafnitz it was a matter of life itself now, so daringly had they raised their hands against King Sergius. Countess Ellenburg had indeed prayed—and now prayed all alone in a deserted Palace--but not one of the three had hesitated. At the head of a united army, in the name of a united people, Stafnitz had demanded the proclamation of young Alexis as King. For an hour Stenovics had made a show of demurring; then he bowed to the national will. That night young Alexis enjoyed more honour than he had asked of Lepage the valet-he was called not Prince, but Majesty. He was King in Slavna, and the first work to which they set his childish hand was the proclamation of a state of siege.

Slavna chose him willingly—or because it must at the bidding of the soldiers. But Volseni was of another mind. They would not have the German woman's son to reign over them. Into that faithful city the wounded King threw himself with all his friends.

The body of Mistitch lay all day and all night by the wayside. Next morning at dawn the King's grooms came back from Volseni and buried it under a clump of trees by the side of the lane running down to Lake Talti. Their curses were the only words spoken over the grave; and they flattened the earth level with the ground again, that none might know where the man rested who had lifted his hand against their master.

The King was carried to Volseni sore stricken; they did not know whether he would live or die. He had a dangerous wound in the lungs, and, to make matters worse, the surgical skill available in Volseni was very primitive.

But in that regard fortune brought aid, and brought also to Sophy a strange conjuncture of the new life with the old. The landlord of the inn sent word to Lukovitch that two foreign gentlemen had arrived at his house that afternoon, and that the passport of one of them described him as a surgeon; the landlord had told him how things stood, and he was anxious to render help.

It was Basil Williamson. Dunstanbury and he, accompanied by Henry Brown, Dunstanbury's servant, had reached Volseni that day on their return from a tour in the Crimea and round the shores of the Sea of Azof.

CHAPTER XIX.

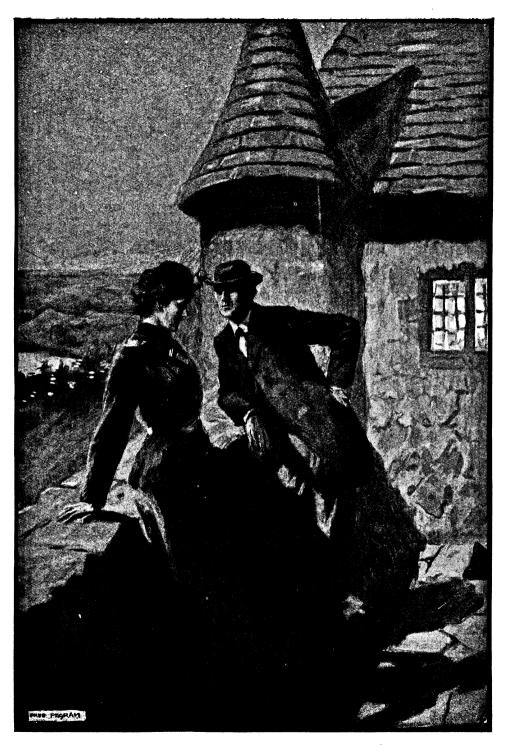
THE SILVER RING.

IT was late at night, and quiet reigned in Volseni-the quiet not of security, but of ordered vigilance. A light burned in every house; men lined the time-worn walls and camped in the market-place; there were scouts out on the road as far as Praslok. No news came from outside, and no news yet from the room in the guardhouse where the wounded King lay. The street on which the room looked was empty, save for one man, who walked patiently up and down, smoking a cigar. Dunstanbury waited for Basil Williamson, who was in attendance on the King and was to pronounce to Volseni whether he could live or must die.

Dunstanbury had been glad that Basil could be of use, but for the rest he had listened to the story which Zerkovitch told him with an amused, rather contemptuous indifference with an Englishman's wonder why other countries cannot manage their affairs better, and something of a traveller's pleasure at coming in for a bit of such vivid; almost blazing "local colour" in the course of his journey. But whether Alexis reigned, or Sergius, mattered nothing to him, and, in his opinion, very little to anybody else.

Nor had he given much thought to the lady whose name figured so prominently in Zerkovitch's narrative, the Baroness Dobrava. Such a personage seemed no less appropriate

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[&]quot;' I shall be with Monseigneur if he lives.'"

to the surroundings than the rest of the story-no less appropriate and certainly not a whit more important. Of course he hoped Basil would make a good report, but his mind was not disturbed; his chief hope was that the claims of humanity would not prolong his stay in Volseni beyond a few days. It was a picturesque little place, but not one for a long visit; and in any case he was homeward bound now, rather eager for the pleasures of the London season after his winter journey-the third he had made in the interests of a book on Russia which he had in contemplation, a book designed to recommend him as an expert student of He could hardly consider foreign affairs. that these goings-on in Kravonia came within the purview of a serious study of his subject. But it was a pleasant moonlit night, the old street was very quaint, the crisis he had happened on bizarre and amusing. He smoked his cigar and waited for Basil without impatience.

He had strolled a hundred yards away and just turned to loiter back, when he saw a figure come out of the guardhouse, pause for a moment, and then advance slowly towards him. The sheepskin cap and tunic made him think at first that the stranger was one of the Volsenian levy; the next moment he saw the skirt. At once he guessed that he was in the presence of Baroness Dobrava, the heroine of the piece, as he had called her in his own mind and with a smile.

Evidently she meant to speak to him; he threw away his cigar and walked to meet her. As they drew near to one another he raised his hat. Sophy bowed gravely. Thus they met for the first time since Sophy washed her lettuces in the scullery at Morpingham, and, at the young lord's bidding, fetched Lorenzo the Magnificent a bone. This meeting was, however remotely, the result of that. Dunstanbury had started her career on the road which had led her to where she was.

"I've seen Mr. Williamson," she said, "and he knows me now. But you don't yet, do you, Lord Dunstanbury? And anyhow, perhaps, you wouldn't remember."

She had been a slip of a girl when he saw her last, in a print frock, washing lettuces. With a smile and a deprecatory gesture he confessed his ignorance and his surprise. "Really I'm afraid I—I don't. I've been such a traveller, and meet so many——" An acquaintance with Baroness Dobrava was among the last with which he would have credited himself—or perhaps (to speak his true thoughts) charged his reputation.

"Mr. Williamson knew me almost directly —the moment I reminded him of my mark." She touched her cheek. Dunstanbury looked more closely at her, a vague recollection stirring in him. Sophy's face was very sad, yet she smiled just a little as she added : "I remember you so well—and your dog Lorenzo. I'm Sophy Grouch of Morpingham, and I became Lady Meg's companion. Now do you remember?"

He stepped quickly up to her, peered into her eyes, and saw the Red Star.

"Good Heavens!" he said, smiling at her in an almost helpless way. "Well, that is curious !" he added. "Sophy Grouch ! And you are—Baroness Dobrava?"

"There's nothing much in that," said Sophy. "I'll tell you all about that soon, if we have time. To-night I can think of nothing but Monseigneur. Mr. Williamson has extracted the bullet, but I'm afraid he's very bad. You won't take Mr. Williamson away until—until it's settled—one way or the other, will you ?"

"Neither Basil nor I will leave so long as we can be of the least service to you," he told her.

With a sudden impulse she put her hands in his. "It's strangely good to find you here to-night—so strange and so good! It gives me strength, and I want strength. Oh, my friends are brave men, but you well, there's something in home and the same blood, I suppose."

Dunstanbury thought that there was certainly something in having two Englishmen about, instead of Kravonians only, but such a blunt sentiment might not be acceptable. He pressed her hands as he released them.

"I rejoice at the chance that brings us here. You can have every confidence in Basil. He's a first-rate man. But tell me about yourself. We have time now, haven't we?"

"Really I suppose we have! Monseigneur has been put to sleep. But I couldn't sleep. Come, we'll go up on the wall."

They mounted on to the city wall, just by the gate, and leant against the mouldering parapets. Below lay Lake Talti in the moonlight, and beyond it the masses of the mountains. Yet while Sophy talked, Dunstanbury's eyes seldom left her face; nay, once or twice he caught himself not listening, but only looking, tracing how she had grown from Sophy Grouch in her scullery to this. He had never forgotten the strange girl: once or twice he and Basil had talked of her; he had resented Lady Meg's brusque and unceremonious dismissal of her protégée ; in his memory, half-overgrown, had lain the mark on Sophy's cheek. Now here she was, in Kravonia, of all places-Baroness Dobrava, of all people! And what else, who knew? The train of events which had brought this about was strange; yet his greater wonder was for the woman herself.

"And here we are!" she ended with a woeful smile. "If Monseigneur lives, I think we shall win. For the moment we can do no more than hold Volseni: I think we can do that. But presently, when he's better and can lead us, we shall attack. Down in Slavna they won't like being ruled by the Countess and Stenovics as much as they expect. Little by little we shall grow stronger." Her voice rose a little. "At last Monseigneur will sit firm on his throne," "Then we'll see what we can she said. do for Kravonia. It's a fine country, and rich, Lord Dunstanbury, and outside Slavna the people are good material. We shall be able to make it very different-if Monseigneur lives."

"And if not?" he asked in a low voice.

"What is it to me except for Monseigneur? If he dies----!" Her hands thrown wide in a gesture of despair ended her sentence.

If she lived and worked for Kravonia, it was for Monseigneur's sake. Without him, what was Kravonia to her? Such was her mood ; plainly she took no pains to conceal it from Dunstanbury. The next moment she turned to him with a smile. "You think I talk strangely, saying : 'We'll do this and that '? Yes, you must, and it's suddenly become strange to me to say it—to say it to you, because you've brought back the old things to my mind, and all this is so out of keeping with the old things-with Sophy Grouch, and Julia Robins, and Morpingham! But until you came it didn't seem strange. Everything that has happened since I came to this country seemed to lead up to it—to bring it about naturally and irresistibly. 1 forgot till just now how funny it must sound to you-and how-how bad, I suppose. Well, you must accustom yourself to Kravonia. It's not Essex, you know."

" If the King lives ?" he asked.

"I shall be with Monseigneur if he lives," she answered.

Yes, it was very strange; yet already, even now-when he had known her again for half an hour, had seen her and talked to

her-gradually and insidiously it began to seem less strange, less fantastic, more natural. Dunstanbury had to give himself a mental shake to get back to Essex and to Sophy Volseni set old and grey amid the Grouch. hills, the King whose breath struggled with his blood for life, the beautiful woman who would be with the King if and so long as he lived—these were the present realities he saw in vivid immediate vision; they made the shadows of the past seem not indeed dimthey kept all their distinctness of outline in memory-but in their turn fantastic, and in no relation to the actual. Was that the air of Kravonia working on him? Or was it a woman's voice, the pallid pride of a woman's face?

"In Slavna they call me a witch," she said, "and tell terrible tales about this little mark-my Red Star. But here in Volseni they like me-yes, and I can win over Slavna too, if I get the opportunity. No, I shan't be a weakness to Monseigneur if he lives."

"You'll be----?" "His wife?" she interrupted. "Yes." She smiled again-nay, almost laughed. "That seems worst of all—worse than anything else ?"

Dunstanbury allowed himself to smile too. "Well, yes, of course that's true," he said. "Out of Kravonia, anyhow. What's true in Kravonia I really don't know yet."

"I suppose it's true in Kravonia too. But what I tell you is Monseigneur's will about me."

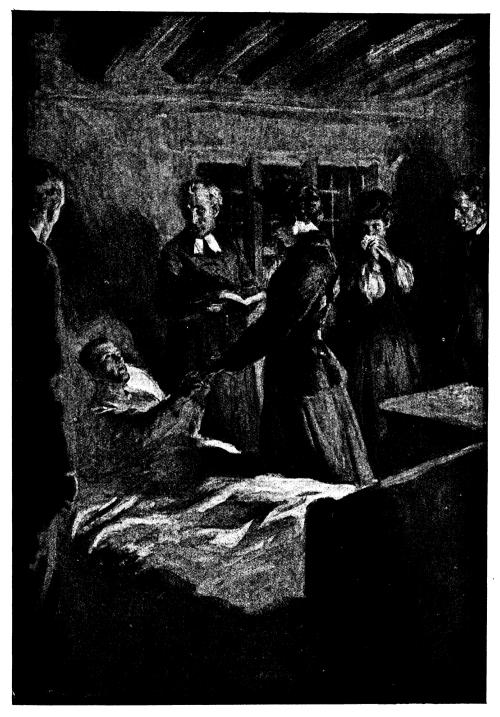
He looked hard at her. "You love him?" he asked.

"As my life, and more," said Sophy simply.

At last Dunstanbury ceased to look at her; he laid his elbows on the battlements and stood there, his eyes roaming over the lake in the valley to the mountains beyond. Sophy left his side and began to walk slowly up and down the rugged, uneven, overgrown surface of the walls.

The moon was sinking in the sky; there would be three or four dark hours before the dawn. A man galloped up to the gate and gave a countersign in return to a challenge; the heavy gates rolled open; he rode in; another rode out and cantered off along the road towards Praslok. There was watch and ward-Volseni was not to be caught napping as Praslok had been. Whether the King lived or died, his Volsenians were on guard. Dunstanbury turned his back on the hills and came up to Sophy.

"We Essex folk ought to stand by one



"And then and there the King married her!"

another," he said. "It's the merest chance that has brought me here, but I'm glad of the chance now. And it's beginning to feel not the least strange. So long as you've need of help, count me among your soldiers."

"But you oughtn't to mix yourself up-----" "Did you act on that principle when you came to Kravonia?"

With a smile Sophy gave him her hand. "So be it. I accept your service—for Monseigneur."

"I give it to yo1," he persisted.

"Yes-and all that is mine I give to Monseigneur," said Sophy.

Any man who meets, or after an interval of time meets again, an attractive woman, only to find that her thoughts are pre-empted and totally preoccupied, suffers an annoyance not the less real because he sees the absurdity of it; it is to find shut a gate which with better luck might have been open. The unusual circumstances of his new encounter with Sophy did not save Dunstanbury from this common form of chagrin; the tragic element in her situation gave it a rather uncommon flavour. He would fain have appeared as the knight-errant to rescue such beauty in such distress; but the nature of the distress did not seem favourable to the proper romantic sequel.

¹ He made his offer of service to her; she assigned him to the service of Monseigneur ! He laughed at his own annoyance — and determined to serve Monseigneur as well as he could. At the same time, while conceding most amply—nay, even feeling— Monseigneur's excuse, he could not admire his policy in the choice of a bride. That was doubtless a sample of how things were done in Kravonia ! He lived to feel the excuse more strongly—and to pronounce the judgment with greater hesitation.

Sophy had given him her hand again as she accepted his offer in Monseigneur's name. He had not yet released it when she was called from the street below in a woman's voice—a voice full of haste and alarm.

"Marie Zerkovitch calls me ! I must go at once," she said. "I expect Monseigneur is awake." She hurried off with a nod of farewell.

Dunstanbury stayed a little while on the wall, smoking a cigarette, and then went down into the street. The door of the guardhouse was shut; all was very quiet as he passed along to the market-place where the inn was situated. He went up to his room overlooking the street and, taking off his coat only, flung himself on the bed. He was minded thus to await Basil Williamson's return with news of the King. But the excitement of the day had wearied him; in ten minutes he was sound asleep.

He was aroused by Basil Williamson's hand on his shoulder. The young doctor, a slim-built, dark, wiry fellow, looked very weary and sad.

"How has it gone?" asked Dunstanbury, sitting up.

"It's been a terrible night. I'm glad vou've had some sleep. He awoke after an hour; the hæmorrhage had set in again. Ι had to tell him it was a thousand to one against him. He sent for her, and made me leave them alone together. There was only one other room, and I waited there with a little woman-a Madame Zerkovitch-who cried terribly. Then he sent for Lukovitch, who seems to be the chief man in the place. Presently Lukovitch went away, and I went back to the King. I found him terribly exhausted; she was there, sitting by him and whispering to him now and then; she seemed calm. Presently Lukovitch came back ; the Zerkovitches and the German man came too. They all came in—the King would not hear my objections-and with them came a priest. And then and there the King married her! She spoke to nobody except to me before the service began, and then she only said : 'Monseigneur wishes it.' I waited till the service was done, but I could bear no more. I went outside while they shrived him. But I was called back hurriedly. Then the end came very soonin less than half an hour. He sent everybody away except her and me; and when I had done all that was possible, I went as far off as I could—into the corner of the room. came back at a call from her just before he died. The man was looking extraordinarily happy, Dunstanbury."

"They were married ? "

"Oh, yes. It's all right, I suppose—not that it seems to matter much now, does it? Put on your coat and come to the window. You'll see a sight you'll remember, I think."

Together they went to the window. The sun had risen from behind the mountains and flooded the city with light; the morning air was crisp and fragrant. The marketplace was thronged with people—men in line in front, women, girls, and boys in a mass behind. They were all absolutely quiet and silent. Opposite where they were was a raised platform of wood, reached by steps from the ground; it was a rostrum for the use of those who sold goods by auction in the



"Then she knelt down and kissed the King's lips."

market. A board on trestles had been laid on this, and on the board was stretched the body of the King. At his feet stood Lukovitch; behind were Max von Hollbrandt, Zerkovitch, and Marie. At the King's head stood Sophy, and Peter Vassip knelt on the ground beside her. She stood like a statue, white and still; but Dunstanbury could see the Red Star glowing.

Lukovitch seemed to have been speaking, although the sound of his voice had not reached them through the closed window of the topmost room in the inn. He spoke again now—not loudly, but in a very clear voice.

"The King lies dead through treachery," he said. "In Slavna the German woman rules, and her son, and the men who killed the King. Will you have them to rule over you, men of Volseni?"

A shout of "No!" rang out, followed again by absolute silence. Lukovitch drew the curved sword that he wore and raised it in the air. All the armed men followed his example; the rest, with the women and young people, raised their right hands. It was their custom in calling Heaven to witness.

"God hears us !" said Lukovitch, and all the people repeated the words after him.

Dunstanbury whispered to Basil : " Do they mean to fight?" An eagerness stirred in his voice.

"Listen ! He's speaking again."

"Whom then will you have for your King, men of Volseni?" asked Lukovitch. "There is one on whose finger the King has put the silver ring of the Bailiffs of Volseni. With his own hand he set it there before he diedhe set it there when he made her his Queen. as you have heard. Will you have the Bailiff of Volseni for your King?" A great shout of "Yes!" answered him.

"You will have Sophia for your King?"

"Sophia for our King !" they cried. Lukovitch raised his sword again ; all raised swords or hands. The solemn words "God hears us!" were spoken from every mouth. Lukovitch turned to Sophy and handed his drawn sword to her. She took it. Then she knelt down and kissed the King's lips. Rising to her feet again, she stood for a moment silent, looking over the thronged market-square ; yet she seemed hardly to see; her eyes were vacant. At last she raised the sword to her lips, kissed it, and then held it high in the air.

"It was Monseigneur's wish. Let us avenge him ! God hears me !"

"God hears you !" came all the voices.

The ceremony was finished. Six men took up the board on which the King lay, carried it down from the rostrum, and along the street to the guardhouse. Sophy followed, and her friends walked after her. Still she seemed as though in a dream; her voice had sounded absent, almost unconscious. She was pale as death, save for the Red Star.

Following her dead, she passed out of sight. Immediately the crowd began to disperse, though most of the men with arms gathered round Lukovitch and seemed to await his orders.

Basil Williamson moved away from the window with a heavy sigh and a gesture of dejection.

"I wish we could get her safe out of it," he said. "Isn't it wonderful, her being here?"

"Yes-but I'd forgotten that." Dunstanbury was still by the window; he had been thinking that his service now would not be Yet no doubt Basil had to Monseigneur. mentioned the wisest form of service. Sophy's own few words-the words for which she cited Heaven's witness-hinted at another.

But Basil had recalled his mind to the Moved as he had been by his talk marvel. with Sophy, and even more by the scene which had just been enacted before his eyes, his face lit up with a smile as he looked across to Basil.

"Yes, old fellow, wonderful ! Sophy Grouch! Queen of Kravonia! It beats 'Macbeth' hollow !"

"It's pretty nearly as dreary !" said Basil, with a discontented grunt.

"I find it pretty nearly as exciting," "And I hope for a Dunstanbury said. happier ending. Meanwhile"-he buckled the leather belt which held his revolver round his waist-" I'm for some breakfast, and then I shall go and ask that tall fellow who did all the talking if there's anything I can do for King Sophia. By Jove, wouldn't Cousin Meg open her eyes ?"

"You'll end by getting yourself stuck up against the wall and shot," Basil grumbled.

"If I do, I'm quite sure of one thing, old fellow-and that is that your wooden old mug will be next in the line, or thereabouts."

"I say, Dunstanbury, I wish I could have saved him !"

"So do I. Did you notice her face ? "

Williamson gave a scornful toss of his head.

"Well, yes, I was an ass to ask that !" Dunstanbury admitted candidly. It would certainly not have been easy to avoid noticing Sophy's face.

At six o'clock that morning Max von Hollbrandt took horse for Slavna. His diplomatic character at once made it proper for him to rejoin his Legation and enabled him to act as a messenger with safety to He carried the tidings of the himself. death of the King and of the proclamation There was no concealment. Sophy. of Volseni's defiance to Slavna was open and avowed. Volseni held that there was no true Stefanovitch left, and cited the will of the last of the Royal House as warrant for its choice. The gauntlet was thrown down with a royal air.

It was well for Max to get back to his post. The diplomatists in Slavna, and their chiefs at home, were soon to be busy with the affairs of Kravonia. Mistitch had struck at the life of even more than his King-that was to become evident before many days had passed.

(To be continued.)

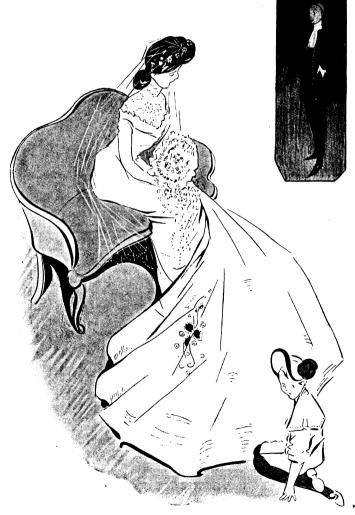


I DID it with a French exam. paper at Everton House when I was eight years old; but at this distance of time it doesn't seem worth talking about, and I merely mention it to show that I have a right to discuss the subject of records.

This now being proved by the above statement, I proceed to remark on records broken by other people.

A chap I know has a small brother and sister; and, as the brother is the smaller of the two, it is the rule of the family to blame the sister for everything wrong done by either of them, just to even matters up. Little girls are apt to be beastly cunning at the best of times; and, under stress of circumstances, this one began to cultivate an imagination. Also she grew suspicious. She was always on the look-out for false accusations, and a determination grew in her to squash them and the makers of them on all occasions without stay or scruple. (I saw something like this remarkably fine sentence in one of my father's manuscripts, and as it hasn't been published yet, I can't be accused of infringement of copyright.) She had been thinking about it a good deal when, one day, she came into the drawing-room just in time to hear her father say to her mother : "She broke the record."

He was really talking about a racing mare in which he was interested; but my friend's sister had been, rightfully and wrongfully, accused of breaking so many things that she naturally thought he was speaking of her. She knew she hadn't broken anything for nearly a week, and she thought it probable that her small brother had, because it was a usual pastime with him; but it seemed safer to



"Some day she might marry an ambassador and find scope for her talents."

throw in a circumstantial detail to make her denial convincing. It was really smart of the little Sapphira, because she had such a short time to consider what she was going to say. "I didn't," said she. "It was Billy. He stepped on it and broke it."

I told this to my father, and he said what a pity she was a girl and couldn't enter the Diplomatic service; but that perhaps some day she might marry an ambassador and find scope for her talents.

I don't know what he was driving at, but I give the remark for what it may be worth, as he is thought by some people to be a clever man (on this head I prefer to reserve

> my own opinion), and of course there is an offchance that he might have been intending to say something witty. You never can tell, as Mr. G. B. Shaw has been heard to remark.

> The person I know most intimately who broke a record worth talking about is Brown. It happened at the last school sports. We have a champion cup that one fellow holds for the year he wins it, but it never really belongs to anyone except, I suppose, the Head, who gets the winners' names engraved on it in turn. Also he has the school photographed after the sports, and the successful champion sits in the middle, front, of the group, freezing to the cup. I laugh, because I shall never be in that situation myself, not being athletic.

> Cholmondeley won it last year ; and when the group was being photographed, the little beast, by way of being amusing, began to play at crossing from Dover to Calais. No one, except the boys on either side of him, paid any attention to his noxious proceedings : and, just as he was

hanging over the champion cup in a realistic attitude with his mouth

wide open, the photographer took the photograph.

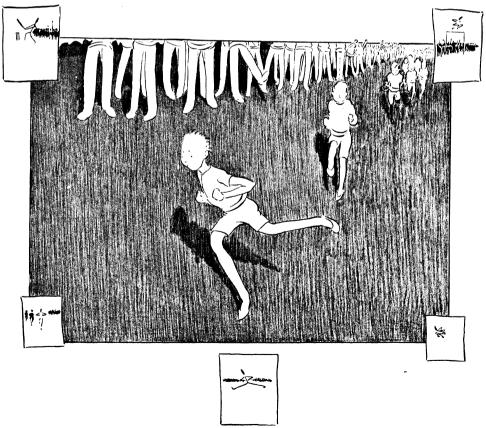
Chummy was in a blue funk then. He knew he was bound to catch it hot for

spoiling the picture; but he thought he'd catch it hotter if he said nothing and let the Head discover later on what had happened, so he croaked out from his central position—

"Please, sir, I'm afraid I moved when that was being taken. Hadn't he better do another?"

The Head asked the photographer if there was anything wrong; and the photographer, who was a decent sort, and ought by rights, owing to his decency, to have been a gentleman, said he thought he'd like to take us again, and that it was his own fault for not warning the boys to keep still. After that there was a beautiful picture made, and Chummy looked as good and proper in it as if he was handing round an alms-dish.

But to return to Brown. He had always wanted to hold the cup before he left Everton House, and as this was to be his last summer term we were rather anxious about him, not knowing what the effect might be if he was disappointed. You see, Brown is so thin that, if he had occasion to fret about anything, he might vanish completely, and we didn't want to lose him before the appointed time. His legs are about the thickness of an ordinary chap's wrist, and his arms—well, I know a man whose middle finger is just that size, without regard to the length. But Brown's legs can carry him faster than any other fellow's legs can carry any other fellow (this is an inelegant sentence, but my father has taught me to believe that tautology is preferable to ambiguity, and if I had said "faster than any other fellow's legs can carry him," it might have been thought I meant "than any other fellow's legs can carry Brown"), and his thinness gives him a great advantage, because the legs, such as they were, have no weight to support. When Brown is jumping, he has only to get into the air, and his part of the work is done. The wind does the rest. If it is blowing fair, it carries him a foot beyond anyone else in the long jump. He said it was against him last year, which was why he was beaten by Chummy, and I am inclined to regard the idea seriously.



"Brown's legs can carry him faster than any other fellow's legs can carry any other fellow."

Anyway, luck, wind, skill, and training all working together (but chiefly wind and skill), he carried everything before him, even as the wind carried him before it, and he won the cup by three points more than any fellow had ever made before, thereby breaking one record and establishing another.

A Distinguished Stranger came to give away the prizes, and, being unacquainted with Brown's peculiarities, failed to see him when he presented himself for the flat-race prize. Brown is clearly visible only when he stands facing you; and, being a bit nervous on this great occasion, he wriggled and turned sideways before the eyes of the Distinguished Stranger, who immediately thought a hair had got on his spectacles, and tried to rub it off. The Distinguished Stranger was getting quite angry with the hair (which was Brown) because it wouldn't come off, but the Head gave them both a hint and saved the situation. When Brown came up for the sack-race prize, he was more careful about how he stood, and the Distinguished Stranger was more careful about how he looked at him, so things arranged themselves, and the cup was not given to anyone else by mistake, as we had almost begun to fear it would be.

I find I haven't said as much about broken records as I meant to say when I began to write this article, but the usual difficulty about stationery prevents me now from rectifying the mistake, which I freely admit. Mr. Carden says that to acknowledge a shortcoming is to go more than half way towards atoning for it, and I must only hope that my readers will be of the same way of thinking.



CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

A RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES.

IX. - ROWING, GAMES, AND ATHLETICS.

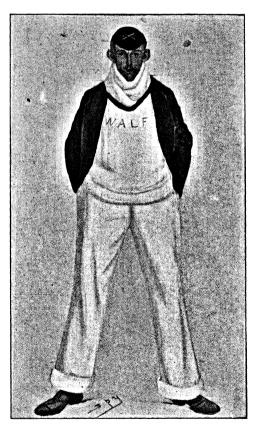
HIS month I have to treat of a group of celebrities who have made for themselves a reputation in various forms of athletics. The majority have since become famous for other reasons than those which first introduced them to the sport-loving public. Some are now

distinguished politicians, others have achieved fame in literature, while the Army and the Bar have opened careers for not a few. At least one on my list is a millionaire. I will commence with the rowing men.

It is impossible to feel that Vanity Fair has paid adequate attention to rowing as a branch of sport, or has made an entirely representative selection of subjects. There has not been -as far as I remember — a single portrait of a professional oarsman, though such representative men as Kelley, Renforth, Hanlan, and Wallace Ross might clearly have expected that distinction.

The first of the International matches, Oxford v. Harvard, was rowed in the year that

Vanity Fair was founded, but we do not get a glimpse of the four splendid oarsmen that placed this, the first of a great series of races, to our credit. Darbishire, the stroke, became a doctor, and was for many years Coroner of the City of Oxford. Nor do we see anything of the London Rowing Club crew who defeated the Atalantas a few years later, although portraits of F. S. Gulston, A. de L. Long, and others, would have been very welcome to thousands of past and present Metropolitan oarsmen. I think I am right in saying that all this crew are still alive and in good form. If this is so, it is strong evidence to the value of rowing



MR. WILLIAM A. L. FLETCHER. 1893. "Flea."

of the famous oarsmen that appear in this number, is, as can be imagined, no sinecure. He must exercise his authority with tact, and when he does not possess that valuable commodity, rebellions are probable. A newly elected member in the present House of Commons may, perhaps, remember the trouble into which he was plunged through

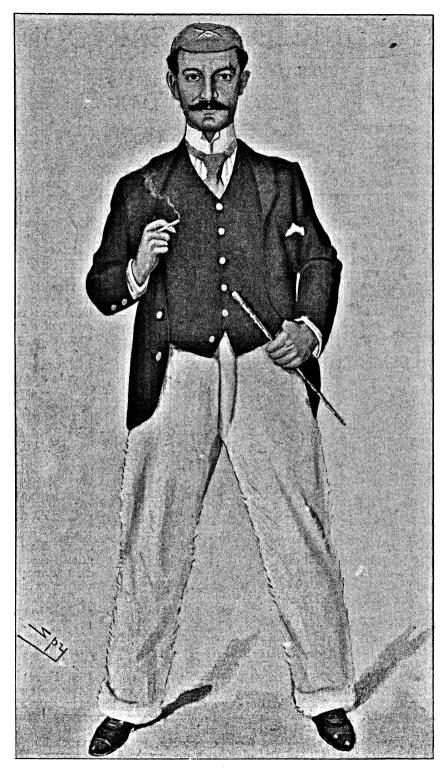
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as a branch of athletics. I often see Long, and a betterpreserved specimen of an athlete could not be found.

There must be many hundreds, if not thousands, of my readers who, as they rowed on the Thames, the Isis, and the Cam, have been coached by one or other of my celebrities. The great coaches have usually displayed a sense of humour. I remember one of them stopping a crew, which he was instructing, and regarding them with an awful look. " Do you know what you are rowing like?" he asked. There was a grim silence. "You are rowing as if you were rowing to a funeral and were afraid of bumping the hearse."

The post of president of the University crew, which has been held by many

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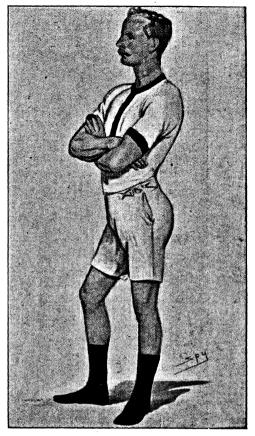


MR. RUDOLF C. LEHMANN. 1895. "Rudy."

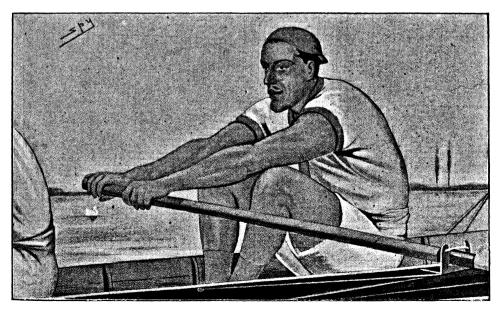
making a target of a top-hat which belonged to a highly respectable gentleman who was calling on the president of the crew of which he was a member. The fact that he had made excellent shooting with the air-gun, which was his proud possession at the moment, did not palliate the wrath either of the president or the visitor.

And now for the celebrities themselves.

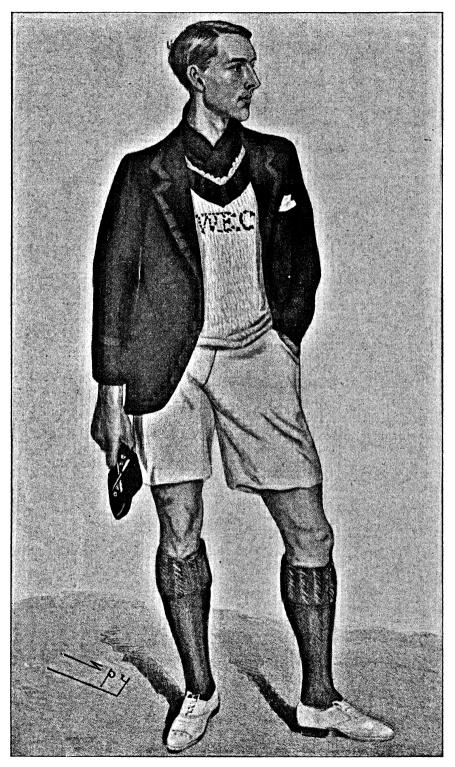
W. A. L. Fletcher is one of the great Oxford oarsmen of the past who have done much in later years to keep up the high standard of rowing at that University. He was an Eton man. He broke a long run of Cambridge victories when he stroked the eight of his University, and was a member of one of the biggest and longest crews ever seen in a light ship. At Henley he has had many triumphs. "Jehu Junior" said of him: "His chest, back, and stomach are all muscles. He has a red face, and is often ruddier after a hard race, when other men look pale. He is not so ferocious a person as he pretends to be, for a child has been seen to play with him. He takes a very large size in boots. He is a capital shot, a staunch friend, and a really good fellow, full of British pluck. His activity has earned for him the name of ' Flea,' " 'Flea,'" That Mr. Fletcher was full of pluck was shown in the South African war, in which he defended a farm against the Boers with remarkable courage and success. It is said that in a hand-to-hand encounter which then ensued he showed his muscle to great advantage.



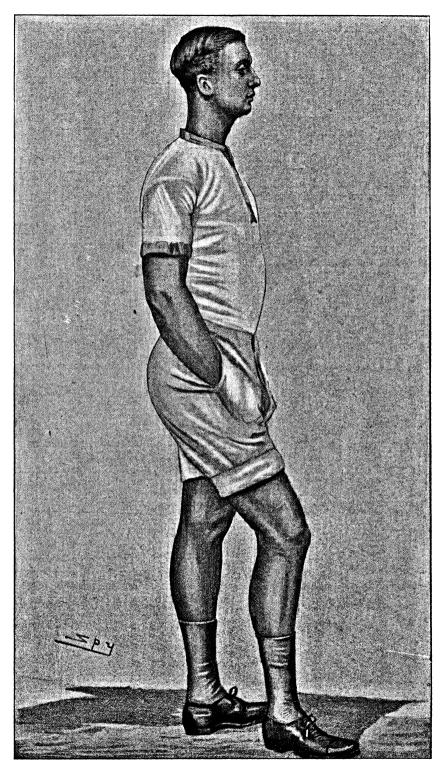
MR. GUY NICKALLS. 1889. "Wingfield Sculls."



MR. S. D. MUTTLEBURY. 1890. "One of the Presidents.

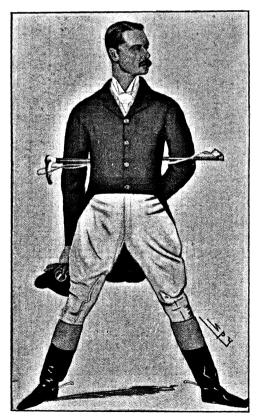


MK. WALTER CRUM. 1896. "Crumbo."



MR. WILLIAM DUDLEY WARD. 1900. "C.U.B.C."

How many crews Mr. Rudolf Lehmann has coached I should not like to guess. He was ever a popular figure at both Universities, and all his old friends now wish him the best of success in the House, in which he has at last obtained a seat. It was natural that he himself should be an author, for both his father and mother were intimate friends of Dickens, George Eliot, and Browning. Besides having a singularly able brain, and a sense of humour that has found him a seat at the *Punch* table, he has won trophies with his legs, his wrists, and his fists. He was a fine sprinter, an excellent swordsman, and was middle-weight and heavy-weight boxing champion of Cambridge. In the Cambridge undergraduate paper, The Granta, which for many years he owned, he introduced to the world a number of young writers who have since made a name for themselves. The present editor of Punch and Mr. Barry Pain, amongst others, tried their 'prentice hands in that paper. He has



MR. WILLIAM H. GRENFELL. 1890. "Taplow Court."



MR. HUGH B. COTTON. 1894. "Benjie."

ever been a most excellent host, and a kind and generous friend.

Next on my list I have chosen Mr. S. D. Muttlebury, one of the broadest-backed and finest oarsmen that ever lived ; he had the driving power of a steam-engine and the endurance of a dromedary. As his biographer said of him in Vanity Fair : "At Eton he developed into a rowing-machine, and in that capacity he has since worked with regularity. breaking down much less often than the machinery of any of Her Majesty's ships has been known to break down in an equal space of time." He revived rowing at Cambridge with such effect that that University won four successive victories over Oxford, though they had previously been in a very bad way. His biographer, in his concluding remarks, was undoubtedly severe upon "Muttle," and it was whispered amongst oarsmen at the time : " Lo ! an enemy hath done this !" For though he was never a scholar, he was a good-tempered, greathearted young man ; and though he was never a brilliant conversationalist, he was not without a sense of humour.

Mr. Guy Nickalls was as famous in his



MR. JOHN BALL, JUN. 1892.

day at Oxford as Muttlebury at Cambridge. His vigorous energy and his recklessness of consequences when at Eton won him the sobriquet of "Luni." His triumphs in the Oxford crew were equalled by his successes



MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON. 1890.

as a sculler. To give his list of victories would be to occupy a column, so I will content myself by saying that there was probably never a better man in a skiff. "Jehu Junior" said of him in 1889 : "He is not puffed up, but is the owner of a very genial and hearty manner, which upon occasion became so boisterous as to show justification of the schoolboy estimate of his ways as summed up at Eton. He is the best of friends and a man with whom for other reasons no one would care to quarrel." The father of Guy and his brother Vivian (also a very fine oar) was a very popular member of the Stock Exchange, and together the family formed a group such as the Playfords did about twenty years earlier. It may be worth mentioning that the last-named family have provided three winners of the Wingfield

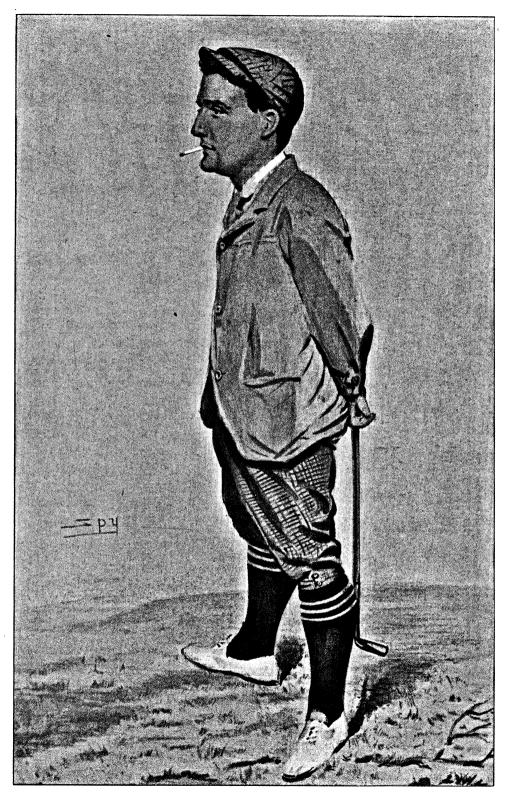
Sculls—Frank, the grand old man of the family, winning it in 1849, his brother H. H. winning it in 1854. A. A. Casamojor, who I understand was a clerk in their office, had the temerity to challenge his "boss" in 1855, and the ability to win the trophy with such indication of pace that he remained in unchallenged possession for the next five years. In 1875, Frank Playford the younger won the Scullers' Blue Ribbon for the first time.

There was general grief at either University when Benjie Cotton died. He was the cheeriest and kindest and best of little men. He was the youngest son of the late Lord Justice Cotton, and began his

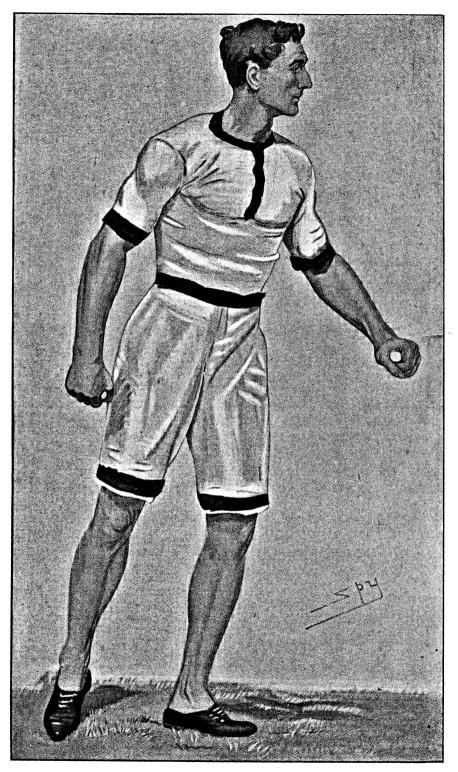


MR. SAMUEL MURE FERGUSSON. 1903. "Mure."

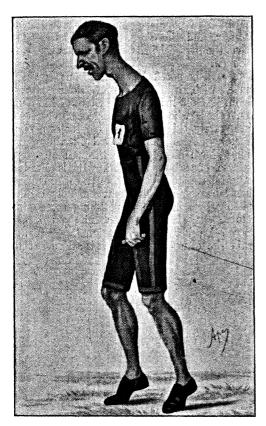
aquatic career by steering an Eton trial eight to victory. He never rowed for the Eton eight, but at Oxford became bow of the University crew. It was said that he was the smallest president of an Oxford crew ever



MR. HORACE HAROLD HILTON. 1903. "Hoylake."



MR. CHARLES BURGESS FRY. 1894. "Oxford Athletics."



MR. WALTER G. GEORGE. 1884. "The Champion of Champions."

known. He was retiring in disposition, had a keen humour, and was very independent. His death, which occurred at St. Moritz, was from consumption. He had already shown signs of becoming a good lawyer, and might have done great things if Fate had given him a chance.

Pitman, who was also cartooned in *Vanity Fair*, is an ornament to the Bar, where he is steadily progressing on the upward path. He is another of those Etonians who have done much for Oxford rowing. He is the seventh of eight brothers, one of whom, F. I. Pitman, was the famous Light Blue stroke of '84, '85, and '86.

"Jehu Junior" said of him : "He is a cheerful, wholesome boy, full of pluck ; he is a stroke of much judgment and an oar who always pulls his weight. He can tell a good story with pleasing inaccuracy, and he is often accused of unpunctuality, yet no one dislikes him." As a matter of fact, Mr. Pitman has a great sense of humour, a certain facility with the pen, and a head which is full of common sense. Legal success should be assured to him.

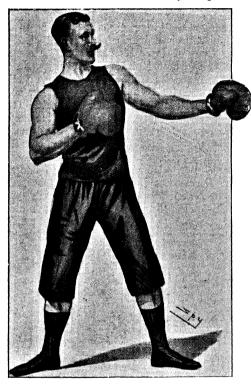
There was rowing blood in William Dudley Ward when he went to Eton, for his grandfather on his mother's side was the late Lord Esher, who was once No. 7 in a winning Cambridge eight. He was in a Cambridge eight which beat Oxford after a long series of Dark Blue successes. He was one of the best No. 7's that ever sat in a boat. As "Jehu Junior" said of him : "His hair is red, his complexion is of pink, and he is smooth and plump and pleasing. His views on punctuality are not ascetic; as a correspondent he is not hasty; and as a keeper of appointments he is quite casual; nevertheless, he can make a decent speech after dinner. He has been called 'Duddie,' 'the Terra-cotta Baby,' and 'the Cheeper,' but he is generally known as 'Dudley.'

Mr. Walter Erskine Crum, who was also



MR. GILBERT JORDAN. 1897. "O.U.A.C."

called "Crumbo," was an Etonian who did well for Oxford, and made a reputation for himself at Henley. His biographer, with the same cheerful impertinence that always characterises that worthy's opinions



CAPTAIN EDGEWORTH JOHNSTONE. 1896. "Hard Hitter."

in Vanity Fair, remarked: "His chief peculiarities are a beautiful complexion, a very frequent blush, a temper that will bear much chaff, and a chin that in times of depression looks as though it would fall off and explode on the floor; nevertheless, he is so generally liked that he gets their very best work out of his men, and, consequently, he makes an excellent Dark Blue president; his rowing is so exceedingly graceful, easy, and effective that he is probably one of the best No. 7's that ever sat in the boat. He is a cheerful, staunch friend, who displays much ignorance of our standard novelists."

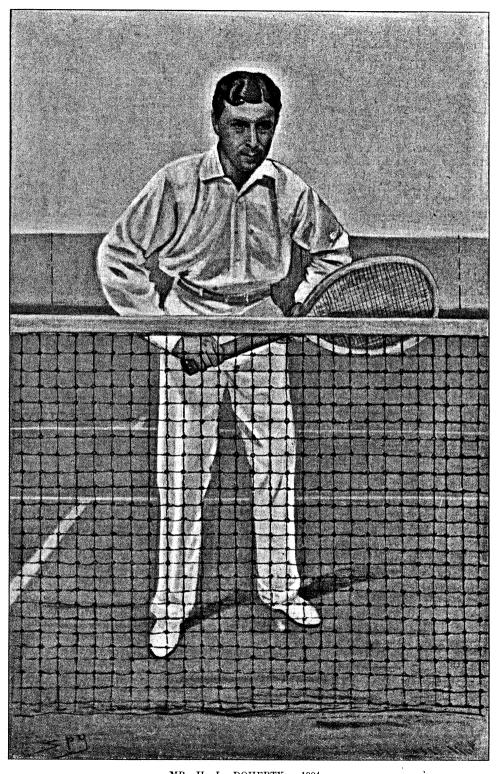
From the river I now turn to the golflinks. The number of golfers that have appeared in *Vanity Fair* up to the time of writing is not large. This deficiency is being rapidly supplied. Of course, in the early days of the paper, golf had not the position in popular estimation that it holds to-day, and, therefore, it was not till 1890 that the first celebrity of the links was cartooned.

It will be noted that the cartoons represent men with a serious and dour expression. Golf may be productive of humour, but those who are most successful therein are rarely of a light and frivolous character. Also those skilled in the game must have already gone through a severe course of self - repression. It is Vardon who tells a story of how, on a certain occasion, he came across a melancholy caddie sitting by a stream and polishing some golfclubs. "What on earth are you doing here?" asked the professional. "Well," said the caddie, "it's like this: I've got to



CAPTAIN ALFRED HUTTON. 1903. "Cold Steel."

clean these clubs better than I've ever cleaned them, then I've got to break them across my knee, and then I've got to throw 'em in the river." Yet I think the instructions issued by this irate golfer were surpassed by the



MR. H. L. DOHERTY. 1904. "Thrice Champion."

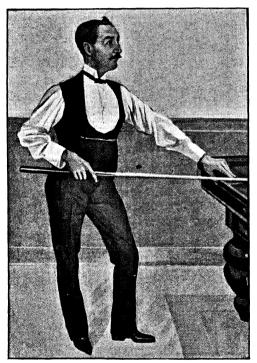
actions of an irate player at North Berwick, who, after finding himself in a long series of bunkers, borrowed a spade from a groundman, dug a hole, buried his ball in it, danced on the top, and then went home to lunch.

Golf, indeed, is prolific of stories. One that always amused me relates to a match between an Englishman and a Scotchman. They were all square on the seventeenth green. The Englishman drove, and went into some rushes; after the Scotchman had driven, they both went to look for the first player's ball. About five minutes elapsed.

and then the Scotchman sat down and lit his pipe, while his opponent continued to search. Though he could not find the ball, he was determined not to lose the match that way, so presently he dropped an old ball in the rushes, and cried out that he had found it. "Mon," said the Scotchman, "it's a lie that ye're telling; I've been sitting on your ba' for the last quarter of an hour."

Of caddie stories there is no end. I think one of the most amusing—though possibly the most familiar—is that of the saturnine caddie who watched the player for whom he was carrying play shot after shot in a bunker without emerging therefrom. Golf technicalities are hard to learn. It was only the other day that I heard an excellent example of this. The club-house had filled up at the tea-hour. A scratch player remarked that at a certain hole he hadn't driven more than a hundred yards "without the run." "Why, my dear fellow," said an admiring friend who had only just been introduced to the game, "I can't drive a hundred yards standing still."

Of golfers, Horace Hutchinson should come first, for he has done much by his writings to popularise the game. He was



MR. W. H. STEVENSON. 1905. "He might be champion if there were a championship."

The player had tried first an iron, then a mashie, lastly a niblick. In despair he turned to the caddie, saying : "What on earth shall I take now ?" "Take the 4.5 train," was the reply.

Again, there is the caddie who, on observing the player cut divot after divot from the excellent turf, suddenly exclaimed: "O Lord, man, hae mercy on puir auld Scotland!" or another—concerning whom Mr. Balfour tells the story—who remarked to a distinguished general, who had gone hopelessly astray: "Come, come, old gentleman. This will never do." tion; he is a ready talker, who likes to play golf in light canvas shoes, and, being a sort of C. B. Fry of golf, he is not easy to put off his stroke, while he can write well of the sport of which he is a master."

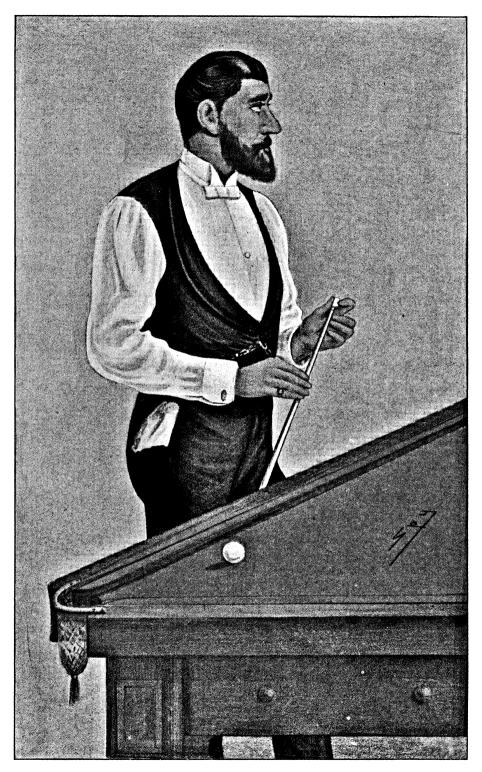
Mr. Samuel Mure Fergusson was born and bred in Scotland, but has lived most of his time in England. He is a man of strong personality and downright speech.

The cartoon of Captain Hutton is an admirable one, though by an artist who desires to remain anonymous. Captain Hutton was, in succession, an ensign in the 79th Highlanders, a lieutenant in the 7th Hussars,

brought up among golfers; at school at Westward Ho! he learnt something of ancient things, and more about the royal and ancient game. He began to win medals at sixteen, and has not yet stopped. To his writings on golf there is no end : but he has a light and pleasant touch which makes everything he produces extremely readable.

Mr. John Ball, junior, was also brought up on the golf-links, for he was born at Hoylake, and learnt to play on that admirable course. It was always said that if he could put better, he would have been invincible.

"Jehu Junior" described Mr. Hilton as "clever, alert, and full of determina-



MR. JOHN ROBERTS. 1885. "The Champion Roberts."



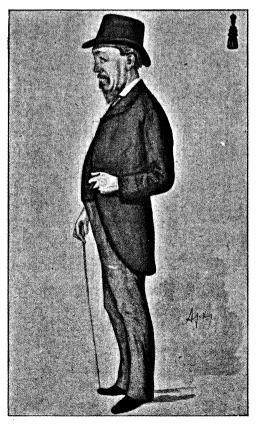
CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB. 1875. "Swam the Channel."

and captain in the King's Dragoon Guards. After that he retired from the Service. He has delivered many lectures on ancient and modern fencing, and has arranged I don't know how many tournaments. He has made deep historical researches, and is a great authority on weapons of all descriptions. Dressed for the part, he would make an admirable *hidalgo* of Spain of the days when the sword was something more than an ornament.

Captain Edgeworth Johnstone, having won the boxing championship of Dublin and the Army championship, became amateur heavyweight champion of England. He was famed for his hard hitting. "Jehu Junior" said of him : "He is a perfect terror with his right; he stands over six feet and weighs thirteen stone seven. As a soldier he has seen service three times on the West Coast of Africa, and has been twice mentioned in despatches; for he knows no fear. He can play cricket, and has done so for the Gentlemen of Ireland; yet, like all big men, he is quite modest."

The men who have distinguished themselves on the running track have not been numerous in *Vanity Fair*. One of those who appeared, however, was Mr. Gilbert Jordan, who was one of the finest sprinters that Oxford ever turned out. He won the "hundred" and the "quarter" at Oxford when he was a freshman, winning the same races in the Inter-University Sports, where he had the further distinction of beating that notable young Cantab, Fitzherbert, though that runner subsequently had his revenge.

Another and more famous runner was the great Mr. Walter George. Mr. George was, perhaps, the most famous runner of our times; he was deservedly known as the champion of champions. He stood five feet eleven and a half and weighed eleven stone four. On April 7th, 1884, he ran, at the London Athletic Spring Meeting, ten miles in fifty-one minutes twenty seconds, this being the fastest ten miles ever known to have been run by human foot. In 1886 he ran a mile in four minutes twelve and three-quarter seconds—a record that still



MR. J. H. BLACKBURNE. 1888. "Chess."

stands to this day. His courage and endurance were marvellous. The prizes he won amounted to several thousands of pounds. It is something to have left records that have not been beaten for twenty years, despite American competition and the extraordinary improvement in "times" caused by the "specialisation" of our athletes.

Of the successes with the bat achieved by Mr. Charles Fry, who appears here as an athlete, I have already spoken in a previous article. He is amongst the few who have attained the triple "Blue," and, what is, I think, quite without parallel, attained to the very highest rank in each of the branches of athletics in which this honour was awarded him. For not only was he the cricket captain and president of the athletic club at Oxford, but captain of the Association football team as well.

At Oxford, in March, 1893, he jumped 23 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which for some time after was the long-jump record. He also won the long-jump at the inter-University sports in 1892-3-4, and dead-heated (with A. Ramsbotham) for the 100 yards in 1893, the struggle being one of the finest ever witnessed at these historic gatherings. Since those far-off days he has played football for England, and proved himself at cricket one of the greatest run-getters of the age.

It was many years ago that that all-round athlete, Mr. William Henry Grenfell-now Lord Desborough-was caricatured by "Spy." It would be difficult to know under which section of sports and athletics to classify so strenuous a champion. He was a fine runner, a good cricketer, an excellent oar, and a sound man across country. Despite his athletic successes at the University, he proved himself a scholar of distinction. The climbing of the Matterhorn, the swimming of Niagara, the crossing of the Channel in a clinker-built eight, and the punting championship of the Thames, were for him all in the day's work. In political life he has further distinguished himself for sound common sense.

The Dohertys are a united family—in a tennis sense. All three play the game finely, all were educated at St. Peter's College, Westminster, and all were presidents of their University tennis clubs. To complete the confusion, R. F. D. and H. L. D. were both at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and have, in each other's society, won championships without number. As "Jehu Junior" said of them in 1904 : "To identify the two champions I append some points. R. F. D. is of an artistic taste in dress which leads to sundry violations of the common code: H. L. D. is content to follow the more prevailing fashion in costume; R. F. D. is long, and H. L. D. is short; R. F. D. drives a horse, and H. L. D. a motor-car : R. F. D. has the appearance of one who is not neglectful of his own merits, H. L. D. has not yet learnt to swagger; lastly, R. F. D. was the open champion, and H. L. D. is the present holder. H. L. Doherty is pale of face and slight of figure. How he covers the court as he does is a tennis mystery. He is extraordinarily active and sagacious. Nothing worries him."

If George was the greatest of runners, Captain Webb was undoubtedly the greatest of our swimmers. He was of an adventurous and restless disposition, and, after leaving the training-frigate the Conway, went sailoring in many parts of the world. When in a mail-steamer coming from America, he jumped overboard in a half-gale after a man who had fallen into the sea, took off his clothes under water, and was not picked up for half an hour. For this he received two medals; and upon this he determined to address himself specially to the art of swimming. Full-blooded, with a free and ready circulation and a tremendous chest, he was fitted for any task in the water. It was on the 25th August, 1874, the year before he was cartooned in Vanily Fair, that he swam the Channel, after having been twenty-one hours and three-quarters in the water and having gone over forty miles in distance. He was a simple-minded man, indisposed to over-advertise himself, and very shy. When he spoke, it was bluntly and honestly.

In John Roberts and Stevenson we have the two principals in a recent and important billiard battle. John Roberts has been well described as the W. G. Grace of British billiards. In bearing he is at once resolute and dignified, nor would his bow disgrace a beau of the eighteenth century. He plays with an ease and strength and confidence that have ever distinguished him amongst his rivals. He has seen introduced, and mastered the knowledge of, inventions undreamt of in the 'seventies : the "top of the table "play, the low cushions, the "nursery" cannon, the abandonment of the "losing hazard" as the backbone of the professional's game, the rise and fall of the spot strokehe has passed through each new test of skill with increasing reputation; and now may spend his years in the knowledge that for

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a quarter of a century he was the master of English billiards.

H. W. Stevenson approaches more nearly than any other player to the perfections of Roberts. If Roberts is the Grace of billiards, Stevenson is its Ranjitsinhji. He is a hardheaded north-countryman. He claims to have made more breaks of over five hundred, under the new rules, than any other player. His most gigantic total was 802. As "Jehu Junior" said in the conclusion of his character sketch of the two great billiard-players : "The day is long past when the billiardsaloon was held to be a temptation to youth : and denounced as the chosen haunt of sharpers and blacklegs. That the respectability and merits of the game have been established in general estimation is in no small measure due to such men as these two abstemious, hard-working professionals."

Mr. Blackburne, the chessboard hero, was a precocious player at draughts. Later he took to chess, nine months after his initiation playing, and beating, a provincial champion. In 1867 he became champion of Great Britain, and was undoubtedly one of the finest players that ever lived. As a blindfold player he was most renowned, and in this position has had no serious rival. He once played as many as fifteen stiff games simultaneously with his back to the board.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON, Editor of "Vanity Fair."

The foregoing article is the ninth of

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LITTLE ESSON.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opens in the chief studio of the artists' colony at Creelport-on-Dee, where Mina, daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, Claude Hilliard, makes a dramatic entrance, and, vowing that she has left her brutal father's house for ever, declares her readiness to be the wife of the first of the young artists whose vague love-making in the past shall now become an offer of marriage. In her heart she hopes that one Hunter Mayne will speak first, but the silence is broken by youthful Terence Fairweather, who is already marked down by consumption. This chivalrous youth escorts the hysterical girl to the house of his aunt, Lady Grainger, a little way out of the town, and shortly afterwards the young couple are married, but not before Mina has had a dour time with Terry's relatives, Lady Grainger and her spiteful daughter Hilda. The latter has hoped to marry her cousin Terry, and in revenge threatens to exploit certain letters previously written by Mina to Hunter Mayne. Terry refuses to take the letters into account, and Mina is protected from her drunken father by the venerable minister, Dr. John Broadbent, and his sister, Miss Bee, at the Manse. Terry and his wife are next seen spending their honeymoon in the Engadine, but Terry is already doomed, and Mina nurses him with a very tender devotion to the end. On his deathbed Terry tells his wife that he leaves her a very rich woman, from sources unknown to his family. His father, when in danger of his life in Britain, invested large sums in France. That money has accumulated, and Terry now says: ''I have left two-thirds of my fortune, so much as is known to exist in England, away from you—to my aunt, Lady Grainger, and her daughter. I have left you, as far as Britain is concerned, only your strict legal third. I have so diminished my properties in England that you will be a poor woman, with little more than the necessities of life—that is, so far as the people of Creelport are to know. Dear, I have one thing to ask you, only one: when

CHAPTER VIII.

FLECKIE POLISHES THE SILVER.

THE various coteries which composed genteel Creelport clicked on their way as if run by well-oiled clockwork. For the most part they had almost ceased to occupy themselves with the affairs of Mina Fairweather, when something happened which briskly renewed their interest.

Mina's father, Claude Hilliard, "got converted."

There could be no doubt about the matter. And the marvel was something more than a nine days' one. He had even appeared on the platform of Amen Hall and stated the case himself. He had also prayed for his two rebellious children, whom he furthermore stated his intention of forgiving in the most Christian spirit. To clinch the matter, he announced his intention of giving up his great barn of a family residence in the West Borough, which (at someone else's expense) was to be "converted" into a spiritual gymnasium or wrestling-home, where all those whose hearts were "moved " could meet together to pray for the hardened and the unregenerate of their several families. These were to be mentioned by name and their failings specified, and those who knew Creelport best foresaw trouble in the suggestion —as also some interest for outsiders.

It is hardly needful to say that Claude Hilliard's "change of heart" had not been the work of any of the regular ecclesiastical organisations, or even of the recognised missions connected with the Creelport churches. A strolling evangelist, appearing from nowhere in particular, had called on the owner of Amen Hall—a prominent grocer in the town, whom the refusal of a spirit-licence, through the joint efforts of Dr. John and the other ministers, had driven into antagonism to all recognised means of grace.

Claude Hilliard, alone of all Creelport, was a changed man by the efforts of that singlehanded evangelist, Mr. Simon Broolie. Into the face of ministers and office-bearers, elders and deacons, in the face even of well-rooted "bodies" such as the "Brethren" and the Salvation Army, Claude nightly flung himself like a taunt. What they with their organisations and their staffs of workers, their street-preachings and their private "means of grace," had been unable to do in thirty years, an ordinary, unpretending man, depending for his livelihood on the nightly collections (Mr. Hilliard hoped they would be liberal), had effected. The Blue Lion knew him no more. He occupied no longer his wonted seat in the bar-parlour of the Three Sea Dogs, where Antiquary Jamie

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(that sorely lost man !) continued to tell his unhallowed tales.

Claude Hilliard was not only converted, but he seemed resolved that everyone else should hear of it. It was in the course of this mission, which he proclaimed publicly in Amen Hall, that he appeared for the first time one afternoon in April at his daughter's door. He wore, as it seemed, the same suit as always, the same boots, tie, and hat—all a little shabbier, a little more pretentious, if possible, than of yore. He carried, in addition, a rosette compounded of blue and white and red, fraught with mystic meanings and esoteric perfections, in his buttonhole.

It was Fleckie Itherword who opened the door.

"Be good enough to say to Mrs. Fairweather, my daughter, that her father desires to speak with her."

"The mistress is no in the hoose," said Fleckie firmly.

"Then she will be at the Manse," said Mr. Claude Hilliard, who studied habits. "I will come in and wait in the parlour. Be good enough to tell her I am here !"

And he made as if to enter, but the huge figure of the dairy-lass resolutely barred the door.

"Na," she said, "I hae heard how ye gied my auntie the begunk (cheat) at the Manse, but ye'll no try your tricks wi' Fleckie Itherword. Certes, no ! This is a hoose that I hae been pitten in charge o', and I promised, before I gied in my notice to Andro Banchory, that I wad quit it neither by day nor nicht, as lang as my mistress was a single woman. Gin ye hae a message, leave it and be ganu. For into this hoose ye dinna come, sae lang as this wee nieve sticks to this wee airm !"

And Fleckie shook the fist of a heavyweight prize-fighter immediately under Mr. Claude Hilliard's nose.

It chanced, however, by ill-luck, that just then Mina came out of the little gate which opened Manseward through the quickset hedge. She turned pale at the sight of the man on her threshold, and would have shrunk back. But her father approached her hastily with his hand outstretched.

"Mina," he said in a strained throat voice contracted upon the platform at Amen Hall, "I have experienced a change of heart, and it is my heart's dearest wish to deliver my children also from the degrading bondage of that iniquity which has held their father so long !"

The girl was trembling, and when Claude

Hilliard came near, as if to take her in his arms on the spot, she drew back with a little cry of horror, which bronght the sympathetic Fleckie instantly to her side.

"Will I *mell* him?" she said, looking anxiously at her mistress for directions; "juist say the word! My auntie Lummy bade me be on the look-oot for a lang-leggit loon gye like this yin!"

Mina faintly shook her head, and finally she was able to command herself so far as to bid her father enter the house, and there to speak anything that he had got to say. But even thus, so strong was her physical loathing for the man that she could not help keeping the willing Fleckie between her and her father as they entered the little cottage.

Greatly to Claude Hilliard's disgust, and also to the no little astonishment of her mistress, Fleckie persisted in accompanying father and daughter into the sitting-room of Dickie's cottage. Nor would she go out, even at the request of her mistress.

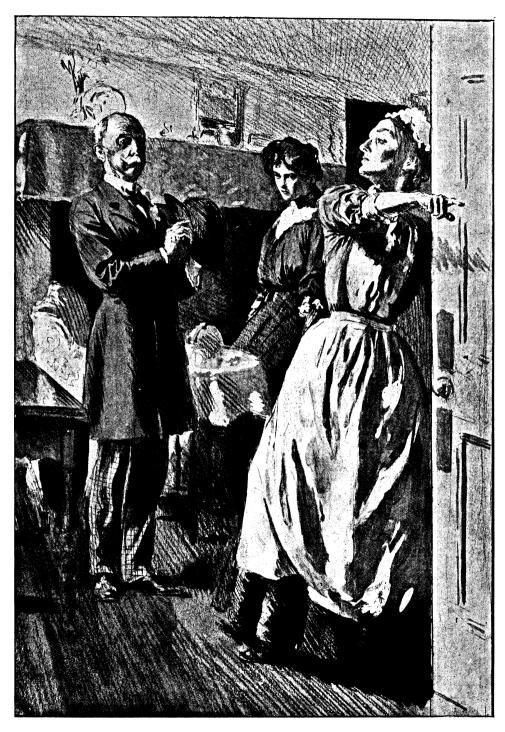
"Na," she said simply; "Lummy and Miss Bee bade me no to leave ye, at ony time when ye might need me, nicht or day. And, faith, by the look o' this carl, I'm thinkin' that ye micht need me sharp and sair. Forbye, Fleckie has een in her head, mistress, and she can see that ye are no so very proud to be seein' him ava'! As likely as no, he will be seekin' siller aff ye. Na, na, mem, Fleckie Itherword has been kenned a' her life for a still tongue. She never spak' a word o' her mistress's affairs, or even her maister Andro Banchory's, great hullion that he was. Say your say, the twa o' ye, and while ye are at your talks, I'll juist be giein' a bit clean to the bonny silver knives and forks in the drawer here !"

Mr. Claude had a certain difficulty in breaking the ice. There was, it must be admitted, a good deal of ice to break.

"I hope you do not bear any malice for the past," he said at last. "Ill-feeling in families is a sin against God and man. You have heard that I have given up my house to be a gathering-place of those desirous of awakening their hard-hearted relatives, without the interference of timeserving priests or lukewarm ministers."

"I have heard," said Mina coldly. It did not seem to be her own voice that was speaking.

"Well, Mina," continued Claude Hilliard a little more easily, and hastening on to his real business, "I was sorry to hear that your husband used you so ill—after—after all you had given up for him. It was not what I



"'And keep a civil tongue in your head, my mannie!""

should have expected of Terence Fairweather; and, indeed, I may say, if you had consulted *me*, I should have insisted at the time that matters should have been arranged quite differently. I would have used my parental authority. I had, I flatter myself, some influence with the young man; and then, a father can always arrange such things better——"

"If you have anything to say," broke in his daughter, with difficulty restraining herself, "say it and begone !"

"Begone? My child speaks thus to me ! Begone !" cried the fond parent, deeply astonished and hurt. "Did my ears hear aright? I came with the olive-branch, and is this my answer?"

Again Mina showed manifest signs of impatience, and the huge guardian angel, laying a fork on the sideboard, looked up to her mistress wistfully, as if pleading for instructions.

"But affliction has, I trust, softened you, and the society of the blessed Messenger of Awakening will complete what has been begun. It was, you will be astonished to hear, chiefly for *your* sake that I gave up my house in the West Borough."

At this truly astounding piece of information Mina looked up hastily.

"Yes," continued her father, "I too have known sorrow and disappointment. I also have struggled with too narrow means. I believe -I am led to believe—that you have a spare bedroom in this house. It is small, of course -not what I have been accustomed to, but it is the day of small things with me, and for your soul's sake, Mina, I consent to accept I will share your poverty with you, it. It is, besides, not at all fitting that Mina. a young lady, the daughter of Claude Hilliard, and a scion of the ancient house of Kilterlilty, should live thus alone. People are censorious. Tongues wag; but with a father to protect you, to care for you with all the depth of a

Mina held up her hand imperiously.

"That will do," she said. "You are in my house. This once, but never again, do you enter! You forget, sir—I have tasted your affection—I shall bear the marks on my body to the grave. And as for censorious tongues, you know on whose account these have followed me all my life. I do not fear them now—less now than ever! They have done their worst!"

He began again.

"Have you forgot the Fifth Commandment: 'Honour thy father ------'?" "Ah," said Mina with sudden bitterness, "I have no father. I never had a father. I only remember a butcher, a sot, a cruel tyrant. On the earth I never knew a father. I own no obligation to the mad dog that bit me. Yet, in spite of all, I would not quite forget what you might have been. You have wasted your children's bread, yet will I not see you starve. But it shall be done in my own time and way. I bid you 'Good-bye' here and now. I desire never to look upon your face again !"

Whereupon Claude Hilliard, forgetting his recent change of heart, was beginning to curse his daughter in words and phrases more appropriate to the Three Sea Dogs than to Amen Hall. But Fleckie Itherword, rising so suddenly that she seemed to fill the whole end of the room, opened the door for him, and motioned him to pass out with a wave of the arm which burst a seam of the refitted dress from elbow to armpit.

"And keep a civil tongue in your head, my mannie!" she counselled him. "I hae handled muckle Andro Banchory when he was rampin' in his corruption like a threeyear-auld, and I could juist find it in my heart to mak' champit pitaties o' a speldron like you—aye, and never breathe mysel' at the job!"

Thus was Claude Hilliard broken on the rock of his daughter's resolve, and the flintiness of her heart furnished matter for many telling personal applications delivered under the zinc roof of Amen Hall.

And when the local banker wrote to Claude Hilliard, Esq., late of Kilterlilty, that a client (who desired that his name should be kept a secret) had placed twenty pounds to his (the said Claude Hilliard's) account, and had furthermore intimated through a London agent that the same would be continued quarterly during his lifetime, in remembrance of ancient ties now broken, Claude carried the letter about everywhere, contrasting the heaven-sent liberality of the unknown donor with the cruel behaviour of his undutiful daughter, Mina Fairweather.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRIDE OF "PITCH-AND-TOSS."

Now, the world which the artists had created for themselves in Creelport-on-Dee was quite a world apart. Indeed, it might have been in a different planet, save for the vague ties of accounts more or less regularly settled at Yellowlees the baker's, Pinson the butcher's, and with Davie Sloan the coal-merchant at the goods' station yard.

At this period the Creelport people felt no pride in the "that penter bodies" and turned away their heads in shame when complimented on the presence among them of a distinguished artistic colony. The cast-iron footbridge recently erected across to the tweed-mills on the Kirkanders shore, the sanitary arrangements of the new Board School, and the red-brick model stables erected by the enterprising firm of Bibby and Co., horsedealers and livery-stable keepers. (an evesore far and near), were the true source of civic pride to the inhabitants of the ancient burgh of Creelport. Not artistic fame, but a new auction mart, was, the provost declared, the crying need of the town. And he carried the popular voice with him.

The artists, on the contrary, resented Bibby's abortion in red brick, and manœuvred their easels to keep the iron bridge out of their pictures, but on the whole they let the Creelport world wag along the way it would, contented with themselves and their accommodation—as much apart from Creelport's every-day world—as (say) the early Christians in the Catacombs, chaunting their hymns, while over their head rolled the turmoil and pother of Imperial Rome.

To them—or at least to some of them— Mina's return was less of a problem and an astonishment. *They* understood her desire for quiet. They understood, or thought they did, how it was that Terry Fairweather had forgotten to alter his will after he married. No one of them, except perhaps Hunter Mayne, ever thought of making a will. As Little Esson said : "When a fellow drops, what does it matter who gets his colour-box and traps?"

But it was vivid of heart and quick of sympathy, that little turps-smelling colony. Its members let Mina alone for some months after her arrival. They even forgave her going so often to church, putting it down (with large-minded tolerance) to her recent bereavement.

But, though not greatly church-going, the heart of the artistic set was good and loyal and kind—far more Christian in spirit, indeed, in spite of current eccentricities, than many communities of more rigid pretensions. They were neither Pharisees nor Sadducees. Appreciation of the good and the genuine was quick and sure among them. Especially they were great on "making allowances." If anyone "went wrong," man or woman, they knew exactly how it had happened, and not only never threw the first stone, but carefully covered up all the obvious stone-heaps along the sinner's way, so that others, less charitable, might find as little ammunition as possible.

As Dr. John himself said : "They were far from bad lads, with a good deal of misapplied religion running to seed among them."

For one thing (and it helps us to understand them), these young fellows, careless and flighty as they were, and apt to be disorganised by the mere flutter of a petticoat, established a sort of board of control as soon as it was known that Mina was coming back to Creelport. It was Little Esson, with his long head, that genius with the soft, womanish, brown eyes, who had suggested Fleckie Itherword to Miss Bee. It was that headstrong, dogmatic "cowp-the-cart" John Glencairn who arranged the steady policing of Jerome Hilliard, so that it was many weeks before his sister ever set eyes upon him.

And this was no easy matter, either. It belonged to the nature of things that Jerome Hilliard was at bitter variance with his He was making no money, or very father. little. Terry Fairweather could not buy his pictures any more, and it was, he averred, all nonsense about Myn being left poor. He knew better. Mina and he had always been good friends. She was alone. It was her duty, therefore, to share her home with him. As long as he, Jerome Hilliard, lived, his sister should not want the support and protection which only a loving brother can afford.

But Little Esson, who suffered him (with a great sufferance) to lie upon the shakedown which he, Esson, regularly made up on the floor in the corner of the studio, resolved that he would push Mr. Jerome Hilliard over the embankment down by the quay some dark night when the tide was high, rather than have on his soul the guilt of blood by leaving Mina to face Jerome's nightly return.

Briefly, so well did they police Master Jerome, night and day, that for months he never walked the streets without an armed guard on either side of him. When he entered a room, the bolt was pushed behind him, and the key had to be fished out of somebody's trouser-pocket before he could get out again.

Somehow or other, it happened that the colony had news of Miss Mina nearly every day, for, after all, Creelport is a small place. But with a delicacy which did them, as Dr. John said, infinite honour, they refrained from reclaiming her as a lapsed member of their jovial fellowship. It was clearly not to be thought of, that Mina, so lately a widow, young, beautiful, and full of life, with such a father and such a brother, should run in and out of studios, as she had done when she was a girl in short frocks.

Esson it was who put this with great force and clearness. The others assented with some reluctance. First, said Esson, let Mina establish herself with good friends of her own, such as she would meet with at the Manse of Dr. John—and then, why, they would see.

"Very well for you, you humbug, Esson !" said John Glencairn, "you who have been a favourite with Miss Bee ever since she nursed you through that sham fever of yours. You can sneak up there whenever you like—but how about the rest of us ?

In speaking of these grave deliberations, let it be understand that Hunter Mayne and his friend Frobisher were not now members of the gang. They had quite separated from the "boys," strictly so called. Perhaps it was because they desired to put away childish things, perhaps for other reasons. At any rate, his new studio and a new circle of friends made Hunter Mayne a comparatively rare visitor at the old "Pitch-and-Toss," as Esson's studio was called, from the odour of tar which pervaded it, as well as from the life-on-the-ocean-wave which its building materials had previously led.

When Mayne and Frobisher went visiting of an evening, it was reported credibly that they mostly found themselves at Broom Lodge, where Miss Hilda Grainger and a young college friend instructed them in conic sections. But this, like most Creelport histories, was almost certainly devoid of foundation.

As John Glencairn had not obscurely hinted, Esson did indeed first meet Mina Fairweather face to face within the hospitable drawing-room of the Manse. The others They had had held by their engagements. been content to lift their hats to Mina; but a faint pale smile and a slight bow had hitherto been the extent of their recompense. the responsibility of Generally, indeed, Jerome, and the necessity of "bullying" him down a side street upon catching a glimpse of that slender figure in black far up the sunlit road, had given them enough to occupy their minds so long as Mina remained in view.

The conspirators, in addition to Fuzzy Wells, John Glencairn, and Esson, now included Tom MacBrayne, otherwise called

Father Prout, because of his years and sturdy beard, and two new-comers, the brothers Barnetson. These all took shares in the Mina Fairweather Protection Society, Limited. Esson was, of course, chief organiser, Fuzzy Wells the Society's conscience in the decision of doubtful questions of right and wrong, while John Glencairn was King's justicer, vituperator, jailor, and occasionally executioner. The juniors did as Esson and the others bade them—except, that is, old Father Prout, who did so also because he was lazy. and it was too much trouble to contradict "the boys."

The conspiracy worked to a marvel, and without very much jealousy. Perhaps this was because all the fellows, except Esson and old Prout, had certain little private "affairs" of their own on tap, at different stages of interest, though Mina remained to all of them at once a divinity and a cult.

With Hunter Mayne and his satellite Frobisher it was, of course, different. But we will come to them presently. Creelport is not a metropolis, but its population is just as varied and interesting, besides being a good deal more easily classified. What Hunter Mayne thought about Mrs. Terence Fairweather, and why he thought it, deserves a chapter to itself—indeed, several. But Creelport is a leisurely place, and its chronicles may well be so also.

Little Esson met Mina in Miss Bee's drawing-room, and by consequence Mina met Little Esson. So far they were equal. But Mina had not known, whereas Little Esson had collogued with Miss Bee several times immediately before, and had watched with a battered opera-glass from his studio roof till he had seen Mina clear the arch of quickset on her way to the Manse. Then, just a little ashamed of the opera-glass, and taking a back street to escape the sharp eyes of John Glencairn, Esson hastened through the white gate and presented himself at the front door of the Manse.

Men's emotions may look after themselves. This history follows the more attractive feelings of Mina. The real interest of life consists of what women feel, and what men do in consequence.

"Mr. Esson !" exclaimed Mina, shrinking back a little by instinct, with a faint moistening of the eyelashes, produced by the thought of Terry, then suddenly and impulsively holding out both her hands. "I did not know—that—that you were here. I have not seen anyone—belonging to the studios—since I came back !" And as she spoke, the pattern on the old threadbare carpet which covered the model's *daïs* appeared before her eyes, plain to be seen. She smelled the smell of ancient bars of soap, which would persist, in spite of frequent swabbings of eau-de-cologne, in disengaging itself from the interstices of the throne on which Hunter Mayne had painted her as a Venetian flower-girl, and Esson in a score of studies, each more dainty than the others.

Thinking of these things, the dark eyes of misty violet, into which Esson had looked so often—for purely professional reasons, he told himself—grew yet more vaporous till they seemed millions of millions of miles away from him. What was she thinking? Not of him, at any rate. Esson knew that very well, and, indeed, expected nothing better.

And Mina? Well, the truth was that her early youth had come back strongly to her. Even the image of Terry receded. A woman may throw overboard a lifetime at a sudden call of the heart. But that is when there is a man she loves in the question. Yet, once left alone, the earlier years swiftly wipe out the later, and she becomes again very much what she was before tempered, it may be, by knowledge and experience.

Mina had feared and hated her father, never having known the smallest reason for doing anything else. She had avoided and distrusted her brother. All the kindnesses of her life had been shown her by strangers --chiefly by that little rough-and-ready colony of artist lads. But she had always cared most for Hunter Mayne. That was different. He had been good to her as a little child—indulgent when she grew to be a romping girl, protective at the awkward corner of life, just before she found out how easily she could queen it among men. Yes, what use to deny it ?--once she had loved him, and now, sitting in the parlour of the Manse, with Dr. John beaming upon her mildly, golden - spectacled, with Miss Bee bustling round the tea-table, and Little Esson adoring her like a goddess with his big, brown eyes, she was still thinking of Hunter Mayne, and-shame upon her !trying to invent excuses for him.

"And are we never to see you again in the old place—Mrs.—eh— Fairweather?" Little Esson achieved his speech, when Dr. John had resumed his study of the distant band of blue sea, cut midway by the twin brown streaks of the estuary sands and the mud-banks through which the Dee carried its vaguely navigable channel to the sea.

Meanwhile Miss Bee, who had learned (a great lesson) when to be out of the way, was insulting Lummy, who smiled openly in her face, with certain instructions held unnecessary by that functionary.

"It's no worth your pains," said Lummy, pointing over her shoulder with a jerk of her thumb; "ye can gang ben and bide there. Yon's no the lad!"

"I will thank you to hold your tongue, Lummy," said Miss Bee sharply, "and do not meddle with what does not concern you !"

"Aweel," said Lummy, "I'll try." But when ye come in here to my pantry and spend ten minutes tellin' me, Lummy Itherword, how to set a tea-table, and how to push in the chairs, Lord, sirs, the verra Apostle Paul himsel' couldna help thinkin'!"

Profiting by the quiet of the room and the gentle look in the eyes of the girl in black, Little Esson again proffered his request, adding: "It has been lonely ever since nobody except old Betty Lookower, who comes on Saturdays to clean us up a bit, and some little girls I wanted for a nutgathering picture—"

"I was the last she-slip to stand upon the soap-boxes, I suppose?" said Mina, smiling more like her old self.

"And the pictures ?" she went on. "You march, I hear, from success to success !"

"Very likely," said Esson, with a grimace ; "but successes, like curses, sometimes come home to roost. It has been a good year for painting, but a bad one for selling. Most of our immortal works are back in the studio with their faces to the wall. But the frames come in handy."

"Yes, I understand," said Mina, with the quick look of comradeship which comes from living where poverty is the common lot.

"But we rub along," said Esson, hastening to make as little as possible of the difficulties of the colony, the members of which, like the early Christians, had most things in common; "we are still smoking bird's-eye."

"I remember your rule," said Mina, actually smiling brightly : "when you get to your last half-crown, spend it on Egyptian cigarettes."

A glow of satisfaction warmed Little Esson's breast. She was talking again seemed glad to recall old things. The world was not quite lived out for her—nor, perhaps, for the little colony at Pitch-and-Toss. Jerome Hilliard was what bothered him, but that problem he would think out later. If nothing better occurred, they would send him out to sea in a herringsmack, with the Barnetson brothers to take care of him.

At any rate, the fate of Mina's brother was a question for discussion in conclave. What Esson had to do at present was to wile their Pride back among them. Pitchand-Toss had never been the same since Terry Fairweather carried her off. There were other girls in Creelport, it was true, but they were so far inferior to Miss Hilliard that a fellow only used to walk with them if he couldn't have Mina.

"Well," said the girl at last, "perhaps, if Miss Bee will go with me, I will come so far to see the pictures."

"Nay," said Miss Bee promptly, "you are the married woman. It is you who must chaperon me. I am not going to venture among these gay young blades on any other footing."

At this they all laughed, and Mina was soon full of the gossip of the Painter's Camp. Only the ready Esson never mentioned either Hunter Mayne or her brother Jerome.

When Little Esson entered the big, blackbeamed studio, with its wide built-on chimney, that night, he was not well received.

"You are a pretty fellow!" began John Glencairn aggressively. "You're Coventried, d'ye hear? You're quodded ! I wondered what was up when I saw you sneak past my place, like Brer Fox off to the nearest chicken-coop. And spying up on the roof with these tumbler-bottoms of yours done up in leather—ugh ! Esson, you are really too much of a sweep even for kicking."

"Shut up, man!" cried Esson. "You interminable, rasping, ungreased barrow-wheel! Why, when you were grousing and growling here, I was doing the best day's work for Old Pitch-and-Toss that has ever been done —since we lost her."

"What? What? What? Out with it!" Half-a-dozen voices bade him stand and deliver.

"Shan't, unless you apologise!" said Esson, planting himself firmly before the fire. "Glencairn, I mean!"

"Shan't ! See him—see him further first !" cried Glencairn.

"Pound him !" shouted the others. "You pound, and we'll hold him !" cried Wells and the Barnetson brothers together. But John Glencairn seized a long pole with a spike on one end of it, which was used for arranging windows and skylight blinds.

"If a man-jack of you touches me," he

cried, "I swear I'll put this plunk through the middle of 'April Smiles'!"

This was Little Esson's masterpiece, which, framed, and on the great easel, awaited only the never-achieved finishing touches.

"She's coming back—she has promised !" cried Little Esson, quelling one storm and at the same time raising another.

Old Pitch-and-Toss well deserved its name as the "boys" danced about the uneven floor — both those who remembered the former things, and those who had heard, as in a tale that is told, of the beauty and grace of Miss Mina Hilliard.

But before long a graver shade overspread the faces of the three seniors, the Old Guard of Mina's idolators.

"Well, Esson," said Fuzzy Wells, with the air of one who puts a poser, "that would be the best news of the year, but for one thing. What are you going to do with Jerome?"

"Shut up, you fellows, there !" shouted Glencairn, "or we will fire you ! This isn't a time to be rotting like so many crabs in a basket."

As MacBrayne and the brothers were scuffling on the floor, a sofa-leg cracked, and a pile of "traps"—portfolios, tin boxes, and miscellaneous gear—tumbled to the ground.

"Hold a survey of the damage, and make them pay up on the spot," said John Glencairn; "that's the only way with bad children ! Here goes :---

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"One third part adjudged payable by MacBrayne, Dick Barnetson, and Bullfrog of that ilk. How often does three go in one-and-ten, Fuzzy? Your father's a banker—you ought to know. Shilling apiece —that won't do—too much, you say. Well, do it for yourselves. Eightpence each, and tuppence to me for the actuarial work and the general fuss. Now, you fellows, pay up, or out you go !"

"Yes," said the other two seniors, as in duty bound backing up Glencairn, "pay him or go out !"

It was the rule of Old Pitch-and-Toss, and the three malefactors handed over, growling under their breath, yet fearing to be fined for bad language if they spoke out their minds. Glencairn dropped the cash into a large, battered tin-canister marked prominently with the words. "POORS' BOX."

nently with the words, "POORS' BOX." But the problem of Jerome Hilliard was still to face.

"I know both the Chief Constable and the Sheriff," said John Glencairn, who had bold ideas and peremptory ways. "Get him to assault somebody, and I can easily get the beast thirty days, or even three months."

But Fuzzy Wells pointed out that this would never do, in so much as it could not add to Mina's happiness to have her brother to Amen Hall, and see if *they* can't reform him, as they did his father. Who knows? At any rate, it's a chance."

CHAPTER X.

THE CONVERSION OF JEROME HILLIARD, LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

AMEN HALL was an ugly, squat building, situated on a cross street, in what Mr. Jeelypiece, the owner, was pleased to consider the "slums" of the town. It was, in fact, the only old and historic portion of



"With ignoble vigour shook the very horns out of it."

haled along the Creelport streets by the minions of the law, or to know, each time she raised her eyes to the battlements of the New Jail, that a near relative was languishing there on cold water and skilly.

Then Little Esson propounded his scheme for carrying Hilliard off in a fishing-smack.

"Dangerously like kidnapping—might get a few years' bread and skilly ourselves over that," said John Glencairn. "I think I've got a better plan. Lend him to me for a night, and I'll try the resources of Creelport. Always, if you can, make it a rule to patronise home industries. I will take him the burgh of Creelport, always excepting the tall, gaunt castle and the picturesque towers of the Old Jail, now ivy-covered from battlement to postern door, and given over to the starlings and swallows, jackdaws and pigeons.

But, then, John Jeelypiece built Amen Hall—not so much to do his poorer townsfolk good, as to gratify a private grudge against the churches.

"I'll learn them to refuse a licence to retail wine and spirits to the most respectable man in all Creelport," he said, loud and often, "when sic waffies as Sam'l Keelson and Grier Gregorson get it—the last little better than a cadger, him and his phaeton rinnin' aboot for orders, wi' its muckle sidelamps and a high-stepper between the shafts ! I'll learn them all ! and Do-a-k-ter Jo-a-n Broadbent, minister o' the pairish, at the head o' them !"

With those who accepted of his invitation to conduct meetings in Amen Hall, Mr. Jeelypiece had a short and simple method.

"Your meat, your bed, and a pound a week, sae lang as ye continue to give satisfaction, me taking the collections," he would say. "Or, if so be ye prefer it, the collection every second night, and find yoursel'!"

For short engagements, the former arrangement was generally preferred, but occasionally some strong, vigorous man, with confidence in his powers, would prefer to evangelise on the half-profits system. It was all one to Mr. Jeelypiece. So soon as "the meetings fell off in interest," which meant when the receipts did not balance the expenditure, the evangelist took a third-class ticket at Creelport Station and disappeared into parts unknown. Then that night Mr. Jeelypiece, with a softened voice, would refer to "our dear brother who has left us, to carry the good tidings to other cities also !" In that case he would add : "Humble and unworthy as I am, I will make so bold as to conduct the meeting myself." Whereupon all those seated near the door immediately got out into the open air.

Strange fish came to the Amen Hall net by no means all of the Jeelypiece type. Many were honest, narrow enthusiasts, at war with the churches on points doctrinal, or with the buzz of a bee somewhere under the eaves of their tall, weather-beaten silk hats.

Creelport will not soon forget the rhapsody of Mr. Pilgrim Potifer upon the text, "Strong drink is raging," or his denunciation of all those who, under the protecting umbrella of religion, hold, or are willing to hold, grocers' licences.

"The publican," he said, "is a bold, bad devil, with the courage of his convictions; but the man who would hold a grocer's licence is a little, mean, sneaking, elder-at-the-plate devil. My friends, we should hoot him on the street, in the market-place, even when throned among holy things!" And he stretched out his hand towards Mr. John Jeelypiece, who, as usual, occupied the chair.

"All the people now present who agree with me in this matter say 'Amen !""

And as Amen Hall was crowded that

night, a great and joyful noise came back to the gratified Mr. Pilgrim Potifer as all the people said "Amen!"

But John Jeelypicce, after advising the singing of a hymn, sent his foreman to turn out the gas, and declared the meeting at an end. He declined to accept the assurance that Mr. Potifer knew nothing about his private business affairs, and absolutely refused to receive him into his house that night, offering, however, to pay his fare on to Drumfern (where he could get suitable lodgings) by the night train.

Mr. Pilgrim Potifer, however, was not a man to have his mouth stopped in this fashion, and the next day said his say out on the public street, at that portion of it known as Jeelypiece's Corner. The frantic proprietor of Amen Hall forthwith sent for the police, advised the Fiscal and the Sheriff, all the while breathing lightnings and thunders from behind his counter. But since at no time in Creelport could a crowd ever be said to collect, and as all Mr. Jeelypiece's neighbours kept well within their own open doors and windows (with only their heads out, so as not to lose a word), there was really no reason for the police to interfere with the preaching of the Gospel. It is even said that certain high influences prevented them from moving on Mr. Potifer till he had finished dealing most faithfully with Mr. Jeelypiece under the name of "The Would-be Liquor Seller !" It was, take it all in all, such a day as Creelport is not likely to see again in a hurry. The old residenters still talk of it with joy, chastened by the reflection that the past is past and can return no more.

That afternoon Mr. Potifer took the largest collection in Creelport he had ever put into the Disciple's Bag, which he carried in his left trousers' pocket. He ever after referred to the burgh as a place where he had found a crop of grace flourishing on the most unpromising soil of any town in Scotland.

"In mine innocence I made a mock of the hypocrite," he said afterwards, in his peculiar fashion of speech, "and lo ! even the hearts of the ungodly were rejoiced thereat. I brought away much spoil—see Exodus iii. 22."

Neither will Creelport forget that other missioner, whom it ever afterwards cherished in its recollection next after Mr. Pilgrim Potifer, and referred to affectionately by the title of "The Beast with the Ten Horns." He was a tall, thin man, with long, grey elflocks, and looked, as Antiquary Jamie profanely said, "like the prophet Isaiah after he had been sawn asunder and joined up again, or Jonah just after he had been let The "Ten out of the whale's belly." Horn" man had maps and models and almanacks, and he talked about the Battle of Armageddon, giving its date with the assurance of a schoolboy referring to the Battle of Waterloo. He also spoke about the Judgment Day as if it had been fixed for next Tuesday week, and frightened the women almost into hysterics by the intimation that the world might come to an end either that night, or that night ten years hence-he was not sure which. It depended on a small matter of interpretation as to the little horn which should arise between the eyes of a certain Fourth Beast, great and terrible, which had iron teeth.

But for the males of his Creelport audience, the true joy did not arise till he began to manipulate his collection of models. The Rough Goat with the horn exalted between his eyes was a foretaste. But it was not till the lecturer began to exhibit the terrible Fourth Beast with the Ten Horns, and show how three of them had already disappeared (these were, if Creelport remembers right, Poland, the Papal dominions, and the Holy Roman Empire), and more especially when the one little horn arose (which was Britain), that there was absolutely deafening applause. But just when, before their faces, the horn was increasing, and developing the eyes of a cuttle-fish, Bibby's bull-terrier, which had for some time scented a rival, charged suddenly down upon the beast, and with ignoble vigour shook the very horns out of it, before either the audience or the horrified lecturer or even Bibby himself could interfere. This for a time discouraged the interpretation of prophecy by graphic means in Creelport, and Bibby refused ten pounds for his bullterrier that very night in the bar of the Blue Lion.

Ten pounds was, indeed, no price at which to part with an animal which had destroyed the Beast of the Iron Teeth, and perhaps (who knows?) put off indefinitely all the terrible things concerning which the lecturer had been prophesying.

Not all, however, were causes of mirth in Creelport who opened out their souls in Amen Hall. There were genuine cases of making an end of the old and earnestly beginning the new. Quiet, anxious men spoke there the message that was in them; and though the Creelport soil was poor, the Dee winds boisterous, and the fowls of the air many, a certain portion of seed sprang up, and some even brought forth fairly good grain.

The trouble was that these wandering preachers — here to-day, and, having displeased the worshipful owner of the hall, gone to-morrow—could keep no hold upon their converts. They could give them nothing to do, which is the only safety of such, and, indeed, the chief secret of Salvation Army success.

But Mr. Simon Broolie, who now held Amen Hall, under the immediate supervision of Mr. Jeelypiece, was a new type in Creelport.

Mr. Broolie was still a young man, known over a considerable portion of the United Kingdom as "The Silver Trumpeteer." At a very early age he had learned to use his bugle, and various other wind instruments, in the vicinity of the barrack-yard, which had been his early home. When his time of military service was expired, he had transferred his services to the Salvation Army, where, however, his talents had been somewhat severely repressed. It was not, therefore, till he had cut the bonds and undauntedly launched himself and his cornet upon the world, that his real powers appeared.

An enthusiast, genuinely convinced of his mission to regenerate the world by the simplest means, Simon Broolie was almost wholly uneducated, conserving only some waifs and strays of the instruction originally belted into him by the regimental schoolmaster. But, in his well-cut, semi-military undress, with the plain ribbons of a staffofficer barring his breast, a face cut like a cameo, fair hair in tightly buckled ringlets about his brow, and light blue, German eyes, Simon Broolie was by no means the usual denizen of Amen Hall.

On the night when John Glencairn took Jerome Hilliard to the meeting, the latter's father was not present. He had, at the urgent request of Mr. Jeelypiece, who, with all his hatred of "the sects," hated still more unlicensed amateurs over whose utterances he had no control, carried his proselytising efforts to other cities also.

Mr. Simon Broolie had announced, more modestly than was his wont, in the red and white of double pica, that the title of his address would be : "The Jolly Sinner Jolly Well Saved." The Jolly Sinner was, of course, Mr. Broolie himself, who apparently had at one time belied his present aspect, which was distinctly ascetic. Jerome, who only proposed to look in for half an hour before going on to the Three Sea Dogs, prepared himself to be amused. But he did not know Simon Broolie.

At first there was nothing more exciting than a few hymns, sung by the unattached choir of female voices which Simon's silver trumpet and Adonis head drew around him within forty-eight hours of his appearance in any town in the three kingdoms. To do Simon justice, he wasted no time on these, save to tell them to sing more softly, except at the choruses, in which the andience were supposed to join. Then he waved his arms as if calling thousands to battle, and setting the silver trumpet to his lips, he blew upon it such blasts as might well have caused the battlements of Jericho to fall down flat.

John Glencairn, born of a military family, and firmed by the training of a public school, knew how easily a strong, confident nature, even when uneducated, can dominate one weakened by excess and seeking a refuge from itself. He therefore watched Jerome Hilliard carefully, remaining, as he told himself, personally unmoved, like that Gallio who cared for none of these things. Neither did *he* know Simon Broolie.

It was the young man's way at the beginning to pass from hymn to prayer, and from prayer to the recitation of a few verses of Scripture, rapidly and without a pause. Then he stood up with his trumpet in his hand, and he spoke in a low, clear tone which yet reached the furthest corner of the hall.

Simon Broolie began with the barrackvard, the *reveille* ringing forth in the grey mornings, the men tumbling out, the short, sharp words of command-barked rather than spoken, the jovial sing-song after supper in the canteen, the life on the troopship, a tempest, the groaning and crying in the belly of the ship, the grey plains and the hidden enemy, the sudden outburst of the deadly shot, the tearing wound, the cursing and profanation as the men swung forward into battle-the tents pitched at night under the stars which somehow have grown strangely nearer, winking many-coloured through the dew, hardly higher than the tent-poles.

All this he told swiftly, briefly, with rough, soldierly words, little choice of language, but all to the point. A great narrator with the living voice was Simon Broolie. Even John Glencairn, who had been born in India, and as a child had known the barrack-yard, felt his heart swell strangely within him as he listened to the familiar routine of the day,

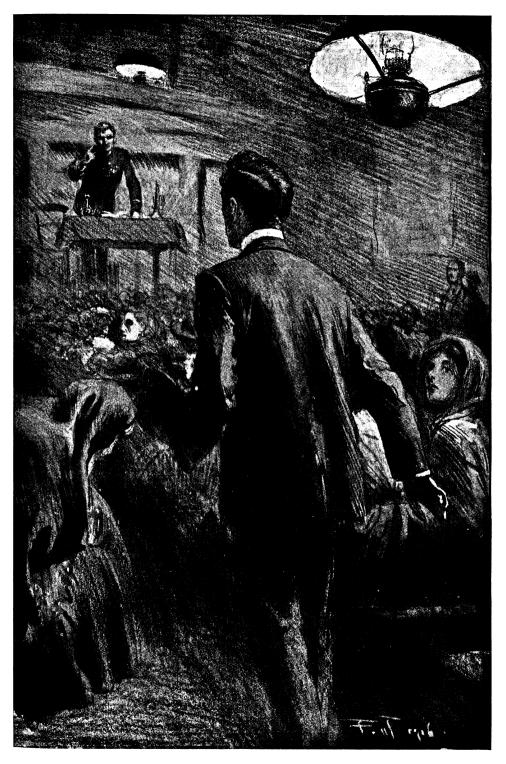
faithfully given; and at every pause of description the bugle blew the appropriate call.

Looking about him, he could see faces pale and quiver under the spoken word. Jerome had smiled at first, even laughed aloud. A fine jest he would make of it to-morrow with the "boys." But wait. The smile had already been wiped from his He did not turn and laugh scornfully face. There had come a look on the any more. speaker's face-a kind of flicker like summer lightning, as John Glencairn described it afterwards—something that he seemed to be throwing out of him, wherewith he held his audience spellbound.

It was the battle now—headlong, confused, the night attack, desperate against a stronger, a hidden foe, whom the men could not reach. Forward they go ! It is the charge—no, back again ! "Hold your ground, men !" The musketry rattles drily. The machine guns whirr. The little one-pound shells squatter like wild-fowl on a pond. Men are falling on all sides. They break—they run ! No, no, stop them ! "The rally—sound the rally !" All is lost unless help comes ! Hurrah ! all is not lost ! Help is here !

In the bitter hour of distress arrives the Great General, bringing succour with him safety, glory, victory, honour! And now the troops are passing the gates of the conquered city, the massed bands play, and the newly unfurled banner of the Motherland flaps out on the moderate wind. Glory to the God of Battles—glory—glory—glory !

Then, without a pause, suddenly the speaker's voice took on a deeper strain of pleading. It is another warfare of which he is telling now, another battlefield of which they were hearing. Each man is fighting the one combat of his life-that night, that hour, even, it must be settled. The issue must be decided right away. Lo, Death on his white horse, and hell following after ! The enemy is ready to seize and carry down to the pit! How is it to end? What is to be the answer he is to carry back to his Captain when he asks Simon Broolie how goes the warfare in Creelport? There is an empty bench there (he pointed with his hand), there—in front of all the people. And if, in that audience, there was one soul with a fear that the devil would win the victory, let him come and kneel there. Aye, before his comrades; aye, before those who laughed ! For the General-in-Chief was at hand, succour was at hand-victory, happiness, the new life eternal could be had for the asking !



"He beckoned with his finger, and Jerome Hilliard followed."

And again the silver trumpet blew the gathering call.

Then, sure as an echo, from the crowded benches here and there sobs suddenly arose. A raw young country lad with his head on his breast, two or three mill-girls, linked together by their sobs, a young shopman, angrily shaking off his companions' restraining grip on his coat-tails—these stumbled forward and knelt down stiffly, as if they had never knelt before in their lives.

"HE is here—HE is among us—firstfruits! Glory!" cried the evangelist. "Sin is afraid! The devil trembles! In many bosoms his empire is shaking. You feel the anguish. It is the old enemy digging his claws deeper into your hearts. Out with him! Come and get help where these struggling souls are getting it. Pray, brethren, pray!"

And as it were lifting them up with a wave of his hand, all prayed silently. It was during the indescribable agitation which followed that John Glencairn felt a guiver at his side, then the nervous shudder of an uncontrollable sob. Surely not Jerome? And then a strange thing came over John He had brought Hilliard to Glencairn. Amen Hall with some vague expectation of this, yet the reality startled him. It was as if he had been looking at witchcraft. He feared for himself. Who might go next? So now he turned to catch Jerome Hilliard by the sleeve. He was ashamed and yet excited.

"Come," he whispered, "this is nothing to laugh at. Let us get outside."

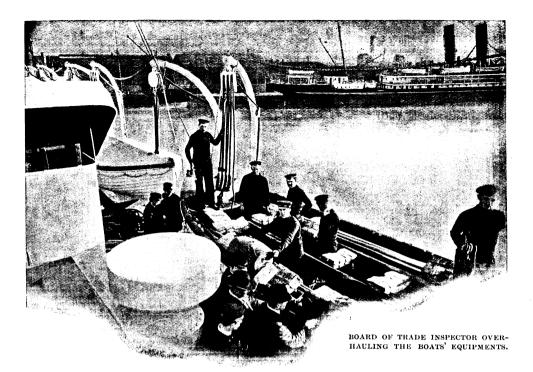
But Jerome, who had never taken his eve off the face of the speaker, on which the summer lightning flickered and shone like wildfire, shook him off roughly. Simon Broolie had noted the young man with the hollow cheeks and the pale face from the first, and marked him as a captive. He had seen the smiles fade out from his face. He had watched the lips set, the light kindle in the And now, with the instinct of the eves. true evangelist (genuine beneath all merely outward vulgarity of method), he called him. He beckoned with his finger, and Jerome Hilliard followed, fascinated, till, scarce knowing how, he found himself on his knees at the "penitent form."

"Gad," muttered John Glencairn, who felt the tense electricity of the place, the magnetic appeal in the evangelist's eyes, "I had better get outside, or I may find myself there too !"

And snatching up his hat, he fled. Simon Broolie walked the floor of Amen Hall that night for hours with his new convert—aye, almost till the morning light. Then he took Jerome Hilliard home with him to his lodgings. For Simon Broolie, though he liked a good collection, and asked for it, was at heart no hireling. Thus was a second Hilliard converted within the precincts of Amen Hall. But as of old, there are conversions and conversions, and only the fire shall declare concerning any man, whether he build his tabernacle of wood, hay, stubble, or of gold unalterable in any furnace.

(To be continued.)





SAILING-DAY.

By B. J. HYDE.

Photographs by Messrs. Clarke and Hyde.

W ITH the passing of the wind-jammer passed away for ever the halo of romance that was once inseparably associated with the departure of "those that go down to the sea in ships." Even the racing merchant clippers, with their lofty, tapering spars and yachtlike bows, are now but a memory of the past; howbeit a memory still green in the minds of those who love to fight the old battles over again and relate how the cutty *Sark* ploughed the sea with her lee bulwarks awash in her desperate endeavours to outsail her lofty rival, the old *Thermopylæ*,

When, bending low in a squall of snow,

She raced her through the sea,

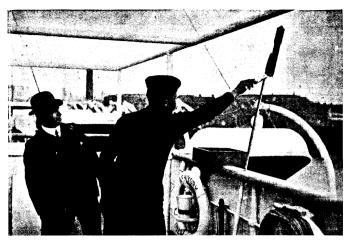
in order to be first in the market with a cargo of new season's China tea.

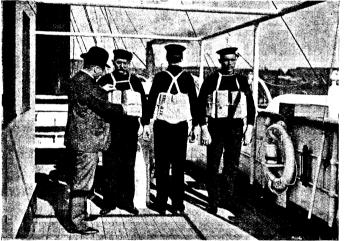
While these gallant craft remained in our mercantile marine the romance still lingered, but steam has altered all that, and, like Othello, their occupation has gone. The once vital question of the length of passage has been reduced by modern mechanism to a matter of hours and minutes in place of weeks and days.

Familiarity has bred contempt, and the modern travelling public who book berths on one of our great floating hotels are not apt to display unreasonable signs of emotion over the fact that they are going over to America or elsewhere for a few days.

As a rule, they travel to Southampton by the last available train, and hurry aboard with a sigh of satisfaction in anticipation of a few days' rest. However, many would doubtless be interested, did they arrive a little earlier, in observing the precautions taken by the Board of Trade to ensure their safety and comfort before issuing to the ship her "passenger certificate," without which no British vessel would be permitted to sail with passengers aboard. The accompanying photos, taken on board the American Line's magnificent ship New York, demonstrate the thoroughness with which this inspection is carried out. As this particular line of vessels sail under the American flag, the inspection by the English Board of Trade is entirely optional on their part, and only undergone for the mutual satisfaction of the owners and passengers, but it is identical with that carried out on a British vessel, and the certificate granted is the same.

About two days before the





INSPECTOR HAS THE ROCKETS FIRED, TO SEE THAT THEY ARE IN WORKING ORDER.

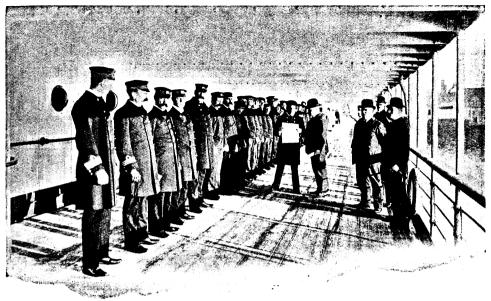
leads them. The stokehold, furnaces, and boilers come in for their share of attention. The great propeller shafts, alongside which there is just enough room for the engineers to walk to attend to the lubricating, etc., are sounded hammers, and the with bearings critically examined. lest perchance some hidden flaw that has escaped the eagle eyes of the ship's engineers should hinder the

INSPECTING THE LIFEBELTS.

ship is due to sail, the inspection of the working gear and stores is commenced. Every part of the machinery is inspected by experts, and should anything be deemed unsatisfactory, it must be replaced or repaired immediately. Deep down in the vitals of the leviathan inquisitive experts peer and probe in search of possible defects in her inechanism, and weird and wonderful to the uninitiated are many of the places into which their tour of inspection

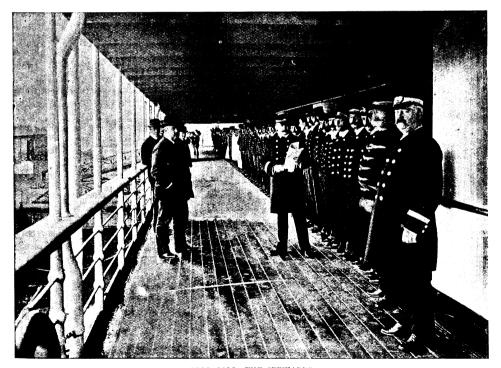


CAPTAIN CLARKE, BOARD OF TRADE INSPECTOR, HANDING THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN HIS PAPERS ON THE BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE ORDER IS GIVEN TO START THE ENGINES,



ROLL-CALL OF OFFICERS AND MEN.

propellers in their mighty task of transporting the floating palace and her precious freight across the broad rollers of the Atlantic. And anon, the Board of Trade's chief inspector, Captain Clarke, R.N.R., will order the lifeboats to be lowered and manœuvred in the harbour under his personal supervision, and, in company with the doctor, will examine



ROLL-CALL, THE STEWARDS. Sailing-morning is a busy time. All the crew, stewards, emigrants, and waiters are inspected and passed by the Board of Trade inspectors before the ship's papers can be made out.

the stores and provisions that are to be used upon the forthcoming voyage by the crew and passengers. Special care will be taken



INSPECTING THE LIFEBUOYS. On being thrown into water, the casket attached should immediately burst into flame, so as to be easily seen at night.

to test the purity of the drinking-water. These and many other items will be attended to before the advent of the actual sailingfew moments after the last name is called the officer's whistle causes a stampede as they rush off to attend to their respective duties and prepare for the arrival of the passengers.

"Officers and crew on top deck!" We lay violent hands upon our photographic outfit and hurry to the scene of action.

"Boat drill !" and we are off again to another part of the ship, where we succeed in snapshotting Captain Clarke inspecting the lifebelts and overhauling the fittings of the lifeboats. Everything they contain is critically examined — provisions, water-breaker, compass, matches in sealed watertight coverings, oars, mast, sails; nothing escapes his untiring vigilance, for who knows but that the lives and safety of the passengers and crew may not rely upon the efficiency of the boats and the despatch with which they can be got out and lowered ?

An open boat at sea is not the safest or pleasantest of places on a stormy night, but whatever the ingenuity of man can devise to add to its safety and reliability is to be found in a modern ship's lifeboat. Each is fitted with the provisions and appliances for undertaking an independent journey at a moment's notice, and no items of a liner's equipments are more critically tested and inspected than the boats and their contents. Everything must be in its place ready for an emergency.

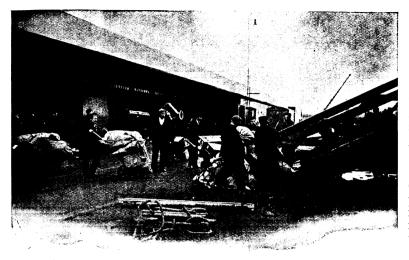
After the boats comes the inspection of the steerage quarters, and away we go again down below, through the third-class dining-room, where even the knives and forks provided for use are examined, and so on through the second-class saloon into the sumptuous state-

to before the advent of day, which, when it does come, brings in its train an amount of stir and bustle that compensates for the lost glamour of romance.

Early rising is the order of the day, for the great general inspection must be got through before the passengers arrive. Breakfast at seven sharp, and then out on deck. First item, "roll-call" for the stewards and stewardesses, and an imposing array they make lined up along the whole length of the promenade-deck; everyone is in his place. A



CAPTAIN CLARKE AND SHIP'S CAPTAIN WATCHING THE COMPASS-ADJUSTER TESTING THE "STANDARD COMPASS."



standard compass, and the inspection is at an end.

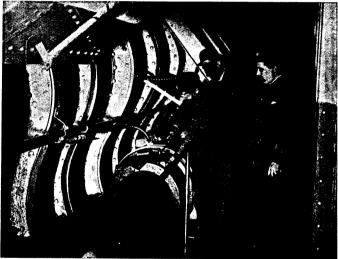
Meanwhile, the passengers themselves have been arriving by small parties and in trainloads; the clerks have been hard at work checking the tickets.

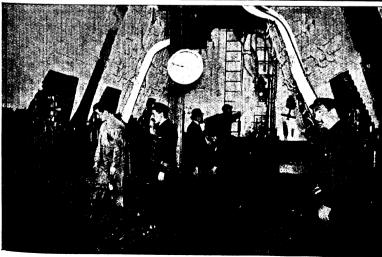
The American Consul's deputy prepares some necessary documents to be handed to the ship's cap-

MAILS COMING ABOARD.

room sacred to the saloon passengers; then out on deck again to the charthouse. Here there are many things that need special attention — charts, chronometers, signalling flags, rockets, and bluelights. A rocket is taken out and fired, and the flare apparatus attached to the lifebuoys overhauled. Finally, in the presence of the ship's captain, the compass-adjuster tests the accuracy of the

INSPECTING THE STOKEHOLD. Every part of the ship's equipment is thoroughly overhauled.

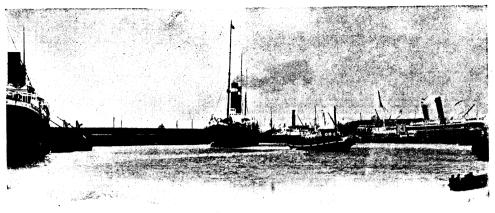




BOARD OF TRADE EX-PERT INSPECTING THE PROPELLER-SHAFT.

tain, together with the all-important "passenger certificate," and all is in order for the ship to sail.

As the time for departure arrives, a bell rings and stentorian cries of "Any morefor the shore?" resound through the ship and send the last belated visitors hurrying across the gangway, which a



LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON.

moment later is drawn back on to the wharf. "Ting, ting!" rings the first signal from the bridge sharp and clear through the engineroom. With a magic touch the expectant engineer suddenly transforms the somnolent masses of machinery into a maze of restless, palpitating mechanism that will have no respite from its labours till the broad Atlantic has been left behind. And so, amid parting cheers and farewell shouts from those on shore, the great liner gets under way and steers for the open sea.

TO PEDU-AMEN.

(Found in an Egyptian tomb).

W^{HO} wrought thee long ago beside the Nile, Setting in stone thy slow, archaic smile, Dropping the coffin-lid in lengthening gloom On thee—a thousand years within the tomb?

What guise of man wert fashioned to portray? Some wearied Rameses outworn and grey; Or passionate youth, with pulses quick and keen, And half Life's drama but a play unseen?

Did sorrowing lips thy chiselled ones caress In token of lost human lips they'd press; Or swift, impelling fear thy sculptor speed To haste and shut thee there, close with the deed?

Thou mayst not answer, only on me smile As when they fashioned thee beside the Nile. Ah! may my lips as little as thine own Betray their counsel—to all question, stone!

EDITH C. M. DART.

"VOX POPULI."

By FRANCES RIVERS.



WAITED in Fairyland, the embodied Fairyland of youthful minds, the advent of the great man. It was an autumn afternoon; I had left the outside world where the peculiar half-light of dusk seemed to

have lingered beyond its hour, for the West, though it was six o'clock, still held a suggestion of "the golden rampart of the world," and the gleam of the few, faint stars was held in subjection by the luminous blue of their surrounding.

Late afternoon is a period of peace in which ordinary mortal man feels the rigour of labour relaxed. He has no longer occupation for his hands, so he either thrusts them into his pockets or allows himself the harmless indulgence of a pipe; but I, although not yet numbered amongst the immortals, was not in the position of ordinary man, for I was, I repeat, in Fairyland.

Around me, as an invitation to the rest that a journalist, thanks to the well-filled pigeon-holes of editors, but rarely needs, were divans of the East that suggested, in their impenetrable, Oriental way, by mad, intricate, embroidery patterns, strange conditions, wondrous suggestions, odd, opiumesque dreams.

Cushions, imperial in size, sumptuous of touch, held the curious contradictions of Eastern colour. This showed grey where ostensibly it purported to be pink; red where it purported to be grey. Blue was warm and mellow; whilst browns and yellows, those afterglows of summer's heat, were full in memory of summer's shade. I looked to right and left, and saw magnificence rather than taste, show rather than beauty.

I wonder, said I to myself, in one of those bursts of condemnation which it is easy for an onlooker of circumstance to conjure up, that a clever man like Carstairs can exist in this richness of luxury, this enervated atmosphere of wealth. The critic within me gathered himself together for attack; he commenced dictation to his collaborator. I took out my notebook :---

"Our homes are an expression of ourselves; their furniture marks the character of us as their inhabitants; all sorts of delicate affinities establish themselves between us and the rooms in which habitually we live. Lights and shades of mood stamp the juxtaposition of mind and matter. Tendrils of habit make the dweller and the house incorporate, and we ourselves are 'the spirit of place.' Life," I said, ending the peroration with a cheap epigram, "life should be the equilibrium between beauty and utility."

With the self-satisfied air of the interviewer who is sure of his subject, I put the notebook away and again devoted my attention to the room. From the many things of interest which it provided for the delectation of the inquisitive, from the hangings of silk that, at a height of eight or nine feet, were suspended from rods around the walls, to the prayer-mats scattered with prodigality upon the marble floors, my eyes, satiated with wealth, turned to search for, and failed to find, simplicity.

I do not say that there were not beautiful things in the room. There were; and as time dragged, and my subject of dissection failed to appear, I had ample opportunity to note them; to test the downy softness of the pillows; to finger the brocades which, far from being assertive in the manner described in sale-catalogues as "standing alone," were of floppy-pliable texture, which creased and curved into lines of gracious beauty.

I discovered on an inlaid table, between the leaves of a French novel, a jade dagger, the handle of which protruded from one side of the book. Its delicate inlaying of gold, chiselled in deep design, a triumph of Eastern cunning, showed complexity of pattern. The blade, delicate as a needle, no longer than a man's span, with blood channels grooved deep on either side, told that in the office of paperknife it served a perverted purpose. It was an index to the erroneous taste that here, as elsewhere, is known to the inartistic as art.

Perhaps the bitterness of envy entered into

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my soul, for I commenced to disparage objects which I knew myself really to have admired.

I became superior and brought my notebook again into use.

"I prize more than abundance the nothingness engendered by poverty."

"Wealth becomes insignificant when exaggerated."

"Between riches and art the struggle goes on as to which shall kill the other."

I had just written : "To the artist, that which demoralises his art is money," when at the sound of an opened door I turned. Under a sense of guilt I thrust the obnoxious record of jealous cynicism into my pocket and found myself shaking hands heartily with my old friend Carstairs, whose gesture of friendly intelligence, as he entered, dissipated my disloyal thoughts.

At first sight he looked older, considerably older, than the lease of life he had exhausted since last we met—seven years—warranted. Had I judged his age from his appearance, I should have fancied him nearer forty than thirty-three, which I knew to be his age. There was a look of disappointment in the face, and he had lost the air, if not the memory, of the Quartier Latin.

He had the same dark hair, certainly, but it was now smooth instead of ruffled as, in the studio days, I remembered it; the same clear, olive skin, the same rather large, ascetic mouth—the mouth of an ambitious priest. He moved with a trace of the shuffle of the ecclesiastic which, if morals and heredity did not clash, might be accounted for as attributable to the fashion of sandals worn by his forebears.

But in this self-contained, courteous, polished gentleman I failed to see Carstairs, the wit, the lawless, the ambitious, the best of Bohemian company. How many scores of times had he, the other Carstairs, and I dined together ! And how many scores of times had we not been able to dine at all, because we could not between us muster more than enough money just to satisfy the cravings of our hunger! for our dinner—wine included —would have cost some fifty sous.

Carstairs, the R.A., looked at my card, which he still held in his hand. He wrinkled his brows. "Why an American address?"

"And this," I murmured, "is fame !"

"But America?"

"Has its advantages; makes me appreciate Europe."

"Fame, and how?"

"Don't you know that I am *the* American interviewer?"

Carstairs' eyebrows went up; they expressed a certain—an unflattering, certain—incredulity of the italics.

"Have you chucked art?" he demanded. "Merely diverted my aim."

"You don't mean to say that *you* are a professional interviewer?" This time the italics were his.

"That sounds rather hard on the interviewed; but this being an appreciative world, we rarely get our deserts."

"You allow that the trade of interviewing is rather low?"

"On the contrary, it is the highest compliment that one can be paid. Interviewers profess to hold the mirror up to Nature, that the admiring artist may see his own amiable features in a good light."

"And they succeed ---- ? "

"In holding up a rose-coloured transparency through which, seeing those features, a clamouring crowd cries : 'Bravo ! Bravissimo ! '"

"But—?"

"After all," I interrupted, "no interview is more false to Nature than your pictures are to art."

Carstairs, benignant, smiled forgiveness. "To paint well is to butt against the wall built by public opinion." He sank down upon a divan, stretched out a hand for my cigarette-case, took my last cigarette, lit it, and smoked, appreciative, for some minutes.

"Before you set memory the task to comb events out from the past, you must answer a few questions. They are quite simple—so much so that, to save trouble, I have had them printed; all you've to do is to look over this form and pencil in the replies."

Carstairs seemed reasonable, in no way hostile; in spite of a seriousness of gaze, tolerant, rather than appreciative, of the inquisition. I gave him the paper and he read out—

"What time do you get up?"

"What is your chief drink?"

"How do you spend your Sundays ?"

"Who is your pet author?"

"Do you read Browning and Henry James?"

When he had got so far through the list, Carstairs stopped.

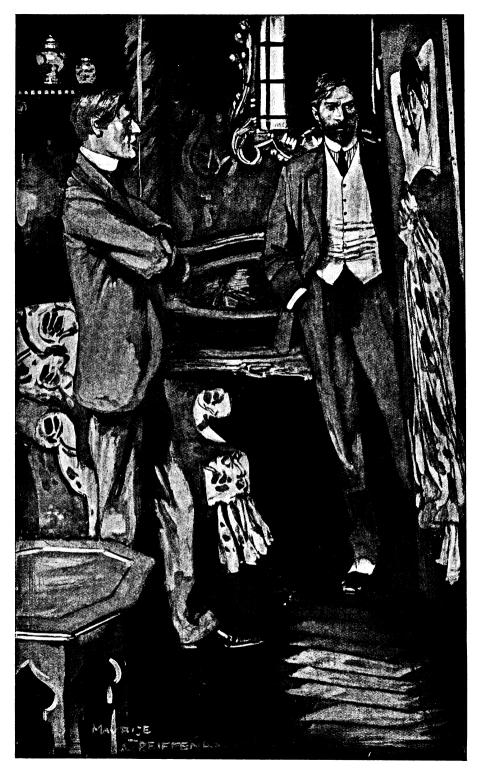
"Why Henry James ?" he asked.

"Pleases an American public. But go on. 'You've not to question why, you've but to make reply.'"

"But this is bally rot!"

" It's journalism."

Then Carstairs, the Bohemian Carstairs,



"Carstairs reappeared with a large canvas."

looked out of the eyes of Carstairs the R.A.; he smiled, and it is very good to see some people smile, good as a gleam of sunlight into a north room. He crumpled up the printed form into a ball. I dodged with success, but the smile conquered me. Then, to account for my appearance as an interviewer. I said : "Why did you relinquish the hope of fame for popularity?"

"I thought it better to be of my period than an anachronism."

"You still believe that art exists?"

"Of course it does. But it soars, like a kite, out of the public's reach. If we but catch a glimpse of the kite's tail, we are lucky. More often a scrap of the tail becomes detached, and someone who finds it shows it with pride to his fellows and cries out: 'This is art!' Occasionally-very occasionally-the shadow of that kite falls on someone on the earth," he paused. "Well !" I demanded, "what then ?"

"Oh! then we get a Beethoven or a Vandvke-for it's the same art, whether we hear it in music or see it on canvas. Chopin, had he been a painter, would have been Raphael ; Paganini played in the throat of Mario; Liszt was heralded by the Laocoon; and in future ages, should they live at all, I can well imagine it being doubted whether Gilbert and Sullivan had dual personality."

My hands stole to my notebook.

"Yes, here's a truth for you. The ability of the painter, the designer, the sculptor, the musician, the actor, the writer, and the dancer, is all made of the same stuff. Had the musician elected to be a sculptor or a designer, he would equally have reached his level. I class those three arts together, because the feeling for form is the chief necessity of each; whilst to the writer, the dancer, the painter, lack of form is compensated for by an added perception of colour. In fact, there is but one art, though there are many means for its expression, just as there is but one organ of speech, though many languages."

So we two sat side by side and talked of old days, and were silent and talked again, familiar with each other, yet pleased to find strange things to recount and to become familiar with. Carstairs remembered the rights of hospitality. He plied me with cigars, and although, amongst other youthful indiscretions, I have renounced credulity, I felt I could trust Carstairs' personal taste. This faith was so well justified by his cigars that again I wondered at the lack of restraint shown by the room. Suddenly he got up from his seat.

"I'll show you something," he said, and drew aside a silk hanging which disclosed a door through which he disappeared.

There is no doubt but at this point I ought to have warned Carstairs that, to quote the police, "anything he said would be used in evidence against him." However, I have an easy conscience, and Heine's authority that the artist need not recognise the Sixth Commandment.

Carstairs reappeared with a large canvas.

"Good Heavens !" I ejaculated.

"It's alive, isn't it ?"

"Good Heavens !" I again repeated, dazed.

"Yes! my dancer, there she is, with all her witchlike, irregular beauty-you see the motion of the body, the bend of the head, the sprite that looked from the eyes."

I looked at the picture and found a delight in the portrayed motion, and followed unconsciously the sway, the swing of the figure. The glamour of joy was imprisoned by genius, the canvas had become the mirror of life.

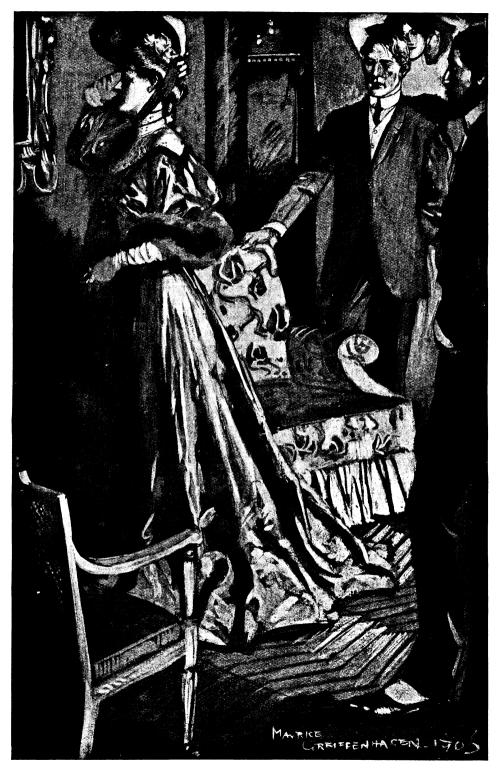
It was a tribute to the power of Carstairs that I found no words in which to express the picture's fascination-fascination indescribable. I found that I listened for the echo of the dancer's footfall, waited to hear the one that was to follow. My breath of criticism became an "Ah!" of admiration, the arbitrarily wrung "Ah !" of surprise. The portraved dance was not arrested motion----not the ballet dancer's rest on her toes till we cramp our own in sympathy—but it was motion itself, the mad hither and thither, Terpsichore's race after enjoyment; the very soul in action; the spirit of movement unveiled. So with heart ablaze with passion might the daughter of Herodias have earned her ghastly guerdon; so might Death, in savage frenzy, bound from the spring-board, Life. Yet with the fierce swoop of the vulture there was the suggestion of the gentle alightment of the dove.

Carstairs answered my unspoken thought. "Yes," he said, "it is her success; do you think I don't know that? It was her grace, her curious, swallowlike movement, that I, by an accident, caught and imprisoned on this canvas."

"I suppose it's a moot point how far the model helps us ? " I began.

He put up a hand-its duty arrestive-a semaphore which showed the line of talk blocked.

"I'll tell you a story," he said. "That



[&]quot;She saw neither her husband nor me."

girl was, as you see, my model, when I worked, as I thought, for fame, in an attic. Can you imagine the huge delight with which I have treasured her spontaneity after a course of the sophisticated nature—the burlesqued life —of a professional model? I bribed her to come, day after day, by talk; kept her interest awake by scraps of personal history, as one might tempt a kitten to repeated movement, its whole body aquiver ready to pounce, by a partly withheld dainty.

I liked her—oh! yes, I liked her; then—ah, Fatuity !—one day it dawned upon me that she did more than like me. I needn't go into how I knew, but I did know; and that day when I realised it, after she had gone, I had a long argument with myself as to what I should do. This," again he pointed to the picture, "was almost finished, it wanted but a few hours' more work."

" Well ? "

"Well! I risked it; I let her come again, though I decided I would not see her after that one day, and it's possible that she divined—she was full of divination—my monstrous thought.

"She was very miserable, spoke of the loneliness of her life, the uselessness of living; and I let her go on. Perhaps she wished me to ask her to resist temptation; at any rate, I didn't; instead, I talked of my career, of how, if already you have money, you are free, but if you have to make it, as I had, you are a slave.

"I referred to the many men whose lives had been ruined by their having made bad marriages, and of my own determination to avoid failure and to reap the meagre harvest of the world's applause. She became more and more depressed. She spurred her mind in quest of assurance; wayward, excessive, emotional, she perhaps caught a glimpse of what she fancied on my part might have been mockery, and from entreaty she turned to passionate reproach. And I, in my turn, became angry and said things that I neither felt nor meant. Then what happened I don't exactly know. She had been tending the fire (she took many little duties upon herself), when I heard a rushing sound. I looked round, flames were about her; with malignant caresses they licked her gauze-clad form." Carstairs was silent for an appreciable moment. He then asked : "What do you think was my first thought?"

I shook my head.

"That the scene was paintable."

"The second ?"

"A hope that the picture would not be injured."

"The third ?"

"There was no third. What followed was just instinctive action. I managed to put the fire out," he shuddered. "I still see that sickening scene; feel the heat, the agonised fear, like a hand-grip, at my heart; a paralysis of helplessness; the girl's blue, beseeching eyes—changed by terror to those of a maniac. People told me that it must have been impossible to save her life. But I wonder if — had those two thoughts not obtruded themselves—if I might have been in time."

"Awful !" I murmured sympathetically ; "but you have no cause for self-accusation."

"My remorse has taken the form of this picture. Instead of seeing it, as you do, I envision the flames that sprang up, up with leaps and bounds." He sighed, then continued the narrative. "They took her to a hospital; and some days after, they sent for me, and, I suppose, I may have stayed there an hour, which seemed to gather into its sixty minutes all the sorrows that, for centuries disintegrated, had floated about the world. Concentrated, awful in its impressiveness, as that scene was, it passed me by at the time; and it was then rather as a curious spectator of, than an actor in, a tragedy, that I viewed it."

"One focuses things better through the distance of time."

"I remember I was struck by the odd mixture of peace and pain about the place. A sigh here and there, breathed by an occupant of a bed; the opulent sunset that stole, pleasant, benignant, across the floor of the bare hospital ward, and caught first one, then another, of the beds in its mesh of gold.

"Mercifully I, for the moment, forgot myself and the petty cares which of late had then heavily pressed upon me, in what was passing with Johanne, who lay peaceful and content, a smile suspended on her lips, as from time to time she lapsed into short periods of unconsciousness. 'If I pull through, will you marry me?' suddenly she asked. I promised I would, but I didn't mean it—I feel sure I didn't mean it."

"But it made her happy."

"Did it?"

" Of course it did."

"How do we know that? for before I left that ward she was dead—the crown of Melpomene on her brow—the mask of Melpomene on her face. How do we know, I say, that, dead, she was not conscious that I had_deceived her?"

"That way madness lies," I said.



.

"He was surrounded, as usual, by a throng of admirers."

Carstairs turned upon me, angry. "You think that, like most people, I exaggerate the worth of a heart because it loved me, and suppose that I consider that the Creator formed it with greater care from a superior clay."

"Love," I said, "is always a superb folly; but when applied to ourselves, we insist on the adjective."

Carstairs turned the picture round; as he did so, I could almost have sworn that the dancing girl swayed. On the back of the stretcher was scrawled in chalk an Academic sign of rejection.

"You sent this for exhibition?"

"Before I knew she was to die."

"And this," I was incredulous, "was rejected?"

Carstairs nodded. "I squared my account with art then and there. With this," he indicated the picture, "I sent a commonplace student-study full of mawkish sentiment. With sublime imbecility it was centred on The critics saw in it pathos, the line. domesticity, God knows what-that is nobody's business but the critics'; and all that was before me after that was to do. not good work, but what those fools choose to accept in its place. If the public had one ounce of wit, of discrimination, of taste, do you think they'd buy my stuff? Not they. And has it ever struck you what a terrible world it would be for the painters if the public had knowledge and refused to feed on the garbage that now, with avidity, it swallows as art? And if one wants to be considered great, one has only to venture some crime against taste."

"I know nothing more unsophisticated than public praise."

"Praise, a pean of praise, comes from the Philistines at every picture that issues from this absurd workshop, so I crowd on canvas and spread my sails before the wind of popular favour."

I laughed. "It's the way of life : you have a thing and you don't value it." "You lose a thing, and you would give your soul to have it back."

"Yet, if a chance to secure it had come your way, you would probably get to feel you had paid more than its worth."

" Perhaps."

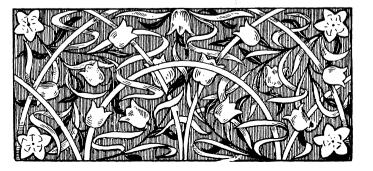
We smoked for some minutes in silence, which at last Carstairs broke.

"You need not think I am such a fool as to think often of that episode. I have longed sometimes for someone to whom, by confession, I could transfer the memory, and that absolution would enable me to pass a sponge across the past. To revisit that hospital, you would suppose to be for me an utter impossibility; yet when I go out for my solitary walk, my steps instinctively take me Citywards, and, almost daily, I find myself staring at the outside of the ward in which she lay. You see, I chose the harder road, and cut away the one interest I might otherwise have found in life."

"Art !" I hazarded, and added after a pause : "You married ?" and at that moment, stately, in rustle of robes, that brought with them an Arctic current of chill air, there entered Lady Alicia Carstairs. She appeared wonderful, as a person who had for so long and so effectually shrouded her person in affectation that the affectation, like veneer, formed a coat now become impenetrable.

She saw neither her husband nor me, but addressed herself to a mirror, in which, as she spoke, she regarded her image with satisfaction, and with jewel-laden fingers smoothed an errant strand of hair from her forehead. "Don't forget, Marcus, that we are to dine in Carlton House Terrace!"

I met Carstairs a few nights afterwards at a great crush. He was surrounded, as usual, by a throng of admirers. He nodded to me in a casual, distant-acquaintance way, and I wondered if, after all, some of the mysteries of the Oriental room, rather than fact, had not influenced my memory of our interview.



HATS AND THEIR TEMPERATURE.

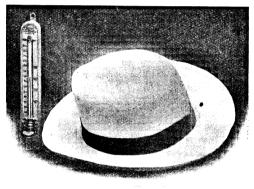
BY H. J. HOLMES.

Photographs by H. Elmhirst Dunn.

" **VX7** HY wear hats ? "

VV During last summer this question became quite a burning one. The matter, as it were, came to a head. People wrote to the newspapers extolling the advantages of abandoning headgear and leaving the hatters to their fate.

Dangers which never before seemed to strike anybody very forcibly were declared to lurk in the use of the ubiquitous "bowler," the resplendent "topper," and even the airy



рапама, 78°.

if eccentric Panama. Baldness, blindness, and insanity were some of the evils for which the pernicious system of covering the head was said to be responsible in a more or less alarming degree. The public was earnestly

requested to study the case of the rude and uncivilised races of mankind, among whom the impertinent question of "Who's your hatter?" is never heard.

"Who ever saw a bald Bingo?" was triumphantly asked. And there was silence. And again: "Find us a Papuan in *pince-nez*," was the next poser. Nobody found him. Then, "What about a lunatic asylum in Ashanti?" proved a regular floorer. There was nothing about it. Presumably there isn't one.

All this sort of thing suggested that in countries where the hat is scarcely regarded as a *sine qua non*, baldness, blindness, and brain-softening are extremely rare. In England, on the contrary, where hatters flourish, almost every other man one meets is bald—or getting on that way—and wears glasses; whilst the official returns prove how rapidly lunacy is increasing in our midst.

Thus the No Hat movement was given a fresh and vigorous start. Many recruits were attracted, and seemed to catch on to the bareheaded idea of the thing. Piccadilly became as hatless as Capel Court, where a covering for the head is always scorned by the sturdy stock-jobber. "Hats off !" at Henley and Hurlingham ; " boaters " barred at Brighton and Bognor! Cyclists and motorists caught the craze---and bad colds; hatters glared gloomily out of their shopwindows upon bare heads of brown and ginger and auburn and jet, close-cut or curly, until visions of lost trade and carly bankruptcy troubled them.

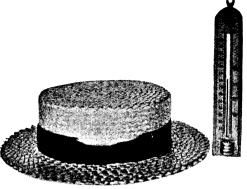
It may be that the No Hat enthusiasm of the summer of 1904, chilled by the rigours of an English winter and early spring, will droop and die and be heard of no more in the land, being relegated to the limbo of forgotten fads. Again, it may happen that

the movement will go on and prosper, and solve the mystery of disappearing hair and other troubles.

Without expressing any



STRAW HOMBURG, 80°.



BOATER, 82°.

opinion as to the wisdom or otherwise of going about hatless at all times, the writer will proceed to show the result of certain

experiments carried out to ascertain how the temperature of a man's head is affected by the various coverings which calling, custom, or choice decides. A philosopher has before now impressed us as to the advisability of keeping "our feet warm and our heads cool, if we our span should live the full." And we certainly all know how unpleasant it is for

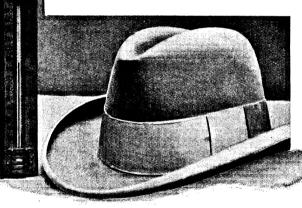
us when these conditions are reversed and our heads are hot while our feet are cold !

Some No Hat enthusiasts declare that it is good for man—at least, for his hair—to remain bareheaded under a broiling sun for any number of hours. Perhaps so. Yet a rational head-covering under such conditions would appear preferable to the mind of the average person. For instance, in the course of the experiments with which this article deals, it was found that with the thermometer registering 92 degrees in the sun, a small instrument placed inside a Panama hat worn by a man of average size and weight, who sat in the open for a quarter of an hour, marked the temperature at 78 degrees Fahr. only !

The same man, of course, was the subject upon which all the succeeding experiments were carried out. In each case he sat for a quarter of an hour in the sun while wearing the different forms of headgear, inside of which a sensitive thermometer was fixed within an inch of the crown of the head. Each test was made on the same day, whilst the heat of the sun remained practically unchanged.

It may be stated at the outset that as an effective light protection from the heat of the sun on a warm summer day, nothing is better than a genuine Panama hat. The tests proved this conclusively. Its lightness and power of throwing off the rays of the sun are apparently unequalled by any other form of headgear.

Next in order of merit comes the fine white straw Homburg, under which the thermometer, in exactly similar conditions as in the Panama test, registered the temperature of the air inside it at 80 degrees. It will thus be seen that a good straw Homburg hat runs the more expensive Panama very closely as a means of keeping the head cool in the warmest weather. A great deal, of course,



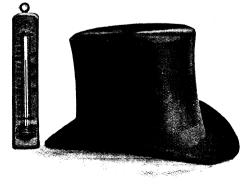
WHITE FELT HOMBURG, 86°.

depends on the weight of a hat whether it proves a good or bad article for its purpose, and on this point the Homburg scored. The difference

in temperature between the

popular "boater" straw and its more aristocratic relation the Homburg

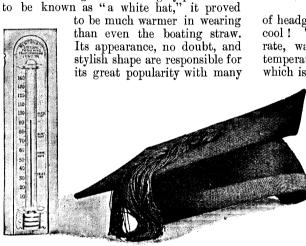
proved to be exactly the number of degrees between the latter and the Panama. The boater, of course, owing to its greater need of



SILK НАТ, 89°.

strength, is built on less fine lines than either of its straw superiors. Consequently it is warmer in the wearing and heavier as well. It is the least desirable of the "straw" tribe so far as immunity from heat-conducting is concerned. Its registered 82 degrees Fahr. are somewhat surprising considering that it is produced only for summer wear.

Having accounted for the straw contributions to the great hat family, the next head-wear to be dealt with is the "white" felt Homburg. Now, although the specimen tested was particularly light in weight and as pale in colour as the lightest tone of grey permissible to be known as "a white hat." it proved

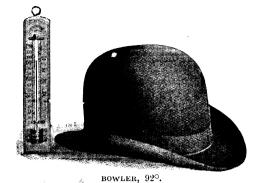


MORTAR-BOARD, 92^O.

people who could easily afford the more expensive and cooler Panama, than which it is actually 8 degrees warmer, for the ther-

mometer fixed inside the felt Homburg during the space it was worn for testing purposes registered 86 degrees.

The tests provided a surprise in the shape of recording the fact that a tall silk hat is by no means the sweltering form of headgear it is popularly supposed to be. For years it has been denounced as the most uncomfortable type of hat manufactured for the use of civilians; it has brought upon itself the abuse of half a century from those who wear it and keep on wearing it. And to think that this so-called monstrosity of civilised wearing apparel is by no means the horrible thing of torture we are told it is, after all ! As a matter of fact, it comes out very well in comparison with some styles



of headgear. It is—comparatively—airy and cool! The particular sample tested, at any rate, was only responsible for an inside temperature, whilst worn, of 89 degrees, which is not so bad for a "topper."

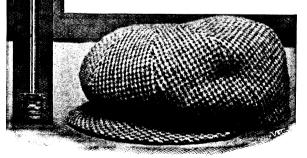
Why are "mortar-boards" worn by men who are supposed to study hard? One would think a cool head to be absolutely a necessity with college folk. Yet they wear this strange-looking article! Close - fitting, and often heavy and made of warmth - inducing material, it may be good to wear during the colder months, but not in the heat of summer. It produced, under the usual test, a change in the register up to 92 degrees.

It is interesting to note that the common "bowler" registered an exactly similar figure, although much heavier. The greater air-space of the "bowler," no doubt,

made up for the disadvantage of its weight compared with the more picturesque college cap.

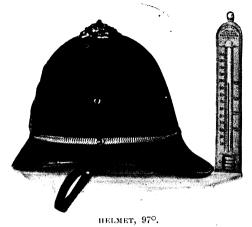
The Scotch tweed cap, as worn for cycling, golf, etc., showed just 2 degrees above the "bowler" and "mortarboard."

On the authority of Mr. W. S. Gilbert,



TWEED CAP, 94°.

we know that a policeman's life is not a happy one. Perhaps one of the reasons is that he is bound to wear his heavy helmet

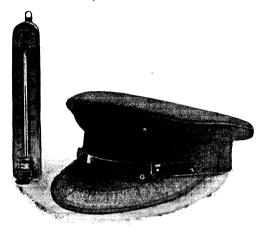


during the hottest day of summer. Although it is really lighter than it looks, it is still, with its metal ornaments, ribs, and chain, quite as much as the average officer likes to carry along with him on his noonday beat, especially when the summer sun loves to kiss the metal ornaments and linger on their lips, whilst the colour and the material the body is made of would seem to have been specially designed to retain as much heat as possible. Under the test, the thermometer stood at 97 degrees—and quite high enough, too !

There is apparently only one form of headgear warmer than the policeman's—that is the yachting or motoring cap. Each is built on very similar lines to the other. When worn for its especial purpose, the yachting cap or motoring cap may be all right; but when placed upon the head of an ordinary citizen and worn under a hot sun for even a short space, it is distinctly a roaster, and registers a temperature of 98 degrees.

It ought to be mentioned that the various tests were carried out indiscriminately, and are only now placed in order from the lowest to the highest temperature for the sake of easy comparison.

The writer desires to thank Messrs. Chas. Baker and Co., and Messrs. Edwards and



YACHTING AND MOTORING CAP, 98°.

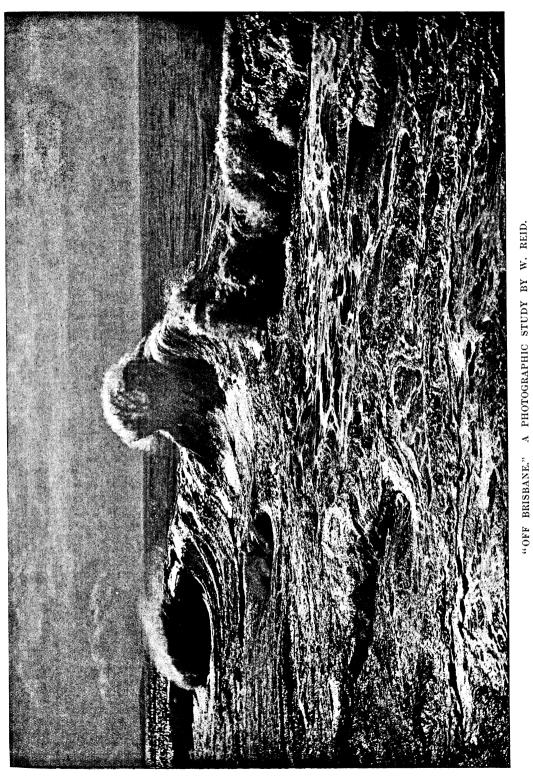
Son, both of Holborn, for their kind assistance in the taking of the accompanying photographs.

DAPHNE.

BRIGHT Lady of the Heart's Desire, As in the days I spent with you, Kind memory sets my mind afire With visions of the face I knew. A Daphne wreathed with love and smiles, Whom Nature's most entrancing wiles Conspired to render sweet, The branching trees above her head, The limpid river in its bed, The green grass at her feet.

Sweet Daphne! though that time long past Will never more be ours, In these June days that glide so fast I lie among the flowers; And through transparent summer air, I think I see you standing there With Youth and Love aglow. But ah! I stretch my hand. The face Has vanished. 'Tis an empty space. Some blossoms hanging low.

EILY ESMONDE.



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"'And it's going to be a close thing, sir,' said my informant."

A BENEFIT MATCH.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

F I have one fault—which I am not prepared to admit—it is that I am too good - natured. I remember on one occasion, when staying in the country with a lady who had known me from boyhood, protesting in a restrained, gentlemanly manner when her youthful son began to claw me at breakfast. At breakfast, I'll trouble you, and an early one at that ! "Well, James," she said, "I always thought that you were good-natured, whatever else you were !" A remark which, besides containing a nasty innuendo in the latter half of it, struck me as passing all existing records in Cool Cheek. And it stood as a record till the day that Jervis rang me up on the telephone and broached the matter of Mr. Morley-Davenport.

It is no use to grumble, I suppose. One cannot alter one's nature. There it is, and there's an end of it. But personally I have always found it a minor curse. People ask me to do things, and expect me to oblige them, when they would not dream of making the same request of most of the men I know. And they thrive on it. Do a man a good turn once, as somebody says, and after that he thinks he has a right to come and sit on your lap and help himself out of your pockets.

Looking back over the episodes which have arisen from this abuse of my angelic temperament, I recall the Adventure of a Ribbon I tried to Match for an Aunt of Mine, the Curious Affair of the Vicar's Garden-Party, and a host of others, prominent among which is the Dark and Sinister Case of the Brothers Barlow, the most recent of all my ordeals.

It occurred only last summer. I was having tea at my club when the thing may be said to have begun. The club is described in *Whitaker* as "social and political," and at that time it seemed to me to overdo both qualities. The political atmosphere at the moment was disturbed by a series of byelections, and members, whom I did not know by sight, were developing a habit of sitting down beside me and saying : "Interesting contest, that at ----," wherever the place might be. In this case it was at Stapleton, in Surrey. The Stapleton election, I gathered from an old gentleman who had cornered me and was giving me his views on the crisis, was in a most interesting con-If Morley-Davenport — who was, dition. I gathered, "our man"-could pull it off, it would be a most valuable thing for the party. On the other hand, if he could not pull it off, as was not at all unlikely, it would be an equally damaging blow for the party.

"And it's going to be a close thing, sir," said my informant—" an uncommonly close thing."

"Sporting finish," I agreed, feeling rather bored. I wanted to get at the evening paper, to see what sort of a game Middlesex were making of it with Surrey.

"A desperately close thing," said my old gentleman.

Here the door of the smoking-room opened, and a boy appeared. When anybody is wanted at our club, it is customary for a boy to range the building, chanting the name at intervals in a penetrating treble—

"Mis-tah Innes!"

I am Mr. Innes.

"Excuse me," I said to the politician.

Somebody had rung me up on the telephone. I went downstairs, shut myself up in the box, and put the engine to my ear.

"Ĥullo?"

"That you, James?"

I recognised the voice. It was that of Jervis, a man who sometimes played for the Weary Willies on their Devonshire tour.

"Yes. That you, Jervis? What's the matter? Why didn't you come and look me up here?"

"No time. I'm off in ten minutes. I'm 'phoning from Waterloo. Never been so busy in my life. Working twenty-four hours a day, three-minute interval for meals. This election business, you know. Down at Stapleton. It's going to be the hottest finish on record."

"So a battered relic in here was telling me just now. Dash along. You've interrupted me in the middle of my tea, and I've had to leave half a crumpet alone with the battered one, whom I don't trust an inch. I saw him looking hungrily at it when I went out. What's up with you?" "Look here, James, you were always a good-natured sort of chap—___"

I started, as one who sees a surreptitious snake in the undergrowth.

"Jervis," I said.

"Hullo, are you there?"

"Of course I am. Where did you think I was? Look here, if you want me to act in amateur theatricals again, you'd save yourself trouble by ringing off at once."

"No, no."

"Or if it's anything to do with a bazaar-----"

"No, no, nothing of that sort. It's about a cricket match. I suppose you're skippering the Weary Willies against Stapleton?"

"So that's why the name sounded familiar. I'd forgotten we'd got a match on there. Yes, I am. Why?"

"Then just listen carefully for a minute. I must hurry, or I shall miss that train. You know I'm agent for old Morley-Davenport, don't you? Well, anyhow, I am. It's the tightest thing you ever saw, but I believe we shall get him in all right. I had a great idea the other day. It was this way. I don't know if you know Stapleton. It's a sporting constituency. Half the voters live for nothing else but games. The serious politicians of the neighbourhood are about even, but there's quite a decent squad of electors who'd vote either way. It all depends which man takes their fancy. My The Weary Willies' match idea was this. always excites people down here, and I've arranged that old M.-D. shall play for Stapleton. You see the idea? Our sporting candidate. Genuine son of Britain, and so on. It will be the biggest advertisement on earth."

"Not much of an advertisement if your son of Britain takes an egg."

"But he won't. That's where you come in."

" Oh ? "

"Yes. Are you there? Keep on listening. I want you to square the bowlers, and let our man make a few."

"Is that all?" I said.

"Quite a simple thing. Morley-Davenport isn't in his first youth exactly, but he's a sturdy old chap, and used to play cricket once."

" Friend of Alfred Mynn's?"

"That's about the date. Still, he could make a few off real tosh. Just one or two loose ones to leg. I wish you would, old man. You know the Stapleton match isn't such a big affair for the Weary Willies. It doesn't matter much whether you win or lose. And, besides, you're bound to win. You need only let him get about twenty. That would see us through. And Stapleton haven't any bowling. Are you on ? "

"Why doesn't he try some other dodge? Why not kiss a baby or two?"

"My dear chap, we've kissed babies till our lips are worn through. This is the only way. Are you on ?"

"Well, I suppose -----

"Fortu-

nately for

you, Sharples

isn't playing.

If he was,

the thing

would be off.

Sharples

wouldn'tspoil

his analysis if

he were asked

to by Royalty.

He's the sort of man who'd

send his

mother a fast yorker first

ball if she

batted against

him. He has got to go

away for the

week-end.

And Geake can't play,

either. So we

are trying a couple of

"Good man, I knew you would. Can you square Sharples?" "Well ?"

"Thanks."

I went back to the smoking-room musing on the follies a man will commit if he is cursed with the obliging nature of a saint. Here was I pledged to induce two perfect strangers to bowl badly before a large audience, possibly to endure ridicule from the same—and for what? To enable a man, for whom they could not be expected to care a dam (a small Javanese coin of inconsiderable value) to become a member of an



said the long brother suavely.'

institution. which probably they thoroughly despised. Ah, well, if a man is too good and kind for this world, he must pay the penalty. No doubt I should be rewarded later on. TheGuardian Angel must be marking me highly for this. It only remained to carry the thing through.

I wrote to Sharples that night; reminded him of our ancient friendship; enlarged on the desirability of doing Jervis a good

newbowlers." "Who are they ?"

"Friends

of Sharples. Two brothers called Barlow. Sharples says they are useful. Never heard of them myself."

"Can you square them?"

"I expect so. Any friends of Sharples are bound to be shady. A little thing like this will probably be a pleasant holiday from their regular routine of crime."

"Well, have a shot at it, there's a good man. I must rush now. Just got a minute to catch the train. Good-bye."

" Good-bye."

" Oh, by the way."

turn and thus securing a useful bat and excellent field for our Devonshire tour; and entreated him to do his best to persuade his friends, the bowling brethren, and, finally, to wire to me if all was well.

Two days later I received a telegram from him. "All right" (it ran); "have nobbled Barlows."

I packed my bag on Friday night with an easy mind.

Barlow Brothers consisted of a tall, thin Barlow with a moustache, and a short, thin Barlow without one. They were quiet men,



"The candidate hopped to square-leg with an agility extremely creditable in one of his years."

and took no part in the discussion which Gregory, our wicket-keeper, started in the dressing-room on the probability of Tomato beating Toffee-Drop in that afternoon's race. They also omitted to contribute to a symposium respecting the merits and demerits of the Stapleton ground. Outside, on the field, after I had lost the toss—my invariable custom—I sought them out and addressed them.

"It was awfully good of you two men to play," I began.

"Not at all," said the long brother suavely.

"Only too glad of a game," said the short brother with old-world courtesy.

"Nice day for the match."

"Capital," said the long brother.

"Top hole," said the short brother.

"The election seems to be causing a good deal of excitement down here," I went on. "Er—by the way, I understand that Sharples has—— I mean to say, you've grasped the idea? Morley-Davenport, and all that, don't you know?"

"Sharples explained," said the clean-shaven Barlow.

"Good," I said. "Then that's all right. Of course, don't overdo it. We must win the match, if possible. Still, if you give him—say twenty-five or thirty, what?"

"Just so," said the Barlow with the moustache.

"Then will you start at the road end? We'd better be getting out into the field. Their first two men seem to be ready. That stout old chap in the Panama is your man. I asked their captain."

The candidate took first ball. He had walked to the wickets amidst a perfect storm of cheers and hooting from the large crowd. It seemed to me that the two parties were pretty equally divided. Not being abreast of local politics, I missed a good deal of the inner meaning of such words as I caught. Thus, when a very fat man near the pavilion called out : "What about the gorgonzola?" the question, though well received by the speaker's immediate neighbours, struck me as cryptic. Nor did I see why a reference to a kipper should elicit such applause. These things were a sealed book to me.

The longer Barlow opened the bowling, as requested. He proved to be a man of speed. He took a very long run, gave a jump in the middle, and hurled down a hurricane delivery wide of the off-stump. He was evidently determined not to let the part he was playing be obvious to the spectator. I was glad of this. I had been afraid that he might roll up stuff of such a kind that the crowd would assail him with yells of derision.

The candidate did not like it at all. He hopped to square-leg with an agility extremely creditable in one of his years. The crowd roared with happy laughter.

"Hide behind the umpire, guv'nor," advised one light-hearted sportsman.

The rest of the over was a repetition of the first ball. It was a maiden.

The shorter Barlow wanted two men out on the boundary, from which I deduced that he was a slower bowler than his brother. The batsman who was to receive the ball was a tall, hatchet-faced man of about the same age as Mr. Morley-Davenport. There was a sort of look of the cricketer about him, but he seemed to me rather too much the veteran to be really effective.

The lesser Barlow turned out to be a slow left-hander, and, to judge from his first over, scarcely a Rhodes. His opening ball was a long-hop to leg, and the hatchet-faced man swept it to the boundary. From the roar of applause which ensued I gathered that he was by way of being a local favourite. When he treated the second ball in precisely the same way, I began to be uneasy. If Barlow the lesser bowled like this when he was trying to get a man out, what sort of bilge, if I may be permitted the expression, would he serve up when he was doing his best to let a man make runs? I should have to take him off, in deference to popular indignation, and his successor might-probably woulddismiss our candidate with his first ball.

Fortunately the rest of the over was better. Off the last ball the batsman scored a single, to the huge relief of Mr. Morley-Davenport, who trotted up to the other end evidently delighted at not having to face the fast bowler.

Our man of pace opened with three of his best length 'uns, which the batsman prudently let alone. As I watched him running up to deliver the fourth, my heart sank, for his whole aspect said that here was a man who was going to bowl a slow head-ball. I was fielding mid-on, and I edged apprehensively towards the boundary. Short-leg also looked far from comfortable. Anything more futile than the ball when it did arrive I have seldom seen. It was a full-pitch on the off, and was despatched over point's head to the ropes, producing fresh applause from the crowd, which was redoubled when the batsman hit a four and a two off the concluding balls.

Some fate seemed to brood over Mr. Morley-Davenport. He slashed valiantly at our slow bowler's next over without hitting a single ball. I could not say that it was the bowler's fault. He certainly seemed to be sending down stuff that was sufficiently easy. But the candidate could not get the measure of it, and there were distinct cat-calls from the neighbourhood of the pavilion as the fieldsmen crossed over. The fat critic once more inquired mystically after the gorgonzola.

The game now proceeded in a most unsatisfactory manner. Twenty went up on the board from a snick through the slips on the part of the hatchet-faced man. I had misjudged the beast. He might be a veteran, but he obviously knew how to lay on the wood. He hit a couple of twos off the fast Barlow and a four and a three off the slow Barlow. Thirty went up. Ten minutes later it was followed by forty. And all this while the man Morley-Davenport had not scored a He hit over balls and under balls and run. on each side of balls, and very occasionally he blundered into a ball and sent it to a fieldsman. But never a run did he gather. The situation was becoming feverish. I had not looked for this when Jervis had lured me into becoming his catspaw. Jervis, who was all this while in London, well out of the whole thing !

Matters were growing complicated. The crowd, which had by this time definitely decided to consider the thing funny, laughed heartily whenever Mr. Morley-Davenport let a ball pass him, and applauded thunderously if he happened to hit one. The telegraphboard showed the figures 50. Gloomy discontent had seized the Weary Willies. Changing across between the overs men ostentatiously practised bowling actions, hoping against hope that I would put them on. I could see them becoming misanthropes under my very eyes.

I resolved to abandon Jervis and his schemes. The longer Barlow was just beginning an over. It should be his last. If Morley-Davenport could not score except at the rate of two runs an hour (he had snicked a ball to leg just before the fifty went up, and the crowd had applauded for a solid minute), he must go, and take his chance at the polling.

I had barely framed this ultimatum in my mind when his off-stump flew out of the ground. A fast yorker had compassed his downfall.

"At last !" said mid-off, and flung himself on the ground.

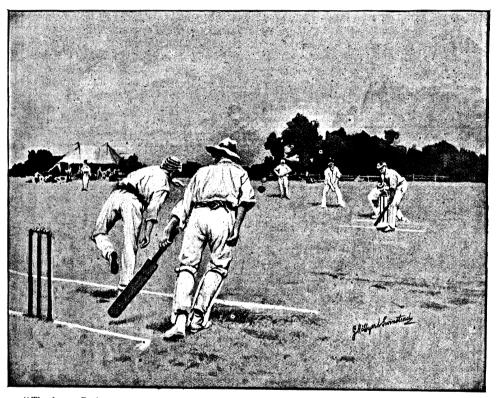
The bowler came over to me. "I'm very sorry," he said in his quiet way, "but I thought ----- "

"Quite right," I said. "Life's too short. We should have to run this match as a serial if we wanted that man to get twenty. He wouldn't do it before the middle of next season. Poor devil, though, it's rather hard on him. Listen to those fellows ! "

The crowd had risen as one man, and was cheering the outgoing batsman as if he had made a century. References to the gorgonzola rose above the din.

The slow Barlow got a man stumped in his next over, and the smile became a grin.

With the score at seventy-three for six wickets a prolonged burst of applause announced the completion of the hatchetfaced man's fifty. All things considered. I suppose, it was a fine effort. But he had



"The lesser Barlow turned out to be a slow left-hander. His opening ball was a long-hop to leg."

"Man in," said Gregory

The new batsman took guard.

The disappearance of the candidate seemed to put new life into the Weary Willies. The Barlows, now at liberty to show their true form, worked like professionals. Both were evidently something more than mere club bowlers. I learned later that the fast brother was the J. E. Barlow who had only just missed his Blue at Cambridge in the previous summer.

Three balls were enough for the firstwicket man. A beautifully disguised slow

certainly had more than his share of loose balls. Every time one of the bowlers sent down a full-pitch to leg, he seemed to be there to receive it.

After the fall of the sixth wicket we struck a stratum of pure rabbits. The last four men failed to score, and the innings closed for eighty-nine. Hatchet Face, who had made sixty-two and carried his bat, received an ovation which eclipsed Mr. Morley-Davenport's. The Weary Willies joined in the applause. It certainly had been rather a fine performance.

From this point I enjoyed the game thoroughly. I dismissed Jervis from my mind and concentrated myself on my innings. I had been in good form for some time that season, and the Stapleton bowling was poor. I was badly missed by the unhappy candidate when in the twenties, but after that could do nothing wrong. Everything came off for me. We passed their score with only two wickets down, and when stumps were drawn I was not-out a hundred and fifteen. And so home to bed, as Pepys puts it, feeling pleased with life.

I was pained on the Monday evening following the match by a strange post-card from Jervis. The post-card ran as follows: "I knew you would make a mess of it. You've settled our hash completely. Read the piece I have marked in the paper I am sending." I failed to follow him. True, Mr. Morley-Davenport had not had that dazzling success which one could have wished, but nobody could say that I had not done my best for him. It was not my fault if the man could not hit one ball in thirty. I was annoyed with Jervis.

The passage which he had marked in the paper, however, threw a certain amount of light on the matter. Under the heading, "The Stapleton Election," and the subheading, "An Interesting Incident," there appeared the following paragraph :—

"An amusing by-product of the keenly fought contest at Stapleton took place on Saturday at the New Recreation Grounds, the occasion being the annual match between the town and the Weary Willies Cricket Club. Mr. Morley-Davenport's partisans had intended to steal a clever march on their opponents by securing for their man a place in the town team-a strategic move which would undoubtedly have gone far towards deciding the result of the polling. At the eleventh hour, however, the secret leaked out, and the opposition camp speedily showed that they too could act. Through the courtesy of the popular and energetic skipper of the town eleven, Mr. Charley Summers, a

place was also found in the ranks of the team for Mr. Morley-Davenport's rival. We need not inform our readers of Mr. Muddock's prowess on the links, but it was not so generally known that he was as able a wielder of the willow as of the niblick and brassey. His performance on Saturday electrified the large and enthusiastic crowd which had assembled to witness the match. With a true eye for the dramatic, Mr. Summers sent the two rivals in together to open the batting for their side. The comparison between the two 'gave furiously to think.' While Mr. Muddock hit the bowling to all corners of the field without once appearing to be in difficulties, Mr. Morley-Davenport proved that his cricket is as feeble and vacillating, as futile and ludicrous as are his politics. There was something painful For more than an hour finally dismissed for the majestic score of two runs. Mr. Muddock, on the other hand . . . vigorous display forceful tactics. . . . In short"

A week later the papers were announcing that Mr. T. Muddock, the new M.P. for Stapleton, "yesterday took his seat for the first time in the House, being warmly cheered by the members of his party as he entered."

A paragraph that appeared in one of the Society weeklies at about the same time had a special interest for me.

"A marriage has been arranged," said the paragraph, "and will shortly take place, between John Edwin, eldest son of George Albamont Barlow, of The Mote, Shrewsbury, and Alice Catherine Maud, only daughter of Thomas Muddock, M.P., The Manor, Stapleton. Mr. Barlow," continued the writer, "is a keen cricketer, and narrowly missed playing for Cambridge at Lord's last season."

Jervis, who has declined to join the Weary Willies on their Devonshire tour, still sticks to it that the whole thing was my fault. Well—I mean—what can you do with a man like that ?



THE BOY AND THE BICYCLE.

By G. E. MITTON.



2E was always called the Boy, though he was four - and twenty; it was partly because he had no tendency to any masculine vices. He could never learn to swear, he did not enjoy smoking, and to

drink had been a painfully acquired process, practised at the University as a desirable social accomplishment. He was as hard as nails, and as full of life as a kitten or a puppy. Yet though generally sunny tempered so that it was difficult to arouse him, when really aroused he had the temper of a fiend-which might, after all, have been gathered from his curious, liquid, threecornered eyes. Lithe and light, a brilliant bat, a capital shot, he was no whit behind his competers in outdoor games and sports. He possessed withal a singularly wholesome mind and a keen sense of humour. But it was the curse of his life that his surface qualities were such that he could get no one to take him seriously.

The Boy caracoled about the road on his bicycle, now spinning along within an inch of the path, then whirling round his sister in a complete circuit as she rode soberly along in the centre of the road.

"Butterfly !" she remarked contemptuously. "Dick and Sylvia will be frightened out of their wits if you behave like that when they are with us."

Rose Hewby was sedate and phlegmatic, the very antithesis of her brother, whom she adored.

"Dick is really a good sort. You make him out a kind of kill-joy," he retorted, making his machine stand still suddenly in the middle of the road. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, Rose, marry a man of that kind ! Two of you together would bore each other to death. You ought-----""

"Gracious, Maurice!" she broke in suddenly, startled out of her usual equanimity, "there's the train running over the viaduct! They'll be in the station before we get there!"

In a flash the Boy shot past her, and

swung in an instant to a narrowing speck on the roadway. Scorching was his soul's delight.

II.

"A CHANGELING, I suppose ? It's really quite impossible you and your sister should. be so near of kin."

A party of four on bicycles were going evenly along a country road. Needless to say, they were in couples. Rose was ahead with her fiance, Dick Redwood, and Maurice followed with Dick's sister, Sylvia. She, a little, bright-eyed, demure shrimp of a girl, not without a dash of unexpectedness, had completely captivated the Boy. Heretofore, with the easy philosophy of an untrammelled mind, he had declared that marriage was all very well when you were old enough to settle down, but that it was no good worrying beforehand. Yet, in the last few weeks, in which he had necessarily been thrown a great deal with Sylvia, his ideas had changed. It seemed to him now or never, that on this one chance hung all his life's happiness. Marriage was no longer to be relegated to some obscure future, but was a glorious and wonderful prize to be grasped at once if possible.

Yet Sylvia, like everyone else, refused to take him seriously. To her he was just a boy, and to his most insinuating speeches she returned only laughter. It is true she permitted him to take liberties that she did not allow to other men, but he felt keenly that this, so far from being encouragement, merely meant that he did not fall within the range of practical politics for her.

"If I went about in tail-coats and played the well-informed young man, she'd like me right enough," he grumbled to himself. "She literally sat at the feet of that boiledpotato professor who was here the other day."

But the time for trying to alter her opinion was nearly past; the Redwoods were leaving the next day, and the Boy's heart frothed within him as he conned over all the schemes that might exercise so marvellous an influence as to change her idea of him completely in so short a time.

His efforts at gravity on this, which was probably their last ride together, only had the effect of provoking her mischievous laughter, so he gave them up and played all the moukey tricks he knew all the way to Bareham, where they were to have tea; and during tea-time Rose and Dick were in so gloomy a state at the prospect of separation on the morrow that there was nothing for a fellow with any self-respect to do but to "keep up his end," and this Maurice proceeded to do in his own inimitable way until even Rose was

reduced to helpless laughter.

"Are you never unhappy?" Sylvia demanded cruelly as the quartette started homewards. "I can't imagine that you could feel anything deeply."

This was an awful reward for a fellow who had thrown himself. into a very obvious breach; and all the worse because he had been nerving himself up to make one more desperate attempt to tell Sylvia his real feelings on the homeward road. However, it had to be done in any case, so he blurted it out in the worst possible way for his own interests.

"Feel? Of course I feel. You ought to know. By Jove! when I think I shan't see honestly; I feel as blue as possible at your going. I mean never to give you up, yet somehow you can't understand——"

She spoke more gently. "My dear Maurice, I like you very much. You are the best of companions, but, though I don't want to hurt you, I'll speak plainly, as I think it's the kindest thing to do. I have no confidence in you. I dare say you do mean what you are saying just at this

> moment — perhaps you'll miss me for a day or two, but I don't think it goes beyond that."

"You don't think I have the capability of feeling much or deeply?"

" Don't be hurt. People aren't all alike. Well, to put it bluntly, it is that. I don't think you could keep up any sustained effort. You would grow tired of anyone at once; you have no depth of feeling, though it may be keen on the surface. To take an example, I don't believe you can understand in the least the way those two, your sister and my brother, care for each other."

"People have different ways of caring. I couldn't, I really couldn't spoon in public."



"Slipped in the rut and fell into the hedge."

you any more after to-morrow, *I* feel, I can tell you. You can't believe that, I suppose ?"

She broke into a merry laugh. "Don't, Maurice !" she cried, for she, like everyone else who knew him, had instantly adopted his Christian name. "It's too ridiculous. You're trying to make fun of me now."

He groaned.

"What's the matter now?"

"You never treat me as anything but a kid," he said. "Sylvia, I care for you, I do

"Spooning is not necessary; but you take life so lightly, and pooh-pooh everything."

"I shouldn't be a bit a model husband," he admitted, "but one doesn't come along to tell a girl one loves her with a certificate of character in one's hand."

Sylvia was annoyed. He seemed to treat the matter with levity even when most in earnest. It was all nothing to him. All the more annoyed because in the very bottom of her heart she knew that this dashing, merry boy had grown into her affections in a way that made the pain of saying "Good-bye" pretty sharp. But she was genuinely in earnest in her estimation of him. She fancied that if she had been weak enough to say "Yes," in a month's time there would be someone else first with him. He was fond of his sister, but she was sure that even for his sister he could not seriously put himself out. Everything was on the surface, he had no depth. At least, so she read his character.

She answered therefore rather hotly: "It's no use arguing. You are not the kind of man I could look on as a possible husband. You are so light and flippant, you have no depth, no earnestness of purpose. I could not rely on you in any emergency."

"I'm getting it hot now," he thought, and waited for some more, but nothing came. So he ventured after a silence : "Yet you do care for me a little?"

"I've told you I like you," she said hastily. "As a companion you amuse me very much."

He winced, but said aloud airily: "Well, it's something not to be classed with the bores, isn't it?"

He little knew how his careless words swept away his last chance. Sylvia had been brought up in a strict school, and lightheartedness was not a virtue she had ever pictured in her ideal man. So her heart hardened against him, and she rode back obdurate in the darkening evening.

III.

ROSE dying? The doctor's verdict that unless she were aroused, she could not last until morning? When? How? Why?

It was the awful suddenness of it that drove home the blow with such smashing force. It was about three weeks since the Redwoods had gone home, and Maurice himself had been away for a week. He arrived home about ten o'clock to hear this news. Since Sylvia had left, he had been oppressed with restlessness that had made him apparently more unstable than ever. He had been absolutely and utterly miserable; yet his spirits had not seemed to abate, and his parents and sister had noticed nothing amiss except when his fiery temper had flamed out and he had flung himself out of the house in a gust of passion and gone off to stay with a friend without warning. He had obtained no relief by the change of scene and companionship, and now he had returned, to be greeted by this blow.

In answer to his questions, he heard that the seizure had been extremely sudden; that it had not been thought much of at first, but later on, when the doctor came, he announced it to be a virulent form of blood-poisoning. Rose had rapidly grown worse, and now lay utterly inert and apparently unconscious. The great thing was to rouse her, but every effort had been made in vain.

Maurice stole into the room, creeping from behind the screen, and started at the clammy green tinge that overspread her face as she rolled her head from side to side with a weary, monotonous movement that seemed to have nothing to do with volition. Her lips moved, however, and bending over her, he heard the word : "Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick !" repeated endlessly.

"Have you wired for Dick?" he asked anxiously.

"How could we? It's only the last two hours that we thought it at all serious. All the offices are shut; besides, he couldn't possibly get here——" Mrs. Hewby broke down in an agony of grief and turned away.

Yet Dick could rouse her if anyone could —the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand ! And the doctor had said : "Rouse her—it's the only chance to save her life."

With racing step Maurice reached the smoking-room and turned the pages of the railway guide. L-M-Ma-Me-. Here it was, Merton-last train that night to Merton, already gone, two hours ago; but a train left Merton at 3.30 a.m. It was a mail train, and arrived at 5 a.m. The distance between here and Merton by road was fiftythree miles, and if Dick had to be aroused and get to the station to catch the train, it was necessary to be at his house by 3 a.m.

Maurice scribbled on a sheet of notepaper : "Have gone to fetch Redwood on the bicycle," and handed it to a servant to give to his father. A few seconds later he was in the outhouse, where he kept his bicycle, lighting the lamp, which he fixed low down on the hub. "Poor little chap!" he said tenderly, while his hands shook with excitement, "you've had a good run to-day already. Never mind, it's for her life-her life, mind. Come on !" And shutting the door behind him, he sprang to the saddle with a flying leap without touching the pedals, and was off. The bike was a modern one, fitted with the three-speed gear, and to him it was a living creature, and he was accustomed to talk to it as if it understood.

He knew the road—that is to say, he had been over it from end to end before—and the first ten miles or so were very familiar. The surface was dry, and though there was no moon, the stars gave a dim, diffused light which was a considerable help. He had been far too excited to think of taking anything to eat before starting, and as he had bicycled home the forty miles from the place where he had been staying, without stopping for dinner, he had had no food since midday; but bicycling was a second nature to him, and at first he hardly felt the pedals as he ran along beneath the shelter of a hill. He knew it was windy, for it had been blowing fitfully in gusts more or less all day, but at present the wind did not bother him at all, and the road was level. As it unrolled beneath his wheels the night air braced him and made him forget his weariness, and already in anticipation he saw his task accomplished.

Then all at once a low gust of wind came from one side, growing in intensity until it howled past, echoing into the night. The suddenness of it made him reel a little, and fear seized his heart—he could never accomplish his end against a strong wind; but it died away as suddenly as it had come, and all was quiet.

After about five miles he came to a long hill down, running through a straggling village, and he stopped pedalling and shot down at a tremendous pace. He noticed black, wispy clouds were gathering over the stars, and the sky was darkening considerably. In the village, the lights were nearly out-country people retire early-but at the end the public-house still flared blatantly, and a confused murmur of voices came from within. Maurice was close upon it when the door was forced violently open and a man was propelled into the roadway, so that he fell heavily, a repulsive, protesting mass. At the terrific speed of the bicycle, Maurice was on him almost as it happened, and only by the sharpest of swerves did he save himself from being capsized, but the swerve was so sharp that it very nearly sent him over a few yards beyond.

Recovering himself, he dashed on, and soon began to work in earnest up a steepish hill that led to a small town. Here there were shops still unshuttered and several people about; the hill rose through the whole length of the main street, and pace was perforce slackened; he dropped to his lowest gear and held on. He felt his heart beating as he neared the summit, and his throat seemed unnaturally dry; but he gained the market-place in safety, and then had to go slowly through the old-fashioned, narrow streets beyond. The town clock was illuminated, and showed the time to be five minutes past eleven; he had been at it forty minutes, and done about eight miles.

By the time he got to the bridge over the river he was almost clear of the town, and put on the pace once more at the middle Bump! He found himself flung gear. heavily on the hard road, with his machine in a heap beside him. An angry snarl and yelp informed him that the obstacle over which he had fallen had been a big, black dog, lying in the roadway. Beyond a painful knee he was not damaged, and taking off the lamp, he examined the machine. It did not seem to be any the worse, but precious minutes had been wasted. He was shaken, and his breath came and went in a way it had not done since he was the veriest tyro. The next piece of road was straight, and he put on the highest gear and raced at a pace he judged must have been something like seventeen miles an hour. Then he slowed down, for he remembered that hereabouts was a cross-road that cut off a couple of It was a bridle-path only, and, as is miles. often the case, showed heavy ruts, in defiance of the warning "No Wheeled Vehicles Permitted." He found it and turned into it, and, as he did so, partly faced the wind; he had not noticed it for some time, but it had certainly been growing in strength and in-The roads had so far been dry, but tensity. here it was very different, and he had not gone half-way along the lane before he realised he had made a mistake, and would have done better to keep to the high-road. The centre was villainously soft, and every now and then he went splash into a puddle of mud that flew up over his feet. It was so dark under the overhanging trees that he could only see the foot or two ahead revealed by the unsteady light of the lamp. He tried to ride on the side to avoid the mud, but slipped in the rut and fell into the hedge. When he got up, his lamp had gone out. He felt for his matchbox, and on opening it, discovered there were only two wax vestas left. Guarding one of the precious matches as well as he could, he struck it and with the utmost caution conveyed it to the wick; it flickered, and for one horrible moment the issue hung in doubt, and then it caught. He fastened the lamp and mounted again, but the rest of the lane took a long time to traverse. It was with a sigh of relief he regained the high-road once more. Just at this moment, however he felt a drop of rain in his face, and the wind at the second turn caught him full in the front. He realised now that the fight was about to begin; and begin it did. The way was open and unsheltered, and for the next two or three miles



"He could make out on one arm, 'Merton, 18 miles."

it was a steady, persistent push; he had to put power into the pedalling at every stroke, and yet he seemed to make no headway. It was the wind that was so heart-breaking; sometimes he felt his muscles slacken a little as the road ran down, but he could never run free for a moment, and on the slightest rise the work brought the perspiration out all over him. He compared the persistence of the wind to numberless images; it was like a giant hand in a velvet glove pressing him back; it was like a leaden image dragged on a sledge behind. And all the time he was working his hardest and making little headway. Then he came to a

steep hill, and, though he put on his lowest gear and worked at it, he was compelled to dismount; his throat seemed to be coming up into his mouth, it was so cĥoking. Half running, half walking beside the machine, he drew out his watch and looked at the time---it was five minutes before midnight. Without stopping, he detached the lamp and examined the cyclometer. It registered fifteen miles from the start-fifteen miles in one hour and a half! He must better that if he meant to do the job. Four hours and a half for fifty-three miles meant an average of nearly twelve miles an hour.

At the top of the hill he felt as fresh as ever; he had got his second wind. So far as he remembered, there was a turn off the main road here on the right, and thence an undulating road running along the bottom of a wooded valley. He discovered how very dark it was by his difficulty in finding the turn. But the glimmer of the white signpost told him he was there. On he leapt, and started off at the highest gear. It was neck or nothing now, and he realised it fully. No time to look ahead and use caution. He must go blindly and trust to Fate. The wood rose steeply on one side, and on the other dropped sharply to a clashing burn that could be heard far below brawling noisily over its stony bed.

Maurice felt he might dash over that precipitous edge any moment, and fall headlong down, crushing through bushes to land with a dull thud on those sharpedged stones. He did not lack imagination.

Yet he bowed himself desperately forward until his nose almost touched the handlebars as he strained to see the few yards of light about his path, and pedalled as if possessed. He must have been going fifteen miles an hour, he reckoned.

As he became accustomed to those surroundings he forgot the peril, and his mind busied itself with other matters for a mile or two; then suddenly, with an awful crash, he became fully alive, thinking for a moment he had run headlong into a mass of rock. It was, however, a gnarled and tough thornbush that had received him and the cycle into its wide embrace as they had spun right on over the edge of the precipice, while the road turned a right angle. Luckily Maurice's arms had shot forward, and kept his head safe, though his face was scratched all over. He had considerable difficulty in extricating himself from the clinging embrace of the But in the first moment of recoverthorns. ing, his first thought was for the bicycle. The machine had fortunately landed on the angle of two stubborn boughs, which had prevented its plunging down the hill, and he pulled it back without much trouble. Maurice was so thankful for his miraculous escape that he was jubilant rather than depressed at this accident. He wiped the blood off his face, carried the bike to the sheltered side of the road, and with his last match lit the lamp, which had, of course, gone out a second In two miles more he would be clear time. of the wooded part of the country, and out on to an open moorland.

But he had forgotten the wind. During the seven miles he had traversed the valley, the rising hill had sheltered him; but once out on the moorland, the wind caught him again. It was more slantwise that it had been before, however, and came in great gusts instead of a persistent push; but it was bad, nevertheless, and every now and then blew so wildly that it almost stopped him; doggedly he worked on, but the pace and the strain were beginning to tell. He had done half the distance. His mind began to run Odd, how queer he felt; he had on trifles. never felt like that before; it was probably the effect of the dark ; if it were daylight, it would be all right, and yet in daylight what an object he would be, for his face was stiffened with scratches and dried blood ! Within the next two miles he encountered something-the first vehicle since leaving the town.

He was walking—or, rather, half running -up a very short, steep pitch at the time, when two great yellow eyes glared out of the darkness at him. He saw it was a furnitureremoval van, and hailed the driver.

"Have you come from Merton?"

" What ? "

"Merton. How far is Merton?"

"How far is't. Jack ?"

"Merton, didst thou say?" Jack asked sleepily from the back of the van. But the Boy could not wait until the idea penetrated into their heads, and hurried on.

"Hi, mister !" they shouted after him. He stopped. "Yes?" he yelled back.

"This is not the road to Merton at all."

He ran back breathless. "What do you mean?"

"We've not come through Merton," said the driver; "we come from Standborough."

Jack, however, had apparently woke up now, and volunteered assistance. "There's a road to the left at the top here that'll go to Merton, likely. We came t'other road, from Standborough."

If the Boy had been of a swearing nature, he might have sworn at his delay and their obtuseness. As it was, he only hurried on; but two miles further a hasty glimpse at his watch and cyclometer on the same principles as before informed him that he had accomplished thirty miles, and had two hours for the last twenty-three. He ought to do it, but brain and heart were heavily overwrought, and the blood pounded and thumped as he worked away at high pressure on his middle gear. He had taken the road to the left the men had mentioned, and had passed several by-roads without regarding them, but some miles further on he came to a fork which absolutely puzzled him. Then he saw the sign-post, and seizing his lamp, held it aloft. Alas ! the plain, smooth face of the arm gave no answer to the mute query. Stepping forward, he felt the post with his finger. As he had thought, it was wet with He smiled grimly. "I'm not new paint. done yet," he said, and taking the bracket of the lamp in his teeth, he swarmed up the post, utterly regardless of his clothes. As he had expected, the paint was thin-only one coat had been put on, and by holding the lamp close to the board he could make out on one arm, "Merton, 18 miles."

Down he dropped, and forthwith he started once more, hands sticky, face stiff, knee sore, and with many an ache, but undaunted and unbeaten.

He realised that a miracle had happened the wind was helping him ! Quickly he made use of his highest gear, and for the next five miles was jubilant again, but a turn just by a large pond which he remembered brought him face to face with his old enemy once more, and the struggle continued under tougher conditions than before. Soon the ground began to slope, and he remembered he was nearing the most precipitous descent on all the route. It was marked "Dangerous to Cyclists!" for it curved, becoming ever steeper and steeper, until it ended at last by a sudden turn over a narrow bridge with breast-high stone walls on either side.

There was no question here of putting on the brake, the machine must go its own



"'Thee's run smack inter the tail of the cart, young man."

pace. The last three miles at least, into Merton, were uphill, and as he would have to tackle them at the end of his strength, it would be all he could do to get up them at any decent pace; to keep up the average, he must make the running now. The hedges flew past quicker and quicker, as he tore down the hill; the wind of his going fairly whistled past in his ears. On he dashed madly, recklessly—fear he felt none, he had left the last of that behind him in the thornbush—and would have flung himself at a brick wall had it stood in the way, and had he felt there was any chance of his bicycle leaping over it.

Head down, hands tightened, momentarily. What an interminable hill ! He had forgotten how long it was—should he never

reach the bridge? Almost as he wondered, the pace slackened slightly, and he awoke to the fact that he had shot over the bridge at full speed, taking the turn instinctively without knowing he had done so.

Hooray! He must have put three good miles behind him since the pond. Another hour's work and he would be safe.

The road surface had so far been from good to fair, but in the narrow lane into which he had now turned it was very bad and stony. He felt himself bumping intolerably over large stones, and all of a sudden with one bad bump that jarred the machine all through, the lamp went out.

No good feeling for matches now, nothing for it but to ride on and trust to luck. Twice in the course of half-a-mile he blundered on to the edge of the road, and only just saved himself from over-

turning into the ditch. The wind howled through the scattered trees in the hedgerows, and, whistling in his ears so that he could hear nothing else, made them creak and groan. He could see nothing ahead but a dim glimmer where sky and hedge met. Then all at once, without warning or preparation, his forehead came with terrific force against a hard obstacle; he turned a complete somersault and fell heavily on the road. He heard a man's voice, and then came a blank, from which he recovered with the trickle of water running down his neck. He tried to get up, but felt extraordinarily shaky. An extremely minute and dim lamp stood on the roadway, and by its light he made out the figure of a man leaning over him.

"What happened ?" he gasped.

"Thee's run smack inter the tail of the cart, young man," said the driver severely. "Thou wert riding wi'out a light."

" I didn't see yours."

"Mine's there, but 'twas afront. How's thee noaw?"

"Better." Then as his scattered senses came together he sprang up with a start. "Have I been here long? What time is it?"

Questions he could best answer himself. He borrowed matches, lit his lamp, which fortunately from its position had escaped injury, and looked at his watch.

It was ten minutes past two, and there was still nine miles to do !

He felt dazed and dizzy, inclined to lie down anywhere—in the ditch for choice, from whence the cartman had been anointing him with muddy water. He felt curiously sick with a kind of clammy sweat, quite different from the healthy perspiration of exercise, creeping at the back of his neck under his hair. He had only felt like that once before, when he had broken his finger at cricket and fainted from the pain.

Yet as he sped on through the darkness he was all at once aware he was almost done. His head was so dizzy and light, at times he seemed to lose consciousness altogether for several minutes, but when he came to himself he was always racing along, feet working hard, and the road reeling from under his He made good, steady headway wheels. over the next three or four miles, but the first hill of any gradient was beyond him; even the lower gear only carried him on for a few turns, and he dropped off, running beside the bicycle, talking to it and urging it on almost as if he were half dehirious. His throat seemed to have a tight ring of brass round it, he kept tossing back his head as if to rid himself of this giddiness that came rolling about in clouds, threatening to envelop him. At the summit there was an easy run down of two miles. Surely now he must have time in hand—there could be only about three miles to do, and the last seven had been quickly accomplished. Yes, here the road began to rise—he remembered it well; it was no great angle, and it made all the difference in negotiating the long, slight hill if you had the wind in your favour or not. The wind was helping him—he could ride it at a good, steady pace. The Redwoods' house was a mile beyond the station, but even if he got there at 3.5 or 3.10, Dick would have time to pitch on some clothes and ride his, the Boy's, bicycle to the station, and catch the train easily. Why, even a quarter past—he was safe, anyway. Then all at once his right foot rested on vacancy—the pedal had gone !

He realised in a moment all it meant and all that lay before him, and a great groan of agony burst from him. In the desperate hope that he might possibly screw it on again, he dismounted, and running back a few paces, found it lying on the road. No, no screwing would do anything—the cotterpin had broken clean in two.

He glanced at his watch. It was a quarter to three. To lose now, when the end was so near, to lose after his toil and agony and strain? No! though he died for it, he must accomplish what he had undertaken! Sick at heart, he pounded away with one foot until every muscle throbbed and ached, and Then the sinews seemed like red-hot wires. off for a hundred yards running at top speed to ease the weary limb, and so to work again. He did this once, twice, a dozen times, but each time with less strength, less consciousness, more determination. Throughout it all his will was braced with iron determination. So fixed was his purpose, so glued to the object, that even had he become unconscious altogether, he would have continued automatically until he fell.

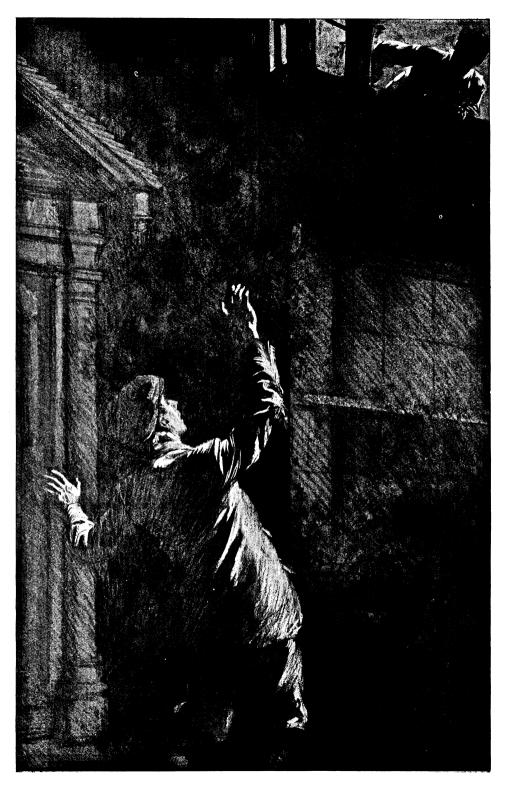
On, on, with spasms of acute pain in the overwrought limb, with choking breath and laboured heart. With a head mazed and fuddled by the blow which had jarred him from head to heel, on he went.

At last! At last he saw the first straggling houses of Merton ahead, but he had lost all count of time.

Blindly he reeled through the narrow street and between the hedgerows beyond. He might arrive to find he had lost the dreadful race by a hair's-breadth. The garden gate occupied him a second only; then a ringing and a banging fit to awake the deafest sleeper that ever closed his eyes echoed through the building. There was no waiting. Almost at once a window shot up overhead, and Dick Redwood's voice demanded to know the why and wherefore of this untimely intrusion.

But Maurice's voice had utterly gone ; like a dumb man he stood there in agony, while

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the solid walls reeled around him. He might lose consciousness now on the very threshold of success with his tale untold.

Wildly he staggered back into full sight of the light from the gas-jet that streamed from the window and waved his arm. It was enough—with a cry of horrified recognition, Dick raced down as he was and shot back the bolts of the door, catching the Boy in his arms as he almost fell over the threshold.

The hands of the grandfather's clock on the staircase pointed to twelve minutes after three. Then, in the sudden relief of strain, the dried-up tongue found utterance, and a few choking words put Redwood in possession of sufficient facts. In two minutes from the time of Maurice's entrance, he was dressed and away on his own bicycle.

While the Boy who had brought the news lay a pitiable object, with bruised and torn face, and lank, clammy hair, utterly unconscious.

IV.

"I'VE been riding ever since I can remember. I'm a bit sick." Maurice spoke in his usual tone, but faintly, and opening his eyes, looked straight up into Sylvia's face. He flushed : "Oh, I thought I was on the bike —I don't know—wasn't I riding, a minute ago?"

"For the last two days you've been in bed under my care, so it must have been before that," she answered.

"I've dreamed and dreamed," he said wearily. "Once it jumped up and hit me in the face—that was when I was riding on the back wheel only, as the trick cyclists do; another time I had no pedals, but when I came to a hill I shoved the spokes round with my hands. Do you think you could do that?" "I shouldn't bother about it now." He closed his eyes again contentedly, but a few minutes after suddenly sat upright, and then fell back again.

"Rose?" he said.

Sylvia leaned over with a smile : "Rose is better, out of danger, so go to sleep now."

"No, I remember it all; it wasn't all a dream, except about the spokes. He got there in time?"

"He got there in time, thanks to you, and his presence roused her as nothing else could have done, brought her back from the very jaws of death."

But with every minute Maurice's ideas were getting clearer.

"How absurd for me to be in bed !" he said. "There's nothing the matter with me."

"Nothing except a little tap on the head that meant concussion of the brain, to say nothing of a few other trifles——"

"Have I been delirious?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"I suppose my language was enough to lift the roof off?"

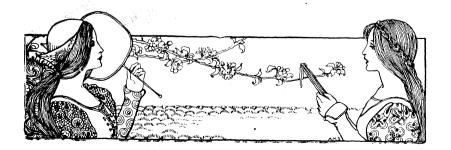
"Pretty strong considering you are you, though they say that the best men are always the worst in that respect."

"Am I a man, Sylvia?" he asked, twisting up his disfigured face comically.

And the answer astonished him with its warmth and tenderness.

"One of the bravest of men, full of energy and resource," she said. "But do you know I am not quite sure, after all, that I don't like the Boy best—for everyday wear, at all events."

And if he hadn't still been so uncertain of his own senses, he could have declared there were tears in her eyes as well as a tremor in her voice.



THE KAISER. A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY DR. CARL PETERS.



CHOPENHAUER, the great German philosopher, in his famous chapter on heredity by descent, points out that man inherits his "will," or his qualities of character, from his father, his intellectual powers from his

mother. However this may be in particular, it is clear that every individual is a combination of the material his two parents were made of. Therefore, if you will grasp his real character, you cannot do better than begin by analysing what is known of his ancestors on both sides. This is very difficult in private life, but possible for descendants of great historical families.

Kaiser Wilhelm II. is a descendant of the illustrious House of Hohenzollern on his father's side, while his mother belongs to the most ancient dynasty of Europe, the House of Hanoverian Guelphs, who have reigned in England since 1713, but who go back with their pedigree down to the threshold of Teutonic history. When Charlemagne resided at Aix-la-Chapelle, the Guelphs were powerful in Switzerland, and a "Dux de Guelpho" appears as a witness on one of the Carolingian documents.

On his father's side Wilhelm II. has among his ancestors such men as the Great Elector and Frederick William I., while the great King Frederick II. is not among his remoter forebears. He was only the great-uncle of his grandfather, William I. The Hohenzollerns have always been a military race; and the Prussian State has been built up mainly by the bayonet. It owes its existence entirely to the genius and perseverance of this great house, and one can well understand the pride which must naturally fill any member of such a race.

On the other side, the Kaiser's mother, the Princess Royal of England, was of a decidedly artistic turn of mind : a lover of all arts, an amateur painter herself, quick in understanding and judgment. From such ancestry came Wilhelm II., the third Emperor of United Germany.

January 27th, 1859, was a day of rejoicing at Berlin. In the afternoon, one hundred and one gunshots informed the people that a prince had been born to the House of Hohenzollern. "Is it a fine boy?" wired his anxious grandmother from Windsor to the Crown Prince's Palace, "Unter den Linden." It is interesting to read what the late Queen of England wrote down in her diary when she made the acquaintance of her grandson in September of the following year (1860) at Coburg, the prince then being about twenty months old. "We" (mother and daughter) "remained together for some little time, and then our darling grandchild was brought. Such a little love! He came walking in at Mrs. Hobbs'" (his nurse's) "hand, in a little white dress with black bows, and was so good. He is a fine, fat child, with a beautiful, white, soft skin, very fine shoulders and limbs, and a very dear face like Vicky" (his mother) "and Fritz" (his father), "and also Louise of Baden" (his aunt). "He has Fritz's eyes, and Vicky's mouth, and very fair, curly hair. We felt so happy to see him at last."

This touching little extract from the diary of Queen Victoria explains, more than volumes could, the ties which always bound the Kaiser to his grandmother. The ordinary public is too much inclined to disregard the merely human relations which exist between the Powerful on the thrones of earth as well as between the low ones in the huts.

When Prince Frederick William Victor Albert—that is the full name of the Kaiser —was born, Germany was standing on the threshold of a great national crisis. The policy of "blood and iron" was just setting in, which was to sweep away the old and rotten *Deutschen Bund* (German Confederation), and to build up the German Empire on the basis of German unity. Prince Bismarck was just taking the reins of Government into his strong hands, and three great campaigns overthrew the then balance of power in Central Europe and started an entirely new political system in the Old World. About the same time, when the gigantic struggle between the North and the South on the western borders of the Atlantic decided the fate of the United States of North America also, modern Germany was born.

Under such great revolutions and impressions, Kaiser Wilhelm II. grew up from childhood to boyhood. When he was five years of age, he could see from his nursery window the hundred Danish guns, captured at the storming of the redoubts of Düppel, being dragged down the "Linden." He was seven years when the cannons of Sadowa roared over Europe, and eleven years when the battle of Sedan broke down the dynasty of Napoleon III., smashed France, and made the nephew of the Great Napoleon a prisoner of the Prussian King.

Such impressions are not lost upon a clever and lively boy, and no doubt go far to explain much of the lofty bearing and highsouled pride which is one of the characteristic traits in Kaiser Wilhelm II. During the Franco-German war, the prince already held a commission in the Prussian Army. According to the traditions of the House of Hohenzollern, he had, with the completion of his tenth year (1869), been appointed a second lieutenant in the First Footguards at Potsdam. It is said that he cried bitterly when his regiment was ordered to the wars over the Rhine, and he had to stay behind. But if this was naturally denied him, there is not the slightest doubt that the thunder of the cannons which roared round Sedan, Metz, and Paris found a resonance in the mind of the ambitious young prince which will last him through all his life.

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These introductory remarks were necessary in order to show the *milieu* from which the Kaiser has risen. One cannot perfectly understand the character of a man without knowing the surroundings of his childhood and the course of his education.

Now, in the education of Prince William there was a sound combination of English and German influences. It was certainly due to his mother's authority that open-air sports and exercises formed his usual relaxation, as well as that of his brother Prince Henry.

Cricket, croquet, football, rowing, riding, and various games were the daily recreations of the young princes at the "Neue Palais," near Sans-souci, just as they form the exercises of the boys at Eton and Harrow in England.

But, of course, for the future King of Prussia and German Kaiser a thorough German education was needed. The times



THE KAISER AS A BABY.

were passed by when a mainly military career could do for the princes of the House of Hohenzollern. "If God preserves the life of my son," the Crown Prince Frederick had replied to the congratulations of the Prussian House of Commons after the birth of his first-born, "it will be my dearest task to educate him in the feelings and principles which bind me to the Fatherland."

Prince William and his brother Henry were, according to this sentiment, in the autumn of 1874 sent to the Gymnasium or the public school at Cassel, where they underwent the ordinary course of teaching just like any other German boy who prepares himself for a scientific or military career. This was almost a revolutionary departure in the reigning Prussian family, and one can well understand that the old Kaiser Wilhelm I. was rather disinclined to give his assent to such an unforeseen wish on the part of his son. But the parents had their way, and thus the two princes studied Latin, Greek, mathematics, history, etc., at the Gymnasium of Cassel from the autumn of 1874 till January, 1877.

Keen observers of the Emperor have

noticed a strange mixture of the romantic and modern matter-of-fact in him. I think that the course of public-school life he had to undergo at Cassel has much to do with the development of the latter characteristics. While German princes as a rule are carefully kept from the current of public influences, like plants in a glasshouse, this young Hohenzollern when he was fifteen years of age was on purpose placed in the midst of such influences.

When Prince William left Cassel, after having passed the ordinary examination (Abiturienten - Examen) with the certificate "satisfactory," he had a few months' military service with his regiment at Potsdam, and then proceeded to become a student at the University of Bonn-on-the-Rhine. There he not only pursued historical, politicaleconomical, legal, and other studies, but at the same time had his full share of the romance of German student life. He became a member of the "Bonner Preussen" (the

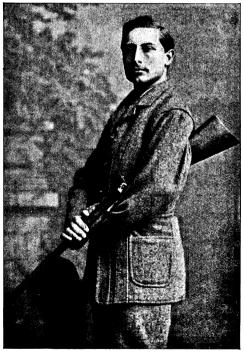


Photo by]

[Hills and Saunders. THE KAISER IN 1880.

corporation of the "Borussians") and many speeches of later days show how deeply the influence of these Semester spent on the borders of the Rhine was impressed upon the mind of the romantic young man. It is

known that he sent his own first-born son to the same alma mater; and this shows, more than anything else could do, with what sentiments he must look back himself to his own days of student life. "Rolands-Eck and Loreley "-what German has ever seen them and does not feel in his own soul their fascinating charm? And what German does not look back upon the days of his student life with a mixture of pride and melancholy?

In 1879, Prince William of Prussia left the University and Bonn; and now a new phase of his life began. Already (1878) he had made—on a visit to his grandmother at Balmoral—the acquaintance of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. This acquaintance was renewed in the autumn of 1879 in Silesia. when the Prince was shooting partridges on the estate of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, the father of the young Princess. It is well known that an engagement was arranged and that their marriage was solemnised on February 27th, 1881.

Undoubtedly, this union is one of the great *incommensurabilia* in the Kaiser's life. The Empress Victoria is a type of noble German womanhood; and it is clear that such a woman must always have exercised a decisive influence over a manly character like William II., even when such influence was never intended. It is the influence which every good wife holds over a good husband.

The family life of the Kaiser, pure and honest as it is, is one of the deeper causes for the esteem in which he is held in the Fatherland and all over the world. There is no chronique scandaleuse at the Court of Berlin and Potsdam. The Empress has borne him six strong and healthy sons and one pretty daughter. This fact alone appeals to the sentiments of the German nation; and even in the quarrel about the Bismarck dismissal, when all passions were roused, the private life of the Imperial Family has always remained above the slightest doubt. The Kaiser, whatever the political opinions about him may be, is considered the model of a true German family-father.

Altogether, the relations of the Kaiser to his family are typical of his character. His deep veneration for his grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm I., is well known all over the globe. He calls him "Kaiser Wilhelm the Great." I don't think that history will endorse this adjective. Kaiser Wilhelm I. was a great man in all noble qualities which make a gentleman. He was, as Prince Bismarck said, the type of a real German nobleman :

fine-feeling, fair-thinking, courageous, and tactful. But history gives the epithet of the "Great" only to those geniuses who have themselves opened new paths of human civilisation. And mankind will not forget that the German Empire was founded by the genius of Prince Bismarck. But at the same time, Germany will always' remember that William I. placed this greatest of all German statesmen in the position to carry out his schemes, and backed him nobly in good and evil days. I personally had the honour of two audiences with the aged Kaiser in 1885, and shall feel till my end the impression which his noble personality made upon me.

If the veneration for his grandfather is characteristic of the Kaiser, so no less is the friendship which ties him to his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia. The relations between these two brothers always remind me of the two brothers in "The Virginians" of Thackeray. On the one side absolute brotherly friendship, on the other boundless admiration and loyalty. If it be true that a man is best to be valued by what his nearest surroundings think of him, the Kaiser will not fare badly.

Altogether, the Kaiser has a great charm in personal intercourse. This will be confirmed by all who have come into personal touch with him, whatever their nationality may be. He has obliging manners, is lively and witty in his conversation, and takes a keen interest in all questions of the day. He speaks English and French as his own mother tongue. His knowledge is wide, and he has his mother's quick understanding. People of all branches of science or practical business are struck by his knowledge and judgment on the most heterogeneous matters. As an orator he beats most of his countrymen. His speech is fluent, clear, and fascina-I have sometimes asked myself what ting. would Emperor William have been if he had been born in private life. He certainly might have become a distinguished author and With these two potentialities he speaker. combines a decidedly artistic vein, which he has inherited from his mother, the Empress Frederick. For an amateur he paints very In judging these different talents one well. must not forget how little time the monarch over fifty-seven millions in the centre of Europe can afford to spend on their cultivation. In his many-sidedness Wilhelm II. resembles his celebrated ancestor, Frederick the Great.

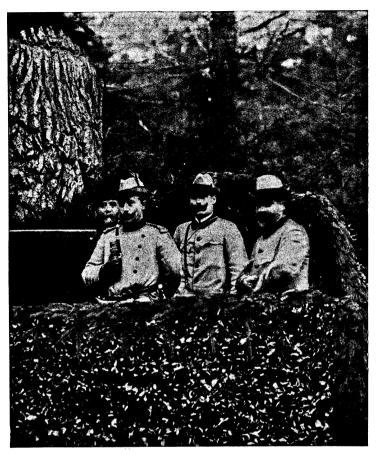
Now, versatility is in itself a splendid quality, unless a man dabbles in too many

With the Kaiser, his different things. hobbies do not interfere with his duties as a constitutional monarch. He is up at six in the morning, or earlier, and goes to bed about midnight, and the greater part of his time is devoted to business of State. No great decision in any department of Government is taken without his consent. This holds good as well for the military as the civil service. He also reads all the important reports of his ambassadors and foreign representatives himself, and his marginal notes will certainly interest the historian of future times. This interest in all branches of the administration is certainly a proof of the sense of duty which animates the Kaiser; but, of course, implies the danger of dilettantism. It is impossible that in our age one man can master all the details of political economy in its manifold directions. No Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick the Great, or Napoleon, could do that; and if a single individual undertakes to decide upon all subjects alone, he may here and there find himself in the wrong. There is another danger springing from the very virtues of Kaiser Wilhelm II. as a man. Accustomed to fascinate those around him by his splendid personality, he is inclined to overrate this personal influence on questions of foreign relations. It appears to me that the Emperor sometimes forgets that the destinies of nations are not decided by sentiments, but by material interests, and that others are quite as fit to look after their own interests as the statesman in Berlin. The Kaiser is an impulsive character, sanguine in temperament. This temperament makes him one of the finest orators of the Fatherland, but carries him on to many acts which perhaps he himself would rather have had undone afterwards. His tendency to send telegrams to all parts of the world, on the first impulse of news which reaches him, has certainly given his Chancellors many a sleepless night.

Germany is practically to-day an absolutist country. It is true she has a constitution, but above the constitution commands the King of Prussia and German Emperor, with his millions of soldiers and officials. The difference between the English and German is, that the British have won their freedom in a revolution of about half a century's duration, beheaded one monarch and driven out a second, while Germany owes all she has of constitutional liberty to a "free act" of her princes. I don't condemu



THE KAISER. FROM THE PAINTING BY MR. A. S. COPE, A.R.A., EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE KAISER WITH A SHOOTING PARTY.

this, for the military autocracy is the only form of government for which the Germans are fit. But my readers will understand how much under these circumstances depends upon the opinions and resolutions of the master—*i.e.*, the Kaiser. Now, I know personally that the German Emperor sees the welfare of Germany, and mankind in general, in a close alliance between the three great Teutonic Powers : America, Great Britain, and Germany. He told me so himself in February, 1894, at a Court Ball at the Schloss in Berlin, when I had just come back from a trip through the United States. He was pleased, His Majesty said, that I had gone there. The visit of Prince Henry in 1902 is in the same line of The American Press is, I think, far policy. too suspicious with regard to German political schemes. Of course, the Kaiser wants elbowroom for his commercial and colonial policy. Every thinking German desires that. ""Our future lies over the seas," he said at Stettin. But, I think, a development of fifteen years has given ample proof to mankind that Kaiser Wilhelm II. has no military ambition dangerous to the peace of the world.

* * * * *

The question whether Emperor William II. is a great general or not, can, of course, only be decided on the field of battle, for generalship is more a question of character than of That he has a keen knowledge science. of all the details of strategy and tactics is confirmed by all who have had a chance of observing him on these matters. Particularly is his knowledge in all naval matters an acknowledged fact. On this question he commands not only the outlines, but also the technical and military details. His grandfather built up the Prussian Army; Kaiser Wilhelm II. is forming a Navy fit for the wider interests of our nation oversea. The world-policy which he carries out is only the consequence of the expansion of

our trade, and absolutely peaceful. But we know that we require a strong Navy in order to protect this peaceful development upon which millions of Germans at home are dependent for their very living ; and accordingly the Kaiser acts up to it.

Thus his reign will mark the second great epoch of the resurrection of the German race.

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Take him for all in all, Kaiser Wilhelm II. is a man, and he is a highly interesting man. I think he is the greatest personality now on a European throne. He has, of course, his failings alongside with his virtues—what son of man has not? But he is an example of sense of duty and honour, and he is gifted with a series of talents such as are not often given to men. In all respects he is the personification of rising young Germany, which follows him with absolute confidence on his peaceful path, as she will follow him, if necessary, to wars and battles.

Whatever friends and enemies may think and say, Germany is the great central Power of Europe, and the Central Figure in Germany, again, is the Emperor. Therefore his real character is of extraordinary interest to the whole world. America begins to play a more and more important part not only in the commercial but also in the political interests of the world. Still, the balance of Continental Powers is commanded by army corps, and neither Great Britain nor the United States of America can materially interfere with the great military Powers of real Europe and Asia. Here quick-firing guns and repeating rifles decide, and the Kaiser, at the head of the first army mankind ever saw, is leading. The question naturally is whether Europe and Central Asia will ever be combined against the Anglo-Saxon world over-sea. Napoleon I. dreamt of a Continental boycott against England. There are currents of opinion on the Continent of Europe which would like to have this idea carried through against Great Britain and the United States combined.

The Kaiser, as far as I know, does not belong to this class of politicians. It is true he said to me as early as 1885, when I had the honour of first making his acquaintance : "Higher with the German flag!" But this was applied to Africa, where even English competition had then not reached the feverish character which it took a few years later.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

WHEN Love the flight of time recalls, He measures it in blisses, And counts his days in honey words, And all his months are kisses.

Then, Love, when I am with my dear, Bid Time awhile delay, And count me out thy longest year

Into his single day!

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

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THE SHADOW AND THE FLASH.

By JACK LONDON.



HEN I look back, I realise what a peculiar friendship it was. First, there was Lloyd Inwood, tall, slender, and finely knit, nervous and dark; and then Paul Tichlorne, tall, slender, and finely knit,

nervous and blond. Each was the replica of the other in everything except colour. Lloyd's eyes were black coals of fire, Paul's steel-blue jets of flame. Under stress of excitement, the blood coursed olive in the face of Lloyd, crimson in the face of Paul. But outside this matter of colouring they were as alike as two peas. Both were high-strung, prone to excessive tension and over-endurance, and they lived constantly at concert pitch.

But there was a trio involved in this remarkable friendship, and the third was short and fat and chunky and lazy, and, loth to say, it was I. Paul and Lloyd seemed born to rivalry with each other, and I to be peacemaker between them. We grew up together, the three of us, and full often have I received the angry blows each intended for the other. They were always competing, striving to outdo each other, and when entered upon some such struggle, there was no limit either to their endeavours or passions.

This intense spirit of rivalry obtained in If Paul their studies and their games. memorised one canto of "Marmion," Lloyd memorised two cantos, Paul came back with three, and Lloyd again with four, till each knew the whole poem by heart. I remember an incident that occurred at the swimminghole-an incident tragically significant of the life-struggle between them. The boys had a game of diving to the bottom of a ten-foot pool, and holding on by submerged roots, to see which could stay under the longest. Paul and Lloyd allowed themselves to be bantered into making the descent together. When I saw their faces, set and

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determined, disappear in the water as they sank swiftly down. I felt a foreboding of something dreadful. The moments sped, the ripples died away, the face of the pool grew placid and untroubled, and neither black nor golden head broke surface in quest of air. We above grew anxious. The longest record of the longest-winded boy was exceeded, and still there was no sign. Air-bubbles trickled slowly upward, showing that the breath had been expelled from their lungs, and after that the bubbles ceased to trickle upward. Each second became interminable, and, unable longer to endure the suspense, I plunged into the water.

I found them down at the bottom, clutching tight to the roots, their heads not a foot apart, their eyes wide open, each glaring fixedly at the other. They were suffering frightful torment, writhing and twisting in the pangs of voluntary suffocation! for neither would let go and acknowledge himself beaten. I tried to break Paul's hold on the root, but he resisted me fiercely. Then I lost my breath and came to the surface badly scared. I quickly explained the situation, and half-a-dozen of us went down and by main strength tore them loose. By the time we got them out, both were unconscious, and it was only after much barrel-rolling and rubbing and pounding that they finally came to their senses. They would have drowned there, had no one rescued them.

When Paul Tichlorne entered college, he let it be generally understood that he was going in for the social sciences. Lloyd Inwood, entering at the same time, elected to take the same course. But Paul had it secretly in mind all the time to study the natural sciences, specialising on chemistry, and at the last moment he changed over. Though Lloyd had already arranged his year's work and attended the first lectures, he at once followed Paul's lead and went in for the natural sciences, and especially chemistry. Their rivalry soon became a noted thing throughout the university. Each was a spur to the other, and they went into chemistry deeper than did ever students before-so deep, in fact, that, ere they took their sheepskins, they could have stumped



any chemistry or "cow college" professor in the institution, save "old" Moss, head of the department, and him even they puzzled and edified more than once. Lloyd's discovery of the "death bacillus" of the sea-toad, and his experiments on it with potassium cyanide, sent his name and that of his university ringing round the world; nor was Paul a whit behind when he succeeded in producing laboratory colloids exhibiting amœba-like activities, and when he cast new light upon the processes of fertilisation through his startling experiments with simple sodium chlorides and magnesium solutions on low forms of marine life.

It was in their undergraduate days, however, in the midst of their profoundest plunges into the mysteries of organic chemistry, that Doris van Benschoten entered into their lives. Lloyd met her first, but within twenty-four hours Paul saw to it that he also made her acquaintance. Of course they fell in love with her, and she became the only thing in life worth living for. They wooed her with equal ardour and fire, and so intense became their struggle for her that half the student body took to wagering wildly on the result. Even "old" Moss one day, after an astounding demonstration in his private laboratory by Paul, was guilty to the extent of a month's salary of backing him to become the bridegroom of Doris van Benschoten.

In the end she solved the problem in her own way, to everybody's satisfaction except Paul's and Lloyd's. Getting them together, she said that she really could not choose between, because she loved them both equally well; and that, unfortunately, since polyandry was not permitted, she would be forced to forego the honour and happiness of marrying either of them. Each blamed the other for this lamentable outcome, and the bitterness between them grew more bitter.

But things came to a head soon enough. It was at my home, after they had taken their degrees and dropped out of the world's sight, that the beginning of the end came to Both were men of means, with little pass. inclination and no necessity for professional My friendship and their mutual anilife. mosity were the two things that linked them in any way together. While they were very often at my place, they made it a fastidious point to avoid each other on such visits, though it was inevitable, under the circumstances, that they should come upon each other occasionally.

On the day I have in recollection, Paul Tichlorne had been mooning all morning in my study over a current scientific review. This left me free to my own affairs, and I was out among my roses when Lloyd Inwood Clipping and pruning and tacking arrived. the climbers on the porch, with my mouth full of nails, and Lloyd following me about and lending a hand now and again, we fell to discussing the mythical race of invisible people, that strange and vagrant people the traditions of whom have come down to us. Lloyd warmed to the talk in his nervous, jerky fashion, and was soon interrogating the physical properties and possibilities of invisibility. A perfectly black object, he contended, would elude and defy the acutest vision.

"Colour is a sensation," he was saying. "It has no objective reality. Without light, we can see noither colours nor objects themselves. All objects are black in the dark, and in the dark it is impossible to see them. If no light strikes upon them, then no light is flung back from them to the eye, and so we have no vision-evidence of their being."

"But we see black objects in daylight," I objected.

"Very true," he went on warmly. "And that is because they are not perfectly black. Were they perfectly black, absolutely black, as it were, we could not see them—aye, not in the blaze of a thousand suns could we see them! And so I say, with the right pigments, properly compounded, an absolutely black paint could be produced which would render invisible whatever it was applied to."

"It would be a remarkable discovery," I said non-committally, for the whole thing seemed too fantastical for aught but speculative purposes.

"Remarkable !" Lloyd slapped me on the shoulder. "I should say so ! Why, old chap, to coat myself with such a paint would be to put the world at my feet. The secrets of kings and courts would be mine, the machinations of diplomats and politicians, the play of tricksters, the plans of trusts and corporations ! I could keep my hand on the inner pulse of things and become the greatest power in the world ! And I——" He broke off shortly, then added : "Well, I have begun my experiments, and I don't mind telling you that I'm right in line for it."

A sneering laugh from the doorway startled us. Paul Tichlorne was standing there, a smile of mockery on his lips.

"You forget, my dear Lloyd——" he said. "Forget what?"

"You forget," Paul went on-"ah, you forget the shadow."

I saw Lloyd's face drop, but he answered sneeringly: "I can carry a sunshade, you know." Then he turned suddenly and fiercely upon him. "Look here, Paul, you'll keep out of this if you know what's good for you !"

A rupture seemed imminent, but Paul laughed good-naturedly. "I wouldn't lay fingers on your dirty pigments. Succeed beyond your most sanguine expectations, yet you will always fetch up against the shadow. You can't get away from it. Now, I should go on the very opposite tack. In the very nature of such proposition the shadow will be eliminated—"

"Transparency !" ejaculated Lloyd instantly. "But it can't be achieved."

"Oh, no; of course not." And Paul shrugged his shoulders and strolled off down the briar-rose path. This was the beginning of it. Both men attacked the problem with all the tremendous energy for which they were noted, and with a rancour and bitterness which made me tremble for the success of either. Each trusted me to the utmost, and in the long



"And then was vouchsafed us the remarkable sight of an empty collar and a waving handkerchief cavorting over the fields."

weeks of experiment that followed I was made a party to both sides, listening to their theorisings and witnessing their demonstrations. Never, by word or sign, did I convey to one the slightest hint of the other's progress, and they respected me for the seal I put upon my lips. Lloyd Inwood, after prolonged and unintermittent application, when the tension upon his mind and body became too great to bear, had a strange way of obtaining relief. He attended prize-fights. It was at one of these brutal exhibitions, whither he had dragged

me in order to tell his latest results, that his theory received striking confirmation.

"Do you see that redwhiskered man?" he asked, pointing across the ring to the fifth tier of seats on the opposite side. "And do you see the next man to him, the one in the white hat? Well, there is quite a gap between them, is there not?"

"Certainly," I answered. "They are a seat apart. The gap is the unoccupied seat."

He leaned over to me and spoke seriously. "Between the red-whiskered man and the white-hatted man sits Ben Wasson. You have heard me speak of him. He is the cleverest pugilist of his weight in the country. He is also a Caribbean negro, full-blooded, and the blackest of the black. He has on a dark overcoat, buttoned up. I saw him when he came in and

took that seat. As soon as he sat down, he disappeared. Watch closely; he may smile."

I was for crossing over to verify Lloyd's statement, but he restrained me. "Wait," he said.

I waited and watched, till the red-whiskered man turned his head as though addressing the unoccupied seat; and then, in that empty space, I saw the rolling whites of a pair of eyes and the white double crescent of two rows of teeth, and for the instant I could make out a negro's face. But with the passing of the smile his visibility passed, and the chair seemed vacant as before.

"Were he perfectly black, you could sit alongside him and not see him," Lloyd said; and I confess the illustration was apt enough to make me well-nigh convinced.

I visited Lloyd's laboratory a number of times after that, and found him always deep in his search after the absolute black. His experiments covered all sorts of pigments, such as lamp-blacks, tars, carbonised vegetable matters, soots of oils and fats, and the various carbonised animal substances.

"White light is composed of the seven " But primary colours," he argued to me. it is itself, of itself, invisible. Only by being reflected from objects do it and the objects become visible. For instance, here is a blue tobacco-box; the white light strikes against it, and, with one exception, all its component colours-violet, indigo, green, yellow, orange, and red-are absorbed. The one exception is blue. It is not absorbed, Wherefore the tobacco-box but reflected. gives us a sensation of blueness. We do not see the other colours, because they are absorbed. We see only the blue. For the same reason grass is green. The green waves of white light are thrown upon our eyes."

"When we paint our houses, we do not apply colour to them," he said at another time. "What we do is to apply certain substances which have the property of absorbing from white light all the colours except those which we would have our houses appear. When a substance reflects all the colours to the eye, it seems to us white. When it absorbs all the colours, it is black. But, as I said before, we have as yet no perfect black. All the colours are not absorbed. The perfect black, guarding against high lights, will be utterly and absolutely invisible. Look at that, for example."

He pointed to the palette lying on his work-table. Different shades of black pigments were brushed on it. One, in particular, I could hardly see. It gave my eyes a blurring sensation, and I rubbed them and looked again.

"That," he said impressively, "is the blackest black you or any mortal ever looked upon. But just you wait, and I'll have a black so black that no mortal man will be able to look upon it—*and see it*!"

On the other hand, I used to find Paul Tichlorne plunged as deeply into the study of light polarisation, diffraction and interference, single and double refraction, and all manner of strange organic compounds.

"Transparency: a state or quality of body which permits all rays of light to pass through," he defined for us. "That is what I am seeking. Lloyd blunders up against the shadow with his perfect opaqueness. But I escape it. A transparent body casts no shadow; neither does it reflect light-waves that is, the perfectly transparent does not. So, avoiding high lights, not only will such a body cast no shadow, but, since it reflects no light, it will also be invisible. We were standing by the window at another time. Paul was engaged in polishing a number of lenses which were ranged along the sill. Suddenly, after a pause in the conversation, he said : "Oh ! I've dropped a lense ! Stick your head out, old man, and see where it went to."

Out I started to thrust my head, but a sharp blow on the forehead caused me to recoil. I rubbed my bruised brow and gazed with reproachful inquiry at Paul, who was laughing in gleeful, boyish fashion.

"Well ?" he said.

"Well?" I echoed.

"Why don't you investigate?" he demanded. And investigate I did. Before thrusting out my head, my senses, automatically active, had told me there was nothing there, that nothing intervened between me and out-of-doors, that the aperture of the window-opening was utterly empty. I stretched forth my hand and felt a hard object, smooth and cool and flat, which my touch, out of its experience, told me to be glass. I looked again, but could see positively nothing.

"White quartose sand," Paul rattled off, "sodic carbonate, slaked lime, cullet, manganese peroxide—there you have it, the finest French plate-glass, made by the great St. Gobain Company, who made the finest plate-glass in the world; and this is the finest piece they ever made. It cost a king's ransom. But look at it ! You can't see it ! You don't know it's there till you run your head against it !

"Eh, old boy! That's merely an object lesson — certain elements, in themselves opaque, yet so compounded as to give a resultant body which is transparent. But that is a matter of inorganic chemistry, you say. Very true. But I dare to assert, standing here on my two feet, that in the organic I can duplicate whatever occurs in the inorganic.

"Here !" He held a test-tube between me and the light, and I noted the cloudy or muddy liquid it contained. He emptied the contents of another test-tube into it, and almost instantly it became clear and sparkling.

ling. "Or here !" With quick, nervous movements among his array of test-tubes, he turned a white solution to a wine colour, and a light yellow solution to a dark brown. He dropped a piece of litmus paper, the *rocella tinctoria*, into an acid, when it changed instantly to red, and on floating it in an alkali it turned as quickly to blue. "The litmus paper is still the litmus paper," he enunciated in the formal manner of the lecturer. "I have not changed it into something else. Then what did I do? I merely changed the arrangement of its mole-



"i covered his right leg, and he was as a one-legged man defying all laws of gravitation."

cules. Where, at first, it absorbed all colours from the light but red, its molecular structure was so changed that it absorbed red and all colours except blue. And so it goes, *ad infinitum*. Now, what I purpose to do is this." He paused for a space. "I purpose to seek—aye, and to find—the proper reagents, which, acting upon the living organism, will bring about molecular changes analogous to those you have just witnessed. But these reagents, which I shall find—and, for that matter, upon which I already have my hands will not turn the living body to blue or red or black, but they will turn it to transparency.

All light will pass through it. It will be invisible. It will cast no shadow."

A few weeks later I went shooting with Paul. He had been promising me for some time that I should have the pleasure of shooting over a wonderful dog — the most wonderful dog, in fact, that ever man shot over, so he averred, and continued to aver till my curiosity was at fever pitch. But on the morning in question I was disappointed, for there was no dog in evidence.

"Don't see him about," Paul remarked unconcernedly, and we set off across the fields.

I could not imagine, at the time, what was ailing me, but I had a feeling of some impending and deadly illness. My nerves were all awry, and, from the astounding tricks they played me, my senses seemed to have run riot. Strange sounds disturbed me. At times I heard the swishswish of grass being pushed aside, and once the patter of feet across a patch of stony ground.

"Did you hear anything, Paul?" I asked once.

But he shook his head and thrust his feet steadily for-ward.

While climbing a fence I heard the low, eager whine of a dog, apparently from within a couple of feet of me; but on looking about me I saw nothing.

I dropped to the ground, limp and trembling.

"Paul," I said, "we had better return to the house. I am afraid I am going to be ill."

"Nonsense, old man!" he answered. "The sunshine has gone to your head like wine. You'll be all right. It's famous weather."

But, passing along a narrow path through a clump of cottonwoods, some object brushed against my legs, and I stumbled and nearly fell. I looked with sudden anxiety at Paul.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Tripping over your own feet!"

I kept my tongue between my teeth and plodded on, though sore perplexed and thoroughly satisfied that some acute and mysterious malady had attacked my nerves. So far my eyes had escaped, but when we got to the open fields again, even my vision went back on me. Strange flashes of varicoloured, rainbow light began to appear and disappear on the path before me. Still, I managed to keep myself in hand, till the vari-coloured lights persisted for a space of fully twenty seconds, dancing and flashing in continuous play. Then I sat down.

"It's all up with me!" I gasped, covering my eyes with my hands. "It has attacked my eyes. Paul, take me home."

But Paul laughed long and loud. "What did I tell you?—the most wonderful dog, eh? Well, what do you think?"

He turned partly from me and began to whistle. I heard the patter of feet, the panting of a heated animal, and the unmistakable yelp of a dog. Then Paul stooped down and apparently fondled the empty air. "Here ! Give me your fist."

And he rubbed my hand over the cold nose and jowls of a dog. A dog it certainly was, with the shape and the smooth, short

coat of a pointer. Paul put a collar about the animal's neck, and tied his handkerchief to its tail. And then was vouchsafed us the remarkable sight of an empty collar and a waving handkerchief cavorting over the fields. It was something to see that collar and handkerchief pin a bevy of quail in a clump of locusts, and remain rigid and immovable till we had flushed the birds.

Now and again the dog emitted the varicoloured light flashes I have mentioned. The one thing, Paul explained, which he had not anticipated.

"They're a large family," he said, "these sun dogs, wind dogs, rainbows, halos, and parhelia. They are produced by refraction of light from mineral and ice crystals, from mist, rain, spray, and no end of things; and I am afraid they are the penalty I must pay for transparency. I escaped Lloyd's shadow only to fetch up against the rainbow flash."

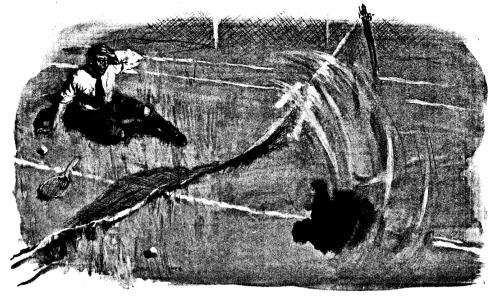
Å couple of days later, before the entrance to Paul's laboratory, I encountered a terrible stench. So overpowering was it that it was easy to discover the source—a mass of putrescent matter, on the doorstep, which, in general outlines, resembled a dog. Paul was startled when he investigated my find. It was his invisible dog—or, rather, what had been his invisible dog, for it was now plainly visible. It had been playing about but a few minutes before in all health and strength. Closer examination revealed that the skull had been crushed. While it was strange that the animal should have been killed, the inexplicable thing was that it should so quickly decay.

"The reagents I injected into its system were harmless," Paul explained. "Yet they were powerful, and it appears that when death comes they force practically instantaneous disintegration. Most remarkable ! Well, the only thing is not to die. They do not harm so long as one lives. But I do wonder who smashed in that dog's head."

Light, however, was thrown upon this when a frightened housemaid brought the news that Gaffer Bedshaw had that very morning, not more than an hour back, gone violently insane, and was strapped down at home, in the huntsman's lodge, where he raved of a battle with a ferocious and gigantic beast which he had encountered in the Tichlorne pasture.

Nor, while Paul Tichlorne was thus successfully mastering the problem of invisibility, was Lloyd Inwood a whit behind. I went over in answer to a message of his to come and see how he was getting on. Now, his laboratory occupied an isolated situation in the midst of his vast grounds. It was built in a pleasant little glade, surrounded on all sides by a dense forest growth, and was to be gained by way of a winding and erratic path. But I had travelled that path so often as to know every foot of it, and conceive my surprise when I came upon the glade and found no laboratory. The quaint, red structure, with its red sandstone chimney, was not. Nor did it look as if it ever had been. There were no signs of ruin, no *débris*—nothing.

I started to walk across what had once been its site. "This," I said to myself, "should be where the step went up to the door," and barely were the words out of my mouth when I stubbed my toe on some obstacle, pitched forward, and butted my head into something that *felt* very much like a door. I reached out my hand. It was a door. I found the knob and turned it. And at once, as the door swung inward on its hinges, the whole interior of the laboratory impinged upon my vision. Greeting Lloyd, I closed the door and backed up the path a few paces. I could see nothing of the building. Returning and opening the door,



"I could do nothing, so I sat up, fascinated and powerless, and watched the struggle."

at once all the furniture and every detail of the interior was visible. It was indeed startling, the sudden transition from void to light and form and colour.

"What do you think of it, eh?" Lloyd asked, wringing my hand. "I slapped a couple of coats of absolute black on the outside vesterday afternoon, to see how it worked."

While he talked, he began to strip, and when he stood naked before me, he thrust a pot and brush into my hand and said : "Here, give me a coat of this."

It was an oily, shellac-like stuff, which spread quickly and easily over the skin and dried immediately.

"Merely preliminary and precautionary," he explained when I had finished; "but now for the real stuff."

I picked up another pot he indicated, and glanced inside, but could see nothing.

"It's empty," I said.

"Stick your finger in it."

I obeyed, and was aware of a sensation of cool moistness. On withdrawing my hand, I glanced at the forefinger, the one I had immersed, but it had disappeared. I moved it, and knew from the alternate tension and relaxation of the muscles that I moved it, but it defied my sense of sight. To all appearances I had been shorn of a finger; nor could I get any visual impression of it till I extended it under the skylight and saw its shadow plainly blotted on the floor.

Lloyd chuckled. "Now spread it on, and keep your eyes open." I dipped the brush into the seemingly empty pot, and gave him a long stroke across his chest. With the passage of the brush the living flesh disappeared from beneath. I covered his right leg, and he was as a onelegged man defying all laws of gravitation. And so, stroke by stroke, member by member, I painted Lloyd Inwood into nothingness. It was a creepy experience, and I was glad when naught remained in sight but his burning black eyes, poised apparently unsupported in mid-air.

"I have a refined and harmless solution for them," he said. "A fine spray with an air-brush, and presto ! I am not."

This deftly accomplished, he said : "Now I shall move about, and do you tell me what sensations you experience."

"In the first place, I cannot see you," I said, and I could hear his gleeful laugh from the midst of the emptiness. "Of course," I continued, "you cannot escape your shadow, but that was to be expected. When you pass between my eye and an object, the object disappears, but so unusual and incomprehensible is its disappearance that it seems to me as though my eyes had blurred. When you move rapidly, I experience a bewildering succession of blurs. The blurring sensation makes my eyes ache and my brain tired."

"Have you any other warnings of my presence?" he asked.

"No, and yes," I answered. "When you are near me, I have feelings similar to those produced by dank warehouses, gloomy crypts, and deep mines. And as sailors feel the loom of the land on dark nights, so I think I feel the loom of your body. But it is all very vague and intangible."

Long we talked, that last morning in his laboratory; and when I turned to go, he put his unseen hand in mine with nervous grip, and said : "Now I shall conquer the world !" And I could not dare to tell him of Paul Tichlorne's equal success.

At home I found a note from Paul, asking me to come up immediately; and it was high noon when I came spinning up the driveway on my wheel. Paul called me from the tenniscourt, and I dismounted and went over. But the court was empty. As I stood there a tennis-ball struck me on the arm, and as I turned about, another whizzed past my ear. For aught I could see of my assailant, they came whirling at me from out of space, and right well was I peppered with them. But when the balls already flung at me began to come back for a second whack. I realised the situation. Seizing a racquet and keeping my eyes open, I quickly saw a rainbow flash appearing and disappearing and darting over the ground. I went after it, and when I had laid the racquet upon it for a half-dozen stout blows, Paul's voice rang out-

"Enough ! Enough ! Oh ! Ouch ! Stop ! You're landing me on my naked skin, you know ! Ow ! O-w-w ! I'll be good ! I'll be good ! I only wanted you to see my metamorphosis," he said ruefully, and I imagined he was rubbing his hurts.

A few minutes later we were playing tennis—a handicap on my part, for I could have no knowledge of his position save when all the angles between himself, the sun, and me were in proper conjunction. Then he flashed, and only then. But the flashes were more brilliant than the rainbow—purest blue, most delicate violet, brightest yellow, and all the intermediary shades, with the scintillant brilliancy of the diamond.

But in the midst of our play I felt a sudden cold chill, reminding me of deep mines and gloomy crypts—such a chill as I had experienced that very morning. The next moment, close to the net, I saw a ball rebound in mid-air and empty space, and at the same instant, a score of feet away, Paul Tichlorne emit a rainbow flash. It could not be he from whom the ball had rebounded, and with sickening dread I realised that Lloyd Inwood had come upon the scene. To make sure, I looked for his shadow, and there it was, a shapeless blotch the girth of his body (the sun was overhead) moving along the ground. I remembered his threat, and felt sure that all the long years of rivalry were about to culminate in hideous battle.

I cried a warning to Paul, and heard a snarl as of a wild beast, and an answering snarl. I saw the dark blotch move swiftly across the court, and a brilliant burst of vari-coloured light moving with equal swiftness to meet it; and then shadow and flash came together, and there was a sound of unseen blows. The net went down before my frightened eyes. I sprang towards the fighters, crying—

"For Heaven's sake !"

But their locked bodies smote against my knees, and I was overthrown.

"You keep out of this, old man!" I heard the voice of Lloyd Inwood from out of the emptiness, and then Paul's voice crying: "Yes, we've had enough of peacemaking!"

From the sound of their voices I knew they had separated. I could not locate Paul, and so approached the shadow that represented Lloyd. But from the other side came a stunning blow on the point of my jaw, and I heard Paul scream angrily : "Now, will you keep away?"

Then they came together again, the impact of their blows, their groans and gasps, and theswift flashings and shadow-movings telling plainly of the deadliness of the struggle.

I shouted for help, and Gaffer Bedshaw came running into the court. I could see, as he approached, that he was looking at me strangely, but he collided with the combatants and was hurled end over end to the ground. With one despairing shriek and a cry of "I've got 'em!" he sprang to his feet and tore madly out of the court.

I could do nothing, so I sat up, fascinated and powerless, and watched the struggle. The noonday sun beat down with dazzling brightness on the naked tennis-court. And it was naked. All I could see was the blotch of shadow and the rainbow flashes, the dust rising from the invisible feet, the earth tearing up from beneath the straining footgrips, and the wire screen bulge once or twice as their bodies were hurled against it. That was all, and after a time even that ceased. There were no more flashes, and the shadow had become stationary.

The secrets of their discoveries died with Paul and Lloyd, both laboratories being destroyed by grief-stricken relatives. As for myself, I no longer care for chemical research. I have returned to my roses. Nature's colours are good enough for me.



"GETTING EVEN !"

FAIR MOTORIST: Do you know, you're very naughty little boys to play cards on Sunday? SMART URCHIN: Well, if we 'ad a motor-car, we'd mote!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

THE question whether religious information is properly assimilated by childhood was brought home to a lady when she took her little boy to the Zoo for the first time.

"There, Jimmy," she said, when they had done the round, "I think we've seen them all now."

"Oh, no, mummy," exclaimed the large-eyed, thoughtful-looking boy at her side; "we haven't seen the angels."



A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

A CERTAIN country squire, hearing that his new gamekeeper had had a $m \ell \ell e$ with poachers, went down to his cottage to elicit the facts of the case. The gamekeeper, who was young and enthusiastic, was a good deal knocked about, together with a villager who had also taken part in the battle, and both were bathing their wounds.

"I was walking round Hanger Copse, sir, Mike Farley here with me, when we came upon two rough customers in the lane carrying a basket," said the gamekeeper.

"'What have you got in that basket?' says I.

"' Nothing,' says the biggest chap.

"'I'm not so sure,' says I. 'Open it and let me see.' He looked ugly at that, sir, and got in front of the basket and wouldn't let me come nigh it. So we went for 'em. I tackled the big'un, and the little'un went for Mike. We fought for more than twenty minutes, but we fair laid them out in the end, though we took plenty ourselves, too." "And what was in the basket?" inquired the

squire.

"Oh, there was nothing in the basket, sir," replied the gamekeeper simply.



POETA MINIMUS.

HE was a man of rhythmic phrase, Of jingling words and language fine, Who turned his feelings into ink, At eighteenpence a line.

Whene'er he saw a pair of eyes Where truth and beauty chanced to melt, He took his ready pen, and wrote The things he might have felt.

In God's good time he fell in love. "Full swift," he cried, "the words will come! Be eloquent, O Soul, I beg!"

Alas! his soul was dumb.

G. Frederic Turner.

A SCHOOLBOY'S LETTER.

DEAR father, I'm not very well, The grub here's awful rot; Just bread and scrape we have for tea, And dinner's never hot. I've been kept in, too, all the week,

And mustn't go down town-(Jones minor is a beastly sneak)

Please send me half-a-crown.

- I hate the "resurrection pie" And "spotted dog with tar."
- Pratt says they're good-that's all my eye (You know what masters are).
- This term old Pratt writes our reports. On me he's always down.
- They want my sub., too, for the sports-Please send me half-a-crown.
- About th' exams., I'm in a stew, My head it aches like mad.
- I think it's overwork. Don't you? But don't you worry, dad.
- Our house made eighty-nine last week; I got clean bowled by Brown.
- (I always hated Brown, the sneak)-Please send me half-a-crown.



THE NEXT BEST THING.

INTENDING TENANT OF COUNTRY HOUSE (to caretaker): Can you tell me if there is any mortgage on this house.

CARETAKER (regretfully) : No, sir, there isn't-but (brightening up) there's a nice grape-vine on it, sir !



THE CONTINUITY OF CUSTOM.

DOCTOR: Yes, he's rather poorly. Send for the medicine; and no solids, mind, for a day or two-feed him on sops, nothing but sops—All sops. WIFE: Why, bless you, sir, he's been a-doin' of that

for years.

We had a supper in our "dorm.,"

Old Pratt poked in his snout,

- And raised the most outrageous storm, 'And swished Jones, me, and Prout.
- 'Twas Mother Pratt first on us dropped, She turned our blankets down-

And there ! Some ginger-pop had popped ! Please send me half-a-crown.

I've dropped Jones minor's watch. It's new. It's smashed to smithereens.

He says if I don't give him two-And-six, he'll give me beans.

And he is stronger far than I, Could easy knock me down.

So, father, please, when you reply, Please ! send me half-a-crown.

But I must stop. It's time for tea, And Jones has bagged the lamp-

- The beast. Of course, I cannot see-(So cannot find a stamp).
- 'Course, I can't enter for the sports, That puts me in a fix.
- And minor Jones with Brown consorts. Please send me two-and-six.

Herbert S. Sweetland.

"IF a fairy should appear and offer you three wishes," said the imaginative young woman, what would you do?"

"I'd sign the pledge," he answered.



A SURPRISE VISIT. By Fannie Moody.

THE FREKE FAMILY.

THE Freke family are nothing if not hygienic. They wore sandals in the summer, foot-gloves in the winter, and belong to the "No Hat Brigade" all the year round. There is never a craze too fantastic for Mr. Freke's support, and where Mr. Freke goes, the family follow like a flock of oddly dressed sheep, their only fault being that of over-enthusiasm, as in the case of the beddrill, or horizontal athletics. Physical exercises

performed while lying flat in bed were declared by Mr. Freke to be a cure for all ailments. mental or bodily, besides adequately filling the tedious interval between waking and getting up, and in consequence of this edict the whole family, including Mr. Freke's maiden aunt and infant daughter, conscientiously practised the knee, toe, and ankle joint drill as they lay in bed, from 7.15 to All went 7.30 every morning. well until one fatal morning, when Mr. Freke was interrupted in the midst of his knee exercise by sounds of loud disturbance from an adjoining room. In consequence of guests staying in the house, Cedric and Ethelbert Freke, aged, respectively, fourteen and fifteen years, were obliged to sleep together, and it was from their room that the sounds proceeded. Hastening thither, Mr. Freke was pained beyond measure to find Cedric with a black eye, and Ethelbert bleeding freely from the nose, which in the Freke family is an unusually prominent organ. After parting the combatants, which entailed a physical exercise of no mean order on his part, Mr. Freke gathered the details which led to the lamentable rupture of the family peace. It appeared that, waking early, Cedric, like a dutiful son, had started his beddrill with such vigour that his still sleeping brother was suddenly and without warning ejected from the bed. Roused beyond bearing by his unexpected contact with outcry, insisted on returning

to his place and performing his own exercises to such a tune that the previous position was entirely reversed. Reprisals followed, and were in active progress when Mr. Freke appeared on the scene and prescribed the restcure for both combatants for twenty-four hours, with a simple-life diet. From that time, however, bed-drill was abandoned, the turning out whole family at 7.30 each morning, instead, for a barefooted sprint round the lawn ere the dew had dried on the grass. Jessie Pope.

A VICTIM.

"WHY, Mrs. Sharp," exclaimed the lady canvasser, looking at her portrait of the rival candidate in the cottage window, "what does that mean? Your husband said he'd vote for us."

"Yes, mum," replied the woman, "but he's been promised a new suit if he'll vote for the other gent." "Do you really mean it?" cried the lady in great excitement. "Now you must tell me who promised him that."



TIME TO WITHDRAW.

by his unexpected contact with JONES (the lady had been insulted, and no apology made): Before we begin, the floor, Ethelbert, with a loud my man, it's only fair to warn you that I have had lessons in Ju-Jitsu.

"No, mum, I can't tell you," replied the other, and in spite of the most pressing appeals she remained obdurate.

"Mrs. Sharp," said the lady at last, "I'll give you a sovereign if you'll tell me." "Let me see it, mum," replied the other. It was placed in her hand. "Very well," she said slowly. The lady got out her notebook. "Now," she said, "who promised your husband a new suit if he'd vote for the other side?"

"I did, mum," replied the woman.



[&]quot;ELAINE." BY LOUISE JOPLING.



Photo by

MRS. JOPLING-ROWE IN HER STUDIO.

R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.

ART OF LOUISE JOPLING. THE

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

N the annals of art, comparatively few women's names are inscribed; but with those of Angelica Kauffmann, Mary Moser, Rosa Bonheur, Madame Lebrun, Madame Berthe Morisot, Lady Butler, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Henrietta Rae, and Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, we must put in prominent position that of Mrs. Jopling-Rowe.

But it is with Angelica Kauffmann that comparison is especially suggested, and this not so much by similarity in methods of paint, but because each has shown in every branch of art extraordinary ability. Angelica Kauffmann knew several languages, was admirably read, and displayed marked talent as a musician. Winckelmann writes of her as he might, had he been alive, almost have written to-day of Mrs. Jopling-Rowe : "She may be styled beautiful, and in singing can vie with our best virtuosi."

"Impersonality in art really means 369 SEPTEMEER, 1906.

mediocrity," writes Mr. George Moore in an essay "On Sex in Art "-an essay written to prove that if all which women have done in paint, in music, and in letters were withdrawn from the world, there would remain but an infinitesimal gap; and he gives as reason for his assertion that "natural affections fill a woman's whole life, and her art is only so much sighing and gossiping about them. Very delightful and charming gossiping it often is-full of a sweetness and tenderness we could not well spare, but always without force or dignity." Which is true to a certain extent only, for to set up more than a general comparison between the art of men and that of women is an error, since exceptional people of both sexes do exceptional work.

With men, the port of success is gained with a fair wind and every favour; with women, harbour is reached only by those who are willing to weather every sort of storm.

Mrs. Jopling-Rowe herself feels the disabilities of her sex light. In the controversy that waged a short time ago in the *Daily Graphic* on the theme, "Do Women Fail in Art?" womanlike, she propounded and answered the question, "Why women do not oftener succeed in art," rather than the one under discussion. She advanced as arguments the absence of strong inducement to work, the fact that honours and rewards are not for them, and that marriage, which spurs men to greater effort, narrows, by new duties, woman's opportunity to work outside her home.

Her theory is that men make of art the business of their lives, whilst women make of it but the study of their leisure. She considers that were men and women to have the same training, the present difference in their ability would cease to exist. She insists that every woman ought to study art, even if she does not intend to follow it as a profession, as the best method by which to cultivate observation and truth. She urges that woman's nature is the better for having



"DEAR LADY DISDAIN." BY LOUISE JOPLING.



"BONNIE ST. BRIDE." BY LOUISE JOPLING.

learnt independence: that every kind of work that takes her out of "her miserable little self" is good; and that a knowledge of art raises, refines, and fits her for any position she may, later in life, occupy. "Good drawing is probity in art," said Ingres to Delacroix, but Mrs. Jopling-Rowe goes further and almost proves by her arguments that good drawing is probity in life.

- But her views on these subjects can have very little weight, for Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, one of those favoured beings of whom Madame Monfils Chesneau wrote : "*Ils vont faisant le bien, semant partout des roses*," must be taken as the exception by the aid of whose talents we test the rule.

On looking back to her early youth, Mrs. Jopling-Rowe finds her chief happiness to have lain in the fact of her being one of a large family. There was, consequently, in her life no time to be dull; for, as she herself says: "From the rubs and collisions bound to take place amongst high-

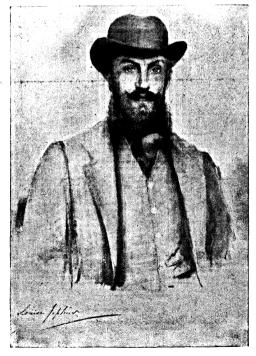


[&]quot;AULD ROBIN GRAY." BY LOUISE JOPLING.

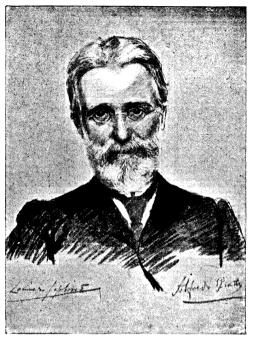
spirited children, I learnt not only those splendid lessons of pluck, self-control, and endurance, but to be interested in all and each of the schemes in which my brothers and sisters were absorbed."

Her father, Thomas Smith Goode, was a civil engineer and railway contractor, head of the firm of Goode, Conder and Co. He made and lost a fortune; but when it was in the making, he had a right royal way of spending it. He kept racehorses, and on more than one occasion had the satisfaction of seeing his colours first past the post. Coursing was one of his amusements, and a kennel of greyhounds adjoined the stables. He was a straight rider and a splendid whip, combining with these qualities quite exceptional ones of intellectual culture.

He had theories, too, on the bringing up of children, and as her mother died when the child Louise was but nine, Mr. Goode, in her case, was able to turn his theories into practice. He disapproved of girls going to boarding-schools, and, aided by an able governess, himself superintended his daughters' education. Complete liberty and perfect trust were reposed in the children ; unlimited opportunities of learning were placed in their way, the choice of taking advantage of these being left with the children themselves.



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. BY LOUISE JOPLING.



SIGNOR ALFRED PIATTI. BY LOUISE JOPLING.

Mr. Goode possessed a large library, and here, learning the best thoughts of the best men, were the children turned loose to browse at will.

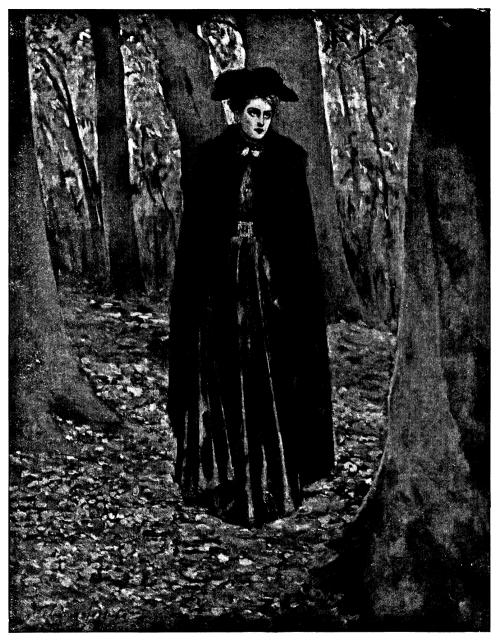
Byron, Shelley, Moore, Longfellow, Young, Steele, Swift, Addison, Gray, Sterne, Milton, Walter Scott, and Bulwer Lytton-these were the authors, besides Shakespeare, with whom Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, in her early years, became familiar. Her father's knowledge of Shakespeare vied with that of Mr. Samuel Brandram, the well-known Shakespearian reciter, and Mrs. Jopling-Rowe recalls how it was a common device of the children, if they wished to sit up later than the orthodox bed-hour, to question their father in which play a certain passage occurred—a device which rarely failed in its end. "Fetch me the book, and I will read it to you," was the invariable mandate, to be followed by a delightful hour. He never allowed the children to be punished by anyone but himself, nor permitted either gossip or scandal to be spoken in his house. They played cricket, learnt to ride and to row, and, besides a studious one, lived a healthy, outdoor life.

Music was pursued by each child with assiduity, but drawing, as a "selfish" occupation, was barred. What wonder that an education consistently carried through should have aided Nature's scheme and helped in



MISS MARION TERRY. BY LOUISE JOPLING.

the production of an exceptional woman? Ruskin held that "the greatness or smallness of a man is, in the most conclusive sense, determined for him at his birth as strictly as is determined for a fruit whether it is to be a currant or an apricot." Education, favourable circumstances, can do much . . . but apricot out of currant—great man out of small—did never yet art or effort make; and, in a general way, men have their excellence fixed for them when they are born . . . great art is precisely that which never was, nor will be, taught; it is preeminently and finally the expression of the spirits of great men "; and it is probable that even had Louise Jopling, during the pliant years of her youth, received a training in paint, her methods would have been but little different from those which she employs, for there is a personal note about all she does which lifts her work into a niche of interest peculiarly her own.



"THE TRYSTING-TREE."

BY LOUISE JOPLING.

The artist, in fact, creates his own art; that is to say, he moulds to perfection, or to as near perfection as he can, that material, a natural product, which is within him.

Mrs. Jopling-Rowe has a vigorous, pictorial instinct added to her notable individuality, and is, by natural ability as well as cultivation, an artist of unusual power of mind and excellence of execution; and if, measured against her personality, her art is less than she herself is, it is not because her art is not good, but because her personality is distinctive and remarkable.

It is well known that her views of life are optimistic, her sympathies curiously vivid and ever present, her faith in romance,



"THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS." BY LOUISE JOPLING.

notwithstanding her practical manner of expression, immense; commonplace that her recipe for youth is "enthusiasm, a light heart, and the capacity of enjoyment"; that the walls of her own house throw back the reflection of her art and taste; that she has wit, intellectuality, eharm of address, and the supreme good sense to keep in private secretary to Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild, she accompanied him and, at the instigation of the Baroness, commenced her artistic training under M. Charles Chaplin, who in his own art is accused of having "parodied the eighteenth century."

M. Chaplin was accounted an able master; and the actual syllabus of her



"A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE." BY LOUISE JOPLING.

reserve her consciousness of all these traits; commonplace, too, that "she has that look and manner of a woman accustomed to being distinguished."

The history of Mrs. Jopling-Rowe as a woman belongs incidentally to her history as an artist. She married, at seventeen, Mr. Frank Romer, elder brother of the judge of that name, and when he went to Paris as *m'sieur.*" This was followed by the approving "*Mais c'est bien !*" which told her of what at last she had accomplished. After that she found him interested in what she was doing, and overheard him say to a fe'low-student : "*Elle fera quelque chose, cette petite femme.*"

Surprised at her sustained effort and indomitable will, M. Chaplin came in the

profession, which under him Mrs. Jopling-Rowe acquired, she still adheres to; still sets her palette with the same colours she was taught to use in his studio. He taught her, too, that necessity for sincerity and observation which to-day allows her to express, in terms of paint, the very characters of her sitters.

For one year she, from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m., painted from life in M. Chaplin's *atelier*, and this without much result or encouragement.

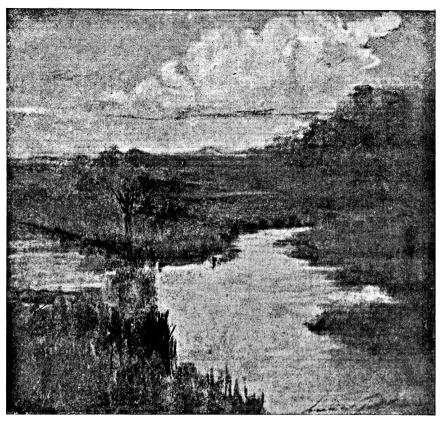
The mere sense, however, that one is part of a system has in it the expanding power of experience, and there came a day on which the master paused and looked long at her work, when his "Qu'est ce que vous avez ce matin ?" elicited from her a surprised "*Rien*,



"AT THE GAIETY." BY LOUISE JOPLING.



"AN ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY." BY LOUISE JOPLING.



"BEFORE THE RAINS IN INDIA." BY LOUISE JOPLING.

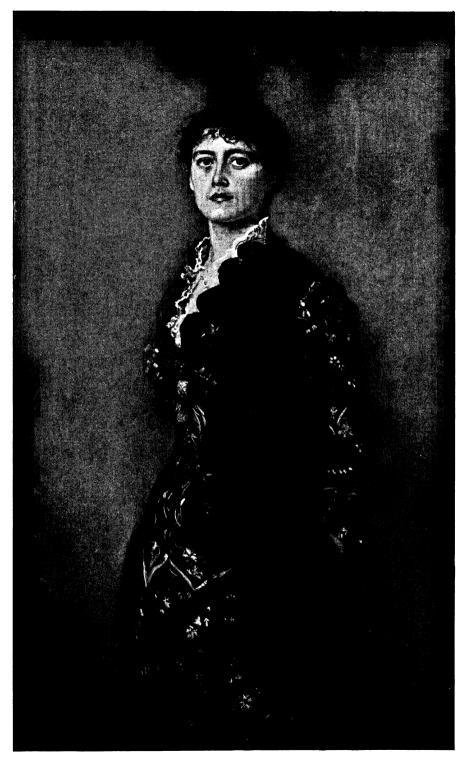
last months of her novitiate to speak of her as the best pupil he had ever had. In addition to the work she was doing in his studio, she joined a class which commenced at 7 a.m., and passed her evenings studying anatomy at home.

French art, at the time Mrs. Jopling-Rowe was receiving her training in Paris, was already under the dominion of that romanticism which was there the distinct mark of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and a perfect network of dates and associations have been woven round the group of men which made the art of that period distinctive.

Corot, who solemnised the ideal marriage between sentiment and style, had already attracted a large colony to Barbizon. There it was that the fatefulness of poverty, the sense of eternity, the solemnity of emotion and of toil, came to influence Millet to paint those "epics of the flat" which have rendered his name famous. With these two giants in paint were fused Rousseau, Diaz, Daubigny, Edouard Frère, Le Gros, Vollon, Breton, Monticelli, and Fantin Latour, in a tangle of overlapping dates.

Bastien Lepage, who created a kind of academic naturalism from classic and revolutionary ideas, was in the zenith of his youthful fame. The praise of Gustave Courbet's landscape and sea pictures was being sung by the younger school of critics, the Neo-Romantics and Realists. Puvis de - Chavannes, occupied at Amiens, was resuscitating that decorative side of art which had sunk into lethargy. And impressionism *i.e.*, the endeavour to fix the transient effect of moving life—although not officially recognised until many years later, was, in the work of Manet, being applauded, admired, and discussed.

That Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, whose interest in art was very real, should, in her omniscient intelligence, her almost abnormal capacity for sympathy and womanly receptiveness, have absorbed with avidity the atmosphere with which she was surrounded, is to us in no way surprising; although to herself it was certainly astonishing that



THE LATE SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS' PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOPLING-ROWE. Reproduced from the plate published by Messes. Goupil & Co.



TITO MELEMA IN GEORGE ELIOT'S "ROMOLA." BY LOUISE JOPLING.

after sixteen months' study she should reap the reward of her industry and talent by having two drawings hung on the line in the Salon.

"Mrs. Louise Romer's 'Bud and Bloom,' 454 in the Royal Academy Catalogue of 1870, is very cleverly painted, and expresses capitally a pretty idea." This extract, copied in his flowing, gracious handwriting by Shirley Brooks, from the *Athenceum* newspaper, and sent by him to the artist, was the first official notice of the first picture she ever exhibited in England.

The second, written by George Augustus Sala in the *Telegraph*, of a picture shown that same year in the Old Bond Street Galleries, marks as very notable her entry into the exhibiting world, and although afterwards Mrs. Jopling-Rowe came to number Sala amongst the many celebrities with whom in friendship she has been closely associated, he was, at that period, a stranger to her. Therefore his opinion of her work can be taken as entirely uninfluenced by those memories of personality which are apt, by creeping into our judgment, to bias it in favour of our friends.

"The second jewel of the gallery," wrote Mr. Sala, "is '22,' Mrs. Romer's singularly noble and beautiful portrait of a lady who is called 'Hilda' in the catalogue. Mrs. Romer's name is not familiar to us as an art exhibitor, but she must certainly have studied most sedulously for a lengthened period, and with the very best models or masters, to produce so thoroughly efficient and capable a portrait as this . . . Its greatest charms are quiet simplicity and absence of apparent effort—the result of which is, nevertheless, power in the true sense of the word. Albeit very delicately touched, the face is painted with a broad, sweeping brush. The painter's hand is an iron one, but Mrs. Romer, being a lady, has retained the velvet glove."

The picture which called forth such enthusiastic praise was exhibited three years later in the Paris Salon, and came under the notice of M. Armand Silvestre, who wrote of it with eloquent approval in L'Opinion Nationale.

After Mr. Romer's death, which cocurred in 1872, the young artist, in 1874, married Mr. Joseph Middleton Jopling, a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colour, who held, at one time, a position in the War Office, and was the winner of a Queen's Prize at Wimbledon.

The year of her second marriage was marked by her first important subject picture, "Five O'clock Tea," bought by Agnew for £400—a dexterous treatment of a popular theme, for, in 1874, there commenced that *entente cord.ale* with Japan which has in later years culminated in the Anglo-Japanese alliance.



"THE EVENING STAR." BY LOUISE JOPLING.



"VIA DOLOROSA."

BY LOUISE JOPLING.

"Five O'clock Tea" was followed, the next year, by a picture called "A Modern Cinderella." In ensuing years there followed "Elaine," and "The Five Sisters of York"; "Tito Melema"; "Under the Apple Trees"; "Summer's Snow," since exhibited in the Philadelphia Exhibition, and now in the permanent gallery at Sydney: "The Prayer of Faith Shall Save the Sick"; "Pity is Akin to Love"; "Killed and Wounded"; "Charlotte Corday"; "Rich Gifts Wax Poor When Givers Prove Unkind"; "Salome": "Little Boy Blue"; "Fair Rosamond"; "The Village Maiden"; "Twilight in Japan"; "The Spirit of the Woods"; and "Blue and White," bought by the proprietors of Sunlight Soap and used by them as means of advertisement; "The Search for the Bread Winner": "La Mantille Blanche"; "The Betrothal"; Vashti "; "Golden Locks "; " Queen "St. Bride"; "The Daughter of Herodias"; "The Last Look at the Öld Home"; "The Last Tryst"; "A Venetian Funeral." All these subject pictures followed one another in rapid succession till her achievement in portraiture, causing a deviation into that branch of art, left Mrs. Jopling-Rowe very little time for imaginative work.

for the fact remains that she expresses those opinions in terms so flattering as to make her, for the rugged of countenance and the vain, an ideal portrait painter. We have, however, but to look at her truly admirable presentment of Ellen Terry to be convinced of the artist's genius for characterisation. This picture hung for many years in the Old Beefsteak Club Room at the Lyceum Theatre.

Of the gift of differentiating mood and translating it into terms of paint, Mrs. Jopling-Rowe has as much, perhaps, as any modern artist.

The list of portraits painted by Mrs.



"ICE-CREAM !" BY LOUISE JOPLING.

Her portraits are large in treatment, characteristic in style, and decorative in effect—she feels as well as understands her subject. To most painters their sitters are objects to be painted; to Mrs. Jopling-Rowe they are that and something more. They are friends whose best points are to be recorded.

At an exhibition of her work, I happened to overhear the following remark addressed to Mrs. Jopling-Rowe by a man who was studying her genial portrait of Piatti : "I've never seen Piatti look like that," said the man. "Ah ! said Mrs. Jopling-Rowe in response, "Piatti always looked like that at me." From which pregnant words it may be contended that it is as a woman she receives and arranges her impressions; as a woman, produces her effects and records their results; Jopling-Rowe includes the names of many of our contemporary celebrities.

Mrs. Jopling-Rowe is eminently versatile. and has taken upon herself so many tasks, each of which she accomplishes so well, as to suggest her having assumed for her motto the well-known lines : "There is no office in this needful world but dignifies the doer if well done." At fifteen she wrote a story, which was duly published in the Family Herald, her one and only contribution to the fiction of the world, although since that time she has contributed many articles to magazines, chiefly on art as an occupation for women. In 1890 she wrote an admirable handbook on art, called "Hints to Amateurs," well and simply written, which holds excellent advice to those same amateurs



"THE EVENING PRAYER."

BY LOUISE JOPLING.

whom she addresses in the original meaning of the word—lovers—rather than denote those incompetents to whom the word is generally applied.

Mrs. Jopling-Rowe has also written a considerable amount of poetry, some of which is published in the Painter Poets' Series, whilst a number of her verses have been published anonymously in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

She was responsible for the costumes and for the arrangements of the tableaux of Mr. Robert Whitelaw's version of the "Antigone" of Sophocles, produced by Lady Maidstone at the Westminster Town Hall, in 1890, and she acted in the Greek play, "Helena in Troas," in 1886. Her many successes in the theatrical performances at Balcarres, organised by Lady Lindsay, gave rise to the rumour that she was deserting oil for grease-paint.

M18. Jopling-Rowe was the first woman, after a period of nearly a hundred years, to be elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists; she is a member of the Society of Women Artists, of the Society of Women Writers, of the Portrait Society, and that of the Pastellists; of the Woman's Franchise League, and of the National Health Society. She is the founder of the Society known as "The Immortals." She has done black-and-white work for illustrations, and on several occasions has contributed to *Punch*.

Mrs. Jopling-Rowe is on the committee of almost every ladies' club in London, and has been instrumental in the formation of several. She is an excellent public speaker, but probably the most serious work, outside her own studio, which she has undertaken, was the establishment of "The Jopling Art School" in 1890. The suggestion that she should do this came from Lady Brownlow, who added : "You have the gift of making people believe what you say." Professor Herkomer, under whom Mrs. Jopling-Rowe had thought, on her own part, to do some work, laughed at the idea of her becoming his pupil, and emphasised his opinion by the words: "You are better fitted to teach than to be taught." Still unconvinced of her qualifications, she consulted Sir John Millais, and explained to him that if she started such a school as was proposed, she would do it on the French lines--the lines of demonstration lessons made familiar to the few by the methods of Le Gros. "That's the way to do it," said "If I wanted to teach a man Millais. to play billiards, I shouldn't correct each stroke he made. I should take the cue myself, and show him how to hit the balls." Upon these lines, therefore, the Jopling Art School was established, and once a week, with the arrival of a fresh model, Mrs. Jopling-Rowe painted before her pupils. \mathbf{As} the school grew, as it did very quickly, she found other incentives to spur her students' ambition, and once a month Millais, Frith, David Murray, Boughton. Richmond, Whistler, or James Sant, visited the school and distributed praise or blame.

In 1888, Mrs. Jopling married Mr. George Rowe, and Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, as she now is, continues in her house in Kensington that salon which began with *éclat* in Beaufort Street, Chelsea. For she has the genius for friendship, and that infallible gift which, for lack of a better word, we christen tact, but which, in her case, is more kin to the quality to which the Italians apply the euphonious designation *simpatica*.

From the walls of her drawing-room there gazes on her maturity her youth, as painted by Sir John Everett Millais, who, as the godfather of her son, took occasion to make one of the only two jokes that are recorded of him : "I won't give him a cup, I will give him his mother's *mug*," said he.

A couple of years ago Mrs. Jopling-Rowe visited India, staying there for some months with her son, Mr. Lindsay Millais Jopling, who holds a high post as an Indian official. She brought back from there many delightful sketches of Indian landscape and life, made in pastel. She is seen to great advantage in her sketches. These of India are brilliant records of a brilliant country, records whose technical virtues are not less obvious than is the sincere appreciation for landscape which they convey.



"A LAST LOOK AT THE OLD HOME." BY LOUISE JOPLING.

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS. - On an autumn evening in the year 1855, Enoch Grouch, a small farmer of Morpingham, Essex, was killed by the fall of the bough of a great elm. Summoned to the scene, Mr. and Broothy of Morpingham, Essex, was killed by the fall of the bough of a great elm. Summoned to the scene, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow, of the Hall, find his child Sophy a few yards from her dead father, and, knowing her to be now alone in the world, undertake to look after her future. "Mother always said something would happen to that little girl, because of that mark she's got on her cheek," says Julia Rolins, daughter of a widowed lady living in the village, alluding to a small birth-mark, just below the cheek-bone, which was destined to win for Sophy, in her subsequent career, the name of "La Dame à l'Etoile Rouge" with her friends, or "The Red-Starred Witch" with the more hostile citizens or ruder soldiers of Kravonia. At ordinary times this mark was a pale red in colour, but it was very sensitive to any change of mood; in moments of excitement the shade deepened "live at the Hall and be taught to help cook"; but the girl's strange beauty inspires Lady Meg Duddington to adopt her as a "medium" for the clairvoyant experiments which are her chief hobby. Sophy thus finds an interesting life among Lady Meg's "favour. On the eve of the Franco-German War, Lady Meg dismisses her household, leaving a hundred-pound note for Sophy, who escapes from Paris with a friend, Marie Zerkovitch, for the latter's home in Kravonia. There, in Slavna, the capital, Sophy lears something of the conditions of life at the Court of King Alexis, whose son, Prince Sergius, is unpopular by reason of his military severity, while the King's Court of King Alexis, whose son, Prince Sergius, is unpopular by reason of his military severity, while the King's second, but morganatic wife, Countess Ellenburg, is intriguing for her own son, the young Alexis. From the window of her humble lodging Sophy witnesses a night attack upon the Prince by two half-drunken, insubordinate officers, Mistitch and Sterkoff, and, by hurling a massive bronze lamp down upon the latter, she saves the life of the oncers, institut and Bierkon, and, by niring a massive oronze tamp down upon the latter, she saves the life of the Prince. The court-martial on Mistitch, a hero with the soldiery and mob, seems likely to turn on Sophy's testimony that the Prince's assailants were aware of his identity; but at the last moment the Prince bargains with the tranquillity of the city and, possibly, the very country's honour and existence. Stenovics agrees to give the guns in return for Mistitch's life. The King instructs Stenovics to concentrate all his energies on arranging a brilliant foreign marriage for the Prince. Honour is paid to Sophy's services to the State, and she is created Baroness Dobrava. She pays a visit to the Prince's frontier fortress of Praslok, where Marie Zerkovitch with some misgiving watches the daily companionship of Sophy and the Prince. Meanwhile, the Countess Ellenburg and her party are busy with plans, for at a State reception the King has had an alarming fainting-fit, which his valet, Lepage, states to be the third within two months. At Praslok the inevitable happens, and the Prince declares his love to Sophy, but immediately afterwards receives from General Stenovics the King's command to the Prince : "The King's life hangs by a hair, and your Crown by a thread." The Prince decides to seek an audience of the King forthwith, and comforts himself and Sophy with the news that the big guns are on the way. General Stenovics and the Countess Illenburg and their friends forestall the Prince's visit to his father and arouse the King to alarm lest the Prince's love for Sophy should preclude a foreign alliance. But when the intriguers accuse Lepage of treachery, the King begins to realise how seriously they are banded together against the Prince, and under the excitement of detecting conspiracy the King falls dead, from a stroke. "His Majesty is dead." recise the doctor. "No!" replies Statifitz. "Not for twenty-four hours yet! His Majesty dies—to-morrow!" If the Prince of Slavna cannot find out for himself what h The court-martial on Mistitch, a hero with the soldiery and mob, seems likely to turn on Sophy's testimony cries the doctor. "No!" replies Stafnitz. "Not for twenty-four hours yet! His Majesty dies-to-morrow!" If the Prince of Slavna cannot find out for himself what has happened in the Palace, are his opponents bound to tell him? Strict watch is kept that no one shall leave the Palace, but Lepage makes good his escape and bears the news of the King's death to Zerkovitch, who carries it to the Prince at Praslok, whither Mistitch is sent at the head of a strong force to trap the Prince. Then, as Mistitch seeks to arrest Sophy, the King and he come once more face to face in deadly encounter. The Prince is wounded, but Mistitch falls dead, and his troops fly, not knowing who is now King. In Slavna, young Alexis is proclaimed by the conspirators, while the wounded King Sergius and his friends establish themselves at loyal Volseni. But the new King is wounded unto death, and in his last hour is solemnly married to Sophy, who is proclaimed Queen by the loyal soldiery and populace as soon as the King is dead. And to witness this strange ceremony have arrived by chance the English friends of Sophy's girlhood, Lord Dunstanbury and Basil Williamson.

CHAPTER XX.

THEY HAVE COLDS IN SLAVNA.

T is permissible to turn with some relief —although of a kind more to the cynic than to an admirer of humanity-from the tragedy of love in Volseni to the comedy of politics which began to develop itself in Slavna from the hour of the proclamation of young Alexis.

The first result of this auspicious event, following so closely on the issue of Captain Mistitch's expedition, was to give all the diplomatists bad colds. Some took to their beds, others went for a change of air; but one and all had such colds as would certainly prevent them from accepting royal invitations or being present at State func-Young Alexis had a cold too, and tions. was consequently unable to issue royal invitations or take his part in State functions. Countess Ellenburg was even more affectedshe had lumbago; and even General Stenovics was advised to keep quite quiet for a few days.

Only Colonel Stafnitz's health seemed proof against the prevailing epidemic. He

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was constantly to be seen about, very busy at the barracks, very busy at Suleiman's Tower, very gay and cheerful on the terrace of the Hôtel de Paris. But then he, of course, had been in no way responsible for recent events. He was a soldier, and had only obeyed orders; naturally his health was less affected. He was, in fact, in very good spirits, and in very good temper except when he touched on poor Captain Hercules' blundering violent ways. "Not the man for a delicate mission," he said decisively to Captain Markart. The Captain forbore to remind him how it was that Mistitch had been sent on one. The way in which the Colonel expressed his opinion made it clear that such a reminder would not be welcome.

The coterie which had engineered the revolution was set at sixes and sevens by its success. The destruction of their common enemy was also the removal of their common interest. Sophy at Volseni did not seem a peril real enough or near enough to bind them together. Countess Ellenburg wanted to be Regent; Stenovics was for a Council, with himself in the chair. Stafnitz thought himself the obvious man to be Commandant of Slavna; Stenovics would have agreed—only it was necessary to keep an eye on Volseni ! Now if he were to be Commandant, while the Colonel took the field with a small but picked force! The Colonel screwed up his mouth at that. "Make Praslok your headquarters, and you'll soon bring the Sheepskins to their senses," Stenovics advised insidiously. Stafnitz preferred headquarters in Suleiman's Tower ! He was not sure that coming back from Praslok with a small force, however picked, would be quite as easy as going there.

In the back of both men's minds there was a bit of news which had just come to hand. The big guns had been delivered, and were on their way to Slavna, coming down the Krath in barges. They were consigned to the Commandant. Who was that important officer now to be?

When thieves fall out, honest men come by their own. The venerable saying involves one postulate—that there shall be honest men to do it. In high places in Slavna this seemed to be a difficulty, and it is not so certain that Kravonia's two great neighbours, to east and west, quite filled the gap. These Powers were exchanging views now. They were mightily shocked at the way Kravonia had been going on. Their Ministers had worse colds than any of the other Ministers, and their Press had a great deal to say about civilisation and suchlike topics. Kravonia was a rich country, and its geographical position was important. The history of the world seems to show that the standard of civilisation and morality demanded of a country depends largely on its richness and the importance of its geographical position.

The neighbour on the west had plenty of mountains, but wanted some fertile plains. The neighbour on the east had fertile plains adjacent to the Kravonian frontier, and would like to hold the mountain line as a protection to them. A far-seeing statesman would have discerned how important correct behaviour was to the interests of Kravonia ! The great neighbours began to move in the matter, but they moved slowly. They had to see that their own keen sense of morality was not opposed to the keen sense of morality of other great nations. The right to feel specially outraged is a matter for diplomatic negotiations, often, no doubt, of great delicacy.

So in the meantime Slavna was left to its own devices for a little longer-to amuse itself in its light-hearted, unremorseful, extremely unconscientious way, and to frown and shake a distant fist at grim, grey, sad little Volseni in the hills. With the stern and faithful band who mourned the dead Prince neither Stenovics nor Stafnitz seemed for the moment inclined to try conclusions. though each would have been very glad to see the other undertake the enterprise. In a military regard, moreover, they were right. The obvious thing, if Sophy still held out, was to wait for the big guns. When once these were in position, the old battlements of Volseni could stand scarcely longer than the walls of Jericho. And the guns were at the head of navigation on the Krath now, waiting for an escort to convoy them to Slavna. Max von Hollbrandt-too insignificant a person to feel called upon to have a cold-moved about Slavna, much amused with the situation, and highly gratified that the fruit which the coterie had plucked looked like turning bitter in their mouths.

Within the Palace on the river-bank young Alexis was strutting his brief hour, vastly pleased; but Countess Ellenburg was at her prayers again, praying rather indiscriminately against everybody who might be dangerous against Sophy at Volseni; against the big neighbours, whose designs began to be whispered; against Stenovics, who was fighting so hard for himself that he gave little heed to her or to her dignity; against Stafnitz, who might leave her the dignity, such as it was, but certainly, if he established his own supremacy, would not leave her a shred of power. Perhaps there were spectres also against whose accusing shades she raised her petition—the man she had deluded, the man she had helped to kill : but that theme seems too dark for the comedy of Slavna in these days. The



"He carried him off to drink at the Golden Lion."

most practical step she took, so far as this world goes, was to send a very solid sum of money to a bank in Dresden : it was not the first remittance she had made from Slavna.

Matters stood thus—young Alexis having been on the throne in Slavna, and Sophy in Volseni, for one week—when Lepage ventured out from Zerkovitch's sheltering roof. He had suffered from a chill by no means purely diplomatic; but, apart from that, he had been in no hurry to show himself; he feared to see Rastatz's rat-face peering for him. But all was quiet. Sterkoff and

Rastatz were busy with their Colonel in Suleiman's Tower. In fact nobody took any notice of Lepage; his secret, once so vital, was now gossip of the market-place. He was secure but he was also out of a situation.

He walked somewhat for lornly into St. Michael's Square, and, as luck would have it-Lepage thought it very bad luck-the first man he ran against was Captain Markart. Uneasy in his conscience, Lepage tried to evade the encounter, but the Captain was of another mind. His head was sound again, and. on cool reflection, he was glad to have slept through the events of what Stenovics' proclamation had styled "the auspicious day." He seized Lepage by the arm, greeted him with cordiality, and carried him off to drink at the Golden Lion. Without imputing any serious lack of sobriety to his companion, Lepage thought that this refreshment was not the first of which the good-humoured Captain had partaken that forenoon; his manner was so very cordial, his talk so very free.

"Well, here we are!" he said. "We did our best, you and I, Lepage; our consciences are clear. As loyal subjects, we have now to accept the existing *régime*."

"What is it?" asked Lepage. "I've been indoors a week."

"It's Alexis — still Alexis! Long live Alexis!" said Markart, with a laugh. "You surely don't take Baroness Dobrava into account?"

"I just wanted to know," said Lepage, drinking thoughtfully. "And—er—Captain — behind Alexis? Guiding the youthful King? Countess Ellenburg?"

"No doubt, no doubt. Behind him his very pious mother, Lepage."

"And behind her?" persisted Lepage.

Markart laughed, but cast a glance round and shook his head.

"Come, come, Captain, don't leave an old friend in the dark—just where information would be useful !"

"An old friend ! Oh, when I remember my aching head ! You think me very forgiving, Monsieur Lepage."

"If you knew the night I spent, you'd forgive me anything," said Lepage, with a shudder of reminiscence.

"Ah, well," said Markart, after another draught, "I'm a soldier—I shall obey my orders."

"Perfect, Captain ! And who will give them to you, do you think ?"

"That's exactly what I'm waiting to see. Oh, I've turned prudent! No more adventures for me !"

"I'm quite of your mind; but it's so difficult to be prudent when one doesn't know which is the strongest side."

"You wouldn't go to Volseni?" laughed Markart.

"Perhaps not; but there are difficulties nearer home. If you went out of this door and turned to the left, you would come to the offices of the Council of Ministers. If you turned to the right, and thence to the right again, and on to the north wall, you would come, Captain, to Suleiman's Tower. Now, as I understand, Colonel Stafnitz ——"

" Is at the Tower, and the General at the offices, eh?"

"Precisely. Which turn do you mean to take ?"

Markart looked round again. "I shall sit here for a bit longer," he said. He finished his liquor, thereby, perhaps, adding just the touch of openness lacking to his advice, and, leaning forward, touched Lepage on the arm :

"Do you remember the Prince's guns— ' the guns for which he bartered Captain Hercules ? "

"Aye, well," said Lepage.

"They're on the river, up at Kolskoï, now. I should keep my eye on them! They're to be brought to Slavna. Who do you think'll bring them? Keep your eye on that!"

"They're both scoundrels," said Lepage, rising to go.

Markart shrugged his shoulders. "The fruit lies on the ground for the man who can pick it up! Why not? There's nobody who's got any right to it now."

He expressed exactly the view of the two great neighbours, though by no means in the language which their official communications adopted.

Stenovics knew their views very well. He had also received a pretty plain intimation from Stafnitz that the Colonel considered the escorting of the guns to Slavna as a purely military task, appertaining not to the Ministry of State, but to the officer commanding the garrison in the capital. Stafnitz was that officer, and he proposed himself to go to Kolskoï. Suleiman's Tower, he added, would be left in the trustworthy hands of Captain Sterkoff. Again Stenovics fully understood; indeed the Colonel was almost brutally candid. His letter was nothing less than plain word that power lay with the sword, and that the sword was in his own hand. Stenovics had got rid of King Sergius only to fall under the rule of Dictator Stafnitz! Was that to be the end of it?

Stenovics preferred any other issue. The ideal thing was his own rule in the name of young Alexis, with such diplomatic honouring and humouring of Countess Ellenburg as That was plainly might prove necessary. impossible so long as Stafnitz was master of the army; it would become finally hopeless if Sterkoff held Suleiman's Tower till Stafnitz brought the guns to Slavna. What, then, was Stenovics' alternative? For he was not yet brought to giving up the game as totally His name stood high, though his real lost. power tottered on a most insecure foundation. He could get good terms for his assistance : there was time to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness.

Privately, as became invalids, without the knowledge of anyone outside their confidential *entourage*, the Representatives of the two great neighbours received General Stenovics. They are believed to have convinced him that, in the event of any further disorders in Kravonia, intervention could not be avoided; troops were on either frontier, ready for such an emergency; a joint occupation would be forced on the Allies. With a great deal of sorrow, no doubt, the General felt himself driven to accept this conclusion.

He at once requested Stafnitz to fetch the guns to Slavna; he left the Colonel full discretion in the matter. His only desire was to ensure the tranquillity of the capital, and to show Volseni how hopeless it was to maintain the fanciful and absurd claims of Baroness Dobrava. The Representatives, it must be supposed, approved this attitude, and wished the General all success; at a later date his efforts to secure order, and to avoid the in-

SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.



"Was she not, after all, a stranger?"

evitable but regrettable result of any new disturbance, were handsomely acknowledged by both Powers. General Stenovics had not Stafnitz's nerve and dash, but he was a man of considerable resource.

A man of good feeling too, to judge from another step he took—whether with the cognisance of the Representatives or entirely of his own motion has never become known. He waited till Colonel Stafnitz, who returned a civil and almost effusive reply to his communication, had set off to fetch the guns —which, as has been seen, had been unloaded from the railway and lay at Kolskoï, three days' journey up the Krath ; then he entered into communication with Volseni. He sent Volseni a private and friendly warning. What was the use of Volseni holding out when the big guns were coming ? It could mean only hopeless resistance, more disorder, more bloodshed. Let Volseni and the lady whose claims it supported consider that, be warned in time, and acknowledge King Alexis !

This letter he addressed to Zerkovitch. There were insuperable diplomatic difficulties in the way of addressing it to Sophy directly. "Madam I may not call you, and Mistress I am loth to call you," said Queen Elizabeth to the Archbishop's wife : it was just a case of that sort of difficulty. He could not call her Queen of Kravonia, and she would be offended if he called her Baroness Dobrava. So the letter went to Zerkovitch, and it went by the hand of one of Zerkovitch's friends—so anxious was the General to be as friendly and conciliatory as circumstances permitted ! Much to his surprise, considerably to his alarm, Lepage was sent for to the General's private residence on the evening of the day on which Colonel Stafnitz set out for Kolskoï to fetch the guns.

Stenovics greeted him cordially, smoothed

away his apprehension, acquainted him with the nature of his mission and with the gist of the letter which he was to carry. Stenovics seemed more placid to-night than for some time back—possibly because he had got Stafnitz quietly out of Slavna.

"Beg Monsieur Zerkovitch to give the letter to Baroness Dobrava (He called her that to Lepage) as soon as possible, and to urge her to listen to it. Add that we shall be ready to treat her with every consideration—any title in reason, and any provision in reason too. It's all in my letter, but repeat it on my behalf, Lepage."

"I shouldn't think she'd take either title or money, General," said Lepage bluntly.

"You think she's disinterested? No doubt, no doubt! She'll be the more ready to see the uselessness of prolonging her present attitude." He grew almost vehement, as he laid his hand on a large map which was spread out on the table in front of him. "Look here, Lepage. This is Monday. By Wednesday evening Colonel Stafnitz will be at Kolskoï—

here !" He put his finger by the spot. "On Thursday morning he'll start back. The barges travel well, and—yes—I think he'll have his guns here by Sunday; less than a week from now! Yes, on Thursday night he ought to reach Evena, on Friday Rapska, on Saturday the lock at Miklevni. Yes, on Saturday the lock at Miklevni ! That would bring him here on Sunday. Yes, the lock at Miklevni on Saturday, I think." He looked up at Lepage almost imploringly. "If she hesitates, show her that. They're bound to be here in less than a week !"

Lepage cocked his head on one side and looked at the Minister thoughtfully. It all sounded very convincing. Colonel Stafnitz would be at the lock at Miklevni on Saturday, and on Sunday with the guns at Slavna. And, of course, arduous though the transport would be, they could be before Volseni in two or three days more. It was really no use resisting !



"' Ah, if we could strike one blow-just one !'"

Stenovics passed a purse over to Lepage. "For your necessary expenses," he said. Lepage took up the purse, which felt well filled, and pocketed it. "The Baroness mayn't fully appreciate what I've been saying," added Stenovics. "But Lukovitch knows every inch of the river—he'll make it quite plain, if she asks him about it. And present her with my sincere respects and sympathy—my sympathy with her as a private person, of course. You mustn't commit me in any way, Lepage."

"I think," said Lepage, "that you're capable of looking after that department yourself, General. But aren't you making the Colonel go a little too fast?"

"No, no; the barges will do about that."

"But he has a large force to move, I suppose ?"

"Oh, dear, no ! A large force ? No, no ! Only a company—just about a hundred strong, Lepage." He rose. "Just about a hundred, I think."

"Ah, then he might keep time!" Lepage agreed, still very thoughtfully.

"You'll start at once?" the General asked.

"Within an hour."

"That's right. We must run no unnecessary risks; delay might mean new troubles."

He held out his hand and shook Lepage's warmly. "You must believe that I respect and share your grief at the King's death."

"Which King, General?"

"Oh ! oh ! King Alexis, of course ! We must listen to the voice of the nation. Our new King lives and reigns. The voice of the nation, Lepage !"

"Ah !" said Lepage drily. "I'd been suspecting some ventriloquists !"

General Stenovics honoured the sally with a broad smile. He thought the Representatives with colds would be amused if he repeated it. The pat on the shoulder which he gave Lepage was a congratulation. "The animal is so very inarticulate of itself," he said.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON SATURDAY AT MIKLEVNI!

THOUGH not remote in distance, yet Volseni was apart and isolated from all that was happening. Not only was nothing known of the two great neighbours-nothing reached men in Volseni of the state of affairs in Slavna itself. They did not know that the thieves were quarrelling about the plunder, nor that the diplomatists had taken cold; they had not bethought them of how the art of the ventriloquists would be at work. They knew only that young Alexis reigned in Slavna by reason of their King's murder and against the will of him who was dead; only that they had chosen Sophia for their Queen because she had been the dead King's wife and his chosen successor.

All the ment who could be spared from labour came into the city; they collected what few horses they could; they filled their little fortress with provisions. They could not go to Slavna, but they awaited with confidence the day when Slavna should dare to move against them into the hills. Slavna had never been able to beat them in their own hills yet; the bolder spirits even implored Lukovitch to lead them down in a raid on the plains.

Lukovitch would sanction no more than a scouting party, to see whether any movement were in progress from the other side. Peter Vassip rode down with his men to within a few miles of Slavna. For result of the expedition he brought back the news of the guns ; the great guns, rumour said, had reached Kravonia and were to be in Slavna in a week.

The rank and file hardly understood what that meant; anger that their destined and darling guns should fall into hostile hands was the feeling uppermost. But the tidings struck their leaders home to the heart. Lukovitch knew what it meant. Dunstanbury, who had served three years in the army at home, knew very well. Covered by such a force as Stafnitz could bring up, the guns could pound Volseni to pieces—and Volseni could strike back not a single blow.

"And it's all through her that the guns are here at all!" said Zerkovitch, with a sigh for the irony of it.

Dunstanbury laid his hand on Lukovitch's shoulder. "It's no use," he said. "We must tell her so, and we must make the men understand. She can't let them have their homes battered to pieces—the town with the women and children in it—and all for nothing!"

"We can't desert her," Lukovitch protested.

"No; we must get her safely away, and then submit."

Since Dunstanbury had offered his services to Sophy, he had assumed a leading part. His military training and his knowledge of the world gave him an influence over the rude simple men. Lukovitch looked to him for guidance; he had much to say in the primitive preparations for defence. But now he declared defence to be impossible.

"Who'll tell her so?" asked Basil Williamson.

"We must get her across the frontier," said Dunstanbury. "There—by St. Peter's Pass—the way we came, Basil. It's an easy journey, and I don't suppose they'll try to intercept us. You can send twenty or thirty well-mounted men with us, can't you, Lukovitch? A small party well mounted is what we shall want."

Lukovitch waved his hands sadly. "With the guns against us it would be a mere massacre! If it must be, let it be as you say, my lord." His heart was very heavy; after generations of defiance, Volseni must bow to Slavna, and his dead Lord's will go for nothing ! All this was the doing of the great guns.

Dunstanbury's argument was sound, but he argued from his heart as well as his head. He was convinced that the best service he could render to Sophy was to get her safely out of the country ; his heart urged that her safety was the one and only thing to consider. As she went to and fro among them now, pale and silent, yet always accessible, always ready to listen, to consider, and to answer, she moved him with an infinite pity and a growing attraction. Her life was as though dead or frozen; it seemed to him as though all Kravonia must be to her the tomb of him whose grave in the little hillside church of Volseni she visited so often. An ardent and overpowering desire rose in him to rescue her, to drag her forth from these dim cold shades into the sunlight of life again. Then the spell of this frozen grief might be broken; then should her drooping glories revive and bloom again. Kravonia and who ruled there -ave, in his heart, even the fate of the gallant little city which harboured them, and whose interest he pleaded—were nothing to him beside Sophy. On her his thoughts were centred.

Sophy's own mind in these days can be gathered only from what others saw. She made no record of it. Fallen in an hour from heights of love and hope and exaltation, she lay stunned in the abyss. In intellect calm and collected, she seems to have been as one numbed in feeling, too maimed for pain, suffering as though from a mortification of the heart. The simple men and women of Volseni looked on her with awe, and chattered fearfully of the Red Star: how that its wearer had been predestined to high enterprise, but foredoomed to mighty reverses of fortune. Amidst all their pity for her, they spoke of the Evil Eye; some whispered that she had come to bring ruin on Volseni: had not the man who loved her lost both Crown and life?

And it was she through whom the guns had come! The meaning of the guns had spread now to every hearth ; what had once been hailed as an achievement second only to her exploit in the Street of the Fountain served now to point more finely the sharpening fears of superstition. The men held by her still, but their wives were grumbling at them in their homes. Was she not, after all, a stranger? Must Volseni lie in the dust for her sake, for the sake of her who wore that ominous inexplicable Star?

Dunstanbury knew all this; Lukovitch hardly sought to deny it, though he was full of scorn for it; and Marie Zerkovitch had by heart the tales of many wise old beldams who had prophesied this and that from the first moment that they saw the Red Star. Surely and not slowly the enthusiasm which had crowned Sophy was turning into a fear which made the people shrink from her even while they pitied, even while they did not The hand of Heaven was cease to love. against her and against those who were near her, said the women. The men still feigned not to hear; had they not taken Heaven to witness that they would serve her and avenge the King? Alas, their simple vow was too primitive for days like these—too primitive for the days of the great guns which lay on the bosom of the Krath !

Dunstanbury had an interview with Sophy early on the Tuesday morning, the day after Stafnitz had started for Kolskoï. He put his case with the bluntness and honesty native to him. In his devotion to her safety he did not spare her the truth. She listened with the smile devoid of happiness which her face now wore so often.

"I know it all," she said. "They begin to look differently at me as I walk through the street—when I go to the church. If I stay here long enough, they'll all call me a witch ! But didn't they swear ? And I—haven't I sworn ? Are we to do nothing for Monseigneur's memory ?"

"What can we do against the guns? The men can die, and the walls be tumbled down! And there are the women and children!"

"Yes, I suppose we can do nothing. But it goes to my heart that they should have Monseigneur's guns."

"Your guns!" Dunstanbury reminded her with a smile of whimsical sympathy.

"That's what they say in the city too?" she asked.

"The old hags, who are clever at the weather and other mysteries. And, of course, Madame Zerkovitch !"

Sophy's smile broadened a little. "Oh, of course, poor little Marie Zerkovitch!" she exclaimed. "She's been sure I'm a witch ever since she's known me."

"I want you to come over the frontier with me—and Basil Williamson. I've some influence, and I can ensure your getting through all right."

"And then?"

"Whatever you like. I shall be utterly at your orders."

She leant her head against the high chair

in which she sat, a chair of old oak, black as her hair; she fixed her profound eyes on his.

"I wish I could stay here—in the little church—with Monseigneur," she said.

"By heaven, no!" he cried, startled into sudden and untimely vehemence.

"All my life is there," she went on, paying no heed to his outburst.

"Give life another chance. You're very young."

"You can't count life by years, any more than hours by minutes. You reckon the journey not by the clock, but by the stages you have passed. Once before I loved a man—and he was killed in battle. But that was different. I was very hurt, but I wasn't maimed. I'm maimed now by the death of Monseigneur."

"You can't bring ruin on these folk, and you can't give yourself up to Stenovics." He could not trust himself to speak more of her feelings nor of the future; he came back to the present needs of the case.

"It's true—and yet we swore !" She leant forward to him. "And you—aren't you afraid of the Red Star?"

"We Essex men aren't afraid, we haven't enough imagination," he answered, smiling again.

She threw herself back, crying low : "Ah, if we could strike one blow—just one—for the oath we swore and for Monseigneur ! Then perhaps I should be content."

" To go with me ?"

"Perhaps—if, in striking it, what I should think best didn't come to me."

"You must run no danger, anyhow," he cried hastily and eagerly.

"My friend," she said gently, "for such as I am to-day there's no such thing as danger. Don't think I value my position here or the title they've given me, poor men ! I have loved titles"—for a moment she smiled—" and I should have loved this one, if Monseigneur had lived. I should have been proud as a child of it. If I could have borne it by his side for even a few weeks, a few days ! But now it's barren and bitter bitter and barren to me."

He followed the thoughts at which her words hinted; they seemed to him infinitely piteous.

"Now, as things have fallen out, what am I in this country? A waif and stray! I belong to nobody, and nobody to me."

"Then come away !" he burst out again. Her deep eves were set on his face once more. "Yes, that's the conclusion," she said very mournfully. "We Essex people are sensible, aren't we? And we have no imagination. Did you laugh when you saw me proclaimed and heard us swear?"

"Good heavens, no ! "

"Then think how my oath and my love call me to strike one blow for Monseigneur!" She hid her eyes behind her hand for a moment. "Aren't there fifty—thirty twenty, who would count their lives well risked? For what are men's lives given them?"

"There's one at least, if you will have it so," Dunstanbury answered.

There was a knock on the door, and without waiting for a bidding Zerkovitch came quickly in ; Lukovitch was behind, and with him Lepage. Ten minutes before, the valet had ridden up to the city gates, waving his handkerchief above his head.

Sophy gave a cry of pleasure at seeing him. "A brave man who loved his King and served Monseigneur!" she said as she darted forward and clasped his hand.

Zerkovitch was as excited and hurried as ever. He thrust a letter into her hand. "From Stenovics, madame, for you to read," he said.

She took it, saying to Lepage with a touch of reproach : "Are you General Stenovics' messenger now, Monsieur Lepage ? "

"Read it, madame," said he.

She obeyed and then signed to Lukovitch to take it, and to Dunstanbury to read it also. "It's just what you've been saying," she told him with a faint smile, as she sank back in the high oaken seat.

"I am to add, madame," said Lepage, "that you will be treated with every consideration—any title in reason, any provision in reason too."

"So the General's letter says."

"But I was told to repeat it," persisted the little man. He looked round on them. Lukovitch and Dunstanbury had finished reading the letter and were listening too. "If you still hesitated, I was to impress upon you that the guns would certainly be in Slavna in less than a week—almost certainly on Sunday. You know the course of the river well, madame?"

"Not very well above Slavna, no."

"In that case, which General Stenovics didn't omit to consider, I was to remind you that Captain Lukovitch probably knew every inch of it."

"I know it intimately," said Lukovitch. "I spent two years on the timber-barges of the Krath."

"Then you, sir, will understand that the

guns will certainly reach Slavna not later than Sunday." He paused for a moment, " By seeming to collect his memory. Wednesday evening Colonel Stafnitz will be at Kolskoï. On Thursday morning he'll start back. On that evening he ought to reach Evena, on Friday Rapska." Lukovitch nodded at each name. Lepage went on methodically. "On Saturday the lock at Miklevni. Yes, on Saturday the lock at Miklevni!" He paused again and looked straight at Lukovitch.

"Exactly-the lock at Miklevni," said that officer, with another nod.

"Yes, the lock at Miklevni on Saturday. You see, it's not as if the Colonel had a large force to move. That might take longer. He'll be able to move his company as quick as the barges travel."

"The stream's very strong, they travel pretty well," said Lukovitch.

"But a hundred men-it's nothing to Captain Lukovitch." He looked move, round on them again, and then turned back to Sophy. "That's all my message, madame," he said.

There was a silence.

"So it's evident the guns will be in Slavna by Sunday," Lepage concluded.

"If they reach Miklevni on Saturday-any time on Saturday—they will," said Lukovitch. "And up here very soon after !"

"The General intimated that also, Captain Lukovitch."

" The General gives us very careful information," observed Dunstanbury, looking rather puzzled. He was not so well versed in Stenovics' methods as the rest. Lukovitch smiled broadly, and even Zerkovitch gave a little laugh.

"How are things in Slavna, Monsieur Lepage?" the last-named asked.

"General Lepage smiled a little too. Stenovics is in full control of the city—during Colonel Stafnitz's absence, sir," he answered.

"They've quarrelled ?" cried Lukovitch.

"Oh, no, sir. Possibly General Stenovics is afraid they might." He spoke again to Sophy. "Madame, do you still blame me for being the General's messenger?"

"No, Monsieur Lepage; but there's much to consider in the message. Captain Lukovitch, if Monseigneur had read this message, what would he have thought the General meant?"

Lukovitch's face was full of excitement as he answered her :

"The Prince wouldn't have cared what General Stenovics meant. He would have said that the guns would be three days on

the river before they came to Slavna, that the barges would take the best part of an hour to get through Miklevni lock, that there was good cover within a quarter of a mile of the lock-"

Sophy leant forward eagerly. "Yes, ves?" she whispered.

"And that an escort of a hundred men was-well, might be-not enough !"

"And that riding from Volseni----?"

"One might easily be at Miklevni before Colonel Stafnitz and the guns could arrive there !"

Dunstanbury gave a start, Zerkovitch a chuckle, Lepage a quiet smile. Sophy rose to her feet; the Star glowed, there was even colour in her cheeks besides.

"If there are fifty, or thirty, or twenty," she said, her eyes set on Dunstanbury, "who would count their lives well risked, we may yet strike one blow for Monseigneur and for the guns he loved."

Dunstanbury looked round. "There are three here," he said. "Four !" called Basil Williamson from

the doorway, where he had stood unobserved.

"Five!" cried Sophy, and, for the first time since Monseigneur died, she laughed.

"Five times five, and more, if we can get good horses enough !" said Captain Lukovitch.

"I should like to join you, but I must go back and tell General Stenovics that you will consider his message, madame," smiled Lepage.

CHAPTER XXII.

JEALOUS OF DEATH.

In the end they started thirty strong, including Sophy herself. There were the three Englishmen, Dunstanbury, Basil Williamson, and Henry Brown, Dunstanbury's servant, an old soldier, a good rider and shot. The rest were sturdy young men of Volseni, once destined for the ranks of the Prince of Slavna's artillery; Lukovitch and Peter Vassip led them. Not a married man was among them, for, to his intense indignation, Zerkovitch was left behind in command of the city. Sophy would have this so, and nothing would move her; she would not risk causing Marie Zerkovitch to weep more and to harbour fresh fears of her. So they rode, "without encumbrances," as Dunstanbury said, laughing—his spirits rose inexpressibly as the moment of action came.

Their horses were all that could be mustered in Volseni of a mettle equal to the dash. The little band paraded in the market-place on Friday afternoon; there they were joined by Sophy, who had been to pay a last visit to Monseigneur's grave; she came among them sad, yet seeming more serene. Her spirit was the happier for striking a blow in Monseigneur's name. The rest of them were in high feather; the prospect of the expedition went far to blot out the tragedy of the past and to veil the threatening face of the future. As dusk fell, they rode out of the city gate.

Miklevni lies twenty miles up the course of the river from Slavna; but the river flows there nearly from north to south, turning to the east only four or five miles above the You ride, then, from Volseni to capital. Miklevni almost in a straight line, leaving Slavna away on the left. It is a distance of no more than thirty-five miles or thereabouts. but the first ten consist of a precipitous and rugged descent by a bridle-path from the hills to the valley of the Krath. No pace beyond a walk was possible at any point here, and for the greater part of the way it was necessary to lead the horses. When once the plain was reached, there was good going, sometimes over country roads, sometimes over grass, to Miklevni.

It was plain that the expedition could easily be intercepted by a force issuing from Slavna and placing itself astride the route ; but then they did not expect a force to issue from That would be done only by the Slavna. orders of General Stenovics, and Lepage had gone back to Slavna to tell the General that his message was being considered-very carefully considered-in Volseni. General Stenovics, if they understood him rightly, would not move till he heard more. For the rest, risks must be run. If all went well, they hoped to reach Miklevni before dawn on Saturday. There they were to lie in wait for Stafnitz-and for the big guns which were coming down the Krath from Kolskoï to Slavna.

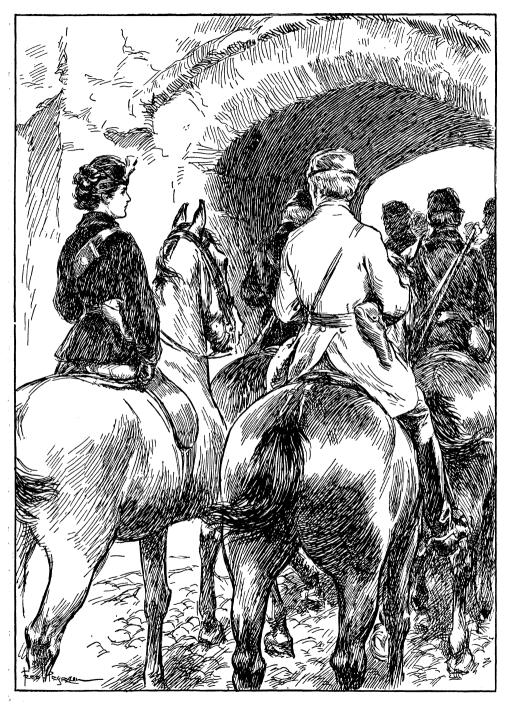
Lukovitch was the guide, and had no lack of counsel from lads who knew the hills as well as their sweethearts' faces. He rode first and, while they were on the bridle-path, they followed in single file, walking their horses or leading them. Sophy and Dunstan-bury rode behind, with Basil Williamson and Henry Brown just in front of them. In advance, some hundreds of yards, Peter Vassip acted as scout, coming back from time to time to advise Lukovitch that the way was The night fell fine and fresh, but it clear. was very dark. That did not matter; the men of Volseni were like cats for seeing in the dark.

The first ten miles passed slowly and tediously, but without mistake or mishap. They halted on the edge of the plain an hour before midnight and took rest and food -each man carried provisions for two days. Behind them now rose the steep hills whence they had come, before them stretched the wide plain; away on their left was Slavna, straight ahead Miklevni, the goal of their pilgrimage. Lukovitch moved about, seeing that every man gave heed to his horse and had his equipment and his weapons in good Then came the word to remount, order. and between twelve and one, with a cheer hastily suppressed, the troop set forth at a good trot over the level ground. Now Williamson and Henry Brown fell to the rear with three or four Volsenians, lest by any chance or accident Sophy should lose or be cut off from the main body. Lukovitch and Peter Vassip rode together at the head.

ToDunstanbury that ride by night, through the spreading plain, was wonderfula thing sufficient in itself, without regard to its object or its issue. He had seen some service before-and there was the joy of that. He had known the comradeship of a bold enterprise-there was the exaltation of that. He had taken great risks before there was the excitement of that. The night had ere now called him to the saddle-and it called now with all its fascination. His blood tingled and burned with all these things. But there was more. Beside him all the way was the figure of Sophy dim in the darkness, and the dim silhouette of her face-dim, yet, as it seemed, hardly blurred; its pallor stood out even in the night. She engrossed his thoughts and spurred his speculations.

What thoughts dwelt in her? Did she ride to death, and was it a death she herself courted ? If so, he was sworn in his soul to thwart her, even to his own death. She was not food for death, his soul cried, passionately protesting against that loss, that impoverishment of the world. Why had they let her come? She was not a woman of whom that could be asked; therefore it was that his mind so hung on her, with an attraction, a fascination, an overbearing The men of Volseni seemed to curiosity. think it natural that she should come. They knew her, then, better than he did !

Save for the exchange of a few words now and then about the road, they had not talked; he had respected her silence. But she spoke now, and to his great pleasure less sadly than he had expected. Her tone was



[&]quot;As dusk fell, they rode out of the city gate."

light, and witnessed to a whimsical enjoyment which not even memory could altogether quench.

"This is my first war, Lord Dunstanbury," she said. "The first time I've taken the field in person at the head of my men !"

"Yes, Your Majesty's first campaign ! May it be glorious !" he answered, suiting his tone to hers.

"My first and my last, I suppose. Well, I could hardly have looked to have even one —in those old days you know of—could I?"

"Frankly, I never expected to hold my commission as an officer from you," he laughed. "As it is, I'm breaking all the laws in the world, I suppose. Perhaps they'll never hear of it in England, though !"

"Where there are no laws left, you can break none," she said. "There are none left in Kravonia now. There's but one crime—to be weak; and but one penalty death."

"Neither the crime nor the penalty for us to-night!" he cried gaily. "Queen Sophia's star shines to-night!"

"Can you see it?" she asked, touching her cheek a moment.

"No, I can't," he laughed. "I forgot— I spoke metaphorically."

"When people speak of my star, I always think of this. So my star shines to-night? Yes, I think so—shines brightly before it sets! I wonder if Kravonia's star too will have a setting soon—a stormy setting !"

"Well, we're not helping to make it more tranguil," said Dunstanbury.

He saw her turn her head suddenly and sharply towards him ; she spoke quickly and low.

"I'm seeking a man's life in this expedition," she said. "It's his or mine before we part."

"I don't blame you for that."

"Oh, no!" The reply sounded almost contemptuous; at least it showed plainly that her conscience was not troubled. "And he won't blame me either. When he sees me, he'll know what it means."

"And, in fact, I intend to help. So do we all, I think."

"It was our oath in Volseni," she answered. "They think Monseigneur will sleep the better for it. But I know well that nothing troubles Monseigneur's sleep. And I'm so selfish that I wish he could be troubled—yes, troubled about me; that he could be riding in the spirit with us to-night, hoping for our victory; yet very anxious, very anxious about me; that I could still bring him joy and sorrow, grief and delight. I can't desire that Monseigneur should sleep so well. They're kinder to him—his own folk of Volseni. They aren't jealous of his sleep—not jealous of the peace of death. But I'm very jealous of it. I'm to him now just as all the rest are; I too am nothing to Monseigneur now."

"Who knows? Who can know?" said Dunstanbury softly.

His attempted consolation, his invoking of the old persistent hope, the saving doubt, did not reach her heart. In her great love of life, the best she could ask of the tomb was a little memory there. So she had told Monseigneur; such was the thought in her heart to-night. She was jealous and forlorn because of the silent darkness which had wrapt her lover from her sight and so enveloped him. He could not even ride with her in the spirit on the night when she went forth to avenge the death she mourned !

The night broke towards dawn, the horizon grew grey. Lukovitch drew in his rein, and the party fell to a gentle trot. Their journey was almost done. Presently they halted for a few minutes, while Lukovitch and Peter Vassip held a consultation. Then they jogged on again in the same order, save that now Sophy and Dunstanbury rode with Lukovitch at the head of the party. In another half-hour, the heavens lightening vet more, they could discern the double row of low trees which marked, at irregular intervals, the course of the river across the plain. At the same moment a row of squat buildings rose in murky white between them and the river bank. Lukovitch pointed to it with his hand.

"There we are, madame," he said. "That's the farmhouse at the right end, and the barn at the left—within a hundred yards of the lock. There's our shelter till the Colonel comes."

"What of the farmer?" asked Dunstanbury.

"We shall catch him in his bed—him and his wife," said Lukovitch. "There's only the pair of them. They keep the lock, and have a few acres of pasture-land to eke out their living. They'll give us no trouble. If they do, we can lock them in and turn the key. Then we can lie quiet in the barn ; with a bit of close packing, it'll take us all. Peter Vassip and I will be lock-keepers if anything comes by ; we know the work, eh, Peter ?"

"Aye, Captain; and the man-Peter's his

name too, by the way—must give us something to hide our sheepskins."

Sophy turned to Dunstanbury. She was smiling now.

"It sounds very simple, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Then we watch our chance for a dash when the Colonel's off his guard," Lukovitch went on.

"But if he won't oblige us in that way?" asked Dunstanbury, with a laugh.

"Then he shall have the reward of his virtue in a better fight for the guns," said Lukovitch. "Now, lads, ready! Listen! I'm going forward with Peter Vassip here and four more. We'll secure the man and his wife; there might be a servant-girl on the premises too, perhaps. When you hear my whistle, the rest of you will follow. You'll take command, my lord?" He turned to Sophy. "Madame, will you come with me or stay here?"

"I'll follow with Lord Dunstanbury," she said. "We ought all to be in the barn before it's light?"

"Surely! A barge might come up or down the river, you see, and it wouldn't do for the men on board to see anybody but Vassip and me, who are to be the lockkeepers."

He and Peter Vassip rode off with their party of four, and the rest waited in a field a couple of hundred yards from the barn—a dip in the ground afforded fair cover. Some of the men began to dismount, but Dunstanbury stopped them. "It's just that one never knows," he said ; "and it's better to be on your horse than off it in case any trouble does come, you know."

"There oughtn't to be much trouble with the lock-keeper and his wife—or even with the servant-girl," said Basil Williamson.

"Girls can make a difference sometimes," Sophy said, with a smile. "I did once, in the Street of the Fountain over in Slavna there!"

Dunstanbury's precaution was amply justified, for, to their astonishment, the next instant a shot rang through the air, and, the moment after, a loud cry. A riderless horse galloped wildly past them; the sheepskin rug across the saddle marked it as belonging to a Volsenian.

"By heaven, have they got there before us?" whispered Dunstanbury.

"I hope so; we shan't have to wait," said Sophy.

But they did wait there a moment. Then came a confused noise from the long low barn. Then a clatter of hoofs, and Lukovitch was with them again ; but his comrades were four men now, not five.

"Hush! Silence! Keep cover!" he panted breathlessly. "Stafnitz is here already; at least, there are men in the barn, and horses tethered outside, and the barges are on the river, just above the lock. The sentry saw us. He challenged and fired, and one of us dropped. It must be Stafnitz!"

Stafnitz it was. General Stenovics had failed to allow for the respect which his colleague entertained for his abilities. If Stenovics expected him back at Slavna with his guns on the Sunday, Stafnitz was quite clear that he had better arrive on Saturday! To this end he had strained every nerve. The stream was with him, flowing strong, but the wind was contrary; his barges had not made very good progress. He had pressed the horses of his company into service on the towing-path. Stenovics had not thought of that! His rest at Rapska had been only long enough to give his men and beasts an hour's rest and food and drink. To his pride and exultation, he had reached the lock at Miklevni at nightfall on Friday, almost exactly at the hour when Sophy's expedition . set out on its ride to intercept him. Men and horses might be weary now; Stafnitz could afford to be indifferent to that. He could give them a good rest, and yet, starting at seven the next morning, be in Slavna with them and the guns in the course of the after-There might be nothing wrong, of noon. course—but it was no harm to forestall any close and clever calculation of the General's.

"The sentry?" whispered Dunstanbury.

"I had to cut him down. Shall we be at them, my lord?"

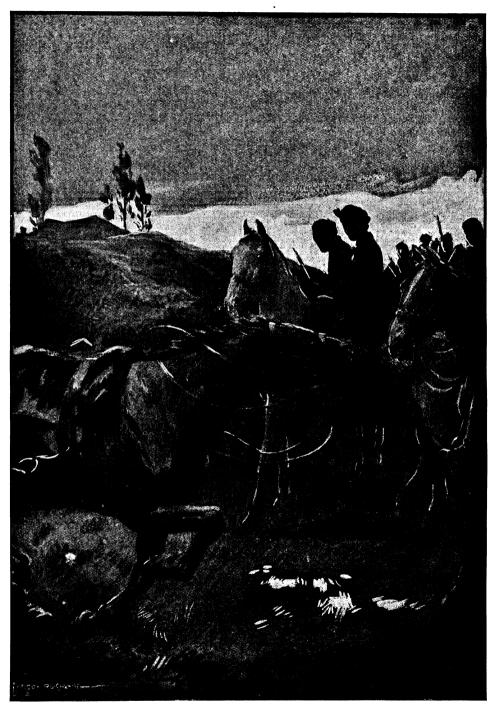
"No, not yet. They're in the barn, aren't they?"

"Yes. Don't you hear them? Listen! That's the door opened! Shall we charge?"

"No, no, not yet. They'd retreat inside, and it would be the devil then. They'd have the pull of us. Wait for them to come out. They must send to look for the sentry. Tell the men to lean right down in their saddles close down—close ! Then the ground covers us. And now—silence till I give the word !"

Silence fell again for a few moments. They were waiting for a movement from Stafnitz's men in the barn. Only Dunstanbury, bareheaded, risked a look over the hillock which protected them from view.

A single man had come out of the barn, and was looking about him for the sentry who had fired. He seemed to suspect no



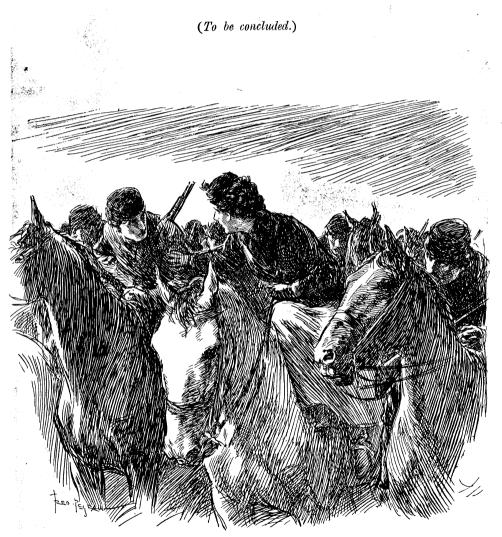
"The next instant a riderless horse galloped wildly past them."

other presence. Stafnitz must have been caught in a sound nap this time !

The searcher found his man and dropped on his knees by him for a moment. Then he rose and ran hurriedly towards the barn, crying : "Colonel ! Colonel !"

"Now !" whispered impetuous Lukovitch. But Dunstanbury pressed him down again, saying : "Not yet, not yet !" Sophy laid her hand on his arm. "Half of us to the barges !" she said. In their eagerness for the fight Lukovitch

In their eagerness for the fight Lukovitch and Dunstanbury had forgotten the main object of it. But the guns were what Monseigneur would have thought of first —what Stafnitz must first think of too —the centre of contest and the guerdon of victory.



"'Half of us to the barges!' she said."

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

RECORD Δ OF OUR OWN TIMES.

X.-EMPIRE-BUILDERS.

Keep ye the law-be swift in all obedience;

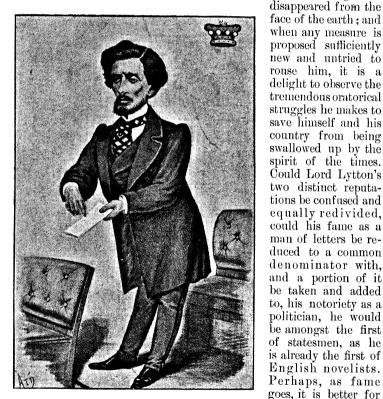
Clear the land of evil, drive the road, and bridge the ford, Make ve sure to each his own,

That he reap where he has sown; By the peace among our peoples let men know ye serve the Lord.

NO build up an empire is a useless effort for a nation if it cannot also breed men who can maintain and administer those territories which their forebears have

won and left to their keeping. In this present number of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE are reproduced the portraits of the few who, during the last five-and-thirty years, have established the British dominion over new lands, and of the many who have carried on the work commenced in the time of their great - great - grand fathers. They have had their enemies both in and out of Parliament — these viceroys, governors, and administratorsfor since the days of Clive and Hastings the severest critics of our Empire-builders have been found at home. It is difficult for home-dwellers to realise the circumstances in which their representatives find themselves placed, to understand what are

1876 that he appeared in Vanity Fair. In those days "Jehu Junior" was as severe as "Ape" was grotesque; therefore we are not surprised to find him writing: "Lord Lytton is perhaps the best specimen, now extinct, of the utterly immovable politician. He lives in traditions and professes opinions that were current fifty years ago, without so much as a passing suspicion that they have long since



LORD DUFFERIN. 1870. "An exceptional Irishman."

the difficulties that confront them, and to appreciate the dangers which would arise were a course of action adopted which would be right and proper in a civilised community. With this preamble let me come to my subject.

I see on my list several Viceroys of India. The first of these, taking them in chronological order, is Lord Lytton. It was in

to the many who wish to be admirably amused than to the few who desire to be wisely guided.

him as it is that he

should be best known

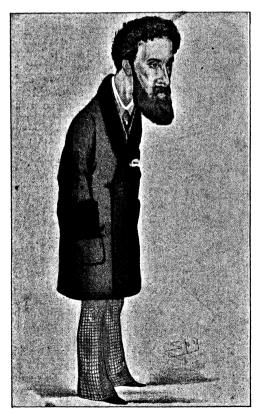
"It is no small thing to say, as may be said of him, that in the Legislature he has become, as in all men's minds he had already made himself, the first and greatest representative of romance."

It was in an early stage of Lord Dufferin's career that he appeared in Vanity Fair. 2 E

"Jehu Junior" was short and to the point.

"If," he said, "it be true that Irishmen are rash, impulsive, and unreliable in all matters that require hard work and sustained attention, Lord Dufferin is assuredly an exceptional Irishman, for in all he undertakes he displays both judgment and patience. and in all he displays that industry which, though not always found with, can never exist without enthusiasm. He has distinguished himself in literature and in diplomacy. and is now making for himself a name as a statesman distinctly above the average. Had fortune allowed, he would have made an excellent Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; as it is, he is an important and valuable member of a Government which has staked its existence upon a settlement of Irish questions."

Of the great career which was opened up to Lord Dufferin subsequent to the publication of this biography there is no need for me to give details, as they are tolerably familiar to all my readers. There is one story I would like to tell about him which may be of some



LORD LYTTON. 1876. "The Vice-Empress."



THE EARL OF NORTHBROOK. 1876. "British rule in India."

interest at a time when the study of the occult is so generally popular. It was told me by a friend of Lord Dufferin's who had it from his own lips, and ran very much as follows :—

Lord Dufferin was staying at a country house in Ireland. His dressing-room was above the porch, and from its window he could command the long elm avenue that led to the house and the circular drive before the front door. One evening he was dressing for dinner when he heard wheels upon the gravel outside. He walked to the window and thrust out his head. Before the front door was a plain black hearse, and upon the box a driver, who was staring up at Dufferin's window as if expecting his appearance. The man had a fat, flabby face of a yellow-white complexion. His appearance aroused such a feeling of disgust in Lord Dufferin that he withdrew his head quickly. When he looked out again, which was perhaps half a minute later, the hearse had disappeared.

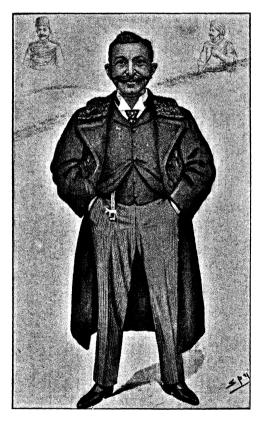
Lord Dufferin had the hearse very much



LORD CURZON. 1892. "Persia and India."

in his mind as he was going down to dinner. He had explained the circumstance to his own satisfaction by supposing the death of a But, catching his host alone, he servant. mentioned what he had seen. His host passed it off at the moment, but later in the evening confessed that no hearse had come to the door, and admitted that an apparition of a hearse and driver had been seen at intervals for a couple of centuries. From further inquiries Lord Dufferin learned that anyone at whom the driver looked was, according to legend, threatened with danger.

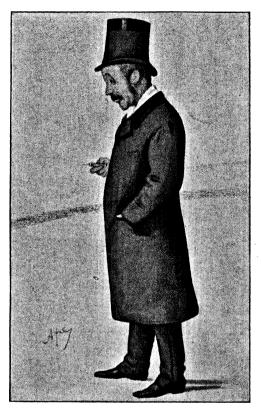
Lord Dufferin shortly afterwards left Ireland for Paris, where one of the earlier exhibitions was in progress. He stayed at the Grand Hotel, in which he was only able to obtain a room on the third floor. On the



SLATIN PASHA. 1899. "Salatin."

following morning he rang for the lift—a new and almost experimental invention in those days. The lift was descending from a still higher floor when he rang. Presently the gate opened. In the doorway stood the driver of the hearse. Lord Dufferin was quite sure of his identity.

There were several people already in the lift, who watched Lord Dufferin's hesitation in surprise. Presently, however, that gentle-

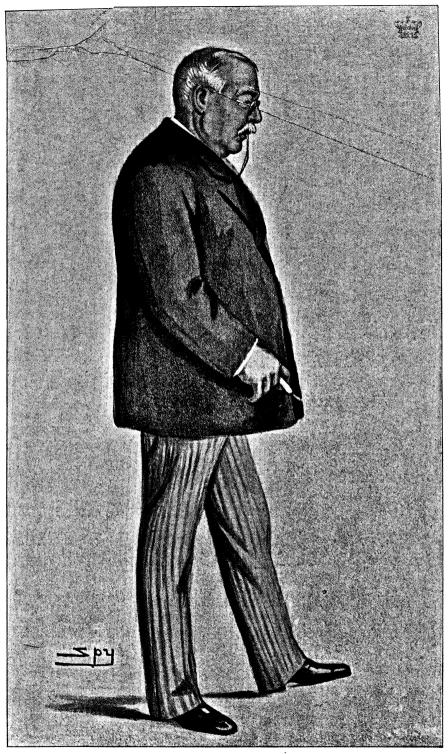


GENERAL GORDON. 1881. "The ever-victorious army."

man turned upon his heel, saying that he would rather walk. The gate was slammed to. As Lord Dufferin descended the stairs, he heard a scream and a frightful crash. The lift had fallen to the bottom. I believe I am right in saying that everyone in it was killed. Amongst the dead was the body of the lift-attendant.

Lord Dufferin, later in the day, went to the bureau of the hotel to make inquiries. He learnt that the ordinary lift-man was away ill, and that the dead man had only taken his place that morning. The management knew nothing about him, but promised, at Lord Dufferin's request, to make inquiries. Nothing concerning the man ever transpired.

One of the great administrators whom the family of Baring provided for their country was the Earl of Northbrook, who in 1872



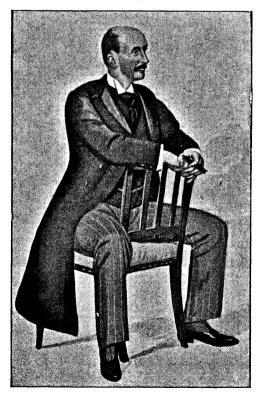
LORD CROMER. 1902. "Egypt."

was appointed Viceroy of India. He governed with the exactness of a good commercial man, and displayed the regular habits which he had inherited from generations of bankers.

It was during his rule that King Edward the Seventh, as Prince of Wales, paid his visit to India, and stories are still told of the tact with which he asserted the authority of the Viceroy while showing the respect of a subject to the Heir Apparent.

Opinions are still divided as to the place of Lord Curzon in the long list of famous Viceroys by whom we have governed India, but in the general opinion he may be regarded as one of the most brilliant representatives of the British monarchy that ever ruled our vast Dependency.

Lord Curzon went to Eton, captained the Oppidans, and edited the *Etonian*. He went therefrom to Balliol, and under the influence of Mr. Jowett moulded himself to the type which in that college is considered necessary for future political and Imperial distinction. It was through a humorous member of his college that he first became known as a "superior person." The name



EARL GREY. 1898. "A Chartered Administrator."



SIR HENRY BROUGHAM LOCH. 1894. "The Cape High Commissioner."

fitted the conclusion to a doggerel rhyme. Politics thereafter engulfed him, and he made some reputation as a man keen to reform the House of Lords. Also in his spare moments he travelled widely, being of an opinion that the knowledge of our Colonies is not without importance to a legislator, since that individual has often to make speeches concerning them.

"He is a pleasant-mannered, pink-faced young man, who can tell a story," said "Jehu Junior." "He has also tact, and therefore the women like him, call him a charming boy, and attribute to him no more of conceit than mere boyish vanity. He has an intellectual forchead, his speeches are fluent, if not very impressive, and his delivery in a commonplace House is quite pleasantly attractive. He is so promising, so discreet, and so knowing that he is like to grow into a great man."

What can I say of General Gordon? In

1881, when his cartoon appeared, *Vanity Fair* described him as the most notable of living Englishmen. We still remember him as one of the most notable men of the Victorian Era.

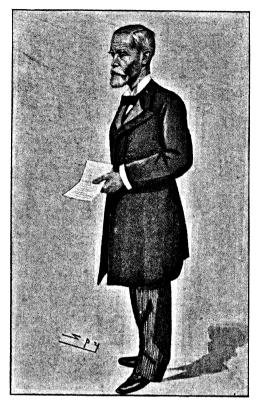
He came of a soldier race. His ancestors fought at Quebec, in Sicily and Italy and other places during the Napoleonic wars. It is recorded that at Woolwich he was considered a hopeless pickle. He was longer getting through the examinations than any other cadet has ever been—a noticeable fact, by the way, to which those who believe that examinations are the end of all things may well direct their attention. He was wounded in the trenches in the Crimea, and was sent on a boundary commission in Asia. It was while he was in the trenches before Sebas-



SIR HENRY BARKLY. 1887. "The Cape of Good Hope."

topol that the great Taiping insurrection was threatening to bring to an end not only the Manchu dynasty, which had lasted two hundred years, but the Chinese Empire, which had lasted four thousand. The insurrection was headed by a man who called himself the Heavenly King, who captured Nanking and almost reached Peking, the capital.

Meanwhile, a force of rowdies had been



SIR J. GORDON SPRIGG. 1897. "The Cape."

organised by the merchants of Shanghai to protect themselves against the Taipings. The command was held by an American adventurer who died fighting. Captain Holland was then appointed, with the consent of the British Government, but he was driven back with his followers. Thereupon, Colonel Gordon was put at the head of the force, and Charlie Gordon became "Chinese" Gordon of the Shanghai rabble, shortly to be known as the ever-victorious army.

Gordon reorganised his forces, launched a flotilla, and entered upon a marvellous campaign in which he captured many cities, fought over thirty desperate battles, and finally reconquered China for the Manchu dynasty with his three thousand men. He never went armed with more than a bamboo stick, except on one occasion when he



SIR WALTER F. HELY-HUTCHINSON. 1898. "Natal."

demanded the life of his Chinese superior officer who had executed some chiefs who had surrendered under Gordon's protection.

Of his gallant actions in the Soudan there is no need to go into detail. The story is known too well.

Another great Egyptian, Slatin Pasha, appeared in Vanity Fair in 1899, when he was in England with his honours thick upon him. Sir Rudolf Slatin was born in Vienna, served in the Balkans, and finally went to Egypt, where he attracted the attention of General Gordon, who believed in him and trusted him. For sixteen years he did his duty to the people of the Soudan, at the end of which time he was captured by the Mahdi. and for twelve years suffered the lot of the vilest of slaves at Omdurman. Death was considered too merciful a punishment for At last he escaped, to serve with the him. Dongola Expedition and the Nile Expedition. His twelve years of hard labour have not crushed the humour out of him. There are

few men alive who possess his energy, endurance, and unconquerable spirit.

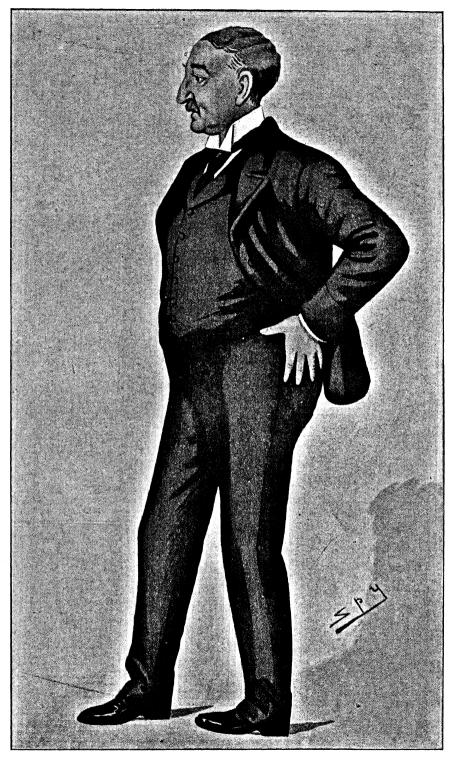
"Are you married?" asked an acquaintance when he was in England.

"Married !" said Slatin. "Me? I have had enough of slavery."

The Earl of Cromer is perhaps, with one exception, the most distinguished of the men now alive whose portraits appear in these pages. In 1877, he went out to Egypt with a definite purpose; what that purpose was it is not necessary to particularise, but that he has ever had it before him, that he has ever worked for one end, and that he has met with success in his endeavours, is sufficiently plain to all who have studied Egyptian questions. He is a diplomatist after the old school, being able, patient, and persistent; and it is always said of him that he enjoys his holidays in studying other people's diplomacy. As a young man he was singularly taciturn.



COLONEL F. RHODES. 1899. "Soldier and Correspondent."



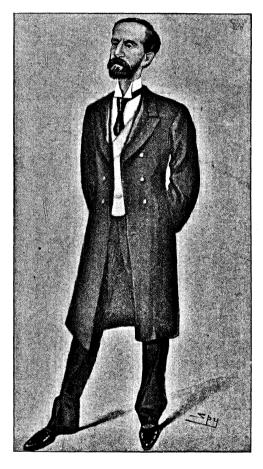
CECIL RHODES. 1891. "The Cape."



DR. JAMESON. 1896. ...Dr. Jim."

"Who is that quiet young man?" asked the Governer of Malta at a dimer. "Ga! that is Baring," was the reply. "He never talks, and we call him Sparing."

He has raised Egypt from gractical bank-ruptcy into its present flourishing condition, he has established our rule, aidea in the restoration of peace throughout all Egyption territories, and made life worth living to the fellah. Such men as Lord Cromer deserve a



THE EARL OF ABERDEEN. 1902.

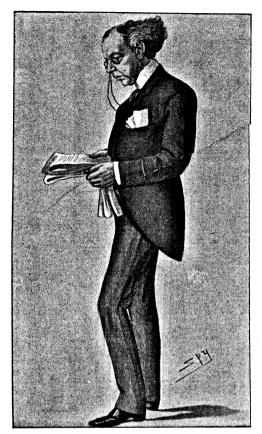
lasting remembrance, not only in the minds of the English, but in the recollection of all who love humanity.

Earl Grey is a capable, genial, and kindly gentleman with excellent manners, whose name will always be connected with the building of Rhodesia. He is descended from a family of great antiquity in Northumberland. It was to a more recent ancestor, however, who distinguished himself in the first American war, and who improved him-





1870. THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.



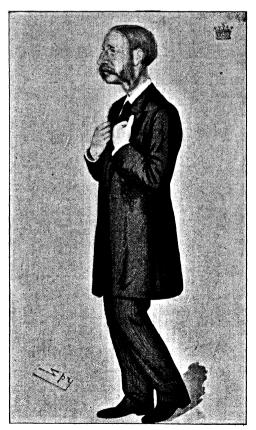
SIR WILFRID LAURIER. 1897. "Canada."

self first into a baron, secondly into a viscount, and lastly into an earl, while becoming the father of a general, a naval captain, a colonel, and a bishop, that he owes the rank with which he started life.

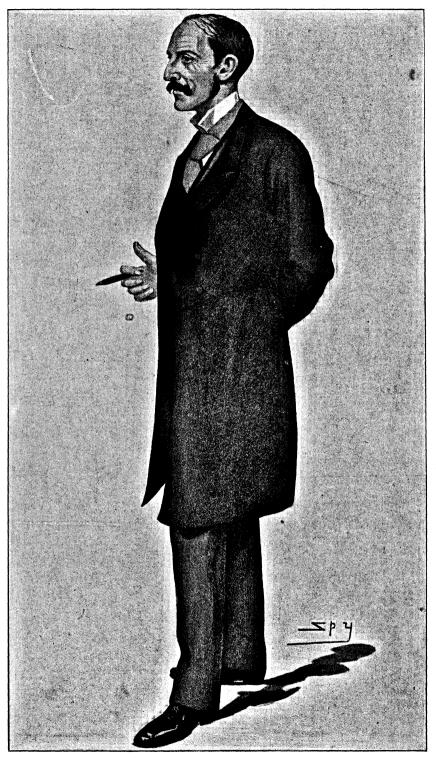
Many years ago there were two big firms in the north of London who supplied milk to the Metropolis. The first was called by the name of Rhodes, and the second by that of Laycock. On land which is now covered by the Islington streets, the firm of Rhodes kept a vast number of cows—indeed, it is said that at one time they owned two thousand. It was from this successful dairyfarm that the family of Rhodes, gathering wealth as the years went by and their land was taken for building purposes, developed. In the third generation there appeared two lads, Cecil and Frank, whose names are not unknown to history.

Cecil was born to the rector of Bishop's Stortford, and was sent to the local school. There lies before me as I write a programme of sports of the Bishop's Stortford High School, dated May 16th, 1865, in which I see that C. J. Rhodes, dress a proparently in a red and black above with a red out competed for a write in the 100 yards. It is also noticeable that he did not win it. A schochellow of Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Vin-

cent prooks, who has already contributed proof principal principal contributed principal of articles, has given me some interesting notes concerning the early life of the greatest of our modern Empire-builders. He says: "I was a few years senior to Rhodes. On a certain occasion which I shall ever well remember, I was in charge of a paper-chase, and on arriving at Sawbridge, perhaps some five miles from the school, one of the boys fainted. While I was looking after him, some of the others indulged too freely in beer, with the result that one of them had to be carried home. This I failed to report. and the head-master getting wind of the incident, great trouble arose. He sent for me the following morning, and said that on

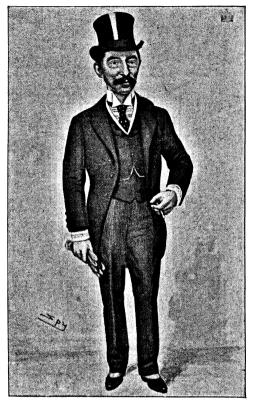


THE EARL OF JERSEY. 1890. "New South Wales."



LORD MILNER. 1897. "High Commissioner,"

account of the utter baseness that I had displayed, he would have to withdraw me from confirmation. On leaving the study I met Cecil Rhodes, who not only cheered



LORD NORTHCOTE. 1904. "The Australasian Commonwealth."

me up, but suggested an excellent plan of campaign.

"Ask him to take a second opinion,' he said. 'If you can only get him to see my father, it will be all right. In the meanwhile I will do a "bunk" and put it right with the pater.'

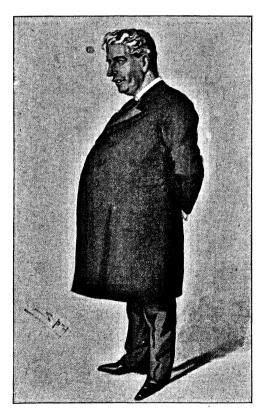
"I went back to the doctor and suggested that in fairness to me he would see the rector, who was also a visitor to the school. I remember standing with Cecil, who was in high glee, watching the learned doctor march off in full state to the rectory. The ground had been well prepared, and the expected happened. When he returned, it was to state with becoming gravity that, considering the way I had stood by my fainting comrade, my subsequent indiscretion would be forgiven.

"There is another story concerning Cecil

which perhaps you may think worthy of printing. On one occasion the school eleven drove over to a match at Chigwell. The post-boys got drunk during the game, and when the time came for us to return, we had to stow them away in the bottom of the carriage. Rhodes and I rode the horses home. With considerable foresight he chose the leader, for I shall not easily forget the way in which I, on a wheeler, was bruised against the pole, despite the post-boy's boot that I had borrowed. He always looked ahead, did Cecil Rhodes.

"As far as I remember, he was very strong on geography, and hated mathematics."

There is a good story told of Rhodes when, after a visit to South Africa in search of health, he returned to Oxford. He was walking with a friend in the High one



SIR EDMUND BARTON. 1902. "Australia."

evening, when they came suddenly upon a proctor. Neither of them was wearing cap or gown.

"Run," said Rhodes; "I am all right." His comrade did as he was told. "Are you a member of the University, sir?" said the proctor.

"I have just come back from the Cape," said Rhodes, "and am making a short stay in Oxford."

They parted with mutual courtesies. Rhodes was always very pleased about that story.

I always think that one of the most remarkable, if one of the least known, triumphs of Cecil Rhodes was his settlement of the Bechuanaland troubles with the Boers. He went up to save the territory for Great Britain, although he was told that the case was hopeless. One morning he rode into Delarey's camp, that eminent Boer being the leader in, and the source of, the land ownership troubles. He calmly invited himself to breakfast. The Boers scowled, but got out the food. Finally their leader, who all the time had realised why Rhodes



SIR JOHN FORREST. 1897. "W.A."



RICHARD J. SEDDON. 1902. "King Dick."

was there, turned to him with a fierce look, and said : "Blood must flow."

"All right," said Rhodes, "but we might as well have breakfast first." And they had breakfast.

For a week Delarey blustered, but Rhodes met him with a mild affability. In the meanwhile he rode and shot and lived with the Boers, made himself a popular figure with the women, and ended by christening Delarey's grandchild. This diplomacy was so far successful that when Rhodes left, he had practically the game in his hands. In his diary was a characteristic note on his adventure. It ran as follows : "Secured the government of the country for Her Majesty."

Concerning his valour in the Matabele war, there is no need to expatiate, for it will still be familiar to my readers.

In commercial dealings Rhodes met his opponents with their own weapons. He had no fanciful belief in honesty when a man tried to get the better of him in a bargain. A good story is told concerning a certain South African, who was a friend of his, and who, through his friendship, had acquired the secret of a disaster that had happened in a great mine. The man rushed out and began to sell the shares of the mine for all he was worth. Rhodes, surprised to see the prices drop, began to buy ; he also sent off a few wires to reassure the big holders of the shares. Instead of going down, the prices remained steady, and at the end of the week the other man found himself in a very serious financial position. Rhodes sent for him.

"Why, you idiot," said he, "I found out who was playing the traitor in twenty-four hours. You have not got fat on it, have you? Now run away. I will pay your losses, only don't do it again."

When at home, he enjoyed an amazing popularity. There was an air of mystery



SIR ANTHONY BROOKE. 1899, "Sarawak."



SIR CECIL C. SMITH. 1892. "Straits Settlements."

about him, a magnificence in his splendid operations which attracted Society—a community ever ready to run after gilded power.

He is buried where it is right for him to lie. He made history by his will.

Frank Rhodes was the cheeriest and most kindly hearted of men. He went to Eton, joined the First Dragoons, fought half-adozen battles in the Soudan, became military secretary to the Governor of Bombay, administered Matabeleland, was sentenced to death in the Transvaal, and behaved quite well as *Times* correspondent on the Nile, going so far as to be wounded.

He was always a great favourite with the fair sex, a fact which he often made the subject for efforts at humour. It is said that when a solemn little party of men came into the Pretoria Gaol to tell him that he had been sentenced to death after the Jameson raid, he merely shook his head, murmuring : "Dear me! What will they do without me?" "To whom do you refer?" asked the spokesman.

"The ladies," said Colonel Frank.

I remember a friend of mine telling me that he was cycling in Cape Town with the Colonel when the latter had a nasty fall from his machine. The truth was that he was turning round and taking off his hat to a pretty girl of his acquaintance, when he rode into a lamp-post. He rose, rubbing his head. "Dear me!" he said; "what we do suffer for the sex!"

He was extremely generous, a thorough man of the world, and a plain speaker, who always said what he thought. He could be trusted to do the right thing in most circumstances. He did not leave an enemy when he died.

With the two brothers Rhodes will ever be associated—at least, in the mind of the historian-Dr. Leander Starr Jameson. His father was a writer to the Signet, and he was born at Edinburgh. He studied medicine in London, and went out to South Africa for the sake of his health. For vears he lived under the same roof with Cecil Rhodes, and the two became great friends. He went north with the pioneers, and sacrificed his big practice at Kimberley at the call of adventure. He at all times proved himself to be a man of courage and honesty, but has never shown any great interest in money-making. He has great charm of manner, which caused him to be generally popular, even with Loben-Gula.

There is a good story told of his pluck in a row at Salisbury. A native was about to be lynched by an angry mob, which was getting out of hand. Dr. Jim pushed his way into the midst of them. "Don't do it, gentlemen," he said ; "we are on the eve of a boom." It brought the necessary laugh, and the nigger was handed over to more orderly justice.

An amusing story has been told me concerning an incident that occurred upon the release of Dr. Jim from the Holloway prison. One Sunday morning he went down the river to look up an old friend who was still in the habit of going out for a scull. The Doctor, by the way, had been an oarsman himself when a student in London. He met a boatman who was well known for his cautious disposition, and asked him whether his friend had come down that morning. He also mentioned his own name; whereat the boatman, who had seen a notice of his release in the papers, regarded him with a severe suspicion, and said that he was quite certain that the gentleman in question would not be down that morning.

Shortly after Dr. Jim retired, his friend turned up, whereupon the boatman drew him aside and remarked : "Beg your pardon, sir, but there was a man named Jameson down to see you this morning, but as I had heard that he had only just come out of quod, I was sure he was no good to you or anyone else. So I just sent him about his business."

It was in 1897 that Lord Milner appeared in Vanity Fair, at a time when his gravest troubles had yet to come. When I was a war correspondent in South Africa, I met Lord Milner on several occasions. Even when things were at their worst, he maintained a placidity of demeanour which surprised us all. How hard he worked we all knew; but if he felt the strain, he did not show it by look or manner.

I shall never forget the little lecture he gave me on arrival. The air was full of rumours, the pro-Boer papers at the Cape were printing the most grotesque statements, nor did the loyal press always confine themselves to perfect accuracy. "We are infected," said Lord Milner, "with a bacillus of falsehood. Be careful that you do not catch the disease. Believe nothing that you hear until you have proved its truth." Indeed, had a correspondent cabled all the rumours that were then flying round the Colony, he would have amazed London not a little, and damaged for ever the reputation of his paper.

All who had dealings with Lord Milner in South Africa returned home with an absolute belief in his honesty of purpose and his devotion to duty, even if they differed in their opinions concerning his policy.

He was one of the clever Balliol group, in his young days, which included Asquith, Curzon, and Rennell Rodd. He secured high honours at the University of Oxford and was president of, and a fine debater at, the Union; he helped Mr. Morley and Mr. Stead to edit the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and proved himself a journalist of ability and discretion. In Egypt, where he went as Secretary for Finance, he won general approval. Of his work in South Africa, future generations will be better judges than the men of to-day.

At the same time that I saw Lord Milner I often met and lunched with Sir John Gordon Sprigg. At that period he was watching the machinations of the Dutch party at the Cape with intent anxiety, and the rest of the Cape was watching Sir John with little less eagerness. He is a quiet, cautious man, a teetotaller, a non-smoker, and a possessor of a conscience. His father was a Baptist minister at Ipswich, and he went out to the Cape for his health's sake. He has filled most offices there at one time or another. He is a sound working politician.

Another prominent South African is Sir Walter Helv-Hutchinson, a great-greatgrandson of the distinguished man who was once Secretary of State for Ireland and Provost of Trinity College. Like many good Irishmen, he left Ireland. In Australia he met Lord Rosmead, and went with him on the expedition that annexed Fiji. Afterwards he became his private secretary. He was made a Colonial Secretary at Barbadoes, was called to the Bar, and then received various appointments in Malta, the Windward Islands, Natal, and Zululand. Vanity Fair said of him: "He has only spent twenty-three months of the last quarter of a century England. He is one of the most in popular of men, for he is a good fellow, an honest sportsman, a capital story-teller, and full of tact. He is also a man of judgment, with a knack of getting on with strangers. He is so well-informed that he can talk with most men on their own subjects, besides which he is quite an authority on drainage. He has always looked much younger than he is."

Soon after he was appointed Governor of the Windward Islands, a negro headman was admitted to audience. In great astonishment he exclaimed—

"Who are you, sah?"

"I am the Governor," said Sir Walter.

"You de Governor for true? You far too young. You Governor's son. Where is de Governor?"

The situation was almost as ludicrous a one as that which convulsed a law court the other day, when a witness, pointing to the Leader of the Court—a gentleman remarkable for his youthful appearance—remarked : "I've told that young fellow all about it already."

Sir Henry Loch, to whom Cape Colony will ever owe a deep debt of gratitude, was a man who had tried all the Services in turn. He went into the Navy, joined the Bengal Cavalry, became second in command of Skinner's Horse, went to Bulgaria to organise the Turkish Cavalry, and after that war became a diplomat. His adventures in the East, where he was caught and tortured by the Chinese, are well known. Together with the *Times* correspondent he was kept in a cage for the amusement of the natives. Finally, after serving in innumerable posts, he was made Governor of the Cape of Good Hope in succession to Sir Hercules Robinson. "Jehu Junior" said of him "He is a man who has mastered the art of making himself popular in the Colonies. Those who know him speak well of him, for he is a courteous, perfectly mannered gentleman, in whom is none of the pomposity of office. He is a good fellow who takes pleasure in helping deserving young men." Before his death he became Lord Loch.

It was back in 1870 that the "Marquis of Lorne," one of our Canadian Governors, appeared in the remarkable costume which Ape showed some originality in devising. He was extremely popular at Eton with the boys, and at Cambridge with the men. His cartoon appeared upon the announcement of his engagement to the daughter of the late Queen, an announcement which, as *Vanity Fair* stated, caused the name of the Marquis of Lorne to ring from shore to shore. "Whatever may be his special delights or his aspirations," said his biographer, "if everywhere as successful as in love, a great destiny awaits him."

It was at this period that he is reported to have said to Her Majesty in relation to his marriage and certain disputes caused by the interference of the German Emperor: "Madam, my forefathers were kings when the Hohenzollerns were *parvenus*."

Lord Minto appeared in Vanity Fair when he left England to succeed Lord Curzon. No man has led a more adventurous life than the present Viceroy. Indeed, the variety of his adventures are sufficient to inspire the imagination of the dullest among British boys. He was a youthful athlete, and won the 3rd Trinity Mile at Cambridge. When he was taking his degree, he performed a noteworthy feat, which caused some gossip at the time. He entered the Senate House in his Bachelor's gown, covering a highly unacademic costume ending in breeches and At the conclusion of the ceremony boots. he mounted a horse, galloped ten miles, and arrived at the starting-post just in time to win the University steeplechase.

It was from a very early age that he became known as a first-class man across country. He rode in the Grand National five times, and obtained deathless fame amongst surgeons by breaking his neck and refusing to die. This is a fact, though it may sound a fable—for he told me so himself. He won the French Grand National, being the single amateur jockey in a field of eighteen, and on one occasion at a Lincoln Spring Meeting he was first past the post in six races, with six mounts. Lord Minto also managed to see an extraordinary amount of service during the intervals in which he was not winning races. He was in Paris during the Commune, and with the Carlists on the Spanish frontier, with Lord Roberts in Afghanistan, and with the Turks on the Danube in '77. He was in Africa for one day only, arriving the morning after Majuba. Learning that the British had backed down, he left the next day. In '85, he was fighting against Riel and his rebels in Canada.

I remember Lord Minto telling me that in one whole day's fighting he never saw one of the enemy, so closely did they keep to cover. The last Boer war was fought on tactics similar to those adopted by Riel's Canadians. He made an extremely good Governor-General of Canada, and there learned to skate—an accomplishment in which it is probable he will grow rusty where he now is. He is a cordial, cheery fellow, and should keep the wheels of India running smoothly.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that man of striking appearance, was by nature a lawyer. He used to run away from school to attend the courts. Before he was thirty, however, he was in the midst of Canadian politics, making admirable orations, both in English and French. His personality impressed the Canadians and compelled much sincere affection amongst them. In the end he became Premier of the Dominion. He has his enemies, as every statesman must have, but his high character for honesty of purpose has won general respect. "Jehu Junior" said of him : "He is a handsome, dignified man, and he is really quite like Mr. J. L. Toole."

He is the first French-Canadian Premier of Canada, and probably the most remarkable of all the Colonials who came to England for the Diamond Jubilee.

Lord Jersey, who did good work as Governor of New South Wales in 1890, is remarkable for the length of hiz pedigree, his work in the cause of athleticism, and the fact that he is the principal proprietor of Child's Bank. There is something about Child's Bank which is so admirably respectable, arousing the confidence of the observer by the social position of its staff, the ancient prosperity of its affairs, and the lack of speculative hustle, that a proprietor who drew his descent from a Norman at the Conquest is only what we may reasonably expect. He was, of course, a fine runner, and as president of the Amateur Athletic Association has won the confidence and regard of all athletes. *Vanity Fair* said of him: "He is an optimist, and he is entitled to quarter the Royal Arms; he is not the spectacular lord, but he is one of Nature's noblemen."

Dick Seddon, as the Right Hon. Richard John Seddon was known throughout New Zealand, was a strong man. He had so far impressed himself upon the inhabitants of his islands that, at one period of his career, he received the not inappropriate nickname of King Dick. By profession he was a mechanical engineer. He spoke his mind with remarkable frankness, and once or twice stirred the political dovecots at home with telegrams which must have been the envy of the German Emperor. He was an earnest Imperialist and a good business man.

A friend of Dick Seddon's in his earlier days has told me some amusing stories about the New Zealand Parliament, particularly as it was then constituted. One deals with a plot against a member who, as Minister for Education, deemed it necessary to interlard his speeches with classical quotations which he laboriously learnt beforehand. Member A, ringleader of the plot, rose and made an attack on the Minister for Education, in which he made some harmless Greek quotation, which had nothing whatever to do with the subject under discussion. Member B, on the Government side, jumped up and warmly protested that the scandalous attack made on the Minister for Education, even when veiled in a dead language, could not be tolerated. The Speaker, who was no classical scholar, stared from one to the other in blank amazement. Up jumped Member C, while the House gaped in astonishment. He suggested that, as the Speaker did not seem quite sure whether the quotation did or did not contain an allegation against the Minister for Education, that gentleman himself should translate the quotation, and the House could then decide. The Minister turned purple. He had no conception of its meaning. But by this time the House had perceived the humour of the situation, and drowned all further discussion in shrieks of laughter.

On another occasion, an earnest gentleman quoted something which he ascribed to Archimedes, whereupon an elderly sheepraiser cried out in great astonishment: "Archie who?"

Sir Edmund Barton was born at Sydney and called to the Bar. He is a good, able man who can look exceedingly wise, and has a natural, if rather rugged, dignity of his own. He steers a careful course in political waters in which Socialistic rocks abound.

Sir John Forrest, who is nicknamed "Jarrah Jack," rose through a good deal of chaff to hold the highest position in the politics of Western Australia, where he is sometimes called the Emperor of the West.

Thomas Brooke, of the Hon. East India Company's service, had a son who became the first Rajah of Sarawak. That Rajah's sister Emma married a country rector named Johnson and became the mother of Charles Johnson Brooke, who in 1868 succeeded his uncle as the second Rajah. For many years he spent the greater part of his time in his own kingdom, which is about the size of Wales and Scotland He has his own flag, his put together. own army, and his own navy, though the exact numbers of each need not be stated. In fact, I have been told by a friend who knows Sarawak well, that a man holding a high command in the army may also be harbourmaster, postmaster-general, besides occasionally acting as pilot.

Lord Northcote, Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia since 1903, is the second son of the first Earl of Iddesleigh. He has had a peaceful and not undistinguished career, to which his present office is not the most comfortable conclusion.

Sir Henry Barkly began life commercially, took up politics, and after four years in the House of Commons was made Governor of British Guiana, removing therefrom to a similar post in Jamaica. He was soon on his travels again, however, for we find him in turn Governor of Victoria, of Mauritius, and, lastly, of the Cape of Good Hope. He was a man sagacious, amiable, and conciliatory. He had the fortunate knack of getting good men round him. His criticisms of the Cape and the Transvaal, and his prophecies concerning their future, have, unfortunately, turned out to be accurate. He expected trouble in the future ; it came.

Sir Cecil Clementi Smith became a student interpreter at two-and-twenty, and when he had more or less efficiently occupied every other office in Hong Kong save those of Governor and Chaplain, he became Colonial Secretary for the Straits Settlements. He then became Governor. Vanity Fair said of him : "He is a trustworthy man of skill in tongues who has earned the thanks of H.M. Government as well as a K.C.M.G. He has suppressed secret societies as well as Sir Charles Warren, and he holds arbitrary views on the virtues of banishment." Since Sir Cecil Clementi Smith's cartoon appeared he has been promoted to the membership of the Privy Council.

The Earl of Aberdeen is a strict man and a just Radical. Irish politics are not, perhaps, so strenuous in 1906 as they were when he first received his appointment as Lord-Lieutenant. Certainly he has now been well received by all classes in the "distressful" country. As Governor-General of Canada he showed tact and ability. He has ever encouraged field sports, set his face against racing, and shown devotion to landscape gardening.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON, Editor of "Vanity Fair."

The foregoing article is the tenth of

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A REDUCED CONSUL.

By B. A. CLARKE,

Author of "Minnows and Tritons" and "All Abroad."



HE health officers at Bombay are not to be triffed with. An embarkation note is sent to the intending passenger, and if he does not present himself for medical examination at the time specified, the ship

sails without him. He may be on the dock hours before the boat moves off, but he will not be allowed on board. And once on the ship, it cannot be left. This regulation seemed to me to be very tyrannical the last time I was leaving India. 'The steamer-it was not a mail-boat, but nevertheless a great favourite in the passenger trade-was lying in the dock, and was not to sail for three hours, and a valuable dog of mine had just run ashore. When I had been passed by the doctor, I had walked straight on to the vessel, and had immediately gone to the saloon, my three dogs The only person there—a steward with me. -had his back to us. Polly, an Irish setter, who is never happy unless every human being near her is petting her, has petted her, or shows signs of being about to do so, ran across to the man and rubbed her head against the leg of his trousers. The steward turned round, and not seeing me, struck the dog. She bolted from the saloon, up the companion, and leaped ashore. Some idiots clapped their hands at her. She raced across the stones and vanished through the dock gates. I would have followed, but a The soldier at the gangway stopped me. doctor was still on the quay, so I told him what had happened. But he could make no concession. If I came ashore after my dog, I should not be allowed to return.

"I am afraid you have seen the last of that dog, sir," said the soldier compassionately.

Feeling utterly wretched, I walked with the two other dogs (nice animals, but neither could ever be to me all that the Irish setter had been) and sought the officer who was to have charge of them. I found him—an elderly gentleman (I knew he was a gentleman) with a gentle, harmless face, and long, white locks that fell upon his shoulders. Although not otherwise in uniform, he wore the Company's cap. When I told my story, the change in his face startled me.

"And they would not break their regulations to save a poor animal! Think of her hunting for you day after day, without a single friend perhaps to give her a drink of water, perhaps dying of a broken heart! Or she may be worried and killed by pariah dogs; not that I would speak of even these cruelly, or as anything but my fellowcreatures. It shall not be !"

He ran to the gangway, and before the soldier realised his intention, the old man was by him. He vanished almost as suddenly as the dog had through the dock gates.

"He shall not sail with you, mind that, captain !" cried the indignant medical officer.

"What is that officer's name?" roared the captain in a voice that made me jump.

A steward told him.

" Who ? "

And then the captain's face wrinkled, and he burst into cyclopean laughter.

"Doctor, you can keep my officer ashore if you like—it's the Consol."

The doctor stood for a second irresolute, and then he too laughed.

"You have me there, captain. I must wait until he returns, and then pass him afresh."

Shortly after six the officer returned, and Polly was following him. He had not thought it necessary to use a lead. The dog followed very closely and kept licking her rescuer's hand.

We sailed that night shortly after ten. There is always a fascination in watching a great ship escaping from its prison; but to-night there was an added interest in the personality of the captain. The reputation of Captain Ball, particularly with regard to his voice, is widely extended. No other such voice as his has ever broken the stillness of the seas or roused the slumbering East. It is claimed that never has he used an artificial aid. The day when Captain Ball is compelled to use a megaphone will break his heart,



"The dog followed very closely."

and rob British shipping of a cherished tradition.

I found that report was short of the mark. As we struggled out, the captain, who of course was upon the bridge, talked to the harbour-master, who, through a brass instrument mounted upon a stand like a cannon. roared himself hoarse in reply. The instrument was a bare size larger than the harbourmaster. Away at the dock gates were men in some way assisting our departure. The captain dropped a conversational aside, and

they altered their procedure. This interference led to a difference with the harbour-master. in which for a short time he seemed able to hold his own. But as the ship moved away, the megaphone was no match for the talker upon the bridge. and the captain continued firing parting shots for a couple of minutes after the megaphone had been abandoned in despair. But it was not until next morning when we sat down to breakfast that I realised the full significance of the inci-The captain had dent. addressed the harbourmaster in the quietest tone at his command. He spoke to the lady next him at table in the same voice. Everything is relative, and as he could not speak lower, it is correct to say that he hadworsted the harbour - master in a whisper. Evervone at

"The captain talked to the harbour-master."

the table listened to the captain, and perhaps the look-outs and the Lascar crew away forward were listening also. He was telling us the story of the officer who had rescued my dog.

"Three years ago the officer you refer to came aboard the Sarnia as a first-class passenger. He told me he was British Consól at Morocco, and although it was Constantinople next time he spoke to me, I thought nothing about the discrepancy. He seemed a pleasant-spoken, inoffensive old gentleman. He had been to India for a pleasure trip, but travel made his head ache (mostly he had a headache); and when he got home, he would not travel again. It came on rough, and I saw nothing more of him until we were in the Red Sea. We had passed the Straits of Babel-Mandeb-for all they look so narrow and dangerous, I could pick my way through blindfolded, but north of them the navigation requires a man. The bosun had come up to speak to me, but as he didn't seem in any particular hurry, I just let him stand there.

"' If you're waiting until I am through,'

I says to him at last, 'vou will have to wait until midnight.'

"' If you please, sir,' says he, 'there's a gentleman letting loose the tiger.'

"I should have mentioned that we were bringing home a tiger. the biggest and fiercest fellow I ever clapped eyes upon.

"'Letting loose the tiger ?' says I to him. 'And what sort of a patent idiot do you call yourself to let him?'

""Well, sir, I told him that you wouldn't like it; but he said he would take all responsibility.'

"And why didn't you tell me about this immediately ?'

"'You seemed so busy, sir.'

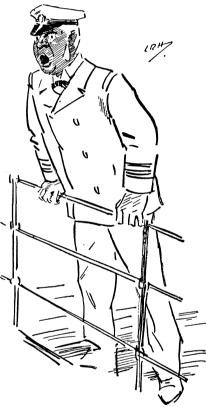
"Could you credit such tomfoolishness?" The captain addressed the question to me, but I reserved my opinion.

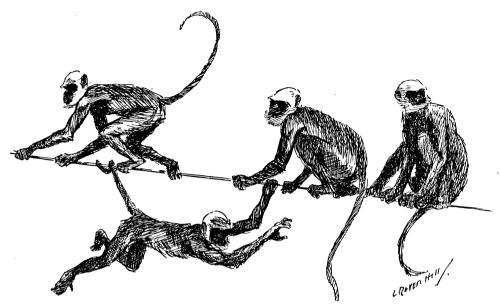
"Well, I rushed down,

and there was the Consól a-wrestling with a wire hawser that we had wound round the cage for extra security. But for that the animal would have been out as certain as certain. The tiger had been standing quiet with his head against the bars, but when I come up, he retreated to the back of his cage and growled, every hair on his body standing out straight.

"'And what do you think you are a-doing?' says I.

"'This poor beast,' says he, 'hasn't had any exercise since he come on board. It is





"The funniest sight was to see them on a fine day."

cruelty to animals,' says he. 'I am going to walk him up and down the deck for an hour. He won't escape, because I shall lead him on this dog-chain.'

"' Oh, you are !' says I sarcastically, for I was in a fair outrage at such stupidity.

"'Yes,' he says; 'and if he gives any trouble, I shall give him a rap, but not such as to hurt him, with this stick; it is what is called a Penang lawyer.'

"'If you don't go away from the cage, and keep away, you and me will quarrel. Taking tigers for little walks on deck is my place, not yours,' I said, 'and if anyone gives him raps with a Penang lawyer, it will be me, not you.'

"And that is what first give me a suspicion that he might not be quite right in his head."

The captain's voice died away, and he turned his attention to his plate. The glasses on the table continued to vibrate for a few seconds, and then they also were silent.

"He actually did let out some animals, didn't he, sir?" said the first officer, who no doubt knew the story by heart.

"There was a little bother with some monkeys," said the captain, and the passengers at the other end of the saloon, who had begun a general conversation, concluded their sentences in dumb-show.

"Jarlings, the great dealers in wild beasts, was sending a lot of monkeys by this vessel —the largest consignment of monkeys, I suppose, ever carried in one bottom. There was six hundred : that was the number, Mr. Smith, wasn't it ?"

The first officer confirmed the statement gloomily.

"Of course, after what had happened with the tiger, I ought to have had the Consól watched; but I didn't, and the result was that he got to the monkey-cages when there wasn't anyone to stop him. The first I knew of it was walking on to the bridge and seeing what I took to be a small passenger, standing beside the second officer; his hand was shading his eyes, as the officer's was, just as like as like, and he was looking at the approaching island."

"' Now, my little man,' I says, 'we can't have you here.'

"He turned round, and I can tell you it gave me a start, and the second officer likewise. It was just a large black monkey, what they call a chimpanzee. I tried to grab him, but he showed his teeth, jumped over the bridge-rail on to the deck, and was up the mast before you could have said 'Knife.'

"Bosun,' I called (the captain's voice here rose to a roar), 'a monkey has escaped !'

"'Capen,' he called back, 'six hundred monkeys has escaped'; and so they had. A few was caught that night in the alley-ways. They used to come down when people was asleep, and prowl around the cabins. If there was a door open, they would get in and run off with the water-bottles. One old monkey I chased myself, but he was too quick, too quick altogether. He run up a mast—how he did it without breaking his bottle I can't tell you—and then along the jumper stay that goes from the foremast right back to the mainmast, and there he sat drinking out of his bottle like an old toper. It was a miracle the way he clung on. After that, order was given that cabin doors was to be locked at night; but that didn't stop 'em, bless you. You see, they got mighty thirsty up there, and those water-bottles from the cabins

"How did they manage it ? "

"Well, you see, it was summer, and the passengers had to keep their ports open and have the wind-scoops in them. In the ordinary way most passengers would have been sleeping on deck, but with six hundred monkeys loose people were shy of it. These little beggars (it was the Indian monkeys that set the others on to that) would drop on to the wind-scoops, particularly those on the spar-deck, and then through the

port-holes, and good-bye to your water-bottle. Jumping on to the berths like that in the middle of the night, they frightened some of our ladies into hysterics. The funniest sight was to see them on a fine day, the whole six hundred, swinging on the jumper stay, fifty feet above the deck, most of them on their haunches, but the Indian monkeys hanging by arm or tail, looking for all the world like clothes on a line. We got into a nasty cross sea one day, and Jarlings' manager come to me and said I must change the course, because his monkeys was being shook off into the sea-a six-thousand ton steamer change its course to suit the convenience of a few dirty monkeys ! The biggest monkeys would sit on the edge of the funnel, and now and again one would drop into the furnaces and be burned up. When this happened, the Consól would cry like a child; it was the only thing that made him regret what he had done. I gave orders that he wasn't to be left a minute alone, and that caused some grumbling with the stewards, I can tell you. No one cared for the job of being with him, and that's the plain truth. As soon as it was light, he would come up and march up and down the deck (he didn't care to be about when the other passengers was : he thought they stared at him), and a hundred or so monkeys would fall in behind like a

great school. Sometimes the biggest monkey, a great, black, hairy beast (the self-same one as I had chased), would take his hand and stagger along upright, and then, as the steward kept his arm through the Consól's, the monkey's mate, not to be outdone,



"The biggest monkeys would sit on the edge of the funnel!"

would try to walk in similar way with the steward."

"What a tremendous set-out !"

"Oh, I forgot to worry about the monkeys; the trouble was with the Consól. We tried to put him ashore at Marseilles, but the French authorities wouldn't let him land. They weren't going to have English lunatics dumped down upon them, particularly as the ticket was for London by sea. When we got to London, they said he was a Indian lunatic, and there was a law that Indian lunatics wasn't to be dumped down in England."

"Didn't he tell you his name and address?"

"Several times, but each time they was The name on his ticket wasn't different. even supposed to be his. It was like this. A gent in Bombay took the passage for himself (no doubt his name was a fake), and the day before the boat sailed he come down to inspect the accommodation. When he saw the cabin, he flew into a passion, and said it wasn't fit for a pig; although you could have eaten soup off the floor-if you had wanted to eat soup off a floor. He arst the steward if he thought the Company would refund the money, and the steward said he thought not. 'I must try to get a substitut,' says the gent, 'for travel in such a dirty cabin I will not.' Well, he goes away pretending to be very down about it, but on the afternoon we sailed, just when everyone was busy, he rushed up to the steward to say he had found a substitut who would come on board with his ticket. An hour after, the Consól came aboard, and it never occurred to the steward to get the name altered."

"But what was the meaning of all this?"

"They was afraid we might have heard of the man being mad, and they daren't send him aboard under a false name, for fear he would refuse to answer to it. So they arranged it that he travelled on a ticket known to have been taken out by someone else. All that about a dirty cabin was just a do. My own notion is that he really is a Consól. I must say he has stuck to that. He went to India, lost all his money, and his wits, and then some acquaintance who didn't want to keep him, and couldn't let him starve, took this means of throwing the burden of his support upon the Company. The trick has succeeded. India won't have him back. and at our foreign ports of call the authorities know all about the Consól, and would not let him land, even if I was brute enough to turn him adrift. I don't know that the Company want to get rid of him now. We have made him a sort of head steward to any animals we may carry: generally there are some, and as he had a name for looking well after them, he brings a little business. On



"Making dabs at the monkey with butterfly-nets."

the last trip we carried six race-horses for the Rajah of Puhwarn. The Consól was as busy and happy all the voyage as a child, and he landed those horses as you never saw horses landed after a voyage. The Rajah sent me twenty pounds, and I banked half of it for the Consól."

"But what happened to the monkeys?" Captain Ball laughed : his speaking voice when he resumed his story seemed soft in comparison.

"We had the greatest old business. As soon as we was in dock, and had got rid of the passengers, we sent men up the masts, but the monkeys got further along the stay, and laughed at them. Some duffer suggested butterfly-nets, so there was my men making dabs at the monkeys with butterfly-nets. They did catch one baby monkey. Then someone suggested cutting the stay where it joined the two masts, and then, so as not to injure the monkeys, a man descending each mast carefully with an end in his hand.

"How do you think two men is going to carry a steel rope with six hundred monkeys upon it?' says I. Tomfoolishness like that gets my back up. Then I thought of a way, and it was so simple I was ashamed of not having thought of it straight off. A man climbed the foremast, and chased the monkeys as far towards the mainmast as they would go. Then he let down the rope, and when the end touched the deck, a man who had climbed the foremast slid down, sweeping the monkeys before. My men was ready with baskets, and gathered those monkeys like blackberries."

That was the captain's story.

After breakfast I accompanied him on his rounds. We found the Consól exercising my dogs. He had bread in his hands, and was making a queer call with his lips. A dozen wild birds were circling around him; one alighted upon his head, and fed from his hands. Dogs, birds, and man, all seemed very happy.

"Supposing you had not been there to stop him, captain, and that he had really let the tiger out, do you not think it is just possible he might have controlled the animal?"

"I have had the same fancy," said Captain Ball; "but a captain is not paid to fancy, and if ever again we carry wild animals, one man will make the trip in irons, and that man is the Consól."

LITTLE ESSON.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opens in the chief studio of the artists' colony at Creelport-on-Dee, where Mina, daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, Claude Hilliard, makes a dramatic entrance, and, vowing that she has left her brutal father's house 'for ever, declares her readiness to be the wife of the first of the young artists whose vague love-making in the past shall now become an offer of marriage. In her heart she hopes that one Hunter Mayne will speak first, but the silence is broken by youthful Terence Fairweather, who is already marked down by consumption. This chivalrous youth escorts the hysterical girl to the house of his aunt, Lady Grainger, a little way out of the town, and shortly afterwards the young couple are married, but not before Mina has had a dour time with Terry's relatives, Lady Grainger and her spiteful daughter Hilda. The latter has hoped to marry her cousin Terry, and in revenge threatens to exploit certain letters previously written by Mina to Hunter Mayne. Terry refuses to take the letters into account, and Mina is protected from her drunken father by the venerable minister, Dr. John Broadbent, and his sister, Miss Bee, at the Manse. Terry and his wife are next seen spending their honeymoon in the Engadine, but Terry is already doomed, and Mina nurses him with a very tender devotion to the end. On his deathbed Terry tells his wife that he leaves her a very rich woman, from sources unknown to his family. His father, when in danger of his life in Britain, invested large sums in France. That money has accumulated, and Terry now says : "I have left two-thirds of my fortune, so much as is known to exist in England, away from you—to my aunt, Lady Grainger, and her daughter. I have left the bulk of my estate away from you. Promise me that never till the day of your marriage—and not till the sun sets upon that day—will you reveal that Terry Fairweather left you a rich, a very rich woman." Mina gives her word, declaring that she is never likely to marry again. But Terry hopes ot

CHAPTER XI.

S IMON BROOLIE took young Jerome Hilliard with him, both to keep him straight and because that wide-awake evangelist discovered that the young man could instantaneously design the most varied scenes in coloured chalks, developing them under the very eyes of the audience while he of the silver trumpet was speaking. The two of them would, he saw clearly, form an irresistible combination during the American camp-meeting season. So, drawing a little money out of the savings bank (for Simon Broolie was a prudent man), they packed their bags and departed for the parklike pleasaunces of Ocean Grove.

Armed with his quarterly allowance, Claude Hilliard also had vanished to cities greater than Creelport. It was reported that he was evangelising among the masses in London.

A certain shamefaced silence kept the "boys" from divulging the means by which they had rid themselves of Jerome Hilliard. Indeed, John Glencairn, who was not to be triffed with, would allow no scoffing, either at Simon Broolie or in connection with his methods of conversion. "You were not there, you fellows," he would say, thumping his great fist on the table. "By consequence, you know nothing about it. Shut up, then, or you may chance to be sorry ! If the man was a humbug well, so am I a humbug, that's all. He has a work to do, and he can do it. I wish I could say as much for myself or for any one of you blessed daubers !"

It was about a week after the coasts of Old Pitch-and-Toss had thus been cleared that Mina fulfilled her promise and came to criticise the pictures, to see the burned hole in the carpet, and to smell the soap under the daïs--indeed, generally to open the closed book of the past.

* * *

It was full June of a perfect summer, and the "boys" had made the paint-spattered walls of Pitch-and-Toss gay in honour of Mina and Miss Bee. John Glencairn had proposed sending to Glasgow for a new carpet, but Esson, with a sympathy which was at once acknowledged to be truer, said that if he knew their "Pride" aright, she would like better to look at the old hole as it had always been. So the Barnetson brothers were set to contracting the limits of those tears and burns, which seemed to have become larger

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"'What dress has she got on?""

through lapse of time, while the rest scoured the braes for wild flowers. For a reason best known to himself, Little Esson tabooed hawthorn blossom, and the yellow broom upon a background of dark green was the scheme of colour finally decided upon.

MacBrayne was told off to open the door and show the visitors in. They decided that his dark coat, square beard, and respectable appearance gave quite a family air to Old Pitch-and-Toss, which would reassure Mina as to the safety of coming back. The serving of the tea was in Allan Barnetson's hands. He was a handsome boy, and in an apron borrowed from the waiting-maid at the "Royal" (where they sometimes dined) and a broad collar, cut out of linen, and turned-back cuffs of the same, he looked "pretty enough to put on the mantelpiece," as Little Esson said, to the youth's infinite disgust, for he prided himself on the manliness of his appearance.

Neil Barnetson, the elder brother, was sent up on the roof, to shove back the skylights and rig up a kind of sparred tent of sail-cloth above; because, though sheltered by trees, Old Pitch-and-Toss sometimes became close of a sunny afternoon, unless precautions were taken to the contrary. Neil Barnetson was always given the difficult and dangerous jobs to do, for the very excellent reason that when he was young his father had been forehanded enough to insure his life. The premium was now fully paid up, and as the "boys" frequently pointed out to Neil, he was losing money all the time merely by living. So, by sending him up there, they were generously giving him chances of recovering it—if not for himself, at least for his family.

Nevertheless, he went-for the sake of Mina Fairweather.

She came. Little Esson signalled her from their watch-tower, through the damaged fieldglasses, approved of for this occasion only.

On hearing his shout, John Glencairn first pulled down his waistcoat carefully, looked at the toes of his boots, and then said : "What dress has she got on?"

For, as they all thought of the sketches they were to make after she was gone, this was a question of some moment.

"One I never saw before," reported Esson; "not black—a kind of a shell grey, I think."

"Ah !" cried the "boys" with one voice, "glad it's not black !"

"You should see her in pale sea-green, with a tall, gold lily in her hand," began Fuzzy Wells, with the unction of reminiscence.

"Your grandmother!" snapped John Glencairn. "D'ye suppose, Fuzzy, that she would come through the streets of Creelport monkeyed up like one of old Hodder's draped models at the Life Class?"

Little Esson put away his telescope and moved uncomfortably about, putting away bottles and scraping at "gobs" of paint which had remained quietly on the wall for years.

"Don't fidget about like that, Esson," said John Glencairn. "Why, one would think, to look at you, that she was expecting to sweep through marble halls. You should have thought of that when your architect designed the plans. It's too late to alter things now."

From without came a hum of voices— Miss Bee's steady drone, with a *ring-ring* of something young and silvery running through it.

Six hearts within Old Pitch-and-Toss suddenly, and in varying degrees, changed the average rate of their beat. Something tingled in Little Esson's palms; something thickened in John Glencairn's throat; something made Fuzzy Wells wish that his feet were not so big and clumsy—and Mina entered.

"Boys !" was all she said.

But they felt that she could not have bettered it. The Old Guard shook hands with pride, the youngsters with due humility. No introductions were made. It was not the custom of Pitch-and-Toss, and Mina knew it.

Instead, all the men mumbled something indistinctly, and Miss Bee launched out about the decorations, which, a moment later, Mina took in and nodded at Esson.

"No," he said honourably ; "I would like to slump the credit, but they are all in it."

"In my honour?" she asked softly.

"In your honour."

"And Miss Bee's ?" she continued.

"Well, if you like, in Miss Bee's also," said Little Esson under his breath. But there was a something lacking in the feast she had so long looked forward to. In the moment during which she was speaking, he had seen her eyes pass about the little circle, seek a face, fail to find it, and then droop. Perhaps it was that of Terry Fairweather which she sought. If so, all was right. If not—not.

But in a moment Mina was herself again. She did the honours of Pitch-and-Toss to Miss Bee, stood entranced before "April Showers," Esson's masterpiece, which when exhibited was to add certain letters to his name—letters which run more easily than any others off a young artist's tongue. When she came to MacBrayne, who stood solemnly regarding her, an arrangement in black beard and carefully combed locks, she paused.

"Where did you get this?" she said, laying a hand on his arm (the yellow on the dark green walls was a gay note, and cheered Mina in spite of herself). "Do you keep it packed in ice, and have it out to cool the room on hot afternoons?"

"No," said Esson, "this is the fellow that does the cooling. Here, you, Neil!" And the tale of Neil Barnetson's life assurance was told, to Miss Bee's great delight.

"I wish," she said, "you would lend him to us to shake down our damsons in the autumn. Lummy is too old, and I wouldn't let Dr. John risk his limbs for all the damsons in Christendom. They hang over into Mina's garden, and she will get them if I don't mind."

"We will *all* come," cried the "boys" in chorus. "To-morrow, if you like," added John Glencairn impetuously.

CHAPTER XII.

A STRONG, insensitive nature, accustomed to brush aside obstacles, generally ends by getting its own way. In proof of which Hunter Mayne walked home that night with Mina Fairweather, while Miss Bee trotted docilely on in front, murmuring commonplaces to the adder-deaf ears of Little Esson. Behind them all, Pitch-and-Toss raged vehemently, refusing to be comforted.

"He has not put his confounded hoofs inside our place for six months till to-day !" thus went up, tormented, the voice of their crying. "The sweep, the swine—the ox of the stall; may his—and his—___!"

And so on and so forth. The words of the litany of anathema change with the ages, but the spirit never. Finally, the raving of these young men was summed up thus—

"Oh, hang Hunter Mayne—he has spoilt our day !"

But the "boys" were perhaps over-hasty in thinking Hunter Mayne fortunate in thus carrying off the pride of Pitch-and-Toss from the midst of their $f\hat{e}te$.

"No," Mina was saying to him as they followed the shady lanes which led meadowwards, the road along which the whitethorns were again blossoming—" no, I do not desire that you should come and call upon me. I have not forgot that which is so long past. It is dead, indeed. But I have dearer dead to think about, dearer and truer dead than that Thing which failed me in the day of my need. I have known Terry Fairweather, at whom you used to laugh. And now, Mr. Hunter Mayne, I am instructed as to the difference between brass and gold."

"But I never thought you meant it, Mina," pleaded the young man, bending his head a little lower towards her ear; for it seemed as if Esson and Miss Bee had come a triffe nearer. "You do me wrong. Indeed, it is true. I never thought—I never dreamed. If you would only give me a chance of explaining !"

"Ah, Mr. Mayne"—the voice of Mina Fairweather softened a little—"it is too late—a full year too late. You had your chance, and you would not. What more is there to be said between you and me?"

"But if I can show you, not on my own word, but by proof absolute, that at the moment I had not the right nor even the power to speak?"

"It would still be useless," said the girl. "Terry's grave is between us."

"But you never loved him !" cried Hunter Mayne, so sharply that Mina involuntarily held up her hand with an old-time gesture which went to his heart more than all words —he remembered it so well. "You did not love him. Why, that very morning, in these very meadows, when I was painting-----"

"You do not need to remind me," said the girl; "I do not forget. But I wonder, Hunter, that you like to recall your own shame. You were painting the hawthorn blossom vonder. It was a little brown and seared, where the sun had caught it on a morning of frost; and I said, to try you, that the love that had once been between us was also in the sere and yellow leaf, and that the winter of our discontent would soon be upon us-ah, I little knew how soon ! And so you lifted up your hand and swore-you never could only say a thing, you must affirm it by an oath—' Mina,' you said—oh, no, I have not forgotten—'I will love you when all the leaves of all the years are brown and sere !' A pretty speech ; have you many more left like that? To whom do you now lift up your hand and swear? Thank God, oh, thank God, I found an honester man-a man whose word was his bond, and who left me at least an unstained name!"

Then it was that Hunter Mayne's native brutality of temper blazed suddenly.

"And they say it was about all he *did* leave you !"

Mina looked steadily at him, and there was such a calm peace of contempt in her eyes, so that almost for the first time Hunter Mayne felt the girl stronger than himself. And Mina knew it, too.

"I am not angry," she said; "no, Hunter-I am grateful to Terry for putting it in my power to know Mr. Hunter Mayne, if for nothing else. All my life I had looked up to you. You were the boy who fought for me, the lad who chose me at the games, who walked with me in the gloaming to see the steamer come in-vou remember the old Countess of Creelport? I never thought of anyone but you. You were as the sun-the air about me. Ι trusted you like the ground I walked upon. And then in the day of my need—bah ! I will not call you coward, Hunter Mayne, because the name is too good for a man who, in the moment of her terrible agony, would forsake the girl to whom he has been bound by oaths, by prayers, by vows, who only that very morning had discussed plans for their future. No, Hunter, I see you now across the great gulf which you yourself have made between us, and it is as if I looked at you through the wrong end of a telescope—so small you are !"

"You are wrong, Mina, you are cruel!"



". 'You did not speak of this in his lifetime-you dared not!' she said."

cried Hunter Mayne; "you will not listen to me!"

Mina smiled again—that smile which irritated and piqued the young man so much, so full it was of knowledge and experience and a certain fine-drawn contempt.

"As I said at the first," she went on calmly, "so I tell you now—it is too late. You have *had* your chance. You know what you did with it. Across the gulf you have made between us neither you nor I can pass over, even if we would."

"Mina, will you turn me from your door?"

"Hunter," said Mina, with grave directness, "I have learned many things during these months. I was a foolish girl, but I am far from being a foolish woman. Creelport is pleased to be interested in me—I do not know very well why, and—I am Terence Fairweather's widow. They shall not have a stone to throw at *him*, if I can help it. If you have anything to say to me, come to the Manse on Monday afternoon—any Monday —it is Doctor John's holiday—and Miss Bee will see to it that you have a chance to say it. But I advise you not to. Goodnight, Hunter; you need not come up. Miss Bee will excuse you !"

And though Hunter Mayne went away at once fiercely angry and bitterly humiliated to feel that he could no longer sway Mina by his nod, there were some things which recurred to his memory to give him hope. "That's very well about not going to her house, and being Terry Fairweather's widow, and so forth," he murmured; "but the short and the long of it is, she's afraid of me! We shall see!"

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On the Monday afternoon following, Hunter Mayne lay stretched out in his great lounge chair, going over in his mind the heads of the belated explanation he was that day to make to Mina Fairweather. He knew Mina's weakness, and now, all unexpectedly, he was learning Mina's strength. He had resolved to strike at both.

It was in the warm, honeysuckle-smelling glow of a June afternoon that Hunter Mayne made his way within the Manse precincts. Miss Bee, trowel in hand, grubbed among the water-worn stones of her rockgarden, trying hard to make-believe that stone-crop and house-leek were flowers of price, because they took such a lot of trouble to make grow where she wanted them to.

"A good afternoon to you, Mr. Mayne," said Miss Bee, with something less than her usual heartiness. "I suppose you have come to see my brother? You will most likely find him over there by the wallflower seat. Excuse me—my hands are, as you see, not fit to shake !"

For if anybody ever had little prejudices of their own in a high state of effectiveness, it was Miss Bee—little as one would have expected it from her comfortable exterior. But Hunter Mayne had that before him which, however unjust his quarrel, thrice armed him against Miss Bee's rather blunt He found, not Doctor John, but arrows. what he had come to seek, sitting on an arbour seat, roses over her head clambering upon a trellis-work of iron wire, surrounded on three sides by the great nine-foot quickset hedge, and banked in on the other by velvety brown wallflower and the light sating sheen of the old-fashioned gillyflower. It was a place of a sweet smell, and Dr. John often sat here when, as he loved to say, "the winter was past and the rain over and gone, when the flowers appeared on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds was come."

But it was another who now sat there, even Mina Fairweather. She wore her black mourning dress—the dress in which she balanced delicately between Terry's prohibition of any mourning and that respect for Creelport opinion which she judged due to his memory. It may be that she wore black for another purpose also. Perhaps in her secretest soul she feared Hunter Mayne, and was not sorry to put a remembrance of Terry's grave between them.

Hunter, though but seldom at a loss, stood a moment uncertain where to begin. She put out her hand, and he held it a moment. She did not offer him a place beside him. But Mayne was a bold young man, and one seat was as good to him as another. He looked about him, and seeing at the corner of the arbour the stump of an oak about three feet high, up which Miss Bee proposed to train ivy for her rock garden when it should be rotten enough, he pulled it close up in front of Mina and sat down.

Some scrap of work lay on Mina's lap to disguise her thoughts, the froth of useless white-broidering thread and fine linen which the fingers of women love to play with in moments of embarrassment.

"Mina," he began firmly, as the girl did not speak or offer him the least encouragement, "you do not help me when I have come."

"I did not wish you to come," she said coldly enough, her eyes firm on the twisting thread.

"For all that, I have something to say which will make you sorry for having misjudged me!"

He spoke confidently, but Mina's eyes clave ever the more closely to the white mist of thread she was tangling so hopelessly.

"It is a strange story," he began; "strange, that is, to tell you here, in a Scottish manse garden. Indeed, that it is true—and that it has made both our lives what they are—is my only excuse for bringing things violent and terrible into the midst of this paradise of peace."

And he filled his chest with the odour of the shaded wallflowers from which the dew was still only drying. His eye took in the carefully ordered paths, which Dr. John himself had raked that morning, the deep blue of the shadow under the arch of the quickset, the roses clambering on the whitewashed wall, the massed blooms of the famous "Rambler" bobbing in at Mina's cottage window, and between them and the fardrawn blue line of sea, the glitter of the mowers' scythes in the water-meadows.

Hunter Mayne, painter-like, took all this in ; and then, with a sigh that he could not at once set his fingers to work upon it, began to tell his story. It was difficult at the outset, but the interest came in the telling. As for Mina, he held her attention from the first.

"Did you ever wonder," he asked, "how it was that Terry, your husband, was so excellent a linguist?"

"I knew he had travelled," said Mina carelessly; "he went abroad with his mother

every year during her last illness." "Yes, to Nice," said Hunter Mayne, "and twice with me yet further afield."

"I have heard him say that the winter before-before-we were married, you and he spent several months in Egypt. Indeed, vou wrote me from there !"

"By every mail," Mayne bent a little nearer to Mina, till his moustache almost brushed the girl's white hat-brim. "But what I have to tell you began in Nice. It had been going on for some time when I got there."

Mina stopped working, her fingers refusing longer to pretend. Was it possible that Hunter Mayne was going to slander the dead ? Yet something kept her tongue still. She had promised to listen. Well, she would hear it all.

"Her name was Jeanne Danicheff, and Terry had met her in the pension at which he used to live at Nice. The girl was alone; or, at least, as good as alone. She was with a grandmother, who permitted her to come down to meals unaccompanied. Most of the time Terry's mother also remained in her room."

"And you dare tell me — me, Mina Fairweather — that my husband — that Terry——?"

Words were swamped in indignation.

"No," said Hunter Mayne, bending his eves to a leaf he was twirling between his long, lithe fingers, "no, I do not say that Terry loved her. To you I would not say But what is perfectly true is that the girl had obtained a certain hold over him, and even made him believe in the existence of a marriage between them."

Mina started to her feet.

"You had better tell this to Dr. Johnto Miss Bee," she said; "it concerns my honour, that which you allege-I must hear it before witnesses."

He motioned her to sit down again with his hand.

"Afterwards, if you will," he said simply enough, "but you are a woman-I am a man. Judge first, and hear what I didwhat it was laid upon me to do for Terry's sake."

Mina Fairweather sat slowly down, the angry scorn of her eyes a little mixed with fear.

"You did not speak of this in his lifetime -you dared not !" she said.

"You are right," said Hunter Mayne, "I dared not. My mouth was closed."

"Go on-oh, go on!" cried the girl weariedly, "say what you will." "Well," said Hunter Mayne, "you re-

member that on the journey back we came by sea all the way—on account of Terry's health. Jeanne Danicheff was on board. She came on at Genoa. I saw her come among the second-class passengers, and I got Terry below before he could pick her out. I squared the ship's doctor, and between us we kept him in his state-room all the way to Southampton."

Mina's eyes looked a question, an imperious, fierce question.

"No," said Mayne gently, with a plaintive fall in his voice which was very persuasive, "no, he never knew. We got him ashore without seeing her, and the doctor saw the purser and prevented her putting down her name on the ship's books as Mrs. Terence Fairweather, which she had intended to do." "What?" cried Mina. "The woman

dared not ! By what right ? "

"As you say, by what right?" continued "Doubtless none. Hunter Mayne. But these foreigners have strange ideas, and women do not always act according to reason or right. She had friends, too, and papers of a kind. But, anyway, we kept her off and smuggled Terry safely ashore. Or, at least, the doctor did, while I stood by the ship and kept track of the girl."

"You spoke of papers," said Mina hoarsely -" what were they ?"

Mayne shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Ah," he said, "that I cannot tell youif I could have laid hands on them, they would not have been long in existence. Letters, and so forth, I suppose. But I understood from what she said when I was trying my best to keep her from following Terry, that there was also a deed of betrothal, which in some countries—in Germany and Russia, I believe—has the binding force of a marriage."

"Have you any proof of all this?" cried Mina, a sudden hope striking her brain.

Hunter Mayne put out his hand and laid it gently on the back of the girl's.

"Wait—only a little," he said ; "I am coming to that soon enough. You forgetthis is my tale I am telling. I am only 2 G

sorry that I have to bring Terry—your husband—into it. You remember that morning, of which you spoke, when I was painting the hawthorn in the Town Meadow, and you came by—yes, the very morning when—…"

"Well?" said Mina, in a firmer voice. For any reference to the day of the scene in the studio seemed somehow to strengthen her to resist Hunter Mayne.

"Well," continued the narrator, "when I went home that afternoon—you know Terry was staying with me at my new studio there, on a chair in the hall, sat . . . Jeanne Danicheff !

"" Where is my husband?' she demanded of me, as I stood like a fool with my fingers twisting the door-handle. 'I want him! I know he is here with you.'

"I denied it. But, do what I would, I could not keep her out. She found her way upstairs, and seating herself on a sofa declared that she would wait there till her betrothed husband came back. I left her with old Archie-you know, who takes care of my place. He was to do the best he could, but on no account to let her go out. I came on here to get Terry away. Then at that very moment you came in, and in the turmoil of my mind, in the shock of seeing you and hearing your words, I could not speak. Is it any wonder? To do so must have been to destroy Terry-and perhaps you. Then afterwards, as you know, you would not listen to a word.'

Mina, her heart in a whirl, tried to think back to what had been.

"And what became of this—of the woman —quick ?" she cried, lifting her needle like a weapon for stabbing.

"The next day, Miss Grainger—Hilda Grainger, Terry's cousin—came to my studio very angry and seeking Terry. I was out, but she found Jeanne Danicheff. At once the two girls began speaking German, and before old Archie could stop them, they had gone off together."

"But why," moaned Mina, "if she was so angry with me—if both of them were—why did they not try to stop our marriage? It was a full week before Dr. John married us."

"Ah, that I do not know," said Mayne; "some woman's plotting, too deep for me. But you asked me for proof a minute ago. Here are her letters to Terry—I think I have them all. No one has seen them but myself. She used to write every day to him. Many of them I never even let him see. They are yours now, to do what you will with." "And the—the woman?"

"She is, I believe, at this very moment, at Broom Lodge, staying with Hilda Grainger. They are great friends," said Hunter Mayne, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world.

Mina hastily thrust the packet of letters into her pocket, and without another word motioned Hunter Mayne away.

"When I have thought over this, I will send for you," she said.

CHAPTER XIII.

"NEVER have I loved any man before, but you have turned me outside in like a glove!"

Such was the sentence which caught Mina's eyes, as, untying the string, she scattered the packet of letters over her dressingtable. They were written in the small print-clear hand of the educated Russian, and, though in English, the structure of sentence and the mode of expression suggested a translation from the French.

"Terry" (Mina started violently to see the name of her husband written by another hand), "you are master of my life. I make myself as nothing that I may serve you. I have annihilated myself for you! You remember, Terry, how things came to be as they are. You have not forgotten the white road up to Eza and what you said to me There were others in the company. there. We could not speak freely. So instead of answering 'Yes' or 'No,' I took a piece of money, and said to you : 'I will not take it on me to decide. But you had better know that, if this is to go on between us, it will not be a pleasantry for me : I may lead you far, further perhaps than you think. If the coin falls "pile," it shall be "No"; if it falls "face," it shall be "Yes." You were much astonished. Even now I can see you flush to your brow, but you only said : 'I accept.' I threw the franc in the air. It came down 'face'—and I was yours! Very well, then -now I hold you to it. You are far from me, gone across the sea, but I, too, have voyaged on many seas, and I will follow you. I am not angry, Terry, but I will never leave your side.'

The girl read no further. A certain accent of sincerity in the letter convinced her even more that the plain directness of Hunter Mayne's story. Mina was perhaps too good to be very clever, for the woman who overfeeds her brain is a little apt to



"Had the hateful letters soon covered from sight at the roots of an elm."

starve her heart. She has not so much "carry-over" as a man.

She gathered up the letters, tied them in a bundle, and opening the white gate in the quickset hedge, she hastened to the edge of the little wood of pines on the far side of the Manse glebe. Dr. John's mole-catching spade was sticking in the cleft of a tree by the side of the path. Mina snatched it, and, delving with feverish energy, had the hateful letters soon covered from sight at the roots of an elm.

Miss Bee met her coming back, her lip trembling and a bleached look on her face.

"What has happened?" she said, noticing the "spud" in her hand. "Is Saul among the prophets? Have you taken to gardening?"

"I have been burying a hateful thing out of sight!" said Mina, in a voice entirely unlike her own.

"Was that thing by any chance called Hunter Mayne?" said Miss Bee. "He was here an hour ago looking for Dr. John. I hope you have not made away with him. Such a thing might give rise to remark, even in a manse garden!"

But Mina was in no mood for jesting, even of Miss Bee's simple village sort.

"I think I will go in and lie down," she said, using the formula understood of all women. "I have got a headache."

And so well did Miss Bee understand that she did not even offer to bring her a cup of camomile tea. Mina lay all that afternoon till the late gloaming came, her head turned to the wall, her eyes open, examining the pattern on the wall-paper. She refused the ministrations of Fleckie Itherword. She refused food. She refused drink—("I'll get ye a drap o' guid whisky, missie, at the Manse; Lummy says it's grand for the *dwawms*," such had been Fleckie's proposal).

But Mina only said piteously: "Go away, Fleckie, like a good girl. Get your own supper. I shall be better to-morrow."

"The morn," said Fleckie—" that's a lang time to thole. I mind when I had a tooth that bothered me, I tied a string round it and jumpit frae the byre rafters. But though that was what Andro Banchory had telled me to do, it juist did me no good whatever. Andro said that I should ha'e tied the string to the joists as weel as roond my tooth. But na, na—Fleckie kenned better than that. She didna' want to pu' doon the guid cow-byre, and maybe be held responsible for the damage !" The exact bearing of this, considered as consolation in her mistress's case, was apparent only to Fleckie, who, however, persisted in standing and wringing her great hands by the bedside, looking so distressful the while that finally Mina, rising, with gentle violence pushed her outside and locked the door upon her.

Slowly the short, interminable night soughed itself away in cool breathings of wallflower up from the Manse garden, the scent of dew-wet trees that came and went through the window, which Mina had forgotten to close. A bird sang in short, drowsy breaks of song, falling asleep as it were in the middle of every second bar. Rooks began to caw with the first advent of dawn, which flushed pink and then gamboge colour on the bedroom paper and the whitewash of the sill without.

In spite of trying her hardest, Mina could not think much. Hunter Mayne's story kept beating in on her brain, without any conviction accompanying it. Only there was a sore tightness about her heart which threatened pain as soon as she should really understand.

Early in the morning, across the Jacob's Ladder of motes that floated in on a chance sun-shaft, she heard the muffled tread of one who went softly to and fro outside her door. Fleckie walked like a policeman. Then something blew like a porpoise in the keyhole of her door. Mina laughed a little and bade Fleckie fill the big bath. If anything, that would freshen her.

Then, in the half-light, like slenderest Dian, Mina splashed and rubbed, as Fleckie averred, "Wasting the clean towels by dizzens, to say naething o' the guid well-water that has to be carried every drap up frae the Manse pump!" Nevertheless, in the fulness of time, she emerged a new woman, her way plain before her, and her resolve taken.

"Put out my best dress, the grey with the black braid," she said to Fleckie graciously. Fleckie was under training. She had so little work to do, so she complained, that she felt like "dingin' doon the hoose." So Mina was teaching her to do the fine ironing, the mending, the brushing of her few dresses—all which for the present only cost Mina about three times as much trouble as if she had done them herself.

"I'm a terrible fash to ye, I ken," said Fleckie penitently, when she had had it explained to her for the third time that to spit on to a red-hot box-iron does not sufficiently provide against all accidents with delicate fabrics; "'deed, I'm no sure but what I had better gang back to the byre. That saft frilly stuff like 'paddock-rid' round the neck o' your sark is burnt fair cork-black ! And ye'll be wantin' it for your braw London dress—to gang alang wi' it, I mean."

And Fleckie fairly burst into a boo-hoo of crying. Her manners had not that repose which enables women to cry gracefully into a handkerchief scarce larger than a postagestamp.

"Nonsense, Fleckie!" said her mistress kindly, "what could I do without you? I think you are learning just wonderfully. And you know I am just beside myself when I see a mouse!"

"It's kind o' ye, mem ; ye mean it weel," sobbed Fleckie, wiping the corners of her eyes with the nearest window-curtain ; "but what will my Auntie Lummy Itherword say about the browned lace? The last time she caaed me 'a handless, guid-for-naething, misleared, feckless slunge, fit for naething but to claut the shairn frae the byre.' And that was only for breakin' an egg-cup ! Faith, I believe she was richt, though ! I'm no fit to be a house-lass. I should be wi' kye and nowt-beasts that can stand a dunt withoot breaking into bits."

"But, Fleckie," said her mistress, "we will say nothing at all about the piece of lace to your aunt. Go and get the dress out. I have a call to make this forenoon."

"It will no be to the Manse, then," said Fleckie, becoming curious as soon as her contrition evaporated, "for the minister aye likes ye best in your black frock and white daidley."*

"Off with you, Fleckie, and leave me to my tea!"

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It was about half-past eleven of the forenoon when Mina Fairweather turned up the little avenue of a hundred yards in length which separated Lady Grainger's house from the dusty Drumfern road. It had been ornamented, to do honour to its name, with some plants of the right Genista until a few days ago. But the night before Mina's visit to Pitch - and - Toss, John Glencairn, who, like many others, cherished a strange secret grudge against the Broom Lodge people, sent Allan Barnetson to clear the place out. Which task he had accomplished with great completeness and goodwill, to the immense disgust of the owner and her daughter. If

they had known the purpose for which their broom blossoms had been stolen, the wrath of the Graingers would have been multiplied a hundredfold.

Mina, having once taken her resolve, held tenaciously to it. Now, when it came to the point, she found herself cooler than she could have supposed.

"I wish to see Mademoiselle Jeanne Danicheff," she said, as she stood at the open door of Broom Lodge.

If she had said the Man in the Moon, the girl could not have looked more surprised.

"What's your wull?" she faltered.

"Miss Jeanne Danicheff," repeated Mina more clearly; "can I see her?"

"I'm a lassie frae Borgue," said the maid, her face very red and shiny ; "I dinna understand langwages."

But it chanced that a slight figure was flitting across the dusky space at the back of the hall at the moment of this colloquy. In a moment the "lassie frae Borgue" found herself pushed aside, and Hilda Grainger stood in the half-open doorway.

"Go to the kitchen, girl !" she commanded, and, half turning, she watched her go.

"And now," she said, with a curl of the lip which showed her white teeth, "what can I do for you—ah—Miss Hilliard, I believe ?"

"My name," said Mina coldly, "is Mrs. Fairweather, as you very well know. And as for my business, I desire to see Mademoiselle Jeanne Danicheff, who, I understand, is at present residing with your mother, Lady Grainger."

Miss Hilda, from her stand on the upper step of the Broom Lodge front-door flight, could now look down on her taller antagonist. She did this for some time before replying.

" I presume you mean Mrs. Terence Fairweather—my cousin Terry's widow. I am sorry you cannot see her. She left last night for the Riviera, her adopted country."

"*I* am your cousin Terry's widow," said Mina almost fiercely. "I and only I was his wife. I was married to him in the Manse of Creelport, by the minister of this parish, and I was with him till he died."

"Nevertheless," said the "Green Girl," smiling, "you were never really his wife--you are not his widow! And let me tell you this--you have been left in enjoyment of a pittance which is not yours, solely by the forbearance of one who had the claims of a wife upon Terence Fairweather before ever he set eyes on you."

"That is your story," said Mina. "It was, to a certain extent, also that told me by

^{*} Daidley-i.e., pinafore.

another. But I know Terry. I believe his silence before either of your oaths. He would have kept nothing from me—still less a thing like that."

"Ah, poor, poor thing! is that all you know of men?" cried the "Green Girl," laughing aloud. "Why, even I know better than that, without having even pretended to be married!"

"Terry did not pretend—he was true !" said Mina, her heel tapping vehemently on the gravel. The "Green Girl" laughed. There was nothing sweeter in the world than to get the better of Mina Hilliard.

"What did you do with the packet of letters Hunter Mayne was fool enough to give you?" she asked presently.

"If the lady whom I—I wished to meet has gone, there is no need to detain you," said Mina, and with a slight bow she turned and walked away. But the "Green Girl" was by no means content to let her depart without a final flick of the scorpion's tail.

She had a voice clean and hard as polished metal, and without raising it very much she reached Mina's ear as she walked down the little avenue.

"We looked after his wife, my mother and I. We loved her

—that is why Terry left us his money and cut you off with a pittance—which, indeed, after all, is only yours by charity—by *her* charity. I thought you would like to know."

And for the first time in this history a

flush of pleasure overspread the sallow features of the "Green Girl." She, too, had her moments of happiness.



"'I thought you would like to know.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

As Mina issued from the iron gate of Broom Lodge, which stood hospitably open to receive the carriages of the county people who never turned up there, she met Little Esson. It seemed a thing the more remarkable to Mina because at the moment she was thinking what she would give to speak to someone who had known Terry longer than she—who had known him well, who had lived and travelled in his company; someone *not* Hunter Mayne, someone kind and whom she could trust—in short, Little Esson.

And, lo! there he was.

Mina did not hide her astonishment or her pleasure. She held out her hand, saying : "Why, this is quite providential ! Do you know, I was just thinking about you and wishing I could see you."

Little Esson said that he thought it was providential too, and hoped that the lump those abominable field-glasses made in the side-pocket of his reefer jacket might not be noticed.

"And I was thinking of *you*," he added at once truthfully and gallantly.

At another time and from another than Little Esson, Mina might have resented the compliment, but Esson had an engaging little hesitation in his voice—the remains of a stammer which had afflicted him in youth. It gave an air of false innocence and childlike shyness to his deepest villainies, and stood him in great stead with women generally.

"If someone told you a mean thing, a cruel thing that Terry had done, you would not believe it, would you?"

"Of course not," said Little Esson stoutly. "What sort of a mean thing ?"

"About a woman !" said Mina, with a hardening of the voice which was quite instinctive.

"Ah !" remarked Little Esson not quite so enthusiastically. He knew that no man can answer for his brother when it comes to *that*. But still Little Esson was staunch to his dead friend.

"Some lies, no doubt," he said easily. "They have been talking to you up there?" And he pointed to Broom Lodge with his thumb over his shoulder.

Mina nodded sadly, and her lips quivered.

"And Hunter Mayne," she added.

Little Esson said something below his breath.

Mina, instantly in need of a friend to tell her trouble to, turned on Little Esson and put out her hands to him.

"They say I am not his wife," she said, the tears welling in her eyes for the first time.

Little Esson stared at her. Surely grief had turned her brain.

"No, no," he said soothingly, "they

cannot say that. Why, I saw you married myself, and------"

"But they say Terry was married before he knew me—or at least betrothed—in Germany, I think, or Russia—and that it has the same value there in the eyes of the law as if he had been married."

"Terry married before—what nonsense ! Who says so? Somebody is having a game. Who is the girl?" cried Little Esson, asking half-a-dozen questions in as many seconds.

"Hilda Grainger says it-hatefully," said Mina. "Hunter Mayne says it, too—I think, as kindly as he can. He means to help me."

Here Little Esson snorted.

"Yes," said Mina gently, "I believe he does—he at least has nothing to gain. The girl," Mina's voice suddenly shook with anger, "she is different. She's a *Green-She*-*Cat*!"

"Tell me," said Esson, "all."

And Mina told him all that Hunter Mayne had said—that first, and then about the letters. She described how she had gone that morning to Broom Lodge, and the last biting words which Hilda Grainger had called after her. Esson listened gravely.

"And the letters?" he suggested when she had finished. "I suppose I cannot see them?"

"N-o-o-o!" said Mina, flushing; "the fact is _____"

"Surely you did not burn them?" cried Esson suddenly.

"No, I buried them," she was blushing now. "I hated them so! And they were nice letters, too, to tell the truth—only, you see, they were from another girl—and to Terry!"

"Jeanne Danicheff—Jeanne Danicheff !" muttered Little Esson. "Why, I have seen that girl—I have talked to her !"

"You—you—___" gasped Mina. "When —where? Why did you not tell me?"

"Why, not very long ago—at Broom Lodge—I never thought any more about it," said Little Esson, shamefaced in his turn. "I went with Frobisher, Hunter Mayne's friend. It was about a picture—about selling it, I mean."

"Oh," said Mina, "I thought you at least were altogether on my side !"

"So I am—so I am !" cried Esson, alarmed at the wonderful workings of feminine logic. "Sit down—I can tell you—___"

"I don't want to hear any more."

"But I can tell you what she is like," said Little Esson, who was not quite a fool. "I don't want to hear," said Mina, seating herself notwithstanding.

"Why, she is a laughing girl, plump and jolly," said Little Esson; "and to look at, as innocent as a —as a pouter pigeon."

He concluded abruptly with the comparison which recalled the most prominent characteristic of Mademoiselle Jeanne, which a draughtsman like Little Esson remembered.

"You liked her?" said Mina bitterly. Esson coughed slightly.

"Well," he said apologetically, "of course, I knew nothing about this at the time, and, to tell the truth, she didn't look the sort of girl to be harbouring dark and terrible revenges. Besides, she was great fun."

"Good-bye, Mr. Esson. No, thank you; I can easily find my way back alone."

Esson actually caught Mina by the arm as she was marching off, her chin very much in the air.

"No, don't go like that," he said authoritatively. "You have known me a long time, Mina. You know I want to help you about this. And I think I can. Let me. I believe there are a good many lies about. I smell 'em."

"Whose lies?" said Mina, still only half appeased.

Little Esson did not dare to say whose lies he believed they were, nor what was his theory, if indeed he had one. Very wisely he confined himself to general observations, and the signature of a treaty of alliance with Mina Fairweather, both offensive and defensive.

"Mina," he said, "look here. You know I don't beat about the bush. You let me have those letters, and give me *carte blanche* to pry into your affairs. I believe I could find out something. I was born to be a detective, but having been changed at nurse,

or something, up to now I've always missed my chance. And, look here, don't believe any harm of poor old Terry. He isn't here to speak up for himself, you know, and I—I'll swear he was always right-angled as a T square with both you and me."

"Thank you," said Mina, "but I don't think I could possibly dig up these letters— I shiver and turn sick only when I think of them ! I wish they were covered up twice as deep."

"Well," said Little Esson readily, "there's no need that you should. You tell me where they are, and I'll hike them out in the crack of a whip, in less time than I take to spoil a picture. Show me on the back of this envelope just where you stowed them. That's the way the detectives all do."

Mina, as well as she could, indicated the spot, and Little Esson walked back with her to within sight of the first cottage of the town of Creelport.

"Mind," he said, "there's some game on we don't know of. But, anyway, don't be hard upon poor old Terry. He was only a man, and he may have recreated a bit—she was that sort of girl. But one thing I do know, he would never have married you so long as he thought anybody else had the ghost of a claim on him."

"Good bye!" he cried again, gaily, as she turned to go without answering. "I'm on it—I'm going to detect so that nobody shall be able to tie their shoe-strings but I will get to the bottom of what they mean by it. Only I must have those letters first. It was under an elm, I think you said?"

"An elm. Please remember it is a very serious matter to me."

Little Esson stood still, gazed a moment at the girl, and then walked directly back to her.

"And so it is to me," he said.

(To be continued.)



AN ARTISTIC CONCLUSION.

By FRANCES RIVERS.



ALLO, Tony !" said the new-comer, with a smirk of selfapprobation; "I see that you've condescended to take my advice."

"What?" The proprietor of the studio frowned and spoke sharply.

"Do you mean by that excessively ugly monosyllable to convey that you haven't?"

"That's just it. I don't know," replied the other. "Yet you notice the difference," and, breaking off abruptly, he fell silent and stared at the picture upon the easel.

"Notice it? Why, it's another woman; and who the devil is she?"

"She?" The man addressed as Tony frowned more fiercely than before.

"This new model didn't drop from the skies, I suppose."

"I've had no new model."

"Tony! Tony!" His friend remonstrated.

"'Pon my soul and honour, there's been no other here."

Bob Trevor blew out his wonderment in a whistle. "Whew! poor old chap, don't you think you'd better see an oculist? Though, on second thoughts, if this has been done with failing sight, I don't know that you had. But tell me, there's a good chap, what's her name?"

Tony, still grave, still inspected the canvas. It was some time before he spoke, and when he did, it was to say flippantly—

"She's an hallucination, the result of spring."

Bob shook his head.

"No meteorological conditions can have produced that."

"There's no accounting for the vagaries of spring. Why, as I walked along the Embankment here, the breeze has brought me scents of hay and moss and bark and moist brown earth ! Oh, it's wonderful what the spring will do," he averred.

"Then this, you want to persuade me, is

'A Young Man's Fancy,' for to paraphrase the quotation by altering the descriptive adjective to 'A Mature Man's Fancy'——"

"Yes, I suppose my thirty-seven years would warrant that," broke in Tony, and he sighed regretfully.

"-wouldn't sound the same thing, would it?"

"The added syllable makes the metre wrong."

"Make no mistake, it's the added years that make the fact itself wrong. But let's sift the matter. Tell me honestly where you found her, and begin at the beginning?"

Tony shook his head. "I've nothing to tell."

"This should be interesting."

"You've got a fine imagination, if you can make it so."

"Oh! there's always something in nothing —such little matters as space and eternity, for instance!" Bob Trevor flung himself into a chair, and reaching out a hand drew the tobacco-jar within negotiable distance, and commenced leisurely to fill his pipe.

"It's a very funny thing," said Tony musingly, "how when the mind is occupied with subjects introspective, it will let slip, from time to time, its mental thread and gather up and store the stray strands that strew the path in which the body walks, to remind us afterwards that that keenness of observation, which we had thought lulled to apathy by brain preoccupation, is working, independent of us, and collecting on its own behalf little pictures which, in future memory, stand forth as illustrative of that special hour."

"Hear! hear!" said Bob. "And in what special hour did you come face to face with her?" He pointed his pipe-stem to indicate the canvas. "And, incidentally, let me congratulate you on your language. It flowed in the manner of a stream in flood, and swept relentlessly away, in its frothy foam, the barricades of answers which I, from time to time, tried to put forward in the vain attempt to dam (ahem !) its course."

Tony laughed.

"And you saw this lovely vision that you have painted without seeing it, so to speak?" asked Bob.

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"I suppose so. For, meeting her again, I became conscious that her image was familiar."

"Oho! Then there was a second meeting? And where were your thoughts that time?"

"Probably in the rooms of the Academy."

"I know ! you were in front of your own picture, which, centred on the line, had a red star fixed to its frame."

"We all of us, from time to time, find ourselves in that *galère*," said Tony, with a little self-conscious smirk.

"Rumour, even, has come to me that royalty has desired to purchase one of my works! And courtly fame, bidding, as it were, in the open market, has run up the price of my pictures to fabulous sums," supplemented Bob; and this time both men laughed. "So," he continued, "it was in the mood made familiar by 'The Village Blacksmith'——"

"Exactly ! the 'something attempted, something done' mood."

"—that you met her; then, a smile of complacency, induced by successful accomplishment and your optimistic brain, on your lips, induced you to say: 'Dear strange lady, will you sit to me?'"

"Nothing of the kind," replied Tony. "She's not at all of that sort."

"Then you didn't speak to her?"

" No."

"That's a pity."

"She gave me no opportunity."

"Dear Tony, how young you are, if you have yet to learn that women erect the barriers of silence solely for the pleasure of seeing men demolish them !"

"Do they?" Tony listened, smiling. "That's a curious bit of knowledge; how did you come by it?"

Bob shrugged. "Oh," he answered, "everyone who studies the sex knows that; and if I'd been with you, you'd have found yourself, by now, on quite friendly terms with her, instead of having bungled the whole thing."

The sound that Tony made, as he acknowledged that it was a pity that Bob had not been with him, perilously resembled a titter.

"And you've never seen her again ?"

Tony crossed the studio to the bookshelf, took down, from amongst several volumes, Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." He turned the pages of the incomparable book, until the particular passage for which he sought arrested his gaze. "Listen," he said, and commenced to read : 'She was almost upon me before I saw her, so I gave a spring to one side to let her pass. She had done the same and on the same side too, so we ran our heads together. I was just as unfortunate as she had been, for I had sprung to that side and opposed the passage again. We both flew together to the other side and then back—and so on—it was ridiculous.""

He broke off. "There, word for word, is the history of our third meeting."

"And did you earn no guerdon beyond that of the blush bestowed by the Marchesina on Yorick?"

"Yes, three additional things. A frown, a glance that was meant to be reproving, and, ultimately, a smile. Ye gods, what a smile !"

"I know the sort."

"No, you don't," said Tony, "for it was one purely individual—one which, when one has the luck to meet it, induces one's own eyes to smile too."

"Then her eyes?"

"Blue, as those of a pool under a midsummer sun at noon, were as pure and as without coquetry as those of a child, and had, as obviously as those, only been used to see with. No, Bob; looking into her eyes, I saw that I couldn't speak to her."

Bob sighed. "I know these overmastering ideas."

Tony nodded his head. "Well, you see, it's no good complicating life by trying to form platonic friendships. Platonic friendship is the mausoleum erected by Cupid over the grave of Desire! It is the triumph of *ennui* over Nature! It is the song of a dumb nightingale! It is the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast! It is, in fact, the squaring of the circle, a task I have no fancy to attempt!"

Bob's dark eyes were quizzical. "I much fear me you are a Scribe and a Pharisee—a paltry, canting old Pharisee—to pretend you were warned by instinct that she might prove a disturbing influence."

Tony accepted this chaff in perfectly good part.

" I've no faith in instinct, though much in the teachings of prudence and expediency, and but that you insist that I have altered the picture and confirmed my hazy idea that the meetings with this girl have had a perceptible effect on that "—he waved an indicating finger towards the canvas—" I should look on them as mere incidents. I should, really," he added, noting that Bob



"'I suppose my thirty-seven years would warrant that."

stood shaking his head and gazing at him through twinkles of incredulity which appeared to have spread themselves as a film over his eyes.

Bob Trevor put his hat on his head and gave a jerk to settle it into place preparatory to taking his leave.

"I've got to go home for Easter, but I shan't be away more than a week or so, and I shall think out your affair. I'll bring an open mind to it and see if I can't help you. Then, when I come back, I'll look you up."

He nodded, smiled, and slammed-to the studio door behind him, leaving Tony to think how curious it was that Bob, lighthearted, light-brained Bob Trevor, should have had perspicacity enough to have discovered the exact hour of his first conscious meeting with *her*.

He hadn't been quite honest with Bob,

hadn't told him quite all that he knew of the girl, which all had been due chiefly to the garrulity of the hall-porter of the flats of which he occupied one on the first floor, whilst she rented two rooms on the sixth; nor had he acknowledged how the Fates, with benevolent forethought, had taken to occupying themselves with his concerns, and brought him face to face with her on the very next day following that which he denominated as the "Sterne episode." Nor how he had then, with some recollection of vesterday's ridiculous pas de deux in his mind, greeted her with a bow and so challenged a recognition which, with a gracious inclination of the head, she had accorded. Nor had he confessed how an act of courtesy, the holding open a door, had thrown, as it were, a plank across the chasm of strangeness, and secured for him, in subsequent meeting, a footing. Nor how on the sixth, seventh, eighth, and many succeeding days he had tested the strength of this plank. And certainly he had not betrayed how, evening after evening, he had haunted the doorstep, and wasted a surprising amount of time in converse with the said hall-porter. Neither had he owned how much he had wished to see her, for not even to himself had he liked to acknowledge this, as a man has to be on very familiar terms with his longings before he cares to put them into words. Indeed, it had been only three days ago that the skirt of a woman, who proved not to be she, had assured him, by the dip of his heart into the abyss of disappointment, how much he had built on the hope of meeting her.

It was not till three weeks after the foregoing conversation, as Tony Murk was cleaning up his palette after presumably a long spell of work, and when the light was getting dim, that Bob Trevor reappeared,

"I've thought it all out," was his greeting, adding in answer to Tony's glance of inquiry: "I know all about her. She lives in the top of your block, and paints—not badly—canvases, I mean, not her face."

"Does she?" said Tony.

"And I found out so easily."

"Really !"

"Bounding from the blank wall of conjecture, I was thrown into the arms of your hall-porter. What a silly fool you were not to think of him !"

"How did you describe her?"

"Well ! doesn't he come in and put your studio tidy every day ? So I'd only to say she was like your picture. I've got the whole thing fixed up." "Ah !" said Tony, raising his brows with an assumption of unconcern.

"Yes," Bob agreed. "I'm going to make her acquaintance."

"That's very good of you, but I'm by no means sure that I need trouble you."

"It won't trouble me. I should rather like, for curiosity's sake, to do it, for I see by that picture, which has made considerable progress, that we shall get on together. I like her, I tell you; like her as much as anyone I've seen for a long time—don't you?"

Tony shook out a self-satisfied laugh. "Yes, I think she's rather nice."

"I see wit in her eyes."

"That amongst other things."

"Look here!" Bob inspected his friend. "All that you said about platonic friendship the other day seemed to me, in thinking it over, rather good, but the danger can be obviated."

"Oh, really?" Tony questioned, interested.

"Certainly. I quite agree that it's not good for you to be hobnobbing alone with a Dryad; but I'll be present when you make friends with the real woman. You know," he added sapiently, "that a man is apt to fall in love with his ideal of a woman, but when he gets to know the real woman and sees her through someone else's eyes, he sees all sorts of things she tries to hide. Now, you must really make friends with this woman, for now you are simply idealising her."

"Am I?" asked Tony.

"Of course you are. Now, is that," Bob pointed to the picture, "black hair, brown hair, or red hair, or black hair with a deep red glow to burnish it, or brown hair with purple shadows, or deep chestnut red?" He shook his head sadly. "You've made it hair more beautiful than ever grew on human head."

Tony laughed and looked with great kindliness at the depicted head, and so stood, for a considerable time, with the light of happiness burning in his eyes. "Her hair," at last he asserted, "is just like that."

"Then her skin! Why, you've given her the sensitive colouring which is only to be found in the works of Waterhouse; through study of these I have learnt to believe it the peculiar attribute of Dryads. No mortal woman, with a sense of fitness of things, could ever lay claim to such delicacy. Then, although she may carry herself well, you've given her a freedom of movement from the hips which is the prerogative of Spanish women, and is theirs



"' Listen,' he said."

alone; and for which they have to thank either Nature or the untrammelled fashion of their garments."

"It's rare, I acknowledge, in English women," laughed Tony.

"Rare! It doesn't exist. Then that tilt of the head, which throws it back from the chin. I'm sure you've emphasised that length of neck which is so gracious."

"'Pon my word, she's got it," pleaded Tony.

"Oh, Tony, Tony !" The other shook his head. "You're in a parlous state; you must get her down here and let me meet her."

Tony stared. "What good would that do?"

"Why, it would turn her attention to me." "Would it ?"

"Naturally."

Tony lay back in his chair and laughed the contented laugh of an onlooker amused by the gambols of a puppy.

"Yes," continued Bob, "have her here; let her get absorbed in me, and you'll soon get to see her just as she is. As a model I've nothing to say against her. Who knows, indeed, that she may not make your fortune? A beautiful model has, before now, conferred immortality on even a worse painter."

"Thank you," said Tony; '" and now that you've expressed your opinion so freely, you may as well know what has happened." "You have made friends with her."

"I have—I took my courage in both hands. It needed the double grasp to prevent it running away."

"It's a pity you precipitated matters. I wish you'd not moved in the affair until you'd seen me; but I suppose you asked her to sit to you."

"I said that I had discovered, for my own self, just the model I wanted."

"Go on." Bob encouraged him.

Tony pushed the tobacco-jar across to his friend, and sank into a comfortable chair. "That instantly aroused her interest, and she asked what the model was like."

"There was your opportunity !"

"Well, I took it; for I told her—rather emotionally, I'm afraid—that unless she consented to sit to me, I might as well make a funeral pyre of all my canvases, easels, brushes, the whole blessed outfit, for that should the light of inspiration not be shed upon my endeavours through her eyes, I might just as well daub in the dark and expect to produce the desire of my brain."

"That's not the sort of speech you ought to have made. You should have taken quite a different line. You don't know how to manage women, and I'm awfully sorry you moved in the matter till I was by you to advise. You should have shown a don't-care attitude. However, what did she say?"

"Nothing ; but she gave me a sober glance, though her mouth had an adorable pucker, amiable, derisive, which showed a glint of teeth."

Bob shook his head.

"You should always beware of a woman when, even in a smile, she shows her teeth. And you were quite wrong in showing her your hand. I think I should have done it more in this way: I should have asked her as a great favour, laying great stress upon the size of the favour, to come to the studio and give me her advice. This course wouldn't have bound you to anything."

"That's practically the line I took," said Tony.

"Then has she been here?" Tony nodded his head. "And is she coming again?"

Tony smiled, rose from his chair, took half-a-dozen steps to the right, then half-adozen to the left. His eyes, perhaps to keep the twinkle that was in them unobserved, were glued to the carpet, searching there, apparently, an answer. As it failed to be forthcoming, he walked to one of the doors of the studio, and, opening it, called : "Rosamond, I want you to come here, that I may introduce to you my friend, Mr. Trevor, who has been anxious, for a long time, to make your acquaintance."

Then, looking significantly at Bob, he added: "If I'd only known you were in town, you should have done duty this morning as my best man."



". 'That I may introduce to you my friend, Mr. Trevor."

ROBUST HEALTH.

By FRANK RICHARDSON.

TTE are all invalids to-day.

VV For centuries our brightest intellects have excavated the human form and circumscribed our conduct with elaborate rules of hygiene.

Medical science has pronounced as unnecessary such large portions of our vile bodies that the ideal man is little more than a *scenario*.

The proudest moment in our lives is when a syndicate of medical men has discovered that we have developed a completely novel complaint, or such an astounding confliction of heterogeneous maladies that we have but a fortnight to live, and that our obituary notice, accompanied by a map of ourselves, with an appendix in German, will appear in the summer number of the *Lancet*.

The perfectly healthy man is a blackleg who takes no interest in our ailments; he has never had any ailment of his own, and when we begin to discuss disease, he simply tells us irrelevantly about the admirable lunch he has just eaten. And the extraordinary thing about this man is that he does not regard himself as a social pariah. He ought to feel like a fish at a flower-show;



"You can have a cheery half-hour's conversation about your ailments."



"The proudest moment in our lives is when a syndicate of medical men has discovered that we have developed a completely novel complaint."

but instead of that, he regards us, who with the assistance of our ancestors have made our bodies into a museum of miscellaneous maladies, as deformities. He does not realise that we are the finest product of civilisation, and that he is merely an aboriginal man. He is an anachronism in the twentieth century.

Nothing is more unpleasant when one has kindly inquired after the state of another man's health, than to receive the callous answer: "Oh, I'm all right; I'm *always* well." It is not playing the game.

well." It is the other man's duty to inquire as to your condition, to state that you are looking better or worse than you were when he saw you last. You can then give him an illustrated account of your condition. You do not need to take the whole afternoon over it, but you can have a cheery half-hour's conversation about your ailments; and when you have finished, you can then talk about Free Trade, the great question of whether or not clergymen should criticise cricket, or the newest thing in trouserpresses, or any of the subjects which are erroneously supposed to interest men more than the state of their health.

For years I found that there was no pleasure for me in masculine conversation; I was in robust health; my friends' infirmities appealed not at all to me. By a stroke of



"I would beat a retreat and entrench behind a pillar-box."

exceeding good fortune, a few months ago, my horse fell on me, and I was broken in several places. After a severe attack of concussion of the brain, I was allowed out, and I entered upon the happiest period of my life.

My accident had made me insane on the most interesting of all subjects—myself. A very great deal of pleasure is to be got out of insanity, provided, of course, that you do not believe yourself to be either Charles I. or a teapot. In no society that I know of is it possible for a man to pose as that unfortunate Stuart monarch with any degree of success, and a person who gives anything like a realistic imitation of a teapot in a drawing-room is liable to instant eviction; but the path of the moderate monomaniac is extremely pleasant.

After my illness I found that it was impossible for me to face a motor-car in the street; directly I saw one, I became De Wet and took cover. In the midst of a conversation with a friend, on the near approach of a stinkomobile, I would beat a retreat and entrench behind a pillar-box, and conceal myself like hidden treasure. These unfortunate symptoms were the only disadvantages that marred my happiness.

Everybody talked to me about myself. I spent delightful hours in describing my accident, and what I felt like when I was insensible, and how I was brought home in a Pickford's van. I was as egotistical as a third-rate actor, and nobody seemed to mind. Conversation never flagged.

I don't think that I delivered a single discourse, *re* Me, to a person who had not suffered in a similar way (with certain improvements), or who did not possess a relative who had been a victim to a disaster fifty per cent. worse than mine.

I was introduced to the relatives; they became firm friends of mine. By means of my disaster I entered houses the doors of which were barred to me before its occurrence. I joined the fraternity of man.

Now, what I did, any other intelligent outsider can do. The more noticeable the symptoms of his sufferings, the greater success will he achieve.

Another good method is to wear black glasses. You need not have an eye removed, nor do anything drastic. Simply wear the glasses, and you can talk about yourself; but you want to be careful not to overdo it.

Do not have a leg amputated simply to make conversation. If you move about on scaffolding with an empty trouser, people will be jealous. They will pretend not to notice that anything has happened to you. They will not allude to the fact that you have mislaid a leg.

Only an habitual invalid with a wellestablished reputation can go so far as this. But the robust man can easily make himself companionable by alluding to his double dyspepsia, or stating that he has had another attack of spinal catarrh.

The remedy is so simple that it is astonishing that anybody should go about the world paining the majority of his fellow-creatures by saying that he is "Quite well, thank you."



"They will not allude to the fact that you have mislaid a leg."

ROSAMANIA

A DUOLOGUE FOR GARDENERS.

BY A GARDENER.

ANASTASIA BLOMEFIELD. MARRIETTA TOUNSEND.

SCENE: Under a tree in garden. Tea-table and garden-baskets filled with roses, pruning-knife. Anastasia seated at table, with rose catalogue in her hand and others on table.

Anastasia: Now, I hope I am going to have a really quiet and undisturbed afternoon. I got a new catalogue of roses this morning, and the second post has just brought me two more from other firms. I shall go through them carefully and mark for the gardener the ones I want. Let me see-Amy Robsart, Bouquet d'Or, Climbing Mrs. Grant, Duchess of Oxford, Duke of Wellington, Duchess of Albany, Duchess of Bedford, Duchess of Portland, Duchess of Morny Duchess of Morny-splendid silver rose; large; full; I don't know her, but must see her before sending order: she sounds delightful: but I dare say I shall come across her within the next day or two, for I ought to begin repaying my calls, though I must say I grudge every moment I spend away from my roses. (Goes on reading) Lady Battersea, Lady Mary FitzJenkins, and Lady Garfield: I don't want any more specimens of either of these three; in fact, I think I shall put them in the kitchen garden, in place of one of the gardener's innumerable beds of horseradish: why Hobbs grows enough horse-radish to supply the whole county, I don't know: however, I dare say Mrs. Hobbs and the little Hobbses live on beef. Lady Moyra Beauclerc, a rich, bright madder with silver reflex, a distinct and attractive combination of colour -2s, that is sixpence more than I like to give; however, I suppose the silver reflex is worth the extra sixpence. Yes, I think I'll have two dozen Lady Moyra: I fell in love with her that day at Barkington, and made up my mind to get at least a dozen! Lady Sheffield I also saw at Barkington—one dozen Lady Sheffield !

Lamarque, pale straw colour, requires warm wall. I have no warm wall left—what shall I do? Oh! I know—move my Hybrids; they are all right directly they come out, but they turn purple and swear with the Carmine pillar. I must see about sacrificing another of Hobbs' horse-radish beds; although I must think of the little Hobbses, and try and keep Hobbs in a good temper. I don't think he half liked my taking that last acre of the kitchen garden for the pleasaunce. Lady Roberts, a most distinct and beautiful rose, vivid orange, shaded with apricot. But I see she is 2s. 6d. Oh, well, I must order one dozen. I hope Archie won't see my order list before it goes. I didn't think he looked particularly pleasant over my bill last year. Duchess of Oxford. —oh! I think she is very much overrated.

(Servant announces Mrs. Tounsend. Enter Marrietta.)

Marrietta: My dearest Anastasia! So delighted to see you in your new home! And how do you like the house and the garden and your neighbours?

Anastasia: My dear, I have been so taken up with my roses that I have scarcely had any time to make the acquaintance of my neighbours.

Marrietta: But the Duchess, I suppose you have lost no time in cultivating her?

Anastasia: Oh, well, I must confess I am miserably disappointed in the Duchess of Oxford, after all I had heard about her. I had no idea she was so dark, and I might almost say overgrown.

Marrietta: Oh, that was not at all her reputation in India, I can assure you. Everyone out there thought her simply magnificent. Officers and civilians alike all raved about her beauty.

Anastasia: My dear, I don't know India, nor what the people out there do or do not rave about; all I know is, that I should hate the hot climate and find gardening an

2 H



[&]quot;'That was not at all her reputation in India.""

impossibility. I dare say the *Duchess of Oxford's* colouring was quite different in India from what it is here. I can only repeat that I think her coarse-textured and unhealthily dark. I am also greatly disappointed in *Lady Mary FitzJenkins*; her flesh colour is almost unnatural, and I think her too globular. Perhaps my greatest disappointment of all is *Lady Garfield*; she is such a gross feeder; I like to think of her neither in the house nor garden.

Marrietta : Well, at all events, you seem to go in largely for the aristocracy here.

Anastasia: Do we? Oh, well, I dare say we do; but as I told you, I am really far too busy with my garden to pay much attention to my neighbours. I did, as a matter of fact, drive over to Barkington Towers the other day, as Lady Barkington had a garden party, to see her *Duchess of Valmond*, who was looking her very best; but I thought her dreadfully untidy-looking, and hadn't the slightest wish to put her on my list. Lady Barkington said this was perhaps her great fault, and that she needed a great deal of dressing, but that she was such an old friend of theirs, they could never let her be supplanted by another.

Marrietta: Well, I am glad you found time to go over to Barkington, and I hope you saw the pictures.

Anastasia: Oh! I hadn't time to look at the pictures; I found so many old friends in the garden that I paid all my attention to them, and I made several new friends. Lady Sheffield and Lady Moyra Beauclerc I had never seen before; and, my dear—could you believe it?—I had never even heard of Lady Penzance, who is perfectly beautiful, and so vigorous! I quite made up my mind I would cultivate all three of them as soon as possible.

Marrietta (aside): What a snob dear Anastasia has become ! In old days she loved flowers and Nature, and she never used to talk about the aristocracy; now, apparently, she thinks of nothing else. (Aloud) Well, I suppose you have some commoners in these parts?

Anastasia: Oh, yes! The Albert Joneses, people of quite small means, have a most charming little place about three miles from here. I sometimes go over at sundown to see their delightful little cottage garden. It was they who introduced me to *Mrs. Grant* and *Mrs. Clarilune*, but the latter is too highly scented for me, and I would not have her in my house for any consideration; one so dislikes one's drawing-room to smell of musk! It is they also who called my attention to *Mrs. Golightly*, but I believe she is a dreadful rambler; they told me they had tried cutting her, but it was no good at all, she simply overruns the place. I didn't care much for any of them. I dare say *Mrs. Grant* was handsome when she first came out, but she was decidedly *passée* when I saw her.

Marrietta (aside): Yes, naturally, you did not care about any of them, as they had no handles to their names. (*Aloud*) When will you drive over and see me? I am afraid it is rather a long way, but you must come over to lunch, if you can find any time *now* for your *old* friends.

Anastasia: Thank you, dear; I shall be delighted. Will there be any chance of seeing the Duchess of Morny or Lady Wilmshurst?

Marrietta (*impatiently*): My dear Anastasia, I must tell you at once, I never heard of either of them. You will see Tom and the children and me, and in old days this would quite have contented you. Good-bye.

Anastasia: Good-bye. I have promised to go over to Rosehill on Thursday to see Captain Christy and the new French Climber, François Fouchard, most people are raving about; and their teas, I have been told, are excellent; but I will go on to see you afterwards, if I can get away in time.

Marrietta: Yes, do; but I am afraid you will see neither acrobats nor duchesses at our place; but I will tell the cook to make plenty of scones and sugar-cakes for tea, on the chance of your coming. Good-bye.

(Mrs. Tounsend goes out.)

Anastasia: Poor Marrietta! How she has altered! She appeared horribly distraite; scarcely seemed to know what I was talking about. Sneered at the aristocracy, which she never did in old days. And why did she think I was interested in acrobats? And as far as flowers were concerned, poor dear! she appeared absolutely unintelligent! And she never even asked to see my Rose Garden!

(Takes up pruning-knife and gloves and goes out.)

[CURTAIN.]

Some Notable Cricket Bats.

BY HOME GORDON.

IN a corner of the writing-room in the pavilion at Lord's is a case of old cricket bats. Very few members of the M.C.C. ever give a glance at them or think what provess was done with them. They are more modern than those represented in some of the yet older prints on the walls of the same building, which portray the crooked stick, or "cricket,"

used for the defence of the wicket. These must have been pretty much the same as modern hockey sticks, and to play therewith with "a straight bat" would have been as completely impossible as to play croquet with the swan tucked under Alice's arm in Carroll's immortal romance. I recollect Mr. Horace Hutchinson once happily compared these run-getting implements with broomsticks. And, in 1847, Mr. Ward, about some bats used by Kent to play England, ob-served : "The figure of the bat at that time was similar to an old-fashioned dinnerknife, curved at back and sweeping in the form of a volute at the front and end. With such a bat the system must have been all for hitting" -will not some of

I do say, once and for all, that certain cricketers who might be put on a "stonewalling black list" appear to forget that the object of batting is to make runs, not to occupy the wicket for an unconscionable period as a passive resister.

The bats which illustrate this article are not so antique as those at Lord's, but some



Old bats make those who love cricket fight old matches over again, and the pleasure of reminiscence is almost as great as that derived at the moment; for if one loses the excitement of not knowing the result, one also misses any *longueurs* which

Briggs.

those so impatient with slow play suggest mare a reversion to these antiquated weapons? y The day before this article was begun, I a had been watching Tarrant take four hours and fifty minutes to score forty-five runs at in Lord's in a county match. I allow that the state of the game was against him, o and I hear he said he felt convinced that he would at once get out if he hit; so he most a certainly did not. I am not cavilling, but

Brown.

must creep into the game. For there never yet was a match, however thrilling, in which a few dull moments did not occur; just as there was never yet a match, however great, in which every single one of the twenty-two cricketers came off. At least, I cannot recall one, and I lay claim to close study of the score of every first-class match since 1877, and some acquaintance with those previously recorded. This partial failure in every game

Lucas.

positively becomes one of the merits of cricket. because it enhances the fact that a man must play for his side and not for himself. Average-mongers are anathema, especially to such ardent average-compilers as myself and other enthusiasts.

Here is the bat of Mr. A. P. Lucas, a bat used in his later period, when he played

for Essex. Except Dr. W. G. Grace himself. few amateurs have enjoyed a more pro-longed career in firstclass cricket. Known as "Bunny," he is the finest example of the coaching of H. H. Stephenson, and of his pupil that master said : "He wore away the turf by hitting the ball on it so much. One catch of his is still famous, the one that disposed of Mr. Bonnor, because of the distance he ran and the marvellous way, on getting to the ball, he managed to clutch it while still at topspeed." Personally Mr. Lucas is one of the most modest and retiring of men. He refused the captaincy of Cambridge University, and never liked leading any To the elder side. generation, though rather slower in his rate of run-getting, he was what Mr. Lionel Palairet is today, the most graceful bat of his period, and, like "W. G.," he had a wonderful

now Major A. J. Turner. The beautiful form of the veteran was matched by an almost marvellously close reproduction of his methods by the young Woolwich cadet. The latter was the recipient of congratulations, but on inquiry confessed that he had never, until that very day, seen Mr. A. P. Lucas bat. The similarity therefore became

phenomenal, but an explanation was soon found. Major Turner had been coached by his father, who was one of the ill-fated cricket team under Captain Dunn, lost when the Bokhara went down. The parent had been an ardent admirer of the methods of Mr. A. P. Lucas, and set them up as the desirable standard when teaching his son.

Of this collection, the bat belonging to Mr. A. C. MacLaren is the one which has done the most sensational work, for it was used by him on his great Australian tour and for the following season of 1895. The famous Harrovian formed one of Mr. A. E. Stoddart's first team to the Antipodes. a side which achieved the most brilliant of all English triumphs under the Southern Cross. He was one of the last chosen by his able captain, but he came out second to him in the batting averages, making a sudden advance in proficiency which finally and

faculty of meeting the ball in the very centre of his bat. His cutting was a perfect model of how that finest of all scoring strokes should be effected.

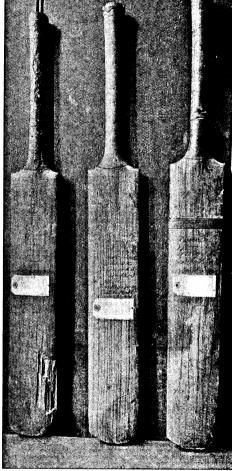
Lohmann.

Of the later period of Mr. Lucas's career, to which this bat belongs, an interesting fact may be told. Among his invaluable displays at Leyton, none were better than a certain admirable partnership with a colt,

completely justified the hopes he had excited as a boy. It may be added that since that time he has never looked back. Whenever I express admiration for Mr. MacLaren's skill, I am always told : "Ah, as you have never seen him at Sydney, you do not know what he can be like." Many batsmen have their favourite ground-for example, Mr. P. F. Warner is quite twenty per cent.

Read.

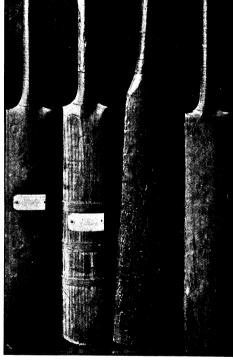
Marlow.



better at Lord's than anywhere else; but it is unparalleled that a great cricketer's favourite pitch should be thousands of miles away, and it may be doubted if anyone in the same class of matches has ever averaged over eighty on one foreign ground, which is Mr. MacLaren's figure for his Sydney aggregate.

The highest score of that tour, which came off this bat, was compiled at Melbourne, where he hit magnificently for 228 v. Victoria, whilst in

that crucial fifth Test match, to which allusion will again be made later, his very fine 120, redeeming rather a poor start of the opening batsmen in the first innings, had no small share in "bring-ing back the ashes." Returning to England, he was barely seen in the Lancashire team. owing to scholastic duties, until July, when so great was his value to the side that only once after he turned out for them was the County Palatine beaten that year. At Taunton he scored -with this bat-the wonderful aggregate of 424, which is still the highest innings ever played in a first-class match, and up to that time it had only once been beaten in any cricket - namely, by Mr. A. E. Stoddart, who made 485 for



Brockwell.

Two Old-Fashioned Bats.

Hampstead Club v. Stoics in 1886. Mr. MacLaren "went in first and was seventh out at 792, was batting for seven hours and fifty minutes, and only gave two chances, the first at 262. His score comprised one 6, sixty-two 4's, eleven 3's, thirty-seven 2's, and sixty-three singles." With Paul he added 363 in three hours and ten minutes for the second innings. The smallness of the Somersetshire County Ground does not detract from this truly astounding achievement.

Of almost equal interest is the bat of poor J. T. Brown, one of the nicest professionals and one of the best cricketers that ever stepped. With this very implement he played what was probably the innings of his life in that extraordinary fifth Test match at Melbourne in 1895. The record stood at two victories each, and thousands came from other Colonies to see the final tussle fought out in the capital of Victoria. The struggle was desperate and protracted, but England won by six wickets. To Australia's 414, Mr. Stoddart's side responded with 385.

Against Richardson. bowling gloriously through a bad dust storm, the Colonials consequently left us 297 to get to win. Brockwell and Mr. Stoddart were out for 28, and then J. T. Brown joined Albert Ward for one of the stands that make cricket history. Their partnership produced 210 runs, the brilliant Brown at one time scoring 80, whilst the patient Ward compiled 29, and eventually the Yorkshireman's score reached 140, the largest then made by a cricketer from the White Rose County.

Just after Brown's return he was a little off colour, but by 1897 he was again in fine fettle, and with his comrade John Tunnicliffe set up a new partnership record of 378 for the first wicket. The Rev. S. R. Holmes relates

that two spectators decided they would make for the bar whenever an additional fifty was added to the score, and most faithfully they carried out their bargain. When 350 appeared on the board, they duly adjourned once more, one of them somewhat dolefully remarking : "But we shall be ruined if this goes on much longer."

Marlow's bat suggests the skill of a capital cricketer—now an excellent umpire who just fell short of tip-top rank. I am under the impression that it was with this very bat that he contributed a capital 155 at Brighton, against Somerset, to a total of 518, the next two batsmen, K. S. Ranjitsinhij and Mr. W. L. Murdoch, each just failing to run into three figures. Marlow, trim of figure and deft in style, was a decidedly attractive run-getter, who was born in Staffordshire. He always did his work well and cheerfully, but never indulged in self-advertisement, and, so far as can be recalled, he is one of the few modern cricketers who has not signed his name to some article or other.

Mr. V. F. S. Crawford's bat at once reminds us that there is still plenty of cricket in the eldest of a somewhat wellknown trio. With the bat here reproduced, he was a most lively scorer, and in the match against Gloucestershire, at Bristol, in 1900, drove a ball from Paish over the pavilion and out of the ground, 160 yards from hit to pitch. I personally recollect his scoring at the Oval seven fours off nine balls delivered by Mr. C. L. Townsend. He is the type of run-getter who can pull a match out of the fire, but his cricket gives the impression of suffering from undue selfconfidence, which urges him to have a go before he gets set.

Brockwell's bat recalls a personality as

pleasing as any to be met within living experience. There was something captivating about this keen, good-looking fellow, who could field smartly, bowl as a change, and make runs on any wicket with rapid and attractive ease. Brockwell never pottered. He needed a bat with a lot of wood in it, and he was not afraid to lay on freely. Few men knocked off the first pair of bowlers at the commencement of an innings more rapidly than this, the best cricketer born in Kingston. With the bat represented he compiled over a thousand runs in 1894, the

MacLaren.

F. S. Jackson.

inroads of the disease that had laid its fatal hand on him. He was doing good work on this brief revisit to the scene of his former greatness, but the man's physique and the man's face had no longer that former fine note of health. George Lohmann was the type of physical perfection in its most animated degree. He was the embodiment of movement. Fine as was the scabbard of his frame, the brilliant sword within was all too flashing. He never spared himself on or off the field, and the tremendous overdrafts he inflicted on his own stock of vitality caused

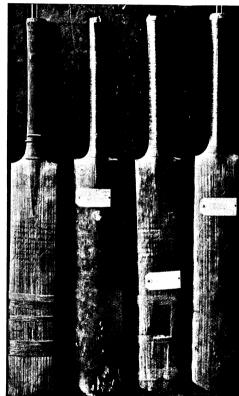
year in which he headed English averages. Four times at the Oval he obtained centuries and ran into four figures in championship matches alone. At the very close of the year he struck a bad spell of luck, but played splendid cricket in his final 81 for Players v. Gentlemen at Hastings, and received a special ovation when leaving for Australia with Mr. Stoddart's combination.

To the older generation belongs Mr. W. W. Read, but "Wally Wally " is not altogether

Crawford.

on the shelf, for his influence is officially felt in the guidance of youthful ability at the Oval. What a great bat he used to be, once upon a time ! Not strictly orthodox, but possessing a doughty hook stroke that terrified bowlers, and playing so hard on the ball. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Read always compelled the opposing captain to have an extra man on the leg side, though he could, and did, have such hot shots past cover. More than for anyone else, except Dr. W. G. Grace and Mr. G. L. Jessop, a bowler needed thirteen — or, indeed, thirty-in the field against Mr. Read in his prime.

George Lohmann's bat is the one he used when he came back from South Africa after being patched up a bit against the



Prince of Wales.

the collapse we all deplored. In any retrospect his is the bright incarnation which sweeps across my cricket memory of one always doing something big, something admirable, and doing it in the best as well as most attractive way. He took the game, if possible, too much to heart, but as a bowler with a flight in the air that deceived the most practised bats he could rank only below Alfred Shaw and Edmund Peate among Englishmen in the last thirty years. Mr. C. I. Thornton says he was "one of the best, more especially in the sense that he was always dodging the batsman," and I recollect that Tom Emmett told "Old Ebor" that he never knew any man not left-handed who used his left hand so admirably in the field.

Another bat belonging to a hero prematurely gone where the best cricketers of older generations had preceded him, is the one once used by poor Johnny Briggs. Frankly, I have failed to decipher when he used it. From personal impression, I think he used a good many more bats than most other professionals, but had a way of returning to two which were particularly heavily spliced. He was a cricketer of infinite capability, a man of delightful and most kindly humour. How many times he went on tour to Australia does not matter, the impression on my mind being that he and Billy Bates went well nigh every time they could. Once in an up-country match the local mayor stood umpire. A batsman hit the ball to Briggs at cover-point, and he, whipping it back with his wonted rapidity to Sherwin, ran the other man out. But he made no effort to go, although Sherwin told him he was out. At last Briggs appealed to his worship the umpire in the conventional "How's that?" To which the reply came: "Good bit of fielding that, wasn't it?" and eventually the English captain allowed the complacent cricketer another innings. Briggs invariably had rollicking ways that made him a favourite with the crowd, but he never allowed fun to interfere with due attention to the game.

In the July issue of the WINDSOR MAGAZINE something was said of the Hon. F. S. Jackson, and with reference to his bat it may be noted that therewith he made over two thousand runs, as much, one may be sure, to his own satisfaction as that of the public.

Finally, here is the King's bat, and His beloved Majesty has no more devoted subjects than the cricket public. As Prince of Wales he participated in one or two matches at Sandringham, and on the Saturdays in Ascot week on the ground in the Windsor It is not his prowess, but his barracks. personality, that we admire. His geniality to the Australians I have myself witnessed, and possibly Dr. W. G. Grace's skill has no more enthusiastic admirer than the King, unless it be myself, for I find all appreciation of batting harks back to "W. G.," and with his name let this innings be declared closed. There may be as many runs and as much skill wrought with other bats in years to Those here illustrated, as I have come. tried to show, have been the agents of doughty and memorable efforts.

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A GUIDE TO ELDORADO.

By HARRISON RHODES.

THIS story, if one traces it to its origins, is founded on, derived from, rooted in (whichever may be the correct expression) the burnt end of a beefsteak intended for the lunch of Charles Edward and Lady Angela Austin. The burning, not in itself seemingly important, took place late in March. Lady Angela had intended to administer merely the mildest reproof, but the cook seized the opportunity to explain that her heart was sore with innumerable grievances, for which the ruining of a single lunch was no assuagement whatever. Those who know anything of the American domestic life need not be told that now events followed fast upon events. The original beefsteakburner departed, but many of her kind passed through the house, a nightmare procession of incompetence and incivility.

Happily the Austins are always asked to dine by everybody in New York who has a decent cook. Happily, too, as Charles Edward remarked, no one need starve while Delmonico's and Beefsteak John's still stand where they did. Yet there are moments when the boiled egg at one's own fireside is more tempting than ortolans (if, indeed, such birds exist outside of novels) at another's table. Lady Angela, standing at the drawingroom windows to watch the departure of the tenth reptile, and realising that the fierce joy she felt in the fact that it was raining. cats and dogs upon the wretched woman betokened the gradual sapping of all gentleness and kindness in her own nature, turned in revolt to the writing-table, and extracting some cable blanks, penned a despairing cry for help-for a servant if you dislike the good American word "help"-to a cousin in Paris. There at once a chef was found and started on his seasick way to New York, where upon a bright May morning he should have disembarked, and been within the hour turning an omelette in Washington Square.

Not until early the next day, however, did word come to Mr. Austin that Monsieur André Juillot was detained by the immigration authorities at Ellis Island, upon some technical objection to his being a "contract labourer." At such moments as these patriotism is apt to flag. Charles Edward, sending the communication to Lady Angela from his dressing-room, feared its effect upon an English wife. At breakfast, it seemed to him, there was an ostentatiously British

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undulation in her hair, and a trans-Atlantic aloofness in her cool voice as she asked—

"Are these immigration laws of yours part of—part of the Protective system?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Charles Edward. "To protect American labour."

"To protect American servants?" she inquired insinuatingly.

" Yes."

"Doesn't that seem a little imaginative ?"

"Because there aren't any to protect?" interrupted her husband.

Lady Angela, thus forestalled, smiled and was ready to turn cheerfully to the problem of rescuing her *chef*.

Charles Edward, his spirits rising as he drank his tea, produced impromptu a fullgrown theory of how it was to be done. Such things as telephones, telegraphs, and even posts, he announced, destroyed the picturesqueness of modern life. Enough things happened, one even caused enough things to happen, but at the interesting moment one was always at the wrong end of an electric wire, never "Johnny on the spot" watching events. This meant, to be specific, that since on this fair morning of the thirtieth of May, the sun shone, the sky was blue, and they loved each other, he and Lady Angela should themselves go to Ellis Island, interview the necessary officials, and secure the very necessary cook.

All this they did. But the reader may now forget Ellis Island and Monsieur André Juillot-unless, indeed, he happen to be asked to eat a dinner of his cooking, which is not easily forgotten. There is small need to vex oneself with the intricacies of the contract labour law. If they had applied to her chef, which is doubtful, Lady Angela would have succeeded somehow in driving a coach and four through them, that is certain. She returned to New York, bringing in triumph with her, not only Monsieur André, but an agreeable blue-eyed young official acquired upon the expedition, who was obviously making a mere excuse of business in town to accompany the visitors to Battery Park. At the landing, Thomas, the Austins' second man, was charged with the international amenity of conducting his confrère up-town. All this had to be told to explain why on this splendid sparkling spring morning the Austins and Mr. Lloyd McClanahan (by this time discovered to be a college chum of a cousin of Charles Edward's) stood idly a few steps up the staircase leading to the Elevated station, warming themselves in the sun and surveying affairs below.

To anyone with an eye half sympathetic there is matter for both laughter and tears every day in that little green park by the waterside upon which the poor alien first sets a rather timorous foot. What high hopes for the future, what fierce desires to forget the squalors and sorrows of the past, one might read upon the immigrants' faces, were not everything for the moment swallowed up in childish bewilderment and wonder at the new world ! On the Battery there is a kind of halt before the battle. Along the sunny sides of the hoardings behind which they build the subway, one can catch a moment's rest before facing America, which seems to guard against nearer approach with threatening phalanxes of mountainous build-Here some are met by friends, by ings. children, by parents, by lovers, already initiate into the mysteries of this western land. Some in a warm corner await the cold mercies of the *padrone*, who will send them to every corner of the republic, to those rougher labours, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water-railways and sewers, to be precise—which the children of America themselves despise. Some, more individualistic, whose ambitions rise high, and who will probably end blacking boots, linger a moment by their less courageous companions, before they start to carve out their own careers.

There are quick changes of nationality there. This day was an Italian day, and the scene upon which our party of three was looking might have been somewhere along the quays at Naples, when the sun tempts forth even the most industrious to idle in its warmth. Women with bright kerchiefs on their heads sat with their children guarding amusingly miscellaneous heaps of Men, freed from such cares, luggage. gathered in groups near by, or occasionally, the truly adventurous, wandered as far as the new Aquarium in Castle Garden, where, place where their predecessors in the disembarked, the immigrants of to-day may see the marvels of that deep over which they have just safely come.

Both Charles Edward and Lady Angela were lovers of Italy, and memories of the peasantry of the coasts of Sicily and the hilltowns of Tuscany and Umbria made them watch with affectionate interest these wanderers away from that enchanted land. No one who has once felt its magic can himself see how its children can approach any foreign shore whatever without an overpowering



"At breakfast there was an ostentatiously British undulation in her hair."

sense that beauty and delight are now lost for ever. Yet the dull, low reaches of Long Island and the highlands of New Jersey are often for them, we know, the coasts of the Promised Land.

"What do they think? What do they expect?" mused Lady Angela.

"Who should know better than you, my dear Angela?" was Charles Edward's quick retort. "My wife is, as you know," he explained to Mr. McClanahan, "a foreigner, and was herself an immigrant to this country only a few years ago."

"Oh, yes," said the young woman in

question; "but, you see, I didn't come till after I was married to an American. I knew the worst already. These poor creatures, what do they expect to find?"

"All they want in the world; all they didn't have back there. Isn't that it, Mr. McClanahan?"

"Not quite, nowadays, Mr. Austin," was the answer. "Too many have gone back to visit the old country. They know nowadays that there are other streets in New York besides 'Easy Street.""

"Easy Street'!" exclaimed Charles Edward. "Why, there was a time, I'm sure, when they were so ignorant that they expected to find the streets paved with gold like—there was another city somewhere, wasn't there, whose streets were like that?"

"For shame, Charles Edward !" protested his wife. "I was *made* to read about it when I was a child. But were they really like that ? It's pathetic."

"There certainly was a time when they expected to find somebody at the landing to offer them *una bella jobba*—that's what an Americanised dago I know called his place. They expected, really they almost did, to find money in the streets."

"They thought they were coming to an ideal America." Charles Edward was suddenly seized with a kind of enthusiasm which led him to take up and complete the picture. "Their America was the sort of thing that perhaps its founders dreamed of—a refuge for the oppressed of all nations, where there was liberty, a roof-tree, and a kettle stewing on the hearth for all, where men were brothers, and each man's hand was stretched out in welcome to the new-comer to comfort and to aid."

"Why," said Lady Angela softly, "that would be like heaven, wouldn't it?"

"I don't believe it's blasphemous," replied her husband, "to say that it would. In heaven there aren't trusts, I suppose, nor the poor, nor the unemployed; and I expect when you go there, even if you're an ignorant Italian, you don't sit on the sidewalk with your back to a board fence, even though the sun is shining, and get no more welcome than America seems to be giving these people here."

Mr. McClanahan looked at Mr. Austin as if surprised to find him sentimentalising thus. Lady Angela, fumbling with her purse, managed to get it open. She regarded it rather ruefully.

"I can't pave even a square inch with gold," she said, smiling regretfully, "but I suppose silver is fairly nice."

She leaned over the railing and waved a hand. Below, a tiny child—the smallest living one, surely, so Charles Edward said toddled along in a little promenade away from its mother, who sat near by on the kerb. It was attired in a kind of magenta, and exquisitely surmounted by a black velvet cap covered with a design in jet beads—a child could not have been better, scarcely more richly dressed.

"Ecco, signora !" called out Lady Angela, as she tossed down a coin, "ecco qualche cosa per il bambino." "You speak Italian?" asked Mr. McClanahan in surprise.

"Both of us, a little."

"You wouldn't take a position down at the Island, I suppose ?"

"I don't believe you need me there," was her reply. "Everything seems done so thoroughly. I think I'm more useful welcoming them here. Giving them what they expect," she added, dropping a fresh shower upon the heads of the small group of children which she had by this time collected.

"What they like," corrected the young official. "But isn't it better," he went on, "that they shouldn't be disappointed ?"

"It's better to have loved and lost——" began Charles Edward.

"—Than never to have lost at all." Lady Angela completed the proverb for him. "Oh, I should like to think that there was someone coming in with the next boatload from your Island who had been happy thinking and expecting all these charming things. Aren't there any deluded creatures still, Mr. McClanahan ?"

"Well, perhaps occasionally," admitted the official. "This morning, in fact." Lady Angela clasped her hands very prettily in expectation, and he went on.

"He's twenty-two, about, and she's seven-Lately arrived, I should say. She teen. was crying, and he was comforting her. Homesick, he said she was. Frightened, too, probably. To encourage her, he described America. I overheard part of it. The Americans loved to have the Italians come: they welcomed them, they—well, I'm bound to say it sounded a good deal like your husband's fancy picture. He knew, for he had been sent once with a load of hay to a village where there was a man who had come back from America and never worked again, like a signore. Oh, they would be signori, too, my young man told her. She should wear a hat."

"A hat!" exclaimed Lady Angela. "I know in Italy you can't say more than that. Oh, there, a boat has just landed! If those poor darlings are aboard, show them to me!" They watched a moment or so.

"There—no—yes!" cried Mr. McClanahan

at last. "There are my two." "Poor dears!" said Lady Angela. "There's no brass band, nor anyone to offer them the freedom of the city on a silver dish. And she has still no hat."

With an air of decision Mr. Austin stepped quickly behind his wife, with some dexterity extracted the pins which secured her head-

gear, and lifted it lightly off. Lady Angela shrieked, with no apparent regard for decorum.

"Charles Edward, that's my hat!"

"I paid for it."

"Certainly not-the bill hasn't come in vet."

"Then," said Charles Edward, "possession is nine points of the law."

So it proved to be, for Lady Angela snatched the hat, and in a burst of laughter rushed down the steps. Charles Edward bounded in pursuit.

"Angela," he pleaded, "don't make a scene."

"I have already," was her laughing answer.

" Don't make a fool of me."

"God who made you-" she began.

"The honour of America is at stake," he urged.

"I know it is," was her answer. "And I know perfectly well what to do with my hat. I always hated the thing, anyway," she re-marked parenthetically to Mr. McClanahan, who had by this time partially recovered his senses and stood by their side.

"The hat? Why, it was charming."

"You ought to see me in a really nice one. I-oh, there come our people. We're off, Mr. McClanahan !" she cried; " and I don't advise you to follow, for we are going to be very confusing, I foresee. But come to Sherry's to-night and dine, can't you, and hear the end of it? Early-say seven, and we'll do a play."

She left her official friend standing in bewilderment and gasping out an acceptance. Charles Edward went by her side.

"My angel, my love !" he said, "may I at least make the presentation speech?"

" Oh, yes."

"And Angela, we've no engagement to-day, have we?"

"None that we couldn't break."

"Then," was the triumphant announcement, "I think for once we might welcome visitors to Eldorado as it should be done."

He advanced a few steps further.

"Signori," he began, addressing the strangers, "you are Italians, I believe."

They looked blank, then bobbed their heads. "And new-comers, too, I see. I am an

American, and I am glad to welcome you."

A hand stretched forth did something to reassure them, a smile only to be described by their own Italian word *simpatico* did more. A smile, *simpaticissimo*, broke at last upon their dark faces, irradiating them as only Italian smiles can.

"How are you ?" asked Giovanni Sarto-John Taylor, if you like translations-putting out a warm, brown paw.

"Most well," replied Carlo Edoardo-to return the compliment. "Is that the wife?"

Annunziata-alas that we lack the English for it !----blushed. Evidently it had only been since a little while.

"That's mine." Charles Edward waved a hand towards Lady Angela. "She's a forestiera, too. She came over on a steamer like you only about a year ago." "Ma che!" said Annunziata in surprise.

"And now," went on the forestiera's husband, "now it would be said that she was a lady, a signora."

"Altro!" It would," assented the Italian woman. Nothing like this costume had ever been seen in the tiny hill-top village of Torre San Severino, even when on a fine Sunday morning the Signora Contessa drove to Mass. Yet, ignorant peasant girl though she was, Annunziata felt instinctive feminine competence to appraise the stranger's garments at their true value.

"All dress themselves so here," asserted Lady Angela, lying-and she knew it-easily and gracefully. "You will soon have clothes and a hat like this. Meanwhile, you must take mine. I've plenty more at home." This last, at least, was true.

Annunziata balanced the article, a whole garden of violets, upon her hands, and looked in her bewilderment at the equally confused Giovanni.

"To-day is a *festa*," explained Charles Edward with an easy air, "and because we are so happy here, we Americans come down to welcome the newly arrived and to make them Americans from the beginning. Oh, put on your hat," he urged-" there are so many, oh, so many like it in America."

"Not at all," protested Lady Angela in English; "it's a Virot model, and they promised never to copy it."

She lifted the flowery thing and placed it on the girl's smooth head.

"Look," she said in Italian, "how pretty she is ! "

"Altro !" said John Taylor. "She is." And this was true.

"Now she is like any signora of New York."

" Altro," said Annunziata, "I am." It was not quite true, but one can forgive her for thinking so.

"Now," asked Charles Edward briskly, "what else can be done for you? What do you want?"

"Well," said Giovanni slowly, with that real Italian practicality which is mixed with their most agreeable idealism, "I want a job."

Lady Angela smiled. Was the only result to be two new and totally inefficient servants to balance the flawless *chef*? But Charles Edward was not to be brought to earth thus early in his flight.

"Job !" he exclaimed. "Jobs are to had here as many as the leaves on the trees. We will think of this to-morrow, when we have eaten, drunk, slept, and drunk again."

"Is there wine here?" asked Giovanni in some surprise.

"Of all countries." Charles Edward's gesture seemed to embrace the vineyards of the world.

Annunziata jogged her husband's elbow, and pointed to the green carpetbag and the two handkerchiefs which contained all their worldly goods.

"A room," she said.

"Are there rooms?" asked Giovanni innocently.

"As many as in the palace of the Holy Father at Rome."

"Surely you're not taking them to the Waldorf-Astoria?" Lady Angela spoke in English.

"You would honour me," said Charles Edward promptly, "if you would occupy a room at my house."

Giovanni's smile scarcely faded, but a look of craft and comprehension stole into

his face. In his pocket he seemed furtively to estimate the size of his small hoard of dollars. Then he went straight to the point.

"How much?"

"Ma che!" protested Charles Edward. "Would I take money from you? This is America! Any American would do the same for you."

(There is no need to keep tally of our

hero's lies, truth had long since been abandoned.)

Giovanni was almost persuaded ; Annunziata already in a kind of a waking dream, one hand on her husband's arm.

"Oh, che bel paese!" she murmured. "What a lovely land !"

Lady Angela's eyes too were filled with the



"The coasts of the Promised Land."

vision of a strange and friendly America standing with arms outstretched to every weary pilgrim. In her defence, if defence be needed, it must be admitted that neither she nor Charles Edward had ever quite grown up. They were very children for playing games, and no one could play them better. As for believing, they could believe more easily than not. So now, Lady Angela, for one moment of exaltation, seemed to herself to be doing the natural and obvious thing in helping to make real, if only for one day, a poor Italian's dream.

Then she suddenly became aware that they were being a good deal stared at. She noticed a man with piercing eyes fastened rather disagreeably upon her saunter towards them with studied carelessness, buttoning his coat with a surreptitious air as he strolled by. In an instant she wanted to be on the wing. "Avanti!" she cried. "Forward!"

"Avanti!" she cried. "Forward!" The motor which had been waiting for them approached. The Austins' English coachman was an accomplished person. He could turn chauffeur and he could conceal any surprise he felt at his employers' actions. (It helped him, doubtless, to remember that Lady Angela was the daughter of a hundred earls, and in this land of the barbarians could do no wrong.) He gravely waited for the party to install itself, and then, as if it were all quite the usual thing, bowled up past brown old Trinity along the main highroad of Eldorado.

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Everyone knows-or, at any rate, says he knows—that the last of May is absurdly late to be in town, and that a holiday in New York is always intolerable. But many people, even in the sacred ranks of Fashion, behave as if they thought otherwise. Perhaps Sherry's was not quite so crowded as usual for lunch that day (a stranger to the head-waiter might very conceivably have got a decent table without tipping that gentleman more than a dollar or two.) But there were plenty of people, even a fair supply of the much-advertised newspaper celebrities. For example, the Franklyn Deans were lunching, and they are usually in every Sunday supplement. Mrs. Dean represented the Denver element in New York Society at this period, though, to be strictly accurate, she was not quite in. Two years before, she had come East, finding no further scope for ambition in the Rockies. She was certainly sufficiently known there, she said. (Certainly, agreed some other Denver ladies, a little spitefully.) In Manhattan she still stood outside the gates, but she carried on a considerable conversation over the walls, and a party of the blessed was unquestionably agitating for her admission. She continued, however, to turn upon the truly smart an appealing eye, and her husband, used to the symptoms, knew, as he saw her stiffen for action, that some of the Four Hundred must be about to pass through the hall on their royal way to lunch.

"It's the Austins," came from her in low and thrilling tones, as she caught sight of Lady Angela in the vestibule.

Mr. Dean turned upon his wife an amused though affectionate look.

"Well, what'll she do, Peggy?"

"Oh, she will bow and smile very politely. She always does. I suppose that is what she calls being a lady. But that English manner of hers holds you off ten rods."

"Well, get close. To-night's the night. Not much doing, holidays. They will probably jump at the chance of going down the bay on the yacht for dinner."

"You heard what she said to Freddie Morrison about me, didn't you? That, of course, being an Englishwoman, she was naturally more democratic than any American, but even she had to draw the line somewhere."

"Oh, she can go to-beg pardon, Peggy. Morrison is a cad, anyhow."

"Yes, he is," assented Mrs. Dean cheerfully. "But she's the real thing. Oh, I know that all right, all right. I wish to gracious they would come! I've got the Sturtevants, but no one to meet them who's in their set. And they'll expect it. The snobs!" she added meditatively.

Lady Angela's speech on entering would scarcely have encouraged Mrs. Dean.

"Nothing very particular in the way of smartness to show our new friends."

"Surely," objected her husband, "Mrs. Dean—at least from a distance, in those rich clothes, and positively encrusted with jewels. As if we hadn't with us living examples of how clothes make the man."

"And the woman, too," added Lady Angela.

As she spoke, the living examples followed them into the hall. It is not too much to say that no one in Torre San Severino would have recognised them. On the way up-town, by great good luck, since it was a holiday, they found a haberdasher's in Madison Square open, and a shop in Fifth Avenue where they keep women's things ready to put on. Lady Angela secured a hat, and her Italian friends almost everything from the skin up. (The rules at Ellis Island as to bathing happily made it unnecessary to go further.) No money passed. Charles Edward explained, not that the proprietors were already known to him, but merely that they were Americans, and would naturally wish to fit out new-comers to their land. Under the circumstances it was difficult to restrain Giovanni's too opulent fancy. He longed to find some way of wearing at least three gay cravats. But tact did wonders, and he emerged admirably dressed. Even at Torre San Severino he had been something of a swell, with a way all his own of knotting his striped cotton scarf around his waist. To do him justice now, American ladies abroad constantly hunt down Italian counts and barons of considerably less charming appearance than his. Annunziata had not quite that requisite air, yet she was pretty, and the clothes themselves unimpeachable.

"Foreigners, I should say," mused Mrs. Dean. "The woman hasn't got much style, but that hat is a Virot model, or I'll eat it."

"There," said Lady Angela, with an air of relief, "I've bowed to Mrs. Dean. I do wish she weren't so common. She is so pathetically anxious to get on that I'd almost like to help her. And really she is not much more than four or five times worse than the others."

"That charming Mrs. Dean!" exclaimed Charles Edward, to his wife's astonishment. "Well, I mean to help her." And without another word he started across the room.

The lady under discussion fairly irradiated joy as our young hero approached her, and never before had she found his manners and conversation so altogether graceful and pleasing. He was enthusiastic over the pleasures of a holiday in town, and delighted with their clever idea of dinner on the yacht.

"I wonder whether you——" she began. Then with more constraint in her air : " How is Lady Angela ? " she asked. "Going strong. Come over and see her,

"Going strong. Come over and see her, won't you? Besides, I should like so much to introduce you to some charming Italian friends of ours who have just arrived. We want them to know the right sort of people and to like America. Do come, dear Mrs. Dean."

"But we can't speak *spaghetti*," objected Mr. Dean.

"So much the better—I mean, that doesn't matter."

"I only know the words to one or two of Tosti's songs I used to sing," ventured Mrs. Dean, "but I've got no idea of what they mean."

"They're rather sentimental, aren't they?" suggested Charles Edward. "Well, of course, Mrs. Dean, if you dare venture on them with a handsome young Italian——"

The lady looked a little conscious as they crossed the room. Lady Angela looked agreeable enough; Charles Edward, a kind of sympathetic barometer, knew that within her spirits fell. But he counted, and not in vain, upon the effect of his next move in the game.

"Dear Mrs. Dean," he said with a twinkling eye, "I want you to know the Count and Countess of Torre San Severino, and I want you to be good to them."

Certainly Mrs. Dean smiled pleasantly upon the Countess. One does not wish to misjudge her, but subsequent events lend colour to the belief that she let her hand linger for a moment in the Count's with a tender pressure. Mr. Austin had wished her to be good to them; besides, the social climber must "study to please " always, and no American, however narrow his acquaintance with the world may be, can fail to know the abandoned character of foreign noblemen, and what would naturally please them.

Lady Angela was brightening visibly.

"Such charming people, Mrs. Dean," she said. "We expect them to be much more popular here than any such people have ever been before."

"But one meets so few Italians here, doesn't one?"

"Yes," replied Lady Angela meditatively. "Yet a good many come. Were you ever down at Ellis Island?"

"No," laughed Mrs. Dean. "Those dirty immigrants ! I hate them. Where did you know these nice people ?"

"Oh," said Lady Angela. "We met them in the oddest way, when they were travelling. But I think one can always tell the right sort of people at once, don't you, Mrs. Dean?"

"Certainly, you can see in a moment what an air the Count has."

Giovanni had the same air with which he had worn the striped cotton sash in his hill-top village. But in neither place had it failed to appeal to women.

"Because it's a *festa*," Charles Edward was explaining under cover of Italian, "we shall all call you Count and Countess. It is a *complimento Americano*. But they do not displease you, these American compliments?"

Manifestly they did not.

"We are lunching in the side room," announced the host of the larger party. "But won't you come in to us for coffee afterwards?"

"Suppose they didn't want to be seen with us in the big room," sniffed Mrs. Dean as they walked away.

"Body of Bacchus!" explained Charles Edward to Lady Angela, "you didn't



"' Now she is like any signora of New York."

suppose I was going to let anybody see how they ate?"

* * *

"Then you don't think-----" urged Mrs. Dean after coffee.

"We really couldn't dine to-night." Lady Angela smiled sweetly, but she was obviously engaged in the process already mentioned, of drawing the line somewhere.

"That is, Angela and I couldn't," said her

husband in more mollifying and polite tones.

"Would the Count and Countess, then -----?"

"Oh, they would love it!" Charles Edward was emphatic on this point. It appeared that the Sturtevants were sure to love it, too. And it is to be noted that before they left, Mrs. Dean excused herself long enough to telephone to the Delareagh-Joneses. They would love it, too, Peggy whispered to her husband—they were crazy about foreigners and titles, and, though they had never before dined with the Deans, would be sure to snap at the bait now offered.

"And can't we do something during the afternoon?" asked Mrs. Dean enthusiastically. "Motor up to Clairmont for tea?"

"Ör for something else?" amended her husband. He was not yet quite broken to the customs of the East.

"These Americans wish to take you in the *vettura automobile* and then on their ship," explained Charles Edward. "They offer you two more meals to-day. And all Americans are like that."

Giovanni loosened his belt with real Italian rapture at the thought of food, and exclaimed, as his wife had done before : "Oh, che bel paese !—what a lovely land !"

The start was merry, and no one noticed that Lady Angela was nervous and constrained. No one but she observed lounging outside the entrance of the restaurant the rather sinister-looking person whom she had already seen in Battery Park. She said nothing, but jumped lightly into the motor. Casting a backward glance, she saw the stranger hurriedly enter a motor-cab, and later, when everyone was enjoying tea, she was almost terrified to see the pale-faced man drinking beer in a secluded corner from which he seemed to watch them. But she distrusted her own fears as weak and womanish, and tried to forget them in the gaieties of the afternoon.

So far their bewilderment had helped to turn Giovanni's and Annunziata's manners into something reasonable. And the reader must remember before he judges the Deans to have been fools, that the false Count and Countess were faultlessly attired, that aristocrats are everywhere allowed eccentricities, and that the Latin races are understood to be unaffected and mercurial. There was tea, and, at Frank Dean's suggestion, the Count of Torre San Severino tasted another of those vintages of the world which Charles Edward had earlier announced, the light wine of Scotland. A wee nippy only, one hastens to add, yet it enlivened him, no doubt, and perhaps rendered him more susceptible to the charms of the fair sex. He was but lately married, and he loved his wife. Still, human nature is very abandoned, Mrs. Dean was very handsome, and although she indignantly denied it later, it is possible that she had ventured upon the quotations from Tosti in an endeavour to make conversation with the distinguished visitor.

Those who are familiar with the mellifluous and impassioned phrases in question may judge for themselves whether it natural that Giovanni should seize the first opportunity to stroll away from the party with Mrs. Dean. As to the lady herself, we must not heed what rival ladies might say. She was occupied with her social career, and she knew what New York women were: it was not for her to lose the opportunity of attaching a visitor so evidently to be the success of the coming Newport season. As to the Countess, she found the tea nasty and the waist of her new gown too tight. No one quoted Tosti to She was tired and she was bewildered her. still. But in this confused new world, there was one thing she could understand, the situation created by Giovanni's behaviour. There were no motors in Torre San Severino, no sky-scrapers, no Sherry's, no Clairmont, but there were flighty husbands and wives of spirit. Annunziata bit her trembling lip and looked, first at the signori who had seemed to be her friends, and then over the broad rolling flood of the Hudson. Charles Edward was the first who saw that tears stood in her eyes. In an instant he was at her side.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"That woman." Annunziata went straight to the point.

"She is trying to be *simpatica*."

"She is too sympathetic." The Countess spoke bluntly, then she turned upon her companion with an inquiry. "Are all Americans like that?"

"Yes-no-yes, of course."

"Oh, che paese?" cried Annunziata, forgetting her usual adjective. "What a land ! Your wife, too?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Charles Edward, gasping a little at this. "Come, let us join them," he went on quickly; "there's nothing wrong, you know."

In a way, he was right. There was nothing absolutely wrong in Giovanni's holding Mrs. Dean's bejewelled hand in his. Yet Annunziata's eye flashed. Charles Edward caught her by the arm.

"I'll go and fetch them," he said sharply. Go back to the others."

The habit of obedience was old in her; she turned. Charles Edward went forward to the culprits. Perhaps he felt then it was not the time to reprove them as they deserved. His reprimand to the lady only made her blush with pleasure, while his remark to the Count was perfectly unmoral.

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"Chi va piano va sano," he said. "Slow but sure is the way. Your wife saw you."

He hurried them back, and on the path ahead saw for a moment a curious sight. Annunziata, stumbling along, was accosted by a pale man with sharp eyes. For the briefest period they spoke together, then Charles Edward saw his wife rush forward and take the Countess away.

"Who was it, dear Countess?" he asked,

as he settled the party again in the motor. "Chi lo sa?" was the sullen answer. "Who knows?"

On the way to the yacht at West Fortysecond Street Charles Edward and the abandoned Mrs. Dean occupied one motorlet us hope that they behaved themselves. The arrangement did not arouse Lady Angela's jealousy, and it quieted Annunziata to some extent. But she was still nervous, apprehensive, and distrustful; the

tears trembled under her long lashes. "Ma che Annunziata!" protested Gio-"See vanni, and he kissed her on the cheek. what a life of lords and gentlemen we lead. And you are a *signora* with a hat, a *contessa* ! We are to eat meat twice to-day, drink of the wines of all countries, and sail on a steamer three times as large as the one we came on."

"Don't want to," said Annunziata, turning her head away.

"How little spirit !" Giovanni threw back his head. "Not wish to live where there is no need to work, where these good Americans wish to do all for us !"

Annunziata burst into a flood of tears and, unmindful of motoring etiquette, put her head down in Lady Angela's lap.

"Oh, what does it mean?" she sobbed. "He's lost his head. I understand nothing. This dear hand "-she held Lady Angela's --- "has been kind, but all American hands will not be so. This is a joke, a farce, I know. Oh, cara signora, find us some work ! Giovanni is a good gardener, and I can plough, and prune the trees, and stable the horses. Ma che contessa! I am only a contadina, a country girl."

"Cara," said Lady Angela gently, patting the dark head. "To-morrow we will see to everything. But to-night, why not eat the meat and drink the wine on the big steamer of your friends?"

"Oh, no, no !" wailed the Countess, and then relapsed into silence, drying her eyes as they drew up by the pier where the Vanessa lay.

"We're dreadfully late," said Lady Angela to her husband. "I asked that young man to be at Sherry's at seven. I'll have no time to go home and dress."

That's tiresome." But its tiresomeness was nothing to what followed. Annunziata began to cry again.

"I don't want to go!" she screamed, pulling her hand away from the Count of Torre San Severino, while the Deans' eyes hung out of their heads in amazement.

"Come, Contessa," said Charles Edward soothingly.

"Come, Annunziata," said Lady Angela. "Come, what's this?" said a strange voice in English, "come, what's this?"

By their side stood the pale man of the Battery and Clairmont. Near by was the puffing motor in which he had pursued them southwards. He unbuttoned his coat and displayed a flashing star.

"It's about time I called a halt on this game, I think," he said. "Do you think that the United States Government doesn't keep any watch at all on immigrants?"

"Immigrants !" exclaimed Mrs. Dean. "These are the Count and Countess of Torre San Severino."

"Count and Countess of McDougal Street," retorted the stranger. "They are third-class passengers off the Sardegna. Now, I don't know just what your game is, but if you think that young women in my charge are going to be abducted on to swell steam-yachts by flash people like you-"

"I have always told you, Angela," interrupted Charles Edward, "that you cannot be too careful as to your dress. In America the tastes and customs of the British aristocracy are, as you see, considered----"

"Yes, abduction is what I call it. You don't pretend the woman wants to go with you.'

"Well, I m sure I don't want her !" snapped Mrs. Dean.

" It was a joke," explained Charles Edward.

"Oh, this American lack of a sense of humour," commented Lady Angela.

The detective turned angrily on her. "Don't try to make a fool of me !"

"God who made you-" she began sweetly.

"You had better come along and explain things at headquarters."

Mr. Dean whispered a name into the detective's ear.

" Oh ! " was his sarcastic comment. "Well, I'm the Czar of Russia and the Duke of Tenth Avenue. So her Ladyship can come along."

Charles Edward produced a card and

started to explain. He feared by this time they would be too late for dinner. His wife turned to the Deans.

"Well, the laugh's on me, I guess," said that lady, wavering between vexation and good nature.

"Me, I should say," objected the Englishwoman, "since I've to go with the policeman. They really are only immigrants," she went on, "but we meant to give them a happy day. The joke wasn't planned especially on you, Mrs. Dean—just on any fashionable people we knew well enough and should chance to meet at Sherry's."

"This may be a good joke," the detective was saying. "You say it is. But this Italian woman was refusing to go aboard and was crying. So you'll please all come."

was crying. So you'll please all come." "We should just love to," Lady Angela broke in, "and we'll all dine at the police-What time do you dine there? station. But you must do me one personal favour first." Lady Angela's famous smile was Lady Angela's famous smile was never more enchanting than at that moment. "Get that policeman and take us all over to the drug store on the corner. I want you to telephone to Sherry's and explain to Mr. Lloyd McClanahan—of the Ellis Island service, you know. He was to be our guest at dinner, and he knows all about this. He'll want some explanation. Oh, I did not mean especially of your mistake, though, of course, he will have that investigated later; I meant of our failure to come."

As the reader may guess, this was the way out, although Mr. McClanahan had to come over, and dinner was delayed.

"It was a good joke," said Mrs. Dean. "But do you think we could play it on the Delareagh-Joneses?" "Well, perhaps they speak Italian," replied Lady Angela. "Besides, I'm sure they're not so good-natured as you are, Mrs. Dean."

"No, they're not," confessed Mrs. Dean bluntly. "That's the trouble. I only got them, I know, because I had this Count and Countess. They're crazy about foreigners and titles, and they will be furious now."

"Oh, I'm sure not," protested Lady Angela. Then she hesitated just the fraction of a second. "I don't believe I've met them yet. I wonder," she went on meditatively, "if you would let us change our minds and come to dinner. I shall have to bring Mr. McClanahan along—he was the reason we couldn't come—but you'll like him."

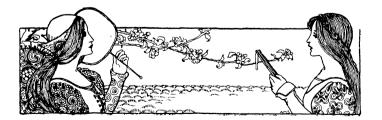
The new line was drawn very gracefully, and that day is historic in the history of the Deans.

"The *festa* is over," Charles Edward was saying to Giovanni and Annunziata. "You've heard of the carnival at Naples, haven't you? Well, to-day has been like that. Not all Americans will behave as we have to-day. It is a good country and kind, but one has to work. This gentleman with a badge will bring you to see me to-morrow. I have a garden up in the Berkshire Hills where you can plough and prune the trees and become *contadini Americani*. You shall have meat every day, and Annunziata shall wear a hat, like a *signora*."

So it came about that in the end Annunziata, even more deeply moved than before, murmured—

" Oh, che bel paese! — what a lovely land!"

And this was largely, one must admit, because the land held Lady Angela and Charles Edward.





"The whale was literally hauled down."

A TIGER OF THE SEA.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER.

THE angler held a polished vibrant nobiwood rod with a grip of iron, but the line dangled listlessly in the wind. It had come whizzing at him with the coils of a snake a second before, and his face had perceptibly whitened beneath the coat of tan that one takes on along the Kuroshiwo in California.

"Did you see it, Jack?" he asked the boatman and gaffer, who had jerked the lever of the little launch and was sending her inshore at the top of her speed.

"Did I, sir? I think I did. You're the first gentleman ever played a killer."

"I don't know about playing," replied the angler. "I only hooked him, and he went into the air."

"Yes, sir," answered the gaffer; "but he was hooked all right, and it was the old one that ran under the line.

"Did you see that fin, sir? Five foot, if an inch, and the light lavender half circle on its back?"

"Suppose I had caught it, and I think I

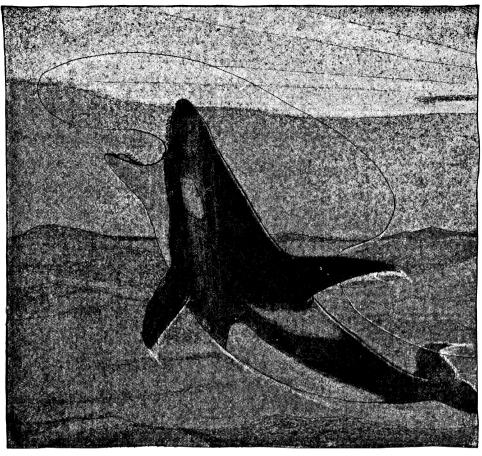
could have played it; it was not over six feet in length, not longer than a big tuna."

"Why, the dam would have bitten the launch in two; she could do it, sir. She was thirty feet long, and had teeth like spikes."

The angler laughed.

The boatmen around the channel islands of Southern California have a pronounced respect for the "killer"-the small-toothed whale that frequents these waters the year round. The angler had been trolling with a small sardine for the amber fish, and a school of killers or orcas had quietly come up, the infant of the school had seized the bait, been hooked, and sprang into the air, showing its entire length. As the tail knifelike dorsal fins of the old whales pierced the water everywhere, showing that they were excited, the boatman stood not on the order of going, but immediately put in towards shore. Not that he was a coward—far from it; he knew the possible danger when a young whale has been attacked and the adult animal can find the cause. The adult grey whale has been known to follow a boat so far inshore that she beached herself in

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frantic endeavours to reach the human despoiler, and many a lonely grave in the sands of Lower California might have had as its epitaph : "Killed by a revengeful whale."

Few animals known to man possess the savage and murderous nature of the small, whale-like animals known as killers or orcas. They pass under various names as black fish, killer, orca, kill fish, sea tiger, and deserve all the titles. The shark may be a maneater; is a sodden, blood-lustful brute, a scavenger of the seas, a midnight prowler seeking devious paths to accomplish its ends; but the killer charges the largest of all animals, the whale, and the story of its life is one of relentless carnage.

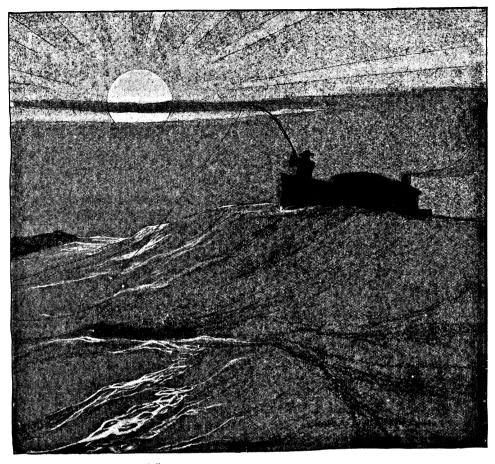
Whole kingdoms fell To sate the lust of power; more horrid still The foulest stain and scandal of our nature Became its boast: "One murder made a villain, Millions, a hero."

Lines which might well apply to the orca in its raids upon the animal life.

"The sea tiger sprang into the

For a number of years the writer has watched the movements of a school of orcas in the Santa Catalina Channel, one of which was hooked by an angler in the manner described. They are present the entire year presumably, but are more common in the summer months, sailing up and down, having a rendezvous off what is known as the tuna fishing-grounds, a range of five or six miles in extent, from Long Point on the island of Santa Catalina to the sea-lion rookery on the south end. The reason for this is obvious. as the savoury tuna is a tit-bit, a bonne bouche for the orca, and doubtless the greatest of all fishes often falls a victim to its rapacity. Then, too, the sulphur-bottom whale frequents the Santa Catalina Channel, numbers being seen at every crossing, as well as the grey whale, each of which is at times a victim to the fury and rapacity of these smaller but toothed cannibal whales.

Such an attack was witnessed several years



air, showing its entire length."

ago off the Bay of Avalon. The channel was as smooth as a disc of steel, and of that blue that seems a reflection of the sky. Suddenly, not far from the rocky cliffs of the islands, a large whalebone whale shot into the air, flung itself out of the water, returning with a mighty crash, so near a boat that the occupant saw the details of what was apparently a tragedy. As the monster rose, clinging to its head were seen several black and white creatures, which appeared to be fastened to it, and the leap of the whale to shake them off. The whale evidently sounded and came out of the water a moment later like a catapult, swinging its tail about and around with relentless fury, striking blows that would have wrecked a large vessel at contact.

The whale, which was sixty or more feet in length, was attacked by these hounds of the sea, the orca or killer; they had seized it by its huge lips and were clinging with all the ferocity of a pack of bulldogs. In vain did the giant swing its deadly tail. The nimble foes leaped over it, avoiding it with ease, directing their attacks at its most vulnerable point — the throat, lips, and tongue.

Impelled by the fascination of this duel of sea monsters, the observers drew nearer and watched what was in all probability one of the most remarkable sea fights ever witnessed by man at so close a range. Thev were so near that the blood of the whale changed the water about them from turquoise blue to encardine; and the waves created by the leaping and rushing of the ponderous body made their boat rise and fall as though on a heavy sea. The orcas tore the wide, lid-like lips of the whale, biting great pieces from the tongue, and, crazed with the lust for blood, rent the huge creature until it seemed completely cowed, lying on the surface, making ineffective swings from right to left, rising, then sounding in a fury of indecision and fright.

For nearly half an hour this combat continued, then the whale, apparently exhausted, was literally hauled down and disappeared. The following day the orcas were sailing up and down the channel as though nothing had happened.

As they leaped into the air when attacking the whale, an excellent opportunity was afforded the spectators to observe their beauties, as this tiger of the sea is a most striking and attractive animal. They appeared to be twenty or twenty-five feet in length, the skin a polished jet-black, marblelike surface, devoid of the slightest parasite, smooth and glistening in the sunlight; black above, pure white beneath, a contrast so sharp that when leaping in mid-air and the ventral surface turned towards the observers. they appeared like white whales, while from the opposite side the spectators would have seen a figure of inky blackness. Rising from the smooth back was an enormous dorsal fin that stood out like a great cleaver cutting the waters, a totem by which the orca could be recognised from far away. Beneath the eve was a clear oblong white or lavender spot appearing like a huge, grotesque organ of vision; and as though to emphasise its oddity, the orca had a vivid, pronounced, crescent-shaped saddle of creamy maroon colour just in front of the tail fin and partly encircling it.

I have frequently seen this in contrast with the velvet black of the back, as the big killer swam slowly along with dignified pace always at the surface, its big dorsal like a lateen sail cutting the air. Generally the animals move in a line four or five in succession, the fins resembling diminutive black sails, conspicuous and menacing. Such a school is a family party—a very large male, several females possibly, and two or three young.

These schools may be seen in summer off the island of Santa Catalina, rarely coming in nearer than half a mile, slowly parading up and down in the lee of the island mountains. I have made various attempts to photograph these animals, but with poor success. But once I had favourable conditions and was nearly on top of them, when one of the party became demoralised at their size, and we had to turn back. On another occasion I followed them in a heavy launch and succeeded in reaching a point just over the tail of one; but the big creature did not come up—at least, within a reasonable distance—but for some minutes I looked down upon the animal as the boat's bow cut through the boiling water occasioned by the working of the screw-like tail just beneath me.

There are two orcas well known in the Pacific: Orca ater. with its saddle of maroon. and Orca rectipenna. The latter is the largest and cannot be mistaken, as its dorsal fin is as remarkable in its way as the upper lobe of the tail of the thresher shark. It is often six or seven feet in length, tall, slender, and rigid except at the very top, which occasionally falls over in the air. The long-finned orca claims the northern regions as its hunting-grounds, while the maroon saddle variety is found in warmer latitudes off Southern California, though this is by no means a hard and fast rule. In the North Atlantic is found the orca gladiator, a fierce and relentless creature, and Eschricht is authority for the statement that this amimal, or a specimen twenty feet in length, was seen to kill and eat thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals, the animals being taken from the stomach after capture.

The orcas are very clever and intelligent, a fact illustrated in their method of capturing their prey. They know that the breedingseason of the seals in the North-west is a propitious time for feasting, and assemble promptly and play havoe with both young and old. They even attack animals as large and well-armed as the walrus, and show their cunning by swimming far under the ice-floes, coming up near the walrus herd, butting through the ice with tremendous force, and in the confusion seizing the young which have been lying on the backs of their mothers in fancied security. The jaw of the huge man-eater shark, with its many rows of servated teeth, is a menace, but it does not compare to that of the orca. The head of the latter is extremely powerful, and the heavy jaws are provided with great, tusk-like, ivory teeth, well devised to crush and tear the largest of animals, its method of attack well justifying the title, the "tiger of the sea.

The capture of so vigorous an animal as the orca or killer as a sport would hardly appeal to one familiar with its ways. Off the channel islands of Southern California, where the maroon-saddled killer, as described, is common, it has never attacked anyone, and except on very rare occasions displaying a disagreeable officiousness, demonstrated by following up boats, once chasing a small boat nearly to the rocks, doubtless



"Butting through the ice with tremendous force."

in curiosity, possibly thinking it was some kind of a whale like itself. But the dignified procession of orcas on certain warm days was so attractive and inviting to certain landsmen that they determined to take one, or at least to make the attempt. The party provided themselves with a heavy shark-line five or six hundred feet long, a heavy hook constructed for the purpose, and to the extreme end of the line fastened an iron-bound box. The hook was baited with a thirty-pound amber fish and floated in the pathway of the killers, some ten miles out in the channel. After several days of waiting, a long line of killers came swimming along, and by rare good fortune ran foul of the amber fish and took it. The line was held until it came taut, then four of the fishermen pulled; and that they hooked the huge creature was evident, as it leaped into the air and swung itself so violently that it dropped partly on its side, lashing the water for a few seconds, then sounding. During the brief struggle, the remainder of the school appeared to be intensely excited, darting about as though in search of the cause of attack, then sounding. In a few seconds the line was jerked overboard and the launch plunged ahead, her bow deep in the water, the men going aft to lighten The killer towed them four or five her. miles, then finding it impossible to move the animal or haul it in, or the launch over it, they cast off the line and box. The killer had now reached the deep part of the channel, given by the fishermen as "no bottom," and apparently appreciating this fact, the killer sounded and carried the large white box out of sight. That it exploded under pressure was probable, as it did not come up -at least, was not found-and the big game anglers, who had hooked one of the largest of sea animals capable of being hooked after the fashion of fishes, returned to shore, convinced that a "killer" could not be stopped, at least in this manner.

Killers have been harpooned on the Californian coast, but the oil taken does not justify the danger of the chase. It is not difficult in summer to creep upon them. A large whaleboat was put within ten feet of an orca, the harpooner successfully tossing his weapon into it just back of the saddle. Into the air went the vicious and powerful tail of the orca, just missing the boat, fanning the atmosphere a few seconds, then disappearing with a force and speed that was ominous. The "Starn all !" of the whalers was shouted at the second of impact, and the double-ender shot backward as the harpoon's thud sounded. Like a snake the coil of rope leaped into the air, and the old whalers stared at the rapidity of the movement. It appeared like a nebulous cloud, a phantasm of indistinct, snake-like coils poised for a strike.

This killer evidently assumed a position twenty or thirty feet below the surface, and for some time ran like a racer, coming slowly to the surface to breathe, then to drop and renew the rush from this unseen and terrible enemy that was clinging to its very vitals and could not be shaken off. The killer finally carried them into a heavy sea, where the pace was so fierce and uncompromising that they took everything as it came. No rising over seas here, they hit them strong and full, cut and bored through them, the spray caught by the wind beating against their faces and like spectres of the sea rising from the crests of waves to beat them back. The fishermen lay back on the line and hauled, one dropping off to bale now and then, but despite every effort they could not gain a foot. For some time this sea tiger ran madly through the seas-now on the surface, where the tail fin cut the water like a knife, then plunging down, as though with the demoniac idea of carrying the unseen enemy with it; but being an air-breather, it was forced to the surface to plunge again and again into the heart of the Kuroshiwo.

The sea rising under the strong west wind, the channel was filled with white caps. The orca seemed to gain strength with the contact, and sped on and on until the patience and endurance of the men were about exhausted. The open sea was before them, still, no one said "Cut away!" though it was evident that if the orca were killed, it could not be towed in through such a sea to port, ten miles distant. What could be done? They gave a mighty haul on the steel wirelike rope; the loud chanty was swept away from their lips by the wind, then without warning the tension of the wire relaxed, the game rushed savagely to one side, came up into the air, as though in fear, and fell, a slack line telling of the finish.

Whether the orca had been killed or carried off by a huge shark, or whether a companion had cut the lines, was never known; but many were the views and opinions as the boat fell away before the strong west wind and ran down the channel for the little bay, now hull down, seemingly on the edge of the world.



"GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY." BY FRED MORGAN. Reproduced by permission of Messes. Hildesheimer and Co., Clerkenwell Road, E.C., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate,

The Mystery of Whigham Hall

BY MAY BATEMAN.



I'm a pauper !" concluded Lady Lindsay gaily.

Lindsay gaily. Jim Thorold looked at her steadily for a moment, but said nothing. There are men whose silent promises of help are worth

more than a written agreement. Verbally they commit themselves to nothing, but friend or foe can alike rely upon their unalterable purposes.

However anxious we may be to bear each other's burdens, there are occasions on which, being paupers ourselves, we are useless. I spent the next minute in wondering how I could possibly earn another fifty pounds a year at my journalistic work. . . . Pearl divined the thought and shook her head without a word.

"You might have taken it from me," I said reproachfully. . . . "Only I haven't got it to offer."

The conclusion was lame ; we both laughed. Frail though she was, Pearl Lindsay was of the nature which prefers to win through troubles single-handed. The romantic story of her sudden and unexpected accession to a fortune and a title had electrified the world only two seasons ago. It was now to hear the extent of her no less sensational losses. At the moment, I doubt if any other than the solicitors who had advised her so ill, and we two, had any conception of how matters stood.

"My jewels will be sold next week at Christie's," said Pearl, ticking off the items on her fingers. "They should realise enough to clear all my outstanding debts. Upstairs I have"—she considered gravely—"twentysix pounds two shillings and fourpence three farthings in solid cash. That's something, isn't it? And there are three thousand pounds invested in Consols at two or two and a half per cent., whichever they stand at at present."

"From twenty thousand pounds a year to about as many pence is a drop for even the most courageous," Thorold suggested. Pearl knitted her brows. "I don't know why it doesn't upset me more," she admitted frankly. "It should, I suppose. But it's only a question of doing without, isn't it? Don't people do without every day? And besides—I forget—there's Whigham."

"Whigham Hall, do you mean?" I asked. "An old Elizabethan manor-house with a few hundred acres or so of uncultivated land adjoining. Wasn't there some tragedy there?"

Thorold frowned.

"Never mind what Mr. Thorold—doesn't say !" said Pearl. "Tell me the story. I insist."

"There's not much to tell. Mrs. Monck, the wife of the late owner, was a complete She never left her bed. invalid. There was a hospital nurse in attendance upon her night and day. One day the nurse left her to fetch some missing article. Mrs. Monck was in her customary health. The hour was twelve midday. As she crossed the hall she heard her mistress's bell ring violently, twice in succession. She ran up again as quickly as possible. The other servants, terrified by the prolonged sound of the bell, followed her. When they came to Mrs. Monck's room, they found her lying upon the floor, huddled up and helpless. It looked as though she had been thrown out of bed. But there was nobody else on that side of the house. The clothes were disordered-torn right away from the foot of the bed-but otherwise the room was undisturbed; and the window, which was sixty feet from the ground, was not open."

"She was dead?" asked Pearl breathlessly. "Nearly dead," I said slowly. "There was a look of unaccountable terror on her face hard to explain. The reputation of the house has been ill since that time. Queen Elizabeth once held her Court there, and the villagers boast of having at least one ghost in the neighbourhood. The house was in the market two years ago, and it was said that the owners would let it go for a song."

"I bought it," said Pearl quietly. "My lawyers are renting it from me at the present moment—at a nominal rent, naturally. Nobody else even made me an offer."



""So I'm a pauper!' concluded Lady Lindsay gaily.

Thorold looked up.

"Personally I haven't much faith in the philanthropy of a firm which has already played such havoc with its client's interests. If it is not an impertinent question, may I ask what price you are getting?"

Pearl flushed.

"Twenty pounds a year, I think. They only took it out of kindness, remember."

" Your kindness !" Thorold suggested quietly, rising to say "Good-bye."

II.

To announce that you have lost a considerable part of your fortune is sensibly to diminish the numbers of your callers—to lose it all is almost completely to decimate your visiting-list. The world found a difficulty in reconciling its memories of the most popular heiress of the year with a penniless girl. Many of Pearl's "friends" proceeded to obliterate her image from the social landscape.

Lady Lindsay's good heart saved her from

becoming bitter in the forthcoming days of disillusion. Not all her whilom acquaintances played her false. Some faced the problem of her future not merely with wisdom, but devotion.

Foremost amongst these was Jim Thorold, who suggested that temporarily, at least, Pearl should live at Whigham. To do so would at once aim a death-blow at the ghost myth. The twenty pounds a year which the Hurrams, Pearl's solicitors, paid her as a nominal rent would scarcely provide her with a bed-sittingroom in town. Living was cheap in Mershire -country life suited her. She could furnish three or four rooms in the more modern part of the hall, and live there with her dog and her maid in comparative comfort for a minimum expense. Her lawyers were yearly tenants—there were barely three months of their present tenancy to run; they would of course be willing to meet her half-way under the circumstances. Pearl could fill up the time by paying visits.

But an unexpected element intervened in

the shape of the very force whose existence Thorold denied—the supernatural. About this time the rumours about Whigham Hall became definite instead of illusory. Things were heard, things were seen. Human moans and cries were said to issue from the vicinity of the tower—the deserted wing of the house, seldom entered by the inmates. The mystery of the Hall was the topic of the village inn; brave and rash spirits swore to exploit the Park at night, only to come back primed with fresh tales.

Even Mr. Hurram senior, whose very presence was a guarantee of respectability and good faith, admitted, when pressed, that "things were really beyond explanation."

"I am reluctantly compelled to believe that there are some potent psychic forces engaged," he assured her solemnly. "We are men, and may surely put up with some slight inconvenience for such a client's sake. But the idea of your following your friend's advice, and living at the Hall, fills us with the very gravest apprehension."

"Both members of the firm are equally good to me," said Pearl, recounting the incident. "They have even asked me to stay at Whigham—when next their married sister can act as my chaperon. Then I shall be able to see if I really can stand it."

Jim Thorold's misgivings had impressed me, and I shook my head.

"When you do make up your mind to go, let me come, too," I said. "Mysteries and adventures are part of my stock-in-trade, as you know, and battles with the supernatural have not as yet come in my way."

III.

"L'homme propose : Dieu dispose."

I left Pearl Lindsay at 5.30 p.m. on Thursday evening; at 7 a.m. on the following Saturday morning I stepped out of the train at Moscow.

The "trick of tongues" to which I owe my employment as a journalistic "freelance" has been the cause of many such sudden calls, resulting in more or less interesting—and sometimes rather painful experiences, some of which have, for official reasons, still to be kept secret.

The interest in the missing Prince of the Farnese had hardly died down when attention was transferred to the equally sudden if less notorious disappearance of Miss Fairless. She was a young English governess, singularly friendless and poor, upon whom a stroke of remarkable good luck had fallen. While travelling with her pupils upon the Continent, she met a rich and noble Russian lady who bribed Miss Fairless's former employers heavily in order that the girl might enter her service as companion. Miss Fairless accepted the offer joyfully, and the two ladies travelled largely for three months, when Princess Ozzilitsky suddenly died, leaving her entire fortune, which amounted to some eight hundred thousand pounds of English money, to the girl.

While staying in Moscow, Miss Fairless had met the younger Mr. Hurram and his clerical uncle, and hearing that Mr. Hurram senior was a solicitor, she put her affairs into their hands. Her only surviving relative was a brother—a man suspected by the Foreign Office of being a spy in Russian employ. She had no friends, and had hardly one bowing acquaintance in London, and the Hurrams took her as much under their wing as was possible under the circumstances, finally installing her at Brown's Hotel with a maid.

One morning in May, three weeks before my Russian visit, Miss Fairless drove down to the Hurrams' office to sign some necessary deeds, and mentioned incidentally that she intended going abroad with a friend for a few days. Mr. Hurram, aware of the limitations of her acquaintance, naturally asked the name of her companion; but the lady did not answer, and even appeared to resent the question. From the office in New Square, Miss Fairless went on to the bank, where the cashier in attendance upon her noticed her agitation as he gave her notes in exchange for her cheque of £100-notes which were circulated in London (mostly through Cook's agencies by persons of varying descriptions) that same night.

From the bank, Miss Fairless drove back to Brown's. She left the hotel at 2 p.m. with her maid; the latter was carrying a small black reticule bag, as usual. From that time to the date of her leaving England neither woman had been seen. \mathbf{The} manager of Brown's Hotel, finding that the two did not return, communicated with Miss Fairless's solicitors, as being the lady's only visitors, and the firm advertised in the daily papers and offered large sums for news of the missing girl and her maid, with no result.

The Daily Speed, always anxious to be first in the field with its news, offered to double my usual terms if I would leave England at once and follow up a suspected clue in Russia, giving no hint of my whereabouts.

I went at once, but with little hope of To foil a running my quarry to earth. Russian on his own ground argues a display post-haste to England in hot pursuit of an actor in the Fairless-Ozzilitsky drama whose talents had been hitherto quite unexpected.



"Working partner."

of resource of which I am utterly incapable. But Fate played into my hands. A fragmentary conversation, some inquiries at one or two hotels where Miss Fairless had been staying, started me off on a fresh scent. A servant's gossip did the rest. I returned IV.

REACHED London the T following Tuesday night. My first act on arriving at my flat was to send a district messenger to Pearl. Slight as was the Russian clue, an unconscious word from Pearl might serve to strengthen it.

In my diary I jot down from time to time rough notes on persons who, for some special cause, interest me. Turning the pages of the book, I found a record of a certain dinnerparty of Pearl's where the Hurrams had been guests.

I give the comments as they stood—unpolished.

"Hurram senior.-Tall, strongly built, about sixty. White hair, unctuous manner - restless hands and shifting eyes. Made to be led-probably unreliable."

"Hurram junior. --- Despicable and dissipated."

"The Rev. James Hurram.-Working partner of a firm he has ostensibly no business connection with, I fancy. Haggard face, lantern jaws, very dark. Unusually tall, strong physique, powerful mouth. Salient characteristic, an odd impression of being hump-backed for which I can find no physical cause. He does not even stoop over-much, nor are his shoulders curved. Yet there is an odd, distorted look about a figure which. taken in detail, is moulded unusually powerful on lines."

The clock struck eightthirty. The maid threw open the door and

ushered in Sarah Hurst, Pearl's only servant. V.

"Is anything wrong? Does her Ladyship want me?" I asked quickly.

The woman smiled.

"It's more my fears for her than her fears for herself, miss—not but what I think she was a bit nervous at the last. She isn't in a fit state to battle with anything extra, so to speak—let alone ghosts and ghostesses. While as for travelling, she's never even taken a railway ticket for herself before !"

It is part of our trade to sift the necessary from the unnecessary in a rambling statement.

"She has gone off to Whigham to-day, then-and alone?"

"This very day, miss, by the 5.15 train. I think, miss, that her Ladyship would have been glad enough to have me—but it was a matter of expense. 'We must be economical even when we're rather frightened, Hurst,' she said to me—they were her last words as she got into the cab; and they've haunted me ever since, miss."

"Did any of her friends know she had gone?"

"No one, miss. It was arranged by telegram to-day. Mr. Hurram's married sister had come up unexpectedly, and they thought it was a good opportunity to invite her Ladyship. 'Wait for Miss Howard,' I took the liberty of saying—but her Ladyship was bent on going, and she didn't know where you were."

I took up an "A B C" and looked down the list of trains. My hat and cloak still lay beside me on the sofa.

"Nine-thirty p.m., Liverpool Street—tenthirty, Whigham. One could get a trap at the station, I suppose." I looked at my cash-box—yes, I had plenty of English money. "If you take a hansom home now, Hurst, you'll have time to throw a few things into a bag and meet me in time for the train. We'll have a look at Whigham Hallto-night; and if everything is satisfactory and her Ladyship does not seem to need us, we'll find a lodging somewhere in the village and report ourselves to her to-morrow morning. No, I won't telegraph—it's too late, and, on the whole, I should prefer our arrival to be quite unexpected."

VI.

THE mantle of sleep lay heavily upon the land. The light of a few pale stars pierced its blackness at intervals. As we whirled past sleeping pastures and fields, cloudy with the mystery of the Unseen, the terrors of the night crept close and whispered mockingly.

How the power of the inanimate grips one occasionally ! The entirely healthy-minded and normal do not even recognise it, but we Celts respond in every fibre of our beings to its mute calls—calls which make the desert thrill with the sound of rushing waters and companion the solitary watcher of a distant outpost with a million vital memories and desires.

Our train was an express. Every now and then the scarlet sparks, sweeping swiftly past our window in units, mixed momentarily and merged into a single flame. The shriek of the engine rang in the stillness of the sleeping world like a human cry of warning and of peril.

At Archbishopsford, Hurst recognised a porter friend and took advantage of the opportunity of a few minutes' conversation. When she rejoined me, she looked very serious.

"There's been terrible doings up at the Hall, miss," she explained. "That very porter's mother was engaged for a day's charing on one occasion. 'But never no more if I know it,' she said afterwards, though the father is paralysed and she has to do as best she can for her young children."

" Why ? "

"Because of the awful shrieks, miss. She said no human blood could stand such without turning cold. Shrieks and shrieks and shrieks again—to vary the monotony, you might say—and always fainter and fainter, as if the person who was shrieking gradually lost all hope."

"Could she locate the cries at all?"

"Ma'am? Oh, you mean, could she tell where they come from? Well, generally from a loft on the second turn of the Tower staircase—a disused room, if you choose to call it so, where the beams are so rotten that no one ever enters it."

I thought for a moment.

"Did the porter describe the exact position of the room ?"

"Oh, he could find his way there blindfold, miss. The ceiling of the hall is on a level with the highest point of the main building. To the extreme right is a spiral staircase. On the first turn of the staircase are the rooms where Queen Elizabeth slept. And at the second turn is the door of the loft, which gives eventually upon the eaves."

"The beams of the room in the second turn of the staircase are worm-eaten, you say?"

"Some workmen who saw it in Mrs. Monck's time say it was quite unsafe, miss. If one of the rafters gave way, you would fall into the hall below, a drop I don't know how many feet." "Flitchstead ! Flitchstead !"

Sleepy porters ran to our door—we were the only passengers alighting. The village was a dead-and-alive place with no conveniences. Love and money combined could not produce a trap of any sort.

The Hall was four miles distant, we heard —four miles hard, uphill. But a boy would go with us part of the way as pioneer.

We stood for a moment on the little platform looking from one to the other. If we were on a wild-goose chase, how ridiculous our fears would seem in the clear light of the morning ! But it was too late to turn back now. We engaged rooms at the inn, and I left a private message there to say that if we had not returned in three hours' time, the police were to be called out, and a detachment of helpers sent straight on to the Hall.

VII.

NINE — ten — eleven — twelve — midnight already, and we had only just reached Whigham Hall.

During the last half-hour we had scarcely interchanged a word. Bodily I, at least, was worn out. Every nerve in my body beat like a hammer, at an unexpected sound. The mystery of the night itself intensified our inward dread. What lay before us we did not know, but that we were on our way to a peculiar experience neither doubted. The sympathy of a common fear, a common danger, held our speech in leash.

One by one I counted up the links in a chain of evidence all of which pointed surely, certainly to the existence of some evil human agency at work in Whigham Hall. The clue I had followed in Russia would have led me infallibly to this spot, whether or no my love for Pearl had drawn me.

So dark it was that we had to grope our way — often we stumbled one against the other, and wondered at first if a stranger had come between us. Now and again a nightbird, flying from road to hedge, beat against us and sent out a startled cry. In the still air the cry would carry, echoing ever fainter and fainter until it mixed with the innumerable stirs and rustlings of the summer night.

Before us stood a deeper shadow amid the universal darkness—an unclipped yew-hedge, wild and unkempt, grown high like a prison wall for want of trimming. I lit a match. A tumbled-down lodge was to my right, and before us stretched a wide gravel-path overrun with weeds, in the midst of a tangle of grass, dank with moisture.

We took two or three steps forward. The

path—it could scarcely be called a drive now —sloped uphill, coiling like a serpent's tail past a ribbon of water, a tiny tributary of the X

Bleak, barren, desolate, perched like an eagle's eyrie upon one of the few hills in Mershire, Whigham resisted the four winds of heaven.

Some houses are almost human in their characters and expression. Whigham was sinister. Seen but partially by the light of our flickering matches, it filled us with a sense of chill, of desolation.

There was no light in the house, nor sign of any movement. We skirted it tremblingly. Under its very walls we could just distinguish the dim shape of a great tower high above us.

The stroke of the tower clock clanged menacingly—half past twelve! And then, through the quickened darkness there smote another cry, the cry of a human being in torture—a cry so terrible, so haunting, that I hear it sometimes now in my dreams, while its memory makes the silence of large spaces almost unendurable The voice from which it came, changed out of likeness to itself, yet was horribly familiar.

We sprang towards it, personal fear overwhelmed in a nearer dread. Above us, out on the edge of the turret, we saw two white figures struggling. There was a sickening crash of stonework, another sudden, stifled shriek. A light came in a window near—we saw the reflection of a man's bent form move quickly from pane to pane. And the next instant, as we stood with outstretched arms in a futile effort to avert the inevitable, two writhing, twisted figures, locked in the embrace of death, fell headlong at our feet in the tangled grass.

And at almost the same moment—thank God ! for what could we two helpless women have done to help the dying and the dead in face of invisible enemies ready to overpower us with all the implements of a terrible ingenuity ready at hand ?—the merciful clatter of horses' hoofs rang out upon the gravel, and the light of dark lanterns flashing suddenly, disclosed the full horror of the group—a girl's form, bathed in blood, clutched even now in the convulsive pressure of—something that might once have been a woman.

The Flitchstead police, owing to a mistake in my message, had forestalled their coming by one hour.

VIII.

FOR months Pearl Lindsay's flickering reason hovered between life and death. For months the shadow of that night's experience lay upon her, and I doubt if it will be ever entirely lifted.

But youth and happiness—and a man's unswerving purpose—work wonders. Some men know how to wait. Thorold bided his time and worked and watched, and one day brought her pictures of the little villa at Como which was waiting for her, and told her of the sunshine and the love which filled it.

But long before that time, the mystery of Whigham Hall had been solved once and for all. The price of the Russian journey had not been paid in vain.

There are men who are born criminals others have crime thrust upon them. The Rev. James Hurram belonged to the former type. As a child he had read little but records of crime-amongst his papers were found scrap-books full of newspaper cuttings collected since his childhood, and dealing always with undiscovered crimes, or with some strange scientific discovery. That he should have been a clergyman was the mere accident of a family living, which poverty drove him to accept. A young cousin paid him a sum down to resign, and induce his benefactor to hand it over to a worthier member of the family, and from that time the "Rev. James" became the "working member" of the firm of Hurram and Hurram, of New Square.

In the unprotected condition of Miss Fairless the reverend gentleman saw his chance. For some time he had been carrying on a secret system of blackmail of such clients as had entrusted his brother with affairs of especial delicacy. The brothers and nephew played into each other's hands, but James was throughout the leader, the others his For some time the firm had in view tools. the possession of a lonely house, where they could carry on a more complicated scheme of terrorism of certain nervous clients. The sale of Whigham Hall-its ghostly reputation - was too good a chance to miss.

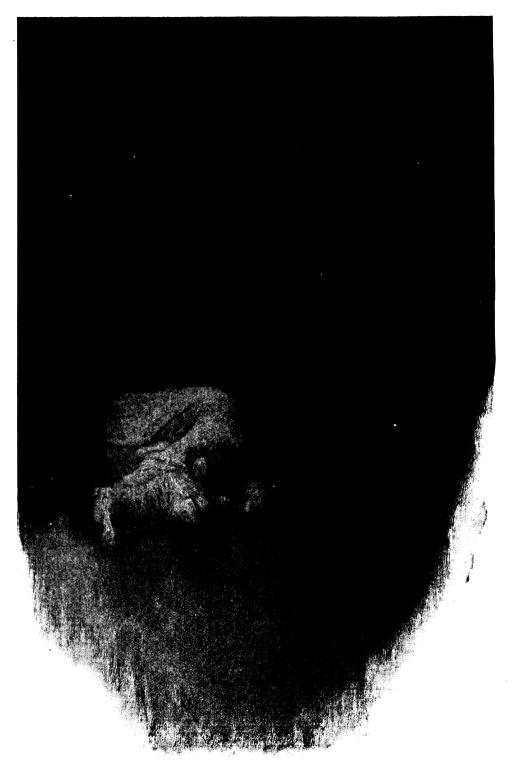
Pearl Lindsay's affairs were on the brink of ruin when Miss Fairless put hers into the hands of the firm. James's mind at once leapt to the obvious solution of all financial difficulties. Miss Fairless and his nephew must marry, and she was to sign a paper leaving him her fortune. If Miss Fairless objected, she should be decoyed to Whigham—she had been already provided with a maid in Hurram's pay—where a system of electrical appliances, calculated to strike terror into the heart of the most courageous, would probably bring her to reason.

The actual abduction was easy enougha mere question of chloroform in a dark passage—the maid's explanation of a fainting woman, and Hurram's carriage in waiting. The theft of the notes, too, was easy. But when Miss Fairless came to, and found herself a prisoner, she proved a rebellious subject. Approached upon the question of her marriage with young Hurram, on the morning of her New Square visit, she had firmly declined the honour, and she was no more amenable at Whigham. The unearthly sounds, the bells that rang where there were no bells to be rung, the furniture moved in empty rooms, the candles mysteriously blown out, the doors whose keys when taken out mysteriously returned to the locks, the unseen confederates, the cold currents of air that whistled through the chimneys when there was no wind stirring, the faces at the window, the raps in the room, the voices speaking at her bedsideshe withstood the whole paraphernalia unmoved. Then force was used. She was seized and bound and concealed in the lumberroom, where one false step would have sent her to instant death. There, once a day, James Hurram came to visit her and give her her chance of escape-through marriage with his nephew. A special licence had been bought-he was a clergyman, and would marry them. But the girl stood firm.

When she had become weakened by weeks of agouy, worse means were resorted to. Into the diabolical ingenuity of a certain small electric apparatus invented by James Hurram I do not mean to enter. There was no escaping it. What that poor, hunted creature suffered—half starved, with hands bound, escaping into the furthest corner of that worm-eaten room, yet pursued relentlessly one dares not think. Her hands, her neck, her face itself were burnt with tiny, minute holes

Meantime Pearl Lindsay announced that she had determined to live at Whigham. Thorold backed her steadily, and Thorold's intentions were usually fruitful. James Hurram had just perfected his appliances, and had various projects concerning other "clients" in view. To leave Whigham at such a moment would mean the death-blow to his schemes.

Suddenly he saw a light. Pearl must be brought down and terrorised. Not by the obviously human means—she knew too many people. But she was a sensitive girl, and



[&]quot;Headlong at our feet in the tangled grass."

the supernatural might succeed where more potent forces could not be employed. All that was wanted in her case was a decision never again to enter Whigham.

The bells were rung—the machinery set in motion—enough forces employed to turn a sensitive girl's brain. But Pearl was naturally courageous. And a peculiar note in the shrieks of Miss Fairless, sounding, as they did, doubly tortured in the loneliness of the night, assured her that there was a human soul in need of help near at hand. She followed the sounds to their source and unlocked the lumber-room door.

Months passed before we knew for certain what actually happened. How Miss Fairless had, at last, released herself from her bonds, we never knew. As the door opened, Pearl felt herself seized by terrible arms and drawn across the shaking planks towards a little gap of light—the tiny window of the turret. There, and there only, she realised what kind of being held her with the grip of madness. Out on the tottering parapet she fought wildly for life, but the other clung to her with a grip that was not human. To the poor, distorted brain it was as though her enemy were at last delivered into her hands.

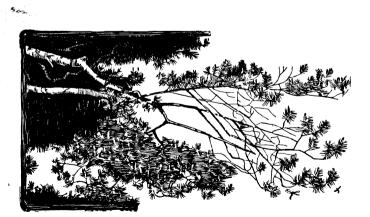
The end came—all too soon. A minute later and both might have been saved. The two rolled over the edge locked in each other's arms, and Miss Fairless herself broke Pearl's fall. Bruised, broken, and bleeding, the doctor leaning over her found that she still lived.

But to her companion death had come mercifully as a friend.

In the asylum at Broadmoor, two brothers and an uncle of the same name may be found. One brother and his son are commonplace enough "cases"—the other brother is a great scientist, and will talk to you by the hour of his inventions. That is, in intervals of darker moments, when, periodically, he disappears from the everyday life of the asylum.

The old peculiarity is still his—he has the look of a humpbacked man. Or so it seems to me. But when I spoke of it once to the superintendent of the asylum, an old friend, he shook his head.

"You Celts—or some of you—have the divining faculty," he said. "I, myself, have my own theory on the subject. And this much is certain. Where nine men out of ten have the impression of a man's physical outline photographed, as it were, upon their retina, the tenth man receives a like impression of the same person's moral aspect. A warped nature, an abnormal tendency, shows for this tenth man in the guise of marked physical deformity."





HEREDITY AGAIN!

NURSE: He gets on beautiful, sir. He takes after you, he does. He's got your eyes exact, and he do take to his bottle so!

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

A young north-countryman, although very much in love, was so diffident of proposing that the lady's prospects of matrimony began to look vague. One night, however, he plucked up courage to walk by her side in a secluded lane, and presently with a great effort slipped his arm round her waist. After a quarter of an hour's silence he inquired in a hesitating tone if she thought he was making progress.

"Well," replied the lady, "I don't know about making progress; but, anyhow, you're holding your own."



LAWN TENNIS PLAYER (to ground-man): I say, Jones, I've lost my racquet. Have you seen one lying about anywhere?

JONES: Yes, sir. I did see one on the seat in the pavilion.

LAWN TENNIS PLAYER : Was it a Holden? JONES : No, sir. It was a new 'un !

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Schoolmaster's.

I certainly convinced the dear lad of his fault. He was evidently penitent and upset.

I have always held that a few manly words do more good than corporal punishment.

Schoolboy's.

What a yarn!

Much rather have had a whacking than all that jaw.

Especially as I'd placed the padding so well.

Young Lady's.

He's evidently very hard hit-poor fellow ! But I can hold out no hopes.

Still, it was cruel of me to sing that last verse with such intensity.

He seemed quite unmanned.

Young Gentleman's.

Her people really ought to stop her. She's quite a nice girl till she sings. That last A finished me off completely. THE CARES OF A CARETAKER.

A NICE old lady by the sea Was neat as she was plain, And every time the tide came in She swept it back again.

And when the sea untidy grew And waves began to beat, She took her little garden rake And raked it smooth and neat.

She ran a carpet-sweeper up And down the pebbly sand. She said: "This is the only way To keep it clean-good land!"

And when the gulls came strolling by, She drove them shrilly back,

Remarking that it spoiled the beach. "The way them birds do track."



A LITTLE LEARNING !

GARDENER: Yes, Master Jack, the birds are my henemies. MASTER JACK: I didn't know enemies was spelt with an "h." GARDENER: No more it is, sir; it's spelt with a "he"!



THE CALL OF THE CITY.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN: And you're back at this loafing game after all the trouble I took to get you down to the model farm?

LOAFER (cheeffully): Yes, guv'nor, "Back to the land's" your motto, ain't it? But mine's "Back to the Strand." That's good enough for me.

She gave the catfish clotted cream And taught it how to purr— And were a catfish so endowed, She would have stroked its fur.

She stopped the little sea-urchins That travelled by in pairs, And washed their dirty faces clean And combed their little hairs.

She spread white napkins on the surf With which she fumed and fussed.

"When it ain't covered up," she said, "It gits all over dust."

She didn't like to see the ships With all the waves act free, And so she got a painted sign

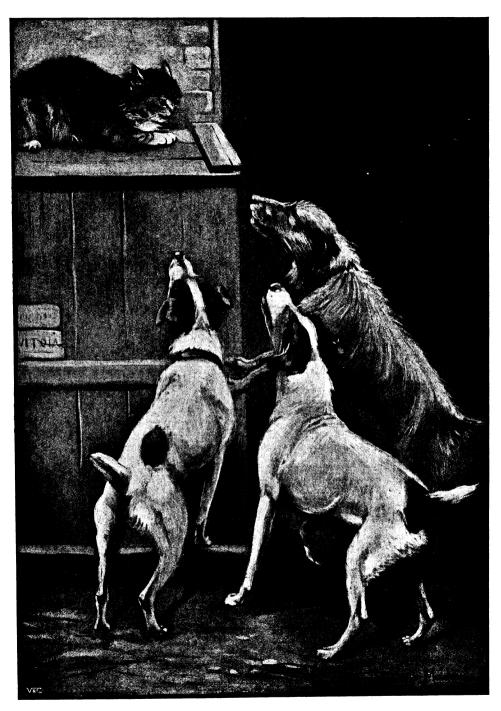
Which read : "Keep Off the Sea."

But dust and splutter as she might, Her work was sadly vain:

However oft she swept the beach, The tides came in again.

And she was sometimes wan and worn When she retired to bed—

"A woman's work ain't never done," That nice old lady said.



[&]quot;A PASSIVE RESISTER." By Fannie Moody.



APPARENTLY !

POLICEMAN: Now, then, out you go; you ain't allowed in 'ere !

GROOM: Ho! So you're a motor maniac, are you?

SAVED BY SCIENCE.

IF only scientific facts were more generally studied in domestic circles, they would greatly assist in the solution of problems which frequently assail the head of a house. To take my own case, as recently as last week, I should have inflicted a serious injustice upon an old and

valued servant, had not my attention been called to the recent scientific discovery of the alcoholic influence of the Tube at mosphere. It happened that last Tuesday, hearing that a peculiar variety of Cypripedium orchids was on sale at the London depôt of a wellknown nursery, I sent Jobson, my gardener and right-hand man, to purchase a few good specimens. Jobson, I should here mention, is a highly respectable person of unimpeachable character, in whom I place implicit confidence. On the afternoon in question I drove round to the Tube station, which connects this once rural district with the Metropolis, and was gratified by the sight of Jobson with the *Cypripediams* in his hand emerging from the entrance. I was, at the moment, too interested in his purchases to notice the irregularity of his gait, and my horror and amazement may therefore be imagined when he suddenly gave a wild whoop, cast his precious purchases on the pavement, stamped on them with great thoroughness, and requested the constable who approached to take him to his mother. When that official prepared apparently to comply with his request, he knocked his helmet into the gutter, and was finally removed to the policestation, giving vent to language I had believed foreign to his lips.

Under the circumstances I should have undoubtedly discharged him from my service, had not my attention been providentially called to the before-mentioned scientific discovery of the inebriating effect of Tube air on even moderate drinkers. This altered the whole aspect of the affair, and I not only believed Johnson's asseveration, when next morning he appeared pale and chastened before me, that only his pint of dinnerbeer had passed his lips, but I also paid the substantial fine inflicted by the narrow-minded magistrate, who declined to take a scientific view of the case.

- CCC

J. P.

BUSY DOCTOR MOTORIST (whose new chauffeur has just stopped the car): What's the matter now?

CHAUFFEUR: I'm afraid she's too hot, sir. I don't know what I'd better do.

DOCTOR (absent-mindedly, returning to his notes): Oh, shave her head, apply ice-bags, and take her temperature in a couple of hours.

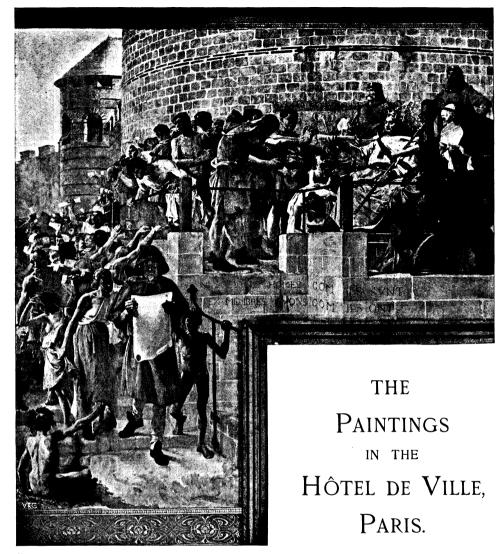


THE PERAMBULATOR NUISANCE.

NURSE (sharply): Now, Harry, don't take up all the pavement. Can't you see the lady wants to pass?



"A TOL!" FROM THE PICTURE BY HERBERT SCHMALZ, Copyright strictly reserved.



"LOUIS VI. GRANTING THE PARISIANS THEIR FIRST CHARTER." BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS.

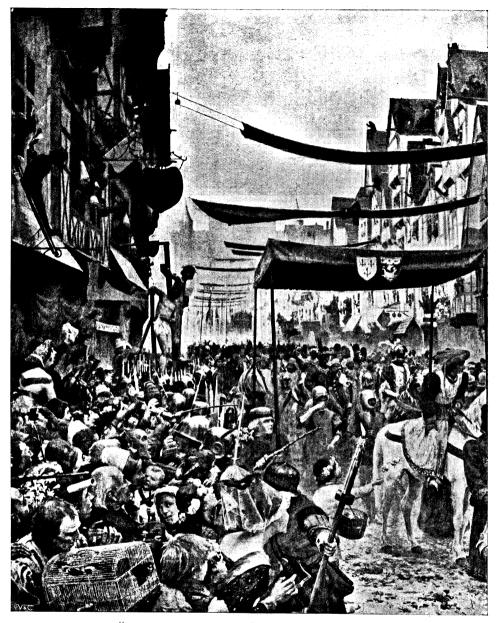
HEN the King of England, three years ago, paid a brief visit to the Paris Hôtel de Ville, few persons outside France probably realised the full significance of that act of royal diplomacy, or that without it the task of reconciling the two western nations of Europe would have been impossible. That visit it was which, more than anything else, created the full current of sympathy between the two democracies which has pursued its course with most happy results, and rendered the present good understanding of France and England something more than a mere political catchword.

By Alder Anderson.

The reason is simple. For the people of Paris—and, indeed, for France—the Hôtel de Ville stands for a real, living embodiment of the popular will. The deliberations of the municipal councillors are followed with quite as keen, perhaps even a keener interest than those of the National Parliament.

If the Louvre and the Palace at Versailles recall the splendour of the kings of France, the Hôtel de Ville in Paris is essentially the monument of the *bourgeoisie*. It is characteristic of the French people, at once conservative and versatile, that, through all the varied forms of government that France has seen, the centre of

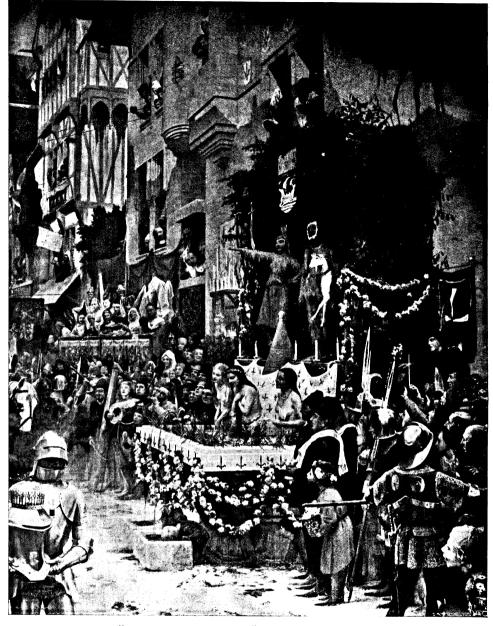
OCTOBER, 1906.



"LOUIS XI. ENTERING PARIS." BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS. Left half of picture.

municipal life in Paris has never quitted the spot which Etienne Marcel selected for it fiveand-a-half centuries ago. Monarchies have come and gone, the whole map of Europe has been changed again and again, but still the Place de Grève has remained the site of the municipal palace of the metropolis of France. While Paris is the brain of France, the Hôtel de Ville is the heart of Paris, and if the

history of the capital has been written in blood, the greater part of her dramatic story of civil strife has been inscribed in the Hôtel de Ville, or upon the Place de Grève. Nor were the thousands whose lives have been forfeited there the victims only of political upheavals or of religious fanaticism, for until 1830 it was the customary place of execution for ordinary criminals.



"LOUIS XI. ENTERING PARIS." BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS. Right half of picture.

The history of the Hôtel de Ville would, indeed, be almost that of France herself the story of one long struggle between the nation and the throne. No sooner had the municipal council established itself in the Maison aux Piliers on the Place de Grève than the conflict began. The first victory was won by the *bourgeoisie*. History often repeats itself, and the struggle soon culminated in a dramatic scene that curiously recalls almost precisely similar occurrences upon the same spot centuries later, in the days of Louis XVI. and Louis Philippe.

In 1357, France was in a condition of almost complete anarchy. King John was a prisoner in England, and the Dauphin, who

reigned in his stead, was powerless to restore order among the malcontents. The murderer of a palace official had taken refuge in a sanctuary, where, in spite of the sacred privilege that he claimed, he was arrested and executed by order of the Dauphin. This act of sacrilege raised a storm of protest from the Church, and the Prévôt, Étienne Marcel, was not the man to let such an opportunity escape him. Bursting in upon the Dauphin with an armed mob, he bitterly reproached him for his illegal and sacrilegious act, as well as for the misgovernment that he permitted. In the *mêlée* that ensued, the Maréchal de Champagne and the Maréchal de Normandie were killed, and the royal guard took refuge in flight. Finding himself powerless to offer any resistance, the Dauphin, at the suggestion of Marcel, put on the blue and red hood worn as a party badge by the supporters of municipal and national reform, and handed his own richly embroidered headgear to the redoubtable Prévôt in exchange.

The susceptibility of the Parisians to dramatic effect was as intense in the fourteenth century as it was in the eighteenth. The mob, which a moment before had been ready, at one word from Marcel, to tear the Prince to pieces, enthusiastically acclaimed their citizen-sovereign when he appeared wearing the colours of the reformers—a talisman as potent as the tricolour in later times. Even in Marcel's favourite expression, "*la volonté du peuple*," we find a link that unites the Parisians of 1357 with their descendants in 1793, or in the Commune of 1871.

Later in the day, the bodies of the two officers were, by Marcel's orders, exposed to public view upon a marble slab in front of the palace, and the Dauphin, wearing his civic badge, but still trembling for his life, walked beside the Prévôt to the Hôtel de Ville. Presently he appeared at a window of the quaint old building. Beneath him was a sea of faces, and the cheers which greeted him were redoubled when, standing beside the Prévôt, he declared that Marcel's act had been perfectly justifiable, that the murdered nobles had richly deserved their fate, and that he would faithfully carry out the reforms that had been suggested to him.

Little, indeed, did that enthusiastic assembly dream of the terrible vengeance that the Dauphin would take when the wheel of fortune had turned, and he was able to overthrow all the projects for national liberty that the Prévôt was trying to establish. Marcel had evidently lived some centuries too soon, and his successors found their power for good, if not for evil, considerably curtailed. Some idea of the ruin and misery that the subsequent misgovernment brought upon Paris can be found from the fact that, half a century later, poverty, plague, and privation had so exhausted the population that they were even unable to protect themselves from the wolves that swarmed in the environs of the city. Within a single week one autumn fourteen persons were devoured between Montmartre and the Porte St. Antoine !

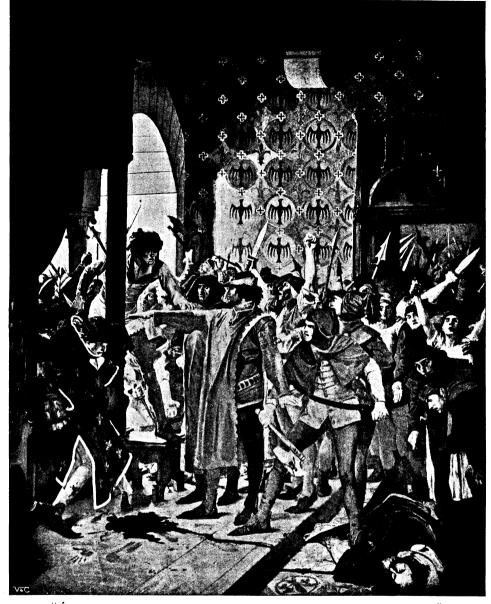
It is not altogether surprising that a few years later, in 1424, the lugubrious "morality" play of "La Danse des Morts" became the rage among all classes, and had a "run" of several months. The "moral" of the play was that expressed by Acastus in "Gorboduc," the earliest English tragedy—

How full of change, how little our estate, Of nothing sure, save only of the Death To whom both man and all the world doth owe Their end at last.

To increase the sensational effect, this pessimistic drama was performed in the open air in the Cemetery of the Innocents. The spectators were seated upon the tombs, and near them were the heaps of human bones, dug up from time to time from the forgotten graves. The personages represented in the drama were men and women of every class of society. Kings, princes, nobles, ecclesiastics, simple citizens, and careworn peasants presented themselves in succession upon the Each had come with some faint hope stage. of happiness in the future, and each found Death awaiting him, inexorable to all his prayers for mercy.

Nothing, perhaps, could give a better idea of the utterly hopeless condition of the people than the popularity of such a drama in the gay city of Paris ! It seemed as though Étienne Marcel had carried with him to the grave the very idea of civic responsibility. The municipal authorities, like the members of the Court, the magistrature, and the Church, regarded their office only as a source of revenue.

In the autulian of 1499, for instance, a carpenter warned one of the civic magistrates that the bridge at Notre Dame, upon which sixty houses had been constructed, and which it was the duty of the municipality to keep in repair, was about to give way. He was at once imprisoned for his pains, but a few hours later the bridge, houses, and a number of their inhabitants, had fallen into the Seine. In this case punishment was meted out to



"ÉTIENNE MARCEL PROTECTING THE DAUPHIN AGAINST THE INFURIATED PARISIANS." BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS.

the municipal officials who had pocketed the money which should have been spent in the upkeep of the bridge—but only because its destruction entailed serious inconvenience to the king and his court.

In 1533 the foundation-stone of a new Hôtel de Ville was laid—the building which was burned by the members of the Commune in 1871. Its erection was due to a visit paid by Francis I. to the old Hôtel de Ville, the Maison aux Piliers of the time of Étienne Marcel, when the king expressed his opinion that the accommodation was hardly suitable to the dignity of the municipal palace of the capital.

There seems to be almost something of the fatal irony of history in the circumstances which led to the king's suggestion for the erection of the building destined to be destroyed by fire in the mad orgies of the

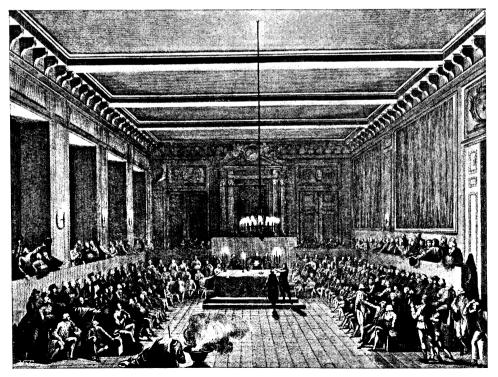
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Commune three and a quarter centuries later. According to legendary lore, the spot, known afterwards as the Place de Grève, had been the site for ages, in Pagan times, of many mysterious rites connected with fire-worship. Be this as it may, from time immemorial, on the eve of St. John's Day, a bonfire had been invariably constructed here, the ceremony of lighting it being performed in great state by the king, whenever he happened to be in Paris. In 1532, the municipality determined that the magnificence of the *fete* should surpass that of all that had preceded it. An enormous bonfire, sixty feet in height, was erected, covered with flowers and garlands of roses. Within it were placed a number of petards, rockets, and other fireworks, and hidden among the flowers were baskets containing two dozen live cats and a fox, destined to end their days upon this funeral pyre.

One need not go back so far as the mythical days of fire-worship on the Place de Grève to discover what suggested to the *ædiles* of Paris this act of atrocious cruelty. The municipality had long fallen completely under the influence of the Church, and year by year the burning of heretics on the Place de Grève had become more and more frequent. The natural result had followed, and these "executions," which had at first been really due to religious fanaticism, had speedily come to be regarded as a popular spectacle. Throughout the whole of their history, the Parisians have been peculiarly liable to be carried away by some special mania. That of the sixteenth century was the morbid pleasure derived from the infliction of physical suffering, and the clerical enemies of the Huguenots skilfully exploited this mania for their own ends.

That the municipality of Paris, which had struggled for national liberty under Étienne Marcel, should be in alliance with the clerical enemies of all reform was not so remarkable as it might seem. The hostility of the Church to the Huguenots was due to their rebellion against her authority, that of the commercial classes generally in Paris to their growing wealth and prosperity.

The alliance of priests and traders against the common object of their hatred and jealousy followed as a natural sequence, while the opportunities presented by the persecution of the Protestants for pillaging their houses were no less eagerly welcomed



THE COMMUNE OF PARIS IN 1790 CONFERRING A SWORD OF HONOUR AND A CIVIC CROWN UPON MR. NESHAM, AN ENGLISHMAN WHO HAD EXPRESSED HIS ACTIVE SYMPATHY WITH REVOLUTIONARY METHODS.



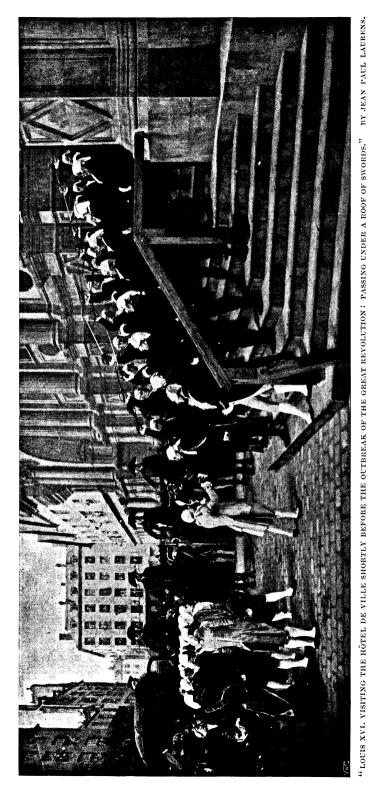
ASSASSINATION OF M. DE FLESSELLES, PROVOST OF PARIS, DURING THE REVOLUTION.

by the people at large. Besides this, the deliberate torture of the victims of the Church provided a spectacle that appealed to the worst and strongest passions of the populace. These constantly repeated tragedies upon the Place de Grève soon produced a condition of moral atrophy which permitted all the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Two centuries later, in 1789, it seemed as though the spirit of Etienne Marcel had awakened from the slumber of ages, and was calling once more for reform. At that moment, all the sources of authority-the Crown, the Court, the Government, and the Church-had sunk down beneath the accumulated corruption of generations. Paris was starving, and once more the people looked to the Hôtel de Ville for succour. A national guard and, as in the time of Étienne Marcel, a badge — the tricolour cockade-were adopted. Had there been a Marcel to guide France through the storm, the fate of France and Paris might have been widely different. But up to a certain point, history reproduces itself. Louis XVI. was brought to the Hôtel de Ville, and there, wearing the national emblem, he presented himself at the window, exactly as the Dauphin had done five centuries before. Once again the magic of the popular badge acted like a talisman. The king was cheered to the echo. On returning to the palace at Versailles, the vast army of the national guard that lined the route, every man of whom had been an enemy to the king, now held his arms reversed, and the cry of "*Vive le roi*!" rang from Paris to Versailles.

The history of the Hôtel de Ville is from that moment the story of the Great Revolution. Almost each day it was the scene of a new tragedy, and it seemed almost like poetic justice that it was in the Hôtel de Ville that the Reign of Terror came to an end. Realising at length that their power was gone, Robespierre and his associates took The Place refuge in the municipal palace. de Grève was filled with troops. Proclamations were posted upon the walls placing the members of the Commune outside the pale of the law. Not a hand was raised to protect the men who had drowned France in blood. The troops burst in unopposed; Robespierre and his colleagues were arrested. The next day-July 28th-they were executed, and France breathed once more.

Forty-six years later, in 1830, the Hôtel de Ville was the scene of another dramatic



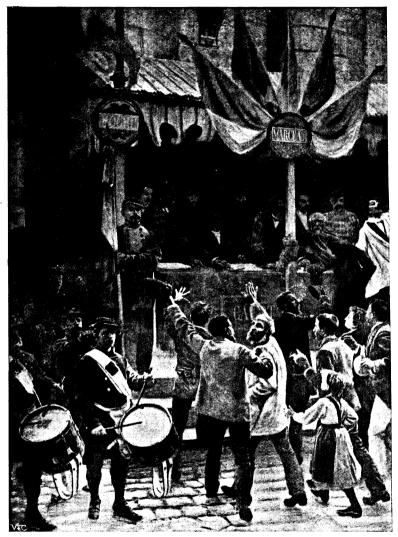
incident in the history of France. Paris was once more in revolt. this time aga nst the government of Charles X. The royalist troops were driven out, and Lafayette was made commander-in-chief of the insurgent national guards. He established himself with his staff at the Hôtel de Ville, and appointed a committee to provide for the maintenance of law and order. The majority of the French people, even in Paris, were still in favour of the monarchical form of government, and the Duke of Orleans had been chosen as the most suitable candidate for the throne. As a preliminary step, he was invited by a decision of the deputies at the Palais Bourbon to accept the post of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. The Duke consented ; but no sooner was the news known than angry crowds assembled upon the Place de Giève. In Paris, political ideas spread in revolutionary crises with the speed of a prairie fire. Not a moment was to be lost. The Duke, accompanied by the deputies who had voted in his favour, rode slowly from the Palais Royal to the Hôtel de Ville. Crowds filled the streets, and angry shouts were raised, for the tide of republicanism was rising fast. Large groups of armed men, excited by democratic orators, filled the Place de Grève, and it nceded no little courage and tact for the procession to make its way peaceably through them to the Hôtel de Ville. Cries of "Vive la République!" were heard upon all sides, when, once again, a

Parisian crowd found itself completely carried away by a *coup de théâtre*. When the Duke appeared upon the balcony, General Lafayette approached, embraced him, and handed him a tricolour flag. The talisman had won again. Just as the mob, five hundred years before.

had been converted into loval subjects of the Dauphin by his red-and-blue hood, and as, more recently, the famine-stricken Parisians had melted at the sight of the tricolour cockade worn by Louis XVI., so now the republican crowd, upon that same Place de Grève, carried away by their emotion, shouted themselves hoarse with their acclamation of their future constitutional king, Louis Philippe.

In the Commune of 1871, the Hôtel de Ville again played a preponderating part, as the headquarters of the self-appointed government. The story of that tragedy, which once more drenched the streets of Paris with blood, is too well known to need a detailed description. By a curious coincidence, the condition of France in 1871. when the Hôtel de Ville was burned by the insurgents, bore a remarkable resemblance to that

fifteenth century, too, France was struggling with the peasant revolt known as the Jacquerie, just as she was with the Commune in 1871, thus in both cases furnishing the invader with the sorry spectacle of her internal canker. In both periods, too, the



"DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS BY THE GERMANS: VOLUNTEERS COMING FORWARD TO OFFER THEIR SERVICES." BY A. BINET.

of the country five and a half centuries previously, when its predecessor, the Maison aux Piliers, was the centre of Parisian municipal life. In the time of Marcel, the greater part of the country was in the occupation of the English invaders, as it was in 1871 of the Germanic hosts launched upon it by King William of Prussia. In the sovereign of France was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and the country was called upon to pay a crushing war indemnity.

This, in the latter case, was fixed at two hundred million pounds sterling, such a ransom being sufficient in the eyes of the needy victor to irretrievably ruin the fair land of France. But, as the event proved, even Prussian greed had underestimated the capacity of the legendary French stocking. The payments, as they fell due, were made with the greatest apparent ease. To their infinite chagrin, Bismarck and his collaborators beheld the hated rival whom they had hoped to trample out of existence showing signs of returning vigour. Of the various attempts that were made, when the true facts of the case were realised, to fix a quarrel upon France, in order to have an excuse for smiting her hip and thigh before imagination, suggesting at a glance a thousand memories, impressions, ideas. Stone may thus discourse far more eloquently than the printed pages of the historian. The mute walls of great edifices have for us children of the fleeting hour an imperious attraction.

The whole physiognomy of the present Hôtel de Ville is extraordinarily in keeping with its traditions and objects. Reposeful, serene, self-complacent, at once massive and graceful, it profiles itself against the everchanging skies with an air of calm grandeur.

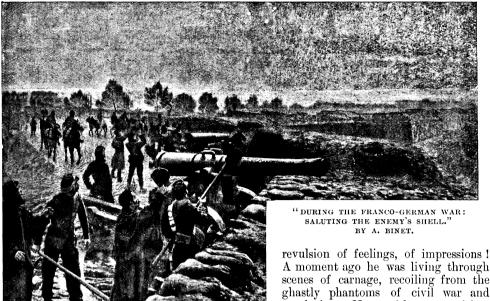


"A FORLORN HOPE." BY A. BINET.

she was powerful enough to resist the aggressor, and of the manner in which those attempts were successively frustrated, first by Russia, then ' by England, whose eyes were at length opened to her folly, future historians will have much to say.

Nothing afforded more tangible and visible evidence of the renascence of French prosperity, and notably of the prosperity of Paris, than the walls and spires of the stately pile which soon began to rear its head over the smouldering ruins of the old Hôtel de Ville. More than any other art, perhaps, architecture makes a direct appeal to our The interior fitly matches and fulfils the promise of the exterior. From the moment he enters its portals, the visitor is struck, subjugated, charmed. In an instant he has passed from the bustle of the city street and the crude daylight into a peaceful, drowsy atmosphere that, if he possess but the merest smattering of French history, carries him back through the dead centuries. As he traverses the vaulted passages he gazes about him as if half expecting to see some spectre of the heroic past advancing to meet him.

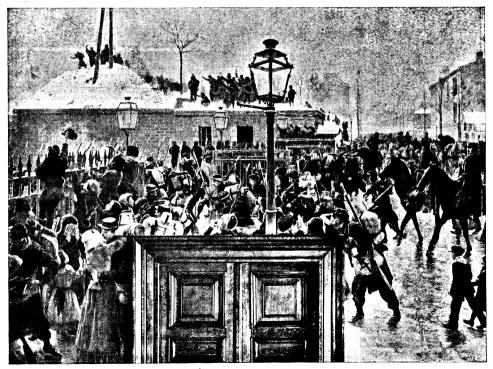
Suddenly a door opens. He steps over the threshold and finds himself in the Salons



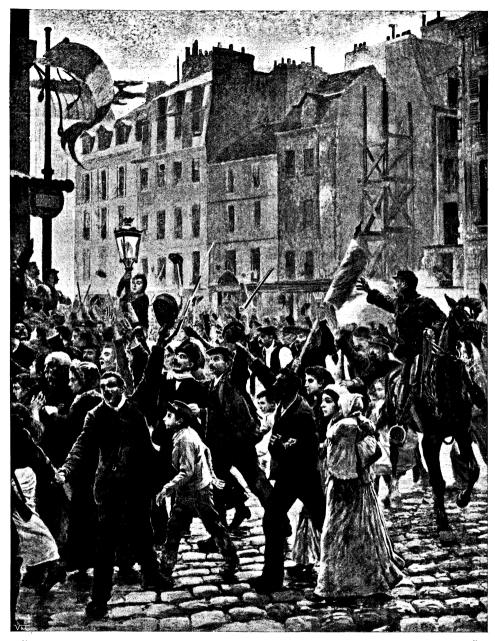
des Fêtes - the Reception Rooms-nay, is he not rather in dreamland? What a

A moment ago he was living through scenes of carnage, recoiling from the ghastly phantoms of civil war and revolution. Now, without transition, he is in the domain of art, a kingdom of peaceful, prosperous beauty. From room to room he wanders, dazed and

entranced. Here is the very quintessence, as it were, of French genius, lavishly scattered,



"EPISODE DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR: THE DEPARTURE OF A REGIMENT." BY A. BINET.



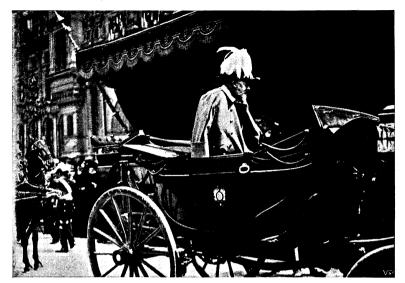
"CHEERING VOLUNTEERS WHO ARE OFFERING THEIR SERVICES TO COMBAT THE HATED PRUSSIANS." BY A. BINET.

with a *désinvollure*, a generous profusion that one is inclined to associate only with mediæval ages. Ceilings, panels, carved doors, frescoed walls—all are the handiwork of men who together form a phalanx of artists that is the glory and the most fitting personification of modern France.

The most magnificent room in the Hôtel

de Ville is, probably, the so-called Grande Salle des Fètes, with its gorgeously painted ceilings, the most interesting to a lover of pictures, the Salon Lobau, and a smaller room adjoining. The walls of the latter two apartments are covered with a series of enormous pictures by Jean Paul Laurens.

Of Laurens' work in general, as was shown



"KING EDWARD VII. LEAVING THE HOTEL DE VILLE WITH M. LOUBET."

in a former article in the WINDSOR, it may be said that the greater proportion of it has been inspired by the artist's profound horror of priestly domination when aiming at mere The implacable worldly aggrandisement. tyranny of the Inquisition aroused his ire, as the folly of mankind in tamely submitting provoked his contempt. His "Men of the Holy Office" are dead to every tender feeling that ennobles humanity. Pity they know not; mercy they have none. All that opposes them must be remorselessly broken. "The Wall," with its lofty, titanic masonry, is symbolical of the almost impregnable nature of the fortress the mass of mankind allowed to be erected to its detriment by the few. Other pictures portray crimes perpetrated in the name of religion.

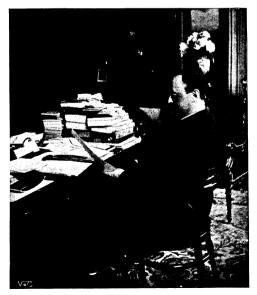
But in the vivid series of paintings done for the Hôtel de Ville this great artist has for the most part devoted himself to illustrating episodes in the long struggle of the people for their rights, several of which have already been alluded to. Here is Louis VI. granting the Parisians their first charter, there Étienne Marcel, the people's representative, protecting the Dauphin from the infuriated mob.

Of the painter's art, few more astonishing specimens are to be found anywhere than the great picture representing Louis XI. entering Paris. It is worthy of the place no less than of the master hand and brain that gave it birth. Again, we see another Louis, the sixteenth of the name. It is the supremely critical moment of his life. The clouds of fate are gathering quickly round him. The right word, the right gesture will suffice to conjure the impending calamity. But he misses his chance. Dull and slowwitted, he allows the golden opportunity to slip from him and, two years later, will have to pay the forfeit of his life for his lack of comprehension.

Of the pictures representing incidents in the Franco-German war, most of which

are in the Prefect's audience-chamber, little need be said. Their significance in such a place is obvious. Not only do they serve to perpetuate the memory of the heroic effort made by a brave and proud people to repel an unjustifiable and long-premeditated invasion; they also bear eloquent testimony to the corrupt and careless administration which had left the country practically at the mercy of the first resolute enemy.

But in all the long history of the capital of France, there has been no moment more



M. BELLAN, SYNDIC OF THE PARIS MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.



"THE EVOLUTION OF DANCING." ONE OF THE CEILING DECORATIONS IN THE GRANDE SALLE DES FÊTES. BY AIMÉ MOROT.

poignantly dramatic than when, one May morning, three years ago, Edward the Seventh entered the portals of the Hôtel de Ville de Paris. It was not the first time, by any means, that a reigning European monarch had paid a visit of courtesy to the present Paris municipality—the Russian Emperor and the King of Italy had both preceded him—but no such previous visit had evoked anything like the same degree of emotion. The popular enthusiasm at the time of the Tsar's visit was tremendous, and, it may be added, perfectly natural and comprehensible. The Russian alliance meant the end of a long nightmare of tension, and enabled France at last to breathe freely and consider her mutilated Eastern frontier with equanimity. But the alliance was exclusively a political



"THE EVOLUTION OF SONG." CEILING DECORATION IN THE GRANDE SALLE DES FÊTES. BY GERVEX.

affair inspired by expediency; the personal element was lacking. Vastly different was the feeling inspired by the visit of the English King. However much political expediency there may be in the Anglo-French *entente*, the most valuable part of it is undoubtedly a personal triumph for Edward VII. Without the King's engaging personality, all the ministers in England would have failed to do more than establish one of those cut-anddried arrangements that leave the bulk of both nations supposed to be parties to them absolutely cold and indifferent. Every Frenchman feels he has a personal friend in the King.

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SOPHY OF KRAVONIA.

By ANTHONY HOPE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WOMAN AND A GHOST !

F^{OR} the history of this night from the enemy's side thanks are due to the memory, and to the unabashed courtesy, of Lieutenant Rastatz, who came alive, if not with a whole skin, out of the encounter, and lived to reach middle age under a new *régime* so unappreciative of his services that it cashiered him for getting drunk within a year from this date. He ended his days as a billiard-marker at the Golden Lion—a fact agreeable to poetic justice, but not otherwise material. While occupying that capacity, he was always ready to open his mouth to talk, provided he were afforded also a better reason for opening it.

Stafnitz and his men felt that their hard work was done; they were within touch of Slavna, and they had no reason, as they supposed, to fear any attack. The Colonel had indulged them in something approaching to a carouse. Songs had been sung, and speeches made; congratulations were freely offered to the Colonel; allusions were thrown out, not too carefully veiled, to the predicament in

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which Stenovics found himself. Hard work, a good supper, and plentiful wine had their effect. Save the sentries, all were asleep at ten o'clock, and game to sleep till the reveille sounded at six.

Their presence was a surprise to their assailants, who had, perhaps, approached in too rash a confidence that they were first on the ground ; but the greater surprise befell those who had now to defend the barges and the guns. When the man who had found the dead sentry ran back and told his tale, all of them, from Stafnitz downwards, conceived that the attack must come from Stenovics ; none thought of Sophy and her Volsenians. There they were, packed in the barn, separated from their horses, and with their carbines laid aside.

The carbines were easily caught up; the horses not so easily reached, supposing an active skilful enemy at hand outside. For themselves, their position was good to stand a siege. But Stafnitz could not afford that. His mind flew where Sophy's had. Throughout, and on both sides, the guns were the factor which dominated the tactics of the fight. It was no use for Stafnitz to stay snug in the barn while the enemy overpowered the bargees (supposing they tried to fight), disposed of the sentry stationed on each deck, and captured the guns. Let the assailant carry them off, and the Colonel's game was up ! Whoever the foe was, the fight was for the guns—and for one other thing, no doubt-for the Colonel's life.

"We felt in the deuce of a mess," Rastatz related, "for we didn't know how many they were, and we couldn't see one of them. The Colonel walked out of the barn, cool as a cucumber, and looked and listened. He called to me to go with him, and so I did, keeping as much behind his back as possible. Nothing was to be seen, nothing to be heard. He pointed to the rising ground opposite. 'That must hide them,' he said. Back he went and called the first half-company. 'You'll follow me in single file out of the barn and round to the back of it; let there be a foot between each of you—room enough to miss! When once you get in rear of the barn, make for the barges. Never mind the horses. The second half-company will cover the horses with their fire. Rastatz, see my detachment round, and then follow. We'll leave the sergeant-major in command here. Now, quick, follow me !'

"Out he went, and the men began to follow in their order. I had to stand in the doorway and regulate the distance between man and



"Rastatz takes up the tale again."

man. I hadn't been there two seconds before a dozen heads came over the hill, and a dozen rifles cracked. Luckily the Colonel was just round the corner. Down went the heads again, but they'd bagged two of our fellows. I shouted to more to come out, and at the same time ordered the sergeant-major to send a file forward to answer the fire. Up came the heads again, and they bagged three more. Our fellows blazed away in reply, but they'd dropped too quickly—I don't think we got one.

"Well, we didn't mind so much about keeping our exact distances after that-and I wouldn't swear that the whole fifty of us faced the fire; it was devilish disconcerting, you know; but in a few minutes thirty or five-and-thirty of us got round the side of the barn somehow, and for the moment out of harm's way. We heard the fire going on still in front, but only in a desultory way. They weren't trying to rush us—and I don't think we had any idea of rushing them ! For all we knew, they might be two hundred-or they might be a dozen ! At any rate, with the advantage of position, they were enough to bottle our men up in the barn, for the moment at all events.

This account makes what had happened pretty plain. Half of Sophy's force had 2 M been left to hold the enemy, or as many of them as possible, in the barn. They had dismounted, and, well covered by the hill, could make good practice without much danger to themselves. Lukovitch was in command of this section of the little troop. Sophy, Dunstanbury, and Peter Vassip, also on foot (the horses' hoofs would have betraved them) were stealing round, intent on getting between the barges and any men whom Stafnitz tried to place in position for their defence. After leaving men for the containing party, and three to look after the horses, this detachment was no more than a dozen strong. But they had started before Stafnitz's men had got out of the barn, and, despite the smaller distance the latter had to traverse, could make a good race of it for the barges. They had all kept together too, while the enemy straggled round to the rear of the barn in single file. And they had one great, perhaps decisive, advantage, of whose existence Peter Vassip, their guide, was well aware.

Forty yards beyond the farm a small ditch ran down to the Krath; on the side near the farm it had a high overhanging bank, the other side being nearly level with the adjoining meadow. Thus it formed a natural trench and led straight down to where the first of the barges lay. It would have been open to an enfilade from the river, but Stafnitz had only one sentry on each barge, and these men were occupied in staring at their advancing companions and calling out to know what was the matter. As for the bargees, they had wisely declared neutrality, deeming the matter no business of theirs; shots were not within the terms of a contract for trans-Stafnitz, not dreaming of an attack, port. had not reconnoitred his ground. But Lukovitch knew every inch of it (Had not General Stenovics remembered that?), and so did Peter Vassip. The surprise of Praslok was to be avenged.

Rastatz takes up the tale again; his narrative has one or two touches vivid with a local colour.

"When I got round to the rear of the barn, I found our fellows scattered about on their bellies. The Colonel was in front on his belly, with his head just raised from the ground, looking about him. I lay down too, getting my head behind a stone which chanced to be near me. I looked about me too, when it seemed safe. And it did seem safe at first, for we could hear nothing, and deuce a man could we see ! But it wasn't very pleasant, because we knew that, sure enough, they must be pretty near us somewhere. Presently the Colonel came crawling back to me. 'What do you make of it, Rastatz?' he whispered. Before I could answer, we heard a brisk exchange of fire in front of the barn. 'I don't like it,' I said. 'I can't see them, and I've a notion they can see me, Colonel, and that's not the pleasantest way to fight, is it?' 'Gad, you're right!' said he, 'but they won't see me any the better for a cigarette '—and then and there he lit one.

"Well, he'd just thrown away his match when a young fellow - quite a lad he was-a couple of yards from us, suddenly jumped from his belly on to his knees and called out quite loud-it seemed to me he'd got a sort of panic-quite loud he called out: 'Sheepskins! Sheepskins!' I jumped myself, and I saw the Colonel start. But, by Jove, it was true ! When you took a sniff, you could smell them ! Of course I don't mean what the better class wear-vou couldn't have smelt the tunic our lamented Prince wore, nor the one the witch decked herself out in-but you could smell a common fellow's sheepskin twenty yards off-aye, against the wind, unless the wind was mighty strong.

"'Sheepskins it is !' said the Colonel with a 'Volsenians, by gad ! It's Mistress sniff. Sophia, Rastatz, or some of her friends anyhow.' Then he swore worthily : 'Stenovics must have put them up to this ! And where the devil are they, Rastatz ?' He raised his head as he spoke, and got his answer. A bullet came singing along and went right through his cap; it came from the line of the ditch. He lay down again, laughed a little, and took a puff at his cigarette before he threw it away. Just then one of our sentries bellowed from the first barge: 'In the ditch ! In the ditch !' 'I wish you'd spoken a bit sooner,' says the Colonel, laughing again."

While this was passing on Stafnitz's side, Sophy and her party were working quietly and cautiously down the course of the ditch. Under the shelter of its bank they had been able to hold a brief and hurried consultation. What they feared was that Stafnitz would make a dash for the barges. Their fire might drop half his men, but the survivors, when once on board—and the barges were drawn up to the edge of the stream—would still be as numerous as themselves, and would command the course of the ditch, which was at present their great resource and protection. But if they could get on board before the enemy, they believed they could hold their

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"" But they'd bagged two of our fellows."

own; the decks were covered with impedimenta of one sort or another which would afford them cover, while any party which tried to board must expose itself to fire to a serious, and probably fatal, extent. So they worked down the ditch—except

two of them. Little as they could spare even two, it was judged well to leave these; their instructions were to fire at short intervals, whether there were much chance of hitting anybody or not. Dunstanbury hoped by this trick to make Stafnitz believe that

the whole detachment was stationary in the ditch thirty yards or more from the point where it joined the river. Only ten strong now—and one of them a woman—they made their way towards the mouth of the ditch and towards the barges which held the prize they sought.

But a diversion, and a very effective one, was soon to come from the front of the barn. Fearing that the party under Sophy and Dunstanbury might be overpowered, Lukovitch determined on a bold step-that of enticing the holders of the barn from their shelter. He directed his men to keep up a brisk fire at the door: he himself and another man--one Ossip Yensko-disregarding the risk, made a rapid dash, across the line of fire from the barn, for the spot where the horses were. The fire directed at the door successfully covered their daring movement ; they were among the horses in a moment, and hard at work cutting the bands with which they were tethered : the animals were half mad with fright, and the task was one of great danger.

But the manœuvre was eminently successful. A cry of "The horses ! The horses !" went up from the barn. Men appeared in the doorway; the sergeant-major in command himself ran out. Half the horses were loose. and stampeded along the towing-path down the river. "The horses! The horses!" The defenders surged out of the barn, in deadly fear of being caught there in a trap. They preferred the chances of the fire, and streamed out in a disorderly throng. Lukovitch and Yensko cut loose as many more horses as they dared wait to release; then, as the defenders rushed forward. retreated, flying for their lives. Lukovitch came off with a ball in his arm; Yensko dropped, shot through the heart. The men dropped, shot through the heart. behind the hill riddled the defenders with But now they were by their their fire. horses—such as were left of them; nearer twenty than ten dotted the grass outside And the survivors were the barn door. demoralised; their leader, the sergeantmajor, lay dead. They released the remaining horses, mounted, and with one parting volley fled down the river. With a cry of triumph, Lukovitch collected the remainder of his men and dashed round the side of the barn. The next moment Colonel Stafnitz found himself attacked in his rear as well as held in check from the ditch in his front.

"For a moment we thought it was our own men," said Rastatz, continuing his account, "and the Colonel shouted : 'Don't fire, you fools !' But then they cheered, and we knew the Volsenian accent—curse them ! 'Sheepskins again !' said the Colonel with a wry kind of smile. He didn't hesitate then ; he jumped up, crying, 'To the barges ! To the barges ! Follow me !'

"We all followed : it was just as safe to go with him as to stay where you were ! We made a dash for it and got to the bank of the river. Then they rose out of the ditch in front of us-and they were at us behind too-with steel now; they daren't shoot, for fear of hitting their own people in our front. But the idea of a knife in your back isn't pleasant, and in the end more of our men turned to meet them than went on with the Colonel. I went on with him, though. I'm always for the safest place, if there's one safer than another. But here there wasn't, so I thought I might as well do the proper thing. We met them right by the water's edge, and the first I made out was the witch herself, in sheepskins like the rest of them, white as a sheet, but with that infernal mark absolutely blazing. She was between Peter Vassip and a tall man I didn't know-I found out afterwards that he was the Englishman, Dunstanbury-and the three came straight at us. She cried : 'The King ! the King !' and behind us we heard Lukovitch and his lot crying : 'The King ! the King !'

"Our fellows didn't like it, that's the truth. They were uneasy in their minds about that job of poor old Mistitch's, and they feared the witch like the devil. The heart was out of them; one lad near me burst out crying. A witch and a ghost didn't seem pleasant things to fight ! Oh, it was all nonsense, but you know what fellows like that are ! Their cry of 'The King !' and the sight of the woman caused a moment's hesitation. It was enough to give them the drop on us. But the Colonel never hesitated; he flung himself straight at her, and fired as he sprang. I just saw what happened before I got a crack on the crown of the head from the butt-end of a rifle, which knocked me out of time. As the Colonel fired, Peter Vassip flung himself in front of her, and took the bullet in his own body. Dunstanbury jumped right on the Colonel, cut him on the arm so that he dropped his revolver, and grappled with him. Dunstanbury dropped his sword, and the Colonel's wasn't drawn. It was just a tussle. They were tussling when the blood came flowing down into my eyes from the wound on my head; I couldn't see anything more: I fainted. Just as I went off I heard



"'And took the bullet in his own body.""

somebody cry: 'Hands up!' and I imagined the fighting was pretty well over."

The fighting was over. One scene remained which Rastatz did not see. When Colonel Stafnitz too heard the call "Hands up!" when the firing stopped and all became quiet, he ceased to struggle. Dunstanbury found him suddenly changed to a log beneath him; his hands were already on the Colonel's throat, and he could have strangled him now without difficulty. But when Stafnitz no longer tried to defend himself, he loosed his hold, got up, and stood over him with his hand on the revolver in his belt. The Colonel fingered his throat a minute, sat up, looked round, and rose to his feet. He saw Sophy standing before him; by her side Peter Vassip lay on the ground, tended by Basil Williamson and one of his comrades. Colonel Stafnitz bowed to Sophy with a smile.

"I forgot you, madame," said Stafnitz.

"I didn't forget Monseigneur," she answered.

He looked round him again, shrugged his shoulders, and seemed to think for a moment. There was an absolute stillness—a contrast to the preceding turmoil. But the silence made uncomfortable men whom the fight had not shaken. Their eyes were set on Stafnitz.

"The Prince died in fair fight," he said.

"No; you sent Mistitch to murder him," Sophy replied. Her eyes were relentless; and Stafnitz was ringed round with enemies. "I apologise for this embarrassment. I really ought to have been killed—it's just a mistake," he said, with a smile. He turned quickly to Dunstanbury : "You seem to be a gentleman, sir. Pray come with me : I need a witness." He pointed with his unwounded hand to the barn.

The Colonel. Dunstanbury bowed assent. in his turn, bowed to Sophy, and the two of them turned and walked off towards the barn. Sophy stood motionless, watching them until they turned the corner; then she fell on her knees and began to talk soothingly to Peter Vassip, who was hard hit, but, in Basil Williamson's opinion, promised to do well. Sophy was talking to the poor fellow when the sound of a revolver shot—a single shot came from the barn. Colonel Stafnitz had corrected the mistake. Sophy did not raise her head. A moment later Dunstanbury came back and rejoined them. He exchanged a look with Sophy, inclining his head as a man does in answering "Yes." Then she rose.

"Now for the barges and the guns," she said.

They could not carry the guns back to Volseni; nor, indeed, was there any use for them there now. But neither were Monseigneur's guns for the enemies of Monseigneur. Under Lukovitch's skilled directions (his wound proved slight) the big guns were so disabled as to remain of little value, and the barges taken out into midstream and there scuttled with their cargoes. While one party pursued this work, Dunstanbury made the prisoners collect their wounded and dead, place them on a wagon, and set out on their march to Slavna. Then his men placed their dead on horses-they had lost Five were wounded besides Peter three. Vassip, but none of them severely—all could ride. For Peter they took a cart from the farm to convey him as far as the ascent to the hills; up that he would have to be carried by his comrades.

It was noon before all their work was done. The barges were settling in the water. As they started to ride back to Volseni, the first sank; the second was soon to follow it.

"We have done our work," said Lukovitch. And Sophy answered "Yes."

But Stafnitz's men had not carried the body of their commander back. They left it in the barn, cursing him for the trap he had led them into. Later in the day, the panicstricken lock-keeper stole out from the cellar where he had hidden himself, and found it in the barn. He and his wife lifted it with cursings, bore it to the river, and flung it in. It was carried over the weir, and floated down to Slavna. They fished it out with a boathook just opposite Suleiman's Tower. The hint to Captain Sterkoff was a broad one. He reported a vacancy in the command, and sent the keys of the fort to General Stenovics. It was Sunday morning.

"The Colonel has got back just when he said he would ! But where are the guns ?" asked General Stenovics of Captain Markart. The Captain had by now made up his mind which turn to take.

But no power ensued to Stenovics. At the best his fate was a soft fall—a fall on to a cushioned shelf. The cup of Kravonia's iniquity, full with the Prince's murder, brimmed over with the punishment of the man who had caused it. The fight by the lock of Miklevni sealed Kravonia's fate. Civilisation must be vindicated ! Long columns of flat-capped soldiers begin to wind, like a great snake, over the summit of St. Peter's Pass. Sophy watched them through a telescope from the old wall of Volseni.

"Our work is done. Monseigneur has mightier avengers," she said.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TRUE TO HER LOVE.

VOLSENI forgave Sophy its dead and wounded sons. Her popularity blazed up in a last, fierce, flickering fire. The guns were taken ; they would not go to Slavna; they would never batter the walls of Volseni into fragments. Slavna might be defied again. That was the great thing to Volseni, and it made little account of the snakelike line which crawled over St. Peter's Pass, and down to Dobrava, and on to Slavna. Let Slavna—hated Slavna—reckon with that ! And if the snake—or another like it—came to Volseni? Well, that was better than knuckling down to Slavna. To-night King Sergius was avenged and Queen Sophia had returned in victory !

For the first time since the King's death the bell of the ancient church rang joyously, and men sang and feasted in the grey city of the hills. Thirty from Volseni had beaten a hundred from Slavna; the guns were at the bottom of the Krath; it was enough. If Sophy had bidden them, they would have streamed down on Slavna that night in one of those fierce raids in which their forefathers of the Middle Ages had loved to swoop upon the plain.

But Sophy had no delusions. She saw her Crown—that fleeting phantom ornament, fitly foreseen in the visions of a charlatan passing from her brow without a sigh. She had not needed Dunstanbury's arguments to prove to her that there was no place for her left in Kravonia. She was content to have

and enough in little Volseni. Let the mightier avengers do the rest!

She had allowed Dunstanbury to leave her after supper in order to make preparations for a start to the frontier at dawn. "You must certainly go," she had said, "and perhaps I'll come with you."

She went at night up on to the wall-always her favourite place; she loved the spaciousness of air and open country before her there. Basil Williamson found her deep in thought when he came to tell her of the progress of the wounded.

"They're all doing well, and Peter Vassip will live. Dunstanbury has made him promise to come to him when he's recovered, so you'll meet him again at all events. And Marie Zerkovitch and her husband talk of settling in Paris. You won't lose all vour Kravonian friends."

"You assume that I'm coming with you tomorrow morning?"

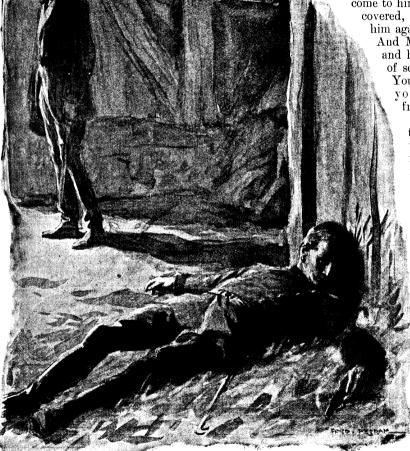
"I'mquite safe in assuming that Dunstan bury won't go unless you do," he answered, smiling. "We can't leave you alone here, you know."

"I shouldn't stay here, anyhow," she said. "Or. at any rate. I should be where nobod y could hurt me." She pointed at a dim lantern. fastened to the gate-

"Colonel Stafnitz had corrected the mistake."

it so; she had done enough. Sorrow had not passed from her face, but serenity had come upon it in fuller measure. She had struck for Monseigneur, and the blow was witness to her love. It was enough in her,

tower by an iron clamp, then waved her hand towards the surrounding darkness. "That's life, isn't it ? " she asked. " If I believed that I could go to Monseigneur, I would go tonight-nay, I would have gone at Miklevni;



it was only putting my head out of that ditch a minute sooner ! If I believed even that I could lie in the churchyard there and know that he was near ! If I believed even that I could lie there quietly and remember and think of him ! You're a man of science you're not a peasant's child, as I am. What do you think ? You mustn't wonder that I've had my thoughts too. At Lady Meg's we did little else than try to find out whether we were going on anywhere else. That's all she cared about. And if she does ever get to a next world, she won't care about that ; she'll only go on trying to find out whether there's still another beyond. What do you think ?"

"I hardly expected to find you so philosophically inclined," he said.

"It's a practical question with me now. On its answer depends whether I come with you or stay here—by Monseigneur in the churchyard."

Basil said something professional—something about nerves and temporary strain. But he performed this homage to medical etiquette in a rather perfunctory fashion. He had never seen a woman more composed or more obviously and perfectly healthy. Sophy smiled and went on :

"But if I live, I'm sure at least of being able to think and able to remember. It comes to a gamble, doesn't it? It's just possible I might get more; it's quite likely —I think it's probable—I should lose even what I have now."

"I think you're probably right about the chances of the gamble," he told her, "though no doubt certainty is out of place—or at least one doesn't talk about it. Shall I tell you what science says?"

"No," said Šophy, smiling faintly. "Science thinks in multitudes—and I'm thinking of the individual to-night. Even Lady Meg never made much of science, you know!"

" Do you remember the day when I heard you your Catechism in the avenue at Morpingham?"

"Yes, I remember. Does the Catechism hold good in Kravonia, though ?"

"It continues, anyhow, a valuable document in its bearing on this life. You remember the mistake you made, I dare say?"

"I've never forgotten it. It's had something to do with it all," said Sophy. "That's how you, as well as Lord Dunstanbury, come in at the beginning as you do at the end."

"Has it nothing to do with the question now—putting it in any particular phraseology you like?" In his turn he pointed at the smoky lantern. "That's not life," he said, growing more earnest, yet smiling. "That's now—just here and now—and, yes, it's very smoky." He waved his hand over the darkness. "That's life! Dark? Yes, but the night will lift, the darkness pass away; valley and sparkling lake will be there, and the summit of the heaven-kissing hills. Life cries to you with a sweet voice!"

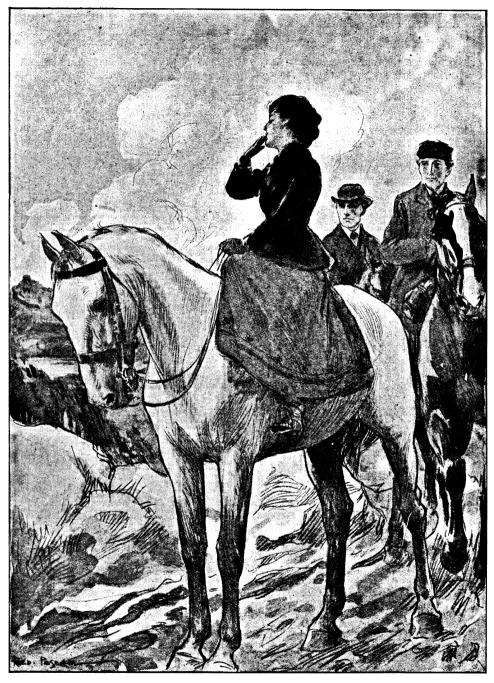
"Yes," she murmured, "with a sweet voice. And perhaps some day there would be light on the hills. But, ah, I'm torn in sunder this night ! I wish I had died there at Miklevni while my blood was hot." She paused a long while in thought. Then she went on : "If I go, I must go while it's still dark, and while these good people sleep. Go and tell Lord Dunstanbury to be ready to start an hour before dawn; and do you and he come then to the door of the church. If I'm not waiting for you there, come inside and find me."

He started towards her with an eager gesture of protest. She raised her hand and checked him.

"No, I've decided nothing. I can't tell yet," she said. She turned and left him ; he heard her steps descending the old winding stair which led from the top of the wall down into the street. He did not know whether he would see her alive again-and with her message of such ambiguous meaning he went to Dunstanbury. Yet curiously, though he had pleaded so urgently with her, though to him her death would mean the loss of one of the beautiful things from out the earth, he was in no distress for her and did not dream of attempting any constraint. She knew her strength—she would choose right. If life were tolerable, she would take up the burden. If not, she would let it lie unlifted at her quiet feet.

His mood could not be Dunstanbury's, who had come to count her presence as the light of the life that was his. Yet Dunstanbury heard the message quietly, and quietly made every preparation in obedience to her bidding. That done, he sat in the little room of the inn and smoked his pipe with Basil. Henry Brown waited his word to take the horses to the door of the church. Basil Williamson had divined his friend's feeling for Sophy, and wondered at his calmness.

"If I felt the doubt that you do, I shouldn't be calm," said Dunstanbury. "But I know her. She will be true to her love."



"' ' Farewell, Monseigneur !' she whispered very low."

He could not be speaking of that love of hers which was finished, whose end she was now mourning in the little churchyard. It must be of another love that he spoke—of one bred in her nature, the outcome of her temperament and of her being the woman that she was. The spirit which had brought her to Slavna, had made her play her part there, had welcomed and caught at every change and chance of fortune, had never laid down the sword till the blow was struck that spirit would preserve her and give her back to life now—and some day give life back to her.

He was right. When they came to the door of the church, she was there. For the first time since Monseigneur had died, her eyes were red with weeping; but her face was calm. She gave her hand to Dunstanbury.

"Come, let us mount," she said. "I have said 'Good-bye.'"

Lukovitch knew Dunstanbury's plans. He was waiting for them at the gate, his arm in a sling, and with him were the Zerkovitches. These last they would see again; it was probably farewell for ever to gallant Lukovitch. He kissed the silver ring on Sophy's finger.

^{*} I brought nothing into Kravonia," she said, "and I carry nothing out, except this ring which Monseigneur put on my finger the ring of the Bailiffs of Volseni."

"Keep it," said Lukovitch. "I think there will be no more Bailiffs of Volseni—or some Prince, not of our choosing, will take the title by bis own will. He will not be our Bailiff, as Monseigneur was. You will be our Bailiff, though our eyes never see you, and you never see our old grey walls again. Madame, have a kindly place in your heart for Volseni. We shan't forget you nor the blow we struck under your leadership. The fight at Miklevni may well be the last that we shall fight as free men."

"Volseni is written on my heart," she answered. "I shall not forget."

She bade her friends farewell and then ordered Lukovitch to throw open the gate. She and the three Englishmen rode through, Henry Brown leading the pack-horse by the bridle. The mountains were growing grey with the first approaches of dawn.

As she rode through, Sophy paused a moment, leant sideways in her saddle, and kissed the ancient lintel of the door.

"Peace be on this place," she said, "and peace to the tomb where Monseigneur lies buried !"

"Peace be on thy head and fortune with thee!" answered Lukovitch in the traditional words of farewell. He kissed her hand again, and they departed.

It was high morning when they rode up the ascent to St. Peter's Pass and came to the spot where their cross-track joined the main road over the pass from Dobrava and the capital. In silence they mounted to the summit. The road under their horse's feet was trampled with the march of the thousands of men who had passed over it in an irresistible advance on Slavna.

At the summit of the pass they stopped, and Sophy turned to look back. She sat there for a long while in silence.

"I have loved this land," at last she said. "It has given me much, and very much it has taken away. Now the face of it is to be changed. But in my heart the memory of it will not change." She looked across the valley, across the sparkling face of Lake Talti, to the grey walls of Volseni, and kissed her hand. "Farewell, Monseigneur !" she whispered very low.

The day of Kravonia was done. The head of the great snake had reached Slavna. Countess Ellenburg and young Alexis were in flight. Stenovics took orders where he had looked to rule. The death of Monseigneur was indeed avenged. But there was no place for Sophy, the Queen of a tempestuous hour.

They set their horses' heads towards e frontier. They began the descent on the frontier. The lake was gone, the the other side. familiar hills vanished; only in the eye of memory stood old Volseni still set in its grey mountains. Sophy rode forth from Kravonia in her sheepskins and her silver ring-the last Queen of Kravonia, the last Bailiff of Volseni, the last chosen leader of the mountain men. But the memory of the Red Star lived after her-how she loved Monseigneur and avenged him, how her face was fairer than the face of other women, and more pale—and how the Red Star glowed in sorrow and in joy, in love and in clash of arms, promising to some glory and to others death. In the street of Volseni and in the cabins among the hills you may hear the tale of the Red Star yet.

As she passed the border of the land which was so great in her life, by a freak of memory Sophy recalled a picture till now forgotten—a woman, unknown, untraced, unreckoned, who had passed down the Street of the Fountain, weeping bitterly—an obscure symbol of great woes, of the tribute life pays to its unresting enemies.

Yet to the unconquerable heart life stands unconquered. What danger had not shaken not even sorrow could overthrow. She rode into the future with Dunstanbury on her right hand—patience in his mind, and in his heart hope. Some day the sun would shine on the summit of heaven-kissing hills.

THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

VERYBODY knows the partridge; few study him. He is to be met in nearly every British county on all sorts of low-lying land : no year is too severe for him to flourish through it with a little help; no shooting season is altogether fatal to him. Since partridge-driving came into fashion we see the same phenomenon that was observable in the case of the red grouse of Scotland: the birds have yielded far bigger bags, and have yet increased in numbers. On good partridge-grounds in counties like Norfolk and Cambridgeshire, the birds come over the guns in quantities that recall the grouse on good northern moors, and yet very little attention is required for their preservation. Give them warm, sunny land, plenty of water for the summer months, a little protection from their natural enemies in breeding-time, and some cover when the corn is cut, and partridges will afford excellent sport, and flourish year after year. The lordly pheasant must have a lot of money spent upon him, and in the end may not afford the sporting shot that his little neighbour gives. The rabbit and the hare are excellent in their way, but a single pair of rabbits will do as much damage on the land as a covey of partridges; in short, it is not easy to over-praise the little brown bird, for in life he is well-nigh harmless and always interesting, and in death, if the cook be worthy of his title, he is delicious.

The partridge generally sees the light in

the latter half of June, though of course there are twenty different causes that may bring about an exception to this general rule. He is born in a very rough, ill-made nest by the side of a field, often in the shelter of a ditch that has a little water in it, and when the mother bird has hatched the little ones, she has great reason to be pleased, as I will show in due course. The tiny little unfledged birds must be fed for a few days, but they seem to learn to follow the mother very soon, to pick up soft grasses and seeds, and scatter right and left when the parent bird gives her short, sharp dangersignal. Weather is the all-important factor in these early days. If the land be very dry and parched and the soil heavy, the young birds perish in large numbers. I have found them in clefts in the hard clay where the sun has cracked the land and they have fallen in and have been unable to extricate On the other hand, a wet themselves. nesting season is often fatal to the low-lying nest of the partridge, and even if the mother bird succeed in bringing off her young, there is always the risk that a very heavy rainstorm will be too much for them. If the nesting season be not too bad, and the two or three weeks following the arrival of the chicks prove fine and warm, the new-comers will make very rapid progress, and it is most interesting to see their first weak essays in the art of flight, carefully supervised by the mother, who drops at a very short distance

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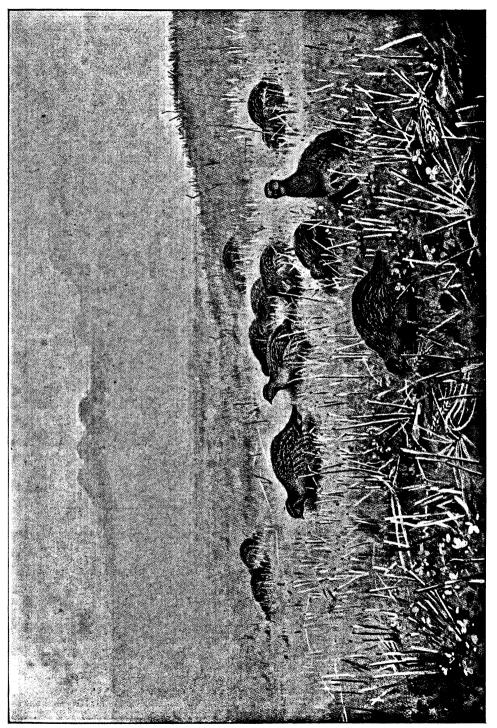
from the rise to let them recover. I do not think the father bird is a very loving parent, unless when his wife is sitting. He fights hard for her possession at the end of winter, and is devoted to his partner during her most responsible period : I have never noticed anything that can lead me to believe he is greatly concerned about the children, though they remain in his company for half a year.

As soon as the birds are half-grown and the covey may be said to be formed, they feed regularly in the morning and evening, and are fond of a sun-bath and a dust-bath after the morning meal of grasses and seeds. This fare does not suffice to make them fat; they depend upon the cornfields for that. When the corn is cut, they repair to the stubbles and pick up the grain that has fallen from the ripe ears. I have shot partridge coming up off stubbles after their morning meal in late September and have been astonished at the capacity of their crop. If mankind ate proportionately, there would speedily be a famine in the land. To aid digestion partridges swallow small stones. A few weeks on the stubble-fields bring the young birds into fine condition, quite ready for the gun: it is a big mistake to start partridge shooting at the beginning of the legal time in a very late year; the birds are not fit to be shot and not fit to be eaten. It is best to make the season open a month later, when all the corn will be cleared and the partridge will be plump. An unbroken covey seen on the stubbles or grassland in late September, when one and all are in good condition, affords a pretty sight.

By night the birds have a curious method of sleeping : they squat in a circle with their back to one another, and in this way can scent danger from any direction. At the first sign of trouble the male bird rises and chooses the direction, nearly always down wind for choice, followed by the family, and last of all by the mother. If mischance befall should \mathbf{the} parents, the covey breaks up, and early in the season is quite at the mercy of the sportsman who has a couple of well-trained dogs. While the parents survive, I think if only one parent is left, the covey remains together until the end of the winter, when it separates for pairing pur-When partridges are raised under poses. bantam hens, the biggest of the family acts in loco parentis when the time has come to forsake the foster-mothers. In very mild winters the break-up precedes the end of January, when the last day of shooting arrives, but all sportsman who are humane and have an interest in keeping a good stock of birds, will cease from shooting as soon as the coveys divide, for when the pairing instinct is very strong, the birds seem to lose their fear of man and will get up within easy shot.

From the time when he is in the egg to the day of his death, the partridge is pursued by many remorseless enemies. Weasels, jays, magpies, and carrion crows are very fond of partridge eggs, and the parent birds must be very careful in their choice of a nesting-place if they desire to keep away from these marauders. The fox, too, has a habit of searching for sitting partridges and carrying them off their nests, though I confess I have never been able to decide whether the wily animal takes the birds by surprise—he can move as cautiously as a Red Indian on a trail-or whether the bird will not leave her eggs and dies rather than fly away. On lands where the partridges are well looked after, wire-netting and other things of the kind help to keep foxes at a distance, and the under-keepers wage unceasing war on stoats, weasels, and all flying vermin; but the great majority of partridges must shift for themselves, and it is here that Nature steps in and gives the bird a colour that assists its defence admirably. The grey-brown of the sitting hen makes it look very much like the clay that is round the ditch, and probably helps to deceive even the keen-eyed natural enemies. When the little birds are born and run after their mother to pick up food. the grass is at its summer height, and helps to secure them from the observation of hungry hawks and crows that may often be seen looking for the baby birds when the nesting season is at an end. Hawks remain the enemies of a partridge all the days of its life, and only the unceasing persecution of hawks by men enables the little game-bird to flourish in large numbers. The stoat does not always have his way with partridges; one of our illustrations shows his end at the hands of an angry gamekeeper.

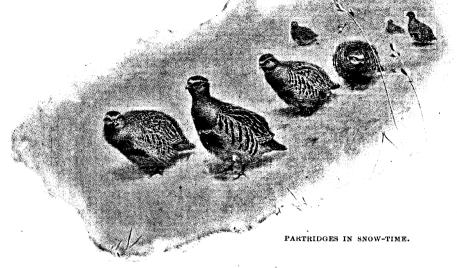
By the time the shooting-season comes round, partridges have to fear man and foxes; their other enemies may be well-nigh disregarded. The old-fashioned method of walking after the birds from the first of September has fallen into disuse in many places for a variety of reasons. In the first place, the seasons seem to be later with us than they were with our fathers : by the first of September now the corn is only just cut in most parts of the country, while in parts of the north and in Scotland it is not even





COVERT-SIDE JUSTICE. "SO PERISH ALL OUR ENEMIES!"

ripe. The birds of the year are thin and worthless, "cheepers" and nothing more. Then, again, modern reaping-machines cut the stubbles down so close that there is



no proper cover for the partridges; they are flushed very quickly and fly a long way: "I have shot partridges in countries to which the modern self-binder has not yet reached, where the *media luna*, the sickle, is still in use, and the difference in the sport is remarkable, showing that our fathers and grandfathers, who shot as Mr. Wardle and his friends did in fashion recorded in "The Pickwick Papers," had a better time than we can hope to get unless the birds are driven.

Partridges are very quick to realise the position of affairs. Before the season begins, I sometimes walk over clover or lucerne fields or along the furrows among the root crops, and put up big coveys of partridges that rise in leisurely flight and settle down at a short distance. When shooting has been in progress a week, the birds lie right in the centre of big fields, and when they see people approaching will run as far as they may in an opposite direction and then rise suddenly. People say they have caught the habit of running from their red-legged cousin, the Hungarian partridge, which was introduced into England in the nineteenth century on some of the big East Anglian estates, and has spread since in most remarkable fashion. The bird is hard to distinguish from the British variety-until they are set side by side—save by his red legs and incurable habit of running from the guns instead of flying from them. Newly ploughed

fields are of great assistance to the partridges: they crouch in the furrows on the first sign of danger, and will often let a man with a gun pass a few yards to the right or left of them without rising at all. I have sometimes been startled by the rise of a covey I had neither seen nor expected while walking over a ploughed field on the way from one corner to another. The birds have been watching very carefully, and have come at last to the conclusion that they are being stalked, and that my seeming indifference is a pretence. Once he is assured of this, the cock bird rises and the rest follow. Sometimes a very nervous covey will rise without the parents, who will wait on the ground until the guns have gone off, and will then rise and go after the survivors. Whether they intended to crouch, and were frightened out of their determination by the noise of firing. or whether they purposely waited until the guns had gone off, hoping thus to escape free, I have never been able to determine. I cannot help feeling that partridges have a far larger share of cunning than we are used to credit them with, particularly on small, open, unpreserved farms, where shooting goes on all through the winter, and no part of the land is stocked and preserved for the sake of occasional driving days. Certainly I have noticed a very great difference in the action of birds in different localities : for example, in open, unpreserved English farmlands; in preserved grounds where birds are regularly driven, as in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk; in countries where driving is quite unknown and cover is very plentiful, as in Spain or Morocco. In these last two countries the birds will often sit on tree trunks or small elevations near the roadside and stare at passing travellers, flying a very little way if disturbed. The Moors do not hesitate to shoot them sitting. "That is not sport," I observed once by way of protest.

"I do not know sport," was the reply, roughly translated; "but when he flies, it is harder to hit him."

When partridges are driven, the parent birds

and when two male partridges are contending, forgetful of everything else, it frequently happens that a fox who has been a careful observer of the dispute takes a very easy chance of a good meal. Barren pairs and single, unmated birds are regarded by the partridge-rearer with anything but friendly feelings. Another little matter worth noting by farmers is the partridges' fondness for young corn. The rook is popularly supposed to do all the harm to the little green, grass-like blades when they first appear above the brown earth, but it cannot be denied that the partridge is



"A DRIVE."

lead the coveys, and most guns seek to bring them first to the bag. The wisdom of this step is best seen at the end of the season, when the coveys break up and go courting. Then any old cock bird that has lost his mate is apt to give a great deal of trouble, fighting the pairing males where and when he can find them, often going so far as to chase them right away from the field he has chosen for his own residence. At the end of the shooting season the plumage of the birds increases in beauty, the chestnut horseshoe on the male bird's breast glows and deepens, the feathers on his head are quite lustrous, and his call is louder. January and February see fierce fights about the fields, equally devoted to this sweet food, and punishes it to an extent that few farmers appreciate. I am inclined to believe that the rook uproots the newly born ear to hunt for wire-worms and grubs at the root, and that the partridge eats it without searching any farther. Its beak does not allow it to dive down into the mould.

Partridges can be reared as pheasants are : a common hen will raise a brood, though she is at best a clumsy mother, and I have heard of the incubator being used with very moderate success. A bantam hen makes the best foster-parent. Where nests are found in exposed places with the eggs warm and the mother absent, it is safe to conclude



[&]quot;WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS !"

that a fox has snapped her off the nest, and then it is no bad plan to find a foster-mother. I have seen as many as eighteen eggs in a single partridge nest, though whether they were laid by one bird, I can't say, for among some birds-the pheasants, for example-two hens will frequently contribute to the same nest, and a double partridge-covey is no uncommon sight. The trade in partridge eggs has increased to a serious extent in the past few years, owing to the discovery that the birds can be artificially reared; and the penalties to which poachers are subject seem at present to be quite inadequate for the abatement of the nuisance. Open, unprotected lands suffer most, particularly if neighbouring preserves have unscrupulous keepers. As long as a country lad knows he can get half-a-crown or two shillings a dozen for partridge eggs, and be asked no questions, he will make as much by poaching on Sundays as he can earn by honest labour from Monday morning till Saturday night. Very many birds are taken by poachers in the shooting season. A drag-net is used—I do not think it wise to explain the way of working at any length. Suffice it that there is a method by which the drag-net poachers may be baffled without any great trouble. Put down a few handfuls of briars and thorns at irregular intervals about the best ground and stake them down firmly. They play havoc with the drag-nets and render the poacher's plan of operations well-nigh impracticable. On open, unpreserved lands which are often shot over, it is perhaps unnecessary to take any precautions, first because the birds are scarcer, and in the second place they are far more alert than they are on grounds where they are kept for a few big drives.

Few birds respond more readily than partridges to a little trouble. Even on heavy wet land or on heavy dry land it is

possible to effect great improvements in a poor stock. A little drainage or an artificial water supply will be the first consideration in the neighbourhood of quiet ditches and hedges that get the sun. If the ground be wet, it should be drained along the ditch side; if very dry, flat water-pans should be put down and kept well filled. A little wire netting may be put down with advantage. When the corn is cut, a few small patches should be left standing, and during the nesting season the land should be kept as quiet as possible. A few hand-reared birds may be put down to strengthen the breed, and with no more trouble or expense a bad partridge-ground may be turned into a good one, or at least into a better one. If the area of the land exceed a thousand acres, regular driving is another good thing for the stock, but in cases where driving is resorted to, I think the birds should not be taken in any other way. A partridge drive affords excellent sport, and is a severe test of a shooter's capacity, particularly when the birds come down wind. The much-vaunted kite, shaped and coloured like a hawk, and flown on string right over fields where partridges are lying, is effective within certain limits. The birds lie like stones until the guns are close to them, but when they do rise in flight, all that escape the guns go at a pace that carries them right off all small grounds.

In parts where the birds are wild and hard to reach, a good day's sport will follow the first fall of snow, for then the partridges are puzzled and seek the hedgerows. Fog avails also to bring the wildest coveys within gunshot.

The best sport will always be offered by the birds whose owner watches them at all seasons of the year, studies their habits and requirements, and learns the influence of wind, weather, and other conditions upon their actions.

FROM A SICK-ROOM.

A LAS! for strength so husbanded! To spend this golden day a-bed While all the clean and delicate air Cries out at languor and despair, And Nature, turning splendid—sober In the embrace of cool October, Forgetting Summer's hot caresses,

Doffs her green drapery and tresses, And, clad in rose and amber brave, Goes down to meet her wintry grave. Alas! that I must slug abed Racked of limb and sick of head, When Heaven, in such a generous glow, Sets out once more the Autumn's show!

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY,

TOOK the trouble to collect opinions from several other fellows before sitting down to write this article; but as these opinions (on parties) were expressed with deplorable crudeness, and consisted of little more than three words (which were "piffle," "swizzle," and "rot"), I consider them hardly worth a passing allusion. Let it suffice to state

BY

A BOY WHO

GOES

THEM

TO

a fact which you may have gathered already from the foregoing remarks—namely, that the ordinary human boy professes not to like parties.

I say professes with reason and intention, because I have often been in a position to observe that the very boys who are loudest in pronouncing parties piff, swiz, and rot, are those who appear most bent on having a ripping good time when they go to them; also are those who take most particular care of Little Mary, even if they are selfish enough to neglect Ethel, Joyce, Edith, Muriel, and Enid. Personally, I look on it as beastly ungrateful and rotten bad form for a boy to turn up his nose at entertainments to which he accepts invitations. He must know, if he has either imagination, observation, or common sense, that the ordinary human grown-up prefers Bridge to conjuring tricks or cinematographs, likes better to dance with other grown-ups than to sit and thump a piano while kids prance, and would rather read a novel or a newspaper than play Hunt-the-Slipper or General Post; therefore he ought to feel some gratitude for the sacrifices made on his behalf, and, if he is

CARTIES

ONCERMING

too hard-hearted to be capable of feeling it, he ought at least to have the decency to pretend that he does. It is still more reasonable to expect that, when he really enjoys himself, he should not carry on an

affectation of being bored. I am thinking of Wain—but no! On second thoughts, I refrain from mentioning his name. I have no wish to hurt his feelings. I only repeat that it is of him I am thinking.

He said all sorts of abusive things about a dance that he and I and a lot of other Everton House chaps were asked to go to in the Christmas holidays. The dance was from four to eight; and, among other opprobrious remarks, he said he would go at five and come away at six. He didn't carry out his programme exactly. He went at the time he was asked for, because his family coach was going with his sister and his cousin and his aunt, and, if he hadn't taken a seat in it, he would have had to walk three miles, and Wai-I mean the boy I am thinking of-is not what might truthfully be called an active pedestrian. Also, he did not leave at seven. More than that, he did not even leave at halfpast seven, when he could easily have gone if he had liked, because it was at that hour the family coach came to take home his sister and his cousin and his aunt. He did something quite different; but in order to explain why he did, I must digress-or,

"Ethel"—which is all I feel bound to relate openly to an inquisitive public.

Ethel and I went in the cab "together and alone" (which is a quotation) and I enjoyed the drive quite awfully, although



"He did not attempt to dance with her; but, when he wasn't eating ices, he was looking at her."

more correctly speaking (and I always strive after correctness), I must retrogress to the earlier part of the afternoon.

My own family coach happening to be an open and airy one, quite unsuitable for carrying passengers in party clothes on a stormy evening, I shared a cab with a friend. The friend was a girl, and, for convenience, I will call her Ethel; but that is not her name. Her real name has the same number of letters in it, and, curiously enough, three of them are the same, as in the vehicle was a jolty one with uncertain windows; but, alas! we did not return in the same manner.

Wa—I mean the boy I am speaking of saw Ethel directly we arrived, and "to see her is to love her" (which is another quotation). At any rate, it seemed that he found it so. (I do not refer to the quotation, but to the fact embodied in the quotation.)

He did not attempt to dance with her; but, when he wasn't eating ices, he was looking at her, and that seemed to please him better and, of course, fatigued him less than dancing would have done.

When he had basely allowed the family coach to depart without him, he strolled up to me, looking as casual as he could, and asked if I would mind giving him a seat in my cab going home. Now, I had my own reasons for wishing to return just as I had come, and I have great faith in proverbs and wise maxims, especially in one beginning "Two's company," so I tried to discourage his intentions by pointing out that if he drove with us, he would still have a mile further to walk before reaching his own house. I counted on the circumstance already alluded to, that he does not shine



"He gassed the whole time to Ethel, succeeded in making her giggle at his beastly bad jokes and rotten puns."

as a pedestrian (when I get hold of a good long word, I think it wasteful to use it but once in an article), and at the moment of speaking I did not know that the family coach had gone without him. However, he lost no time in making the situation clear to me; so, seeing no way of escape short of downright churlishness (which is always to be avoided if possible), I dissembled, and said I should be delighted to have him which was further from the truth than my house from his.

It was even more so during the drive, for he gassed the whole time to Ethel, succeeded in making her giggle at his beastly bad jokes and rotten puns, and I was obliged to retire into a corner and listen to them

without a chance of getting in a word edgeways on my own account.

You might think that, after this, he would have admitted that he enjoyed the party; but no; far from it. He went about the next day,

saying : "Wretched piffle !" "Beastly swiz !" "Howling rot !" in fact, behaving just the same as he had done the day before, only with those fat adjectives thrown in to increase his vocabulary of abuse.

I felt impelled to reason with him. I pointed out the sin of ingratitude in much the same language

(fairly convincing language, I think) which I have used on a foregoing page, but without avail. He had the impudence to tell me I was jealous of him, and that he was sorry for me; and after that insult I did not think it consistent with my dignity to say any more.

I know who Ethel likes best; and if W—I mean that fellow —thinks it's him (I cannot regard grammatical rules when really excited), I can tell him for his better information that he's jolly well mistaken. So there !



"' 'And be told she's out,' said Mr. Bassity."

COAL OIL JOHNNY.

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

T was eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and on the verandah of Mrs. Hemingway's house three young girls were gathered in conversation. Below them a garden ran to the water's edge and gave access to a wooden pier projecting some thirty or forty feet beyond. Here, in the mimic harbour formed by a sharp turn of the shore and the line of piles on which the pier was supported, rode the Hemingway fleet at their moorings: a big, half-decked cat-boat, a gasoline launch, an Indian canoe, and two trim gigs. Here, too, under the kindly lee of a small boathouse, the Hemingway crew lay stretched in slumber, his head pillowed on an ancient jib, and his still smoking pipe fallen from his unconscious lips. A Hemingway puppy was

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stalking some Hemingway tomtits, in the bland, leisurely, inoffensive manner of one whose intentions were not serious; and the picture was completed by a Hemingway cat, with a blue ribbon round his neck, who was purring to itself in the serenity that a stray page of a newspaper never yet afforded man.

The wide, shady verandah was articulate of summer and girls and gaiety, and of all that pleasant, prosperous homeliness that we see so much of in life, and hear so little about in fiction. Hammocks, rockingchairs, and rugs were scattered about in a comfortable, haphazard fashion; a tea-table here was stacked high with novels and magazines; a card-table there bore a violin, a couple of tennis-racquets, a silver-handled crop, and a box of papa's second-best cigars. (The really-truly best were under the basketwork sofa.) There was also a sewing-machine, a music-stand, a couple of dogs asleep on the floor, a Family Bible full of pressed wildflowers, a twenty-two-bore rifle, and the messy remains of a Latin exercise that the son of the house had recently been engaged upon before being called away to play Indian with some friends.

Dolly Hemingway, a handsome, fair-haired, imperious-looking girl, was lolling in a hammock, directing the deliberations of Sattie Felton, aged seventeen, who was sitting on the floor holding a dog's head in her lap, and of Jess Hardy, aged twenty, who was in possession of a stool and a box of chocolate-A very important matter was being creams. discussed, and that was why everybody was talking at once, and how it came about that a young man passed unnoticed through the cool, darkened rooms of the house and appeared without warning before the little group. A tall, bulky young man, with an air of diffidence on his honest, sunburnt face, and a general awkwardness of movement that seemed to be ray a certain doubt as to his welcome. He stammered out something like "Good morning," and then stood there, hat in hand, waiting for the massacre to begin.

"Mr. Bassity!" exclaimed Dolly Hemingway, straightening up in the hammock and staring at him with cold, grey eyes. The bulky young man faltered; tried to find some reassurance in the no less chilling faces of Sattie Felton and Jess Hardy; and then said: "How do you do?" in a voice of extreme dejection.

"It is the custom here," said Dolly in cutting accents, "for a gentleman, when he calls upon a lady, to announce himself first at the door!"

"And be told she's out," said Mr. Bassity, timidly defiant. "Call next day, and out too ! Call next week, and still out !"

"When you've made a closer study of the social system," began Miss Hemingway—"our social system, which seems in vogue everywhere except the place *you* come from—you will discover that such little subterfuges save painful interviews."

"Oh, now, girls, don't be hard on me," said Mr. Bassity, sitting down uninvited and speaking with the most disarming contrition. "We all used to be such good friends once, and now, for the life of me, I don't know what's the matter. I valued your friendship tremendously—valued it more than I can tell—and now I'm losing it without even knowing why. It cuts a fellow; it's humiliating; it's crool, that's what it is, awful crool, and I'll tell you the straight-out truth that I've cried over it !"

He looked quite capable of crying over it again, and his honest, manly face bore mute witness to his words. Though addressing himself to Miss Hemingway, his eyes were more often fixed on Jess Hardy, and it was plain that it was her good opinion he valued most. But she was as merciless as Dolly and showed not the least sign of relenting.

"We have decided that we do not care for the further pleasure of your acquaintance," said Miss Hemingway. "It's a disagreeable thing to have to say—but it's the truth ! We liked you at first because there was something breezy and Western about you—then you got breezier and Westerner, till it was more than the traffic could stand."

"Now, see here," broke out Mr. Bassity in pleading accents, "have I ever done anything caddish or ungentlemanly—intentionally, I mean—anything that could possibly justify my being dropped like this—that could——"

"Perhaps not intentionally," interrupted Miss Hemingway, "though it's no good your coming around here to say that you didn't know any better. You ought to have known better, that's all."

"Known what?" bleated Mr. Bassity. "In Heaven's name, tell me *what*?"

"Oh, it isn't one thing, it's a thousand," said Dolly. "It's—it's—general social ineptitude!"

Mr. Bassity looked more depressed than ever. He didn't know what the word meant, and it seemed to cover a terrifying accusation. He was seen silently making a note of it for a future reference to a dictionary.

"I'm just a rough, uncouth fellow," said he at last. "I know that well enough without three young ladies telling me so. An oil man—a successful oil man—hasn't much chance to cultivate the social graces. If he can keep on the right side of common honesty, he has done more than most. I guess even our best people out there would give you a shock—and I don't pretend I even ran with them."

"That's the most redeeming thing you've said yet," remarked Jess.

"Čh, they wouldn't have me," remarked Coal Oil Johnny with fatal truthfulness.

"All you need is toning down," said Miss Hemingway, with a suspicion of kindness in her voice. "You're too exuberent, that's all. You're always rushing in where angels fear to tread, till it has grown on you like a habit. When other people stop, you're just beginning."

"Couldn't you give me another chance?" he asked, still with his eyes pathetically on Jess Hardy's face. "Just one more chance to try and hit it off better next time? Now just sit up, every one of you, and tell me frankly what I've done to offend you-stamp all over me-bite my head off-and then, let's begin again with a clean slate, and see if I can't buck up."

"I'll leave it to the general vote," said Miss Hemingway. "You certainly have a very winning nature in some ways; and who knows, you might possibly do better after this awful warning ? Only you mustn't come round here next time demanding explanations. The next time will be positive and final. Yes," she went on, "I propose that Mr. Bassity be given a talking to, and then have his name put on the probation list."

"Poor Mr. Bassity," said Sattie Felton. "I second the motion for reinstating him temporarily !"

Jess Hardy was not so quick in giving her decision. In her girlish heart she enjoyed the big man's discomfiture, and was mischievous enough to prolong his suspense. She knew that, to him, her opinion was the most important of all, and this gave her an added pleasure in withholding her verdict. All three looked at her as she bent her pretty brows and seemed to weigh the She was a Southerner, and her question. French-Spanish blood betrayed itself in her grace, her little slender hands and feet, and the type of her dark and unusual beauty. She was more a woman than either Dolly or Sattie, and the fact that Mr. Bassity was desperately in love with her fanned within her breast a wilful desire to torment him.

"Let me think," she said. "'Pon my soul—___!" began that unfortunate young man, boisterously attempting to sway her judgment.

"Hush ! "exclaimed Sattie Felton.

"She's thinking," said Miss Hemingway severely.

Mr. Bassity noisily subsided.

"I don't know whether it's worth while to forgive him," said Jess at last. "He's so incorrigible-so wild and woolly, you know; and if you're nice to him, he's like one of those big dogs that want to jump all over you !"

"Oh, Miss Hardy, please, please !" cried Coal Oil Johnny.

"Well, I won't prejudice the jury," continued Jess, "only it must be understood that we have the privilege of making a few remarks."

Mr. Bassity made a pantomime of unbearing his breast.

" Strike ! " he said.

"You first," said Dolly to Jess.

"Last Tuesday I was playing golf at the links," began that young lady vindictively. "Mr. Bassity volunteered to call for me at four and take me home on his French automobile. I knew we were going too fast, and said so twice, but he only answered : 'Oh, bother !' or something equally polite and gracious. Then as we raced into Franklin Street, we found a rope across it, and sixteen policemen waiting to arrest us ! Pleasant, wasn't it-with a million people looking on, and my picture next day in the paper? T was so mortified that I could have cried, and I can't think of it even now without burning all over."

"Perhaps the prisoner might care to offer some explanation ?" suggested Miss Hemingway.

"Well, really, it was most unfortunate," admitted Coal Oil Johnny. "The fact is, the low gear is chewed up on that car, and I've always been forced to run it on the intermediate-and the most you can throttle down the intermediate to is eighteen miles an hour !"

"The legal speed being six, I believe," icily interjected Miss Hardy.

"I don't know what the silly law is," continued Mr. Bassity, "but the only way to obey it would be to get out and push the car. Couldn't ask a lady to do that, could I?"

"You could have thrown in your intermediate and then thrown it out again, and run on momentum," said Miss Hardy. "That's automobile A B C !"

"Oh, but my dear girl," protested Coal Oil Johnny, "the clutches on that car are something fierce, and half the time the intermediate won't mesh. When you're lucky enough to get it in, of course you keep it in."

"Yes, and get arrested," said Miss Hardy, "and give your passenger an agreeable notoriety, not to speak of shaking up her happy home and getting her allowance stopped for a month ! "

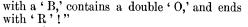
Mr. Bassity looked acutely miserable. To have brought penury to his lady-love struck him to the heart.

"I'm the most wretched fellow alive," he "If ever there was a child of missaid. fortune, it's me. I can only throw myself on the mercy of the Court, and grovel-yes, grovel, if you'll show me a place to grovel in and teach me how !"

"Have you anything else against the prisoner?" inquired Miss Hemingway of Jess.

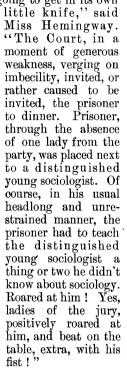
"About sixty-five other complaints," assented that young lady. "But I'll let it go at this, which was the worst of all."

"Miss Sattie Felton, what have you against the unhappy wretch who stands



At this staggering blow poor Coal Oil Johnny covered his face with his hands and groaned.

"It's all true," he said. "Only I was kind of goaded into it. I began by saying that if religious people would only be Christians too, the world would be a better place to live in !" "The Court is now going to get in its own



"But he was such an ass!" said the prisoner.

"No reason at all why you should roar at him," said the Court, "and disturb

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"'About this burd,' he began."

trembling at the bar of justice? "asked the self-appointed president of the Court.

"Last Sunday I was at the Country Club with papa," said Miss Felton. "The prisoner engaged in an altercation with my male parent on the subject of religion, said parent being a man of strong views and short temper. Said parent, however, being a man of the world as well, tried to evade an argument and escape, but was penned up in a corner for ten purple minutes. Said afterwards he had never been so affronted in all his life; explodes even now at the recollection; calls the prisoner a word that begins everybody and make them feel uncomfortable."

"An awful ass!" persisted the prisoner.

"The world is full of them," said the Court. "If you were to roar at every one you meet, you'd never have time for anything else. Life would degenerate into one long roar. Everybody knows that Professor Titcombe is a ninny and an idiot, but the decencies of intercourse require you to say: 'How nice!' or 'How interesting!' to the remarks he makes!"

"But he had never even been in Colorado," vociferated Coal Oil Johnny. "It was all lies and hearsay and gas. But I had, and I know all about it; and if you want proof, I have a scar on my head where a Dago shot me at Telluride!"

"Prisoner's motion to show scar overruled," said the Court.

"Isn't it about time to let me off?" pleaded Mr. Bassity. "Surely I've listened like a lamb to everything you've said to me? I've been slapped on one cheek and then on the other; and if I haven't always come up smiling, it isn't that I haven't tried. It stings a fellow to hear such things to his face; it hurts a fellow more than I think you know for. I may not be up to the general standard of your friends, but I guess my feelings are just as sensitive, and my regard and respect for all three of you is not anyways behind theirs. I dare say this has amused you very much, and I don't grudge for a minute the fun you may have had out of it; but suppose we call it off now and be friends again, and-and-talk about something else?"

There was something so naïve and affecting in Bassity's plea for mercy that for a moment his three persecutors looked almost ashamed of themselves. Jess Hardy's dark eyes filled with tears, and she rose and went over to him and patted his hand.

"Cheer up," she said smiling. "We've reinstated you now, and like you better than we ever did before."

"And oo'll be mamma's little darling and will never be naughty again," added Miss Hemingway.

"Poor old Johnny!" said Miss Felton sympathetically. "That's the trouble about being a rough diamond and being polished while you wait—makes you sorry you ever came, doesn't it?"

"Now can you smoke a cigar, Mr. Bassity," said Dolly, " and improve your mind listening to us talk !"

"So long as I'm not the subject of it," observed Coal Oil Johnny ruefully.

"Oh, we can't bother about you for always," said Miss Hemingway. "You've had your little turn, and must now give way to something more important."

"Delighted !" said Mr. Bassity.

"And don't look as though your own cigars were better than papa's," added Dolly.

"But they are," he retorted.

"Will nothing ever prevent you speaking the truth?" cried Miss Hardy. "There ought to be tracts about the young man who always spoke the truth—and his awful end!"

"Do you want me to listen intelligently

or unintelligently?" Mr. Bassity asked Dolly.

"Oh, any old way," she said. "We don't mind particularly which."

"But you might tell me what the next topic's about," he said. "I might improve my mind more, you know, to have some glimmering of what's going on. Possibly— I say it with all diffidence—possibly I might be able to contribute some valuable suggestions."

At this there rose such a chorus of incredulity that even the dogs jumped up and barked.

"It'll be a long time before you'll ever pay your social way," said Miss Hemingway cruelly. "In the meanwhile you're a social pauper, living on crusts, and the most becoming thing you can do is to sit very silent and grateful and self-effacing."

"Yep," said Coal Oil Johnny, pretending to gulp down a manly emotion. "Yep, kind lady, and God bless your purty face ; and if a lifetime of humble devotion and——."

"We all three have to do something for the St. John's Home for Incurable Children," interrupted Dolly, "and the question is : What?"

"Simplest thing out," said Mr. Bassity, feeling for his pocket-book.

"That's just what we're not going to do," continued Dolly. "It's horrid to go round dunning people for subscriptions, and being ten dollars nice to them for three dollars and fifty cents cash. We're all pledged to *earn* some money—really-truly earn it—and every one of us is going to get out and hustle; we want to arrange it so that none of us three will overlap. My idea is dogthinning."

"Dog-what?" ejaculated Coal Oil Johnny.

"Most people's dogs are too fat," explained Miss Hemingway. "Most owners are so slack and good-natured that though they know they are their own dogs' worst enemies, they weakly go on pampering them in spite of their better judgment. I am going to reduce dogs for ten dollars a dog not brutally, like a vet., who kicks them into a cellar and leaves them there—but giving up my whole time to it for a month. Plain living, lots of exercise, sympathy, tact, all the comforts of home. I've already got the promise of four, and there's a Russian poodle, besides, and a dachshund who are trying to make up their minds."

"I wish I could have thought of anything so original !" cried Sattie Felton mournfully. "It seems so commonplace just to go and work in papa's office for two weeks, doesn't it?"

"Specially the way *you*'ll work!" exclaimed Jess Hardy.

"I am going to help Miss Drayton in the filing department," said Sattie. "Put a letter from an F man into an F drawer, and from a G man into a G drawer, and from an H man into an H drawer, and from an I man into an I drawer......"

"Oh, stop!" cried Dolly Hemingway.

"And from a J man into a J drawer," continued Sattie drearily, "and from a K man----!"

The hurried passing of the chocolatecreams in her direction brought about a welcome silence.

"What's your plan, Miss Hardy?" inquired Mr. Bassity.

"Oh, Jess has a snap," said Sattie in thick, chocolate-cream accents.

"My big Manton car," explained Jess. "It holds five, you know, and I'm going every day to the I. B. and Q. depôt and take passengers. Hang out a little card : 'Beautiful Stackport, Two Hours Ride for One Dollar, Children Half Price '!"

"No chauffeur ?" asked Coal Oil Johnny.

"Of course not. In that case it would be the money *he* earned—not mine."

"I don't think I'd do that," said Coal Oil Johnny.

"It matters so little what you think," said Jess.

"But all alone ?" objected Bassity.

"I told you it holds five," said Miss Hardy.

"I shall make it a point to go every trip," said Coal Oil Johnny.

"Indeed, you shan't," protested Jess. "The basis of the whole idea is that no friends are allowed. It's to be genuine money-making without favouritism or the personal element, and I think it's splendidly original and American."

Coal Oil Johnny looked at her and slowly shook his head.

"Don't do it," he said seriously. "Please don't do it."

"But I please will, thank you," she returned; "and I'm going to make more money out of it than anybody."

"What does your father say?" he asked.

"Offered me a hundred dollars not to."

"Then I suppose it wouldn't be any good offering two hundred?"

"Not in the least-nor two thousand !"

Coal Oil Johnny sighed, and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

"See here," he said at last : "why wouldn't it be a bright idea to give me lessons—at so much a lesson—on how to behave, and that kind of thing ?"

Sattie Felton clapped her hands excitedly.

"I take him, I take him !" she cried. "I spoke first, girls, and it beats filing all hollow !" In her eagerness she jumped up and ran to Coal Oil Johnny, as though to hold him tight and prevent him being snatched away from her by the others. Poor Bassity had hoped to fall into other hands, and his face showed his disappointment.

"I hoped——" he stammered. "I thought perhaps——"

"No, Sattle spoke first," said Miss Hemingway, detecting incipient rebellion; "and, anyway, she deserves to have you, for her plan wasn't any good, and was hardly better than getting a present of the money from her father."

"What can I charge him?" exclaimed Sattie. "What are lessons worth, Dolly good, long ones?"

"Five dollars each, or fifty for a course of twelve," replied that reliable authority. "Diploma, elegantly tinted for framing, one dollar."

"It isn't too much, is it?" asked Sattie anxiously of Mr. Bassity. "I don't want to rob you, you know, and even half would be more than I could get by filing."

"Oh, it's cheap," said Coal Oil Johnny, attempting to seem cheerful. "I never expected to become a social favourite for anything under a hundred. Only I wish you wouldn't try your way," he added aside to Miss Hardy. "I mean it in all earnestness. If I had a sister——."

"You'd keep her in a red morocco case, and only show her in peeps to people of guaranteed respectability," said Jess, continuing his sentence for him. "That's always the way with imaginary sisters. But the real ones like to jump in and help the old world along."

"Oh, but do take a chauffeur," he pleaded.

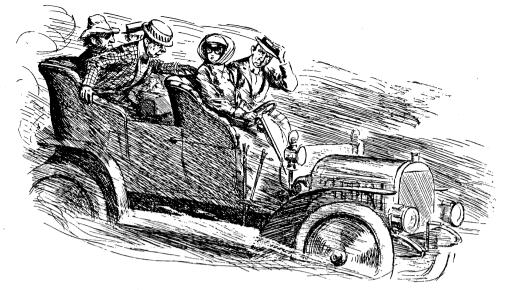
Miss Hardy gave him a mocking smile.

"Would you mind my running my own little show in my own little way?" she observed sweetly.

He blew out a large smoke ring and did not reply. His honest, sunburnt face assumed a far-away expression. Coal Oil Johnny was thinking !

* * *

In the line of hacks and omnibuses that stood outside the I. B. and Q. depôt was a



"Say, young chafer, I guess you've plunked a tyre!"

Manton car, dazzling the eye with brass, and reflecting the passing throng in the deep, ruby red of its highly polished surface. Its only occupant was Miss Jess Hardy, suffocating in a leather coat, and with her shy, pretty face well concealed behind an automobilemask. At the side of the car, neatly pinned to one of the long, raw-hide baskets, was the following invitation to the public :—

BEAUTIFUL STACKPORT.

Two hours ride for a dollar.

Children 1 Price.

But the public, who possibly had already seen beautiful Stackport for themselves, or who, maybe, were withheld by the lack of the necessary dollar-the public, jostling past in an intermittent stream, and coy, as always, in the investment of its cash, disregarded the allurements of the Manton, and scarcely deigned even to look its way. Α few of its members, however, of a chatty and mechanical turn, were willing to volunteer a vast deal of random conversation with less than no encouragement; but the man with the dollar, the man who desired to see beautiful Stackport, the man who thirsted for a two hours' ride—children half price was yet to come.

Jess Hardy had waited for an hour. Her first eager expectancy had given way to a heart-breaking consciousness of failure. She felt humiliated, less for herself than for her

Manton. She had thrown down her pearls, and the swine, true to tradition, were treating them in the time-honoured manner. At last, when hope was nearly dead within her breast, it was suddenly revived by the appearance of a rustic gentleman, who, stopping as though he had received a galvanic shock, opened his mouth as he slowly spelled out the notice on the basket. It was plain he was from the country, for his reddish whiskers were untrimmed, his hair long and straggling, his clothes of an extraordinary and antique design; and, moreover, under his arm, he carried a coaloil box, slatted across the front, which contained a live rooster. It was a pity that so sturdy a representative of the agricultural classes should have worn spectacles-and blue ones at that-and he had a troubled, peering, blind look that caused Jess a momentary pang. But he seemed a jolly, hearty fellow, in spite of his infirmity, and, coming up to her, he gave her a broad and confidential smile.

"About this burd," he began in a rich, friendly drawl, indicating the rooster. "Be there any trouble about the burd coming too?"

"Not a particle," said Miss Hardy.

"Hey," said the stranger-" hey?"

"Glad to have it," said Miss Hardy, trying to suit her English to the intelligence of the plain people.

"But no monkey business?" said the gentleman from the country. "No half

price rung on me later? No extry for livestock?"

"One dollar, and no charge for rooster," said Jess in her most matter-of-fact tones.

From a capacious and interior pocket the stranger produced a venerable wallet, and from the venerable wallet a dollar bill.

"A lot of money for just whizzing through the air," he remarked genially, handing it to her. "I could fall off my barn for nothing, and as like as not be less hurt than when you've got through with me."

"I'll get you back all right," said Miss Hardy.

The stranger showed symptoms of wanting to climb into the tonneau by way of the mud guard, and his enthusiasm was unbounded when he was directed to the door.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, seating himself luxuriously on the cushions—"gosh! but they've got these things down fine! I never read the poultry papers of a Saturday night without saying to myself: 'What next?' Every day some new way of being killed, or some old way improved! My, but this is the dandiest of all!"

"There isn't the least danger if people are careful," said Jess, gazing out of the corner of her eye at three very loud and offensively jocular young men, their straw hats tilted at the back of their heads, who had also been arrested by the notice on the basket. They were flashily dressed, with race-tout written all over them; and their keen, impudent, tallowy faces filled her with sudden misgiving.

"Let's try the old hell-wagon !" said one.

"If people are only careful," repeated Jess forlornly.

"I dug four automobilists out of a ditch once," observed the rural gentleman. "One had his leg broke, and the others were scratched something awful; but perhaps they weren't careful."

"Say, we want to see beautiful Stackport !" said one of the touts, clambering into the front seat beside Jess.

"Get out of that and give your place to a handsomer man !" cried another, trying to pull him out by the legs.

The scuffle ended in the triumph of number one, who turned to Jess and addressed her in a hoarse, ironical voice.

"Never you mind them," he said. "They're only a pair of cheap skates who've won out a little on the track, and are blowing it in."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" exclaimed another,

poking his fingers through the bars at the rooster.

"Wind her up, young chafer !" exclaimed the third.

"The fare is one dollar in advance," said Jess Hardy, whose heart was sinking within her.

Then there ensued a humorous altercation. in which they tried to beat her down to seventy-five cents. But Jess, remaining firm, finally received her three dollars, though they made it a point of honour to pay her in the smallest change they could One fun-maker turned in three muster. post-cards and a two-cent stamp; while another convulsed the company on the kerb, now five deep and swelling rapidly, by volunteering to give his necktie in lieu of a quarter. It was no small relief to Jess when at last they rolled out of the depôt amid the cheers of the multitude, and took their swift way down Fairfield Avenue. But the three young rowdies, far from subsiding, egged one another on to fresh enormities. They would whoop at every passing automobile, shout audible remarks about the personal appearance of its occupants, tell an old gentleman, cautiously picking his way across the street, to skin out or they'd take his leg off! It was a wild and mortifying progress, and as the streets gradually gave way to country roads, and Jess anticipated that the worst was over, the three young men discovered a new means of making themselves objectionable. They insisted on stopping at every road-house, tooting loudly for the bar-tender to come out and serve them, and tossing off in the course of a dozen miles an uncountable number of glasses of beer.

Had it not been for the presence of the farmer, seated placidly in the tonneau of the car with the rooster on his lap, Jess would have been terrified at her predicament. But his large, friendly bulk, his heavy shoulders, his big hands and honest face, were immensely comforting to her. He resisted all the importunities of the others to drink with them, refusing with the greatest good nature, and maintaining throughout a certain aloofness and detachment. They called him Judge Hayseed, and guyed him mercilessly, but his deep, hearty laugh never showed the least sign of resentment, even when imaginary misadventures were fathered on him of the blow-out-the-gas order.

In the midst of an unceasing and vociferous hilarity, as they were bowling along at twelve miles an hour, which Jess would have made twenty if the engine hadn't acted so queerly, she felt the sharp dig of a finger against her back, and one of the young men cried out: "Say, young chafer, I guess you've plunked a tyre!"

She stopped the car and got out, and there, sure enough, one of the rear types presented itself to her view in a state of melancholy It had picked up a horseshoe, collapse. together with the three jagged nails adhering to it, and was patently, hopelessly, irretrievably punctured. Jess had seen a hundred repairs made on the road, but up to now she had never put her hands to the task herself. She brimmed over with the most correct theory, but had invariably relegated the practice to a nice young man. But as she dejectedly scanned the faces of her passengers, and met nothing in return but a blank and dispirited stare, she manfully got out her little jack and started in on her own account. But she had hardly raised the wheel free from the ground, and was in the act of unscrewing the valve, when the wrench was suddenly taken out of her hand by Judge Hayseed, who asked in a very businesslike manner if there was an extra inner tube in the kit.

"I took notice of a feller doing this on my farm once," he drawled, "and it's kind of stuck in my head ever since." It had certainly stuck remarkably well, for the farmer attacked the shoe with the precision of a veteran. Loosening the lugs and using the two strippers against each other with adroitness and strength, he quickly reached the point where he could draw out the inner tube. Miss Hardy handed him the spare one, pausing midway in some observations on the use of powdered chalk. Chalk, metaphorically speaking, had also stuck in the farmer's head, together with a little trick of semi-inflation that every good automobilist Jess gazed at him in wonder, and knows. forbore criticism. It was all too good to be But she mentally made a resolve to true. return the hayseed's dollar at the expiration of the trip. Her three other patrons relieved their impatience with bursts of song, and were lyrically assuring the landscape that "if you haven't no money, you needn't come round," which was certainly preferable to their coarse, loud, blatant conversation.

When the tyre was pumped in, and Jess was again about to take her place at the steering-wheel, the farmer sprang a fresh surprise.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "What's

been making you miss so horribly on the off cylinder?"

"Oh, the whole engine has been acting like the dickens!" she returned distressfully. "It hasn't been developing half its power. It's in one of its mean humours to-day, and behaving like a pig."

"Couldn't you take off that front thing, and let's see what's the trouble?" said the countryman, taking a jump back into his drawl.

"It isn't the spark-plugs," she said with mournful technicality, in the physician-tophysician, bedside manner, of the gasoline brotherhood, as she assisted him to unscrew the hood : "and the exhaust values are seating properly; and I went over all the wiring this very morning; and the batteries are new -and, anyway, it's just the same on either switch-and there's a splendid buzz, and there's no water in the carburetter, and not a speck of anything in the gasoline feed; and it's not overheating, because you can smell that, you know, and besides, the water hasn't boiled on me once; and the lubrication is perfect, and the compression couldn't be better, and-and----!

The farmer, wrench in hand, was making a prolonged examination of the machinery. Then he turned over the engine and listened. Then he turned over the engine again and listened some more. Then he crawled in under the wagon, reappearing with a lick of grease over one eye.

"It gets me," he said. "Everything's tip-top as far as I can see. I ran a little oil out of the crank-case on general principles; and as for the bearings, they're as cool as cool."

"There's an awfully nasty streak in all gas-engines," said Jess despondently. "When once they make up their smelly little minds to go wrong, you might just as well fold your hands and give it up!"

"The dog-goned thing always has some dog-goned reason," observed the farmer irrefutably, lapsing into his drawl again. "Gosh ! but I'm glad there ain't no horse along to grin."

"Suppose you crank up and let's try again?" said the girl.

But the car went worse than ever. Instead of missing occasionally, the engine began to run now in gasps. Just when Jess waited for it to die altogether, it would give another cough, and take another spurt ahead, progressing the car in a series of agonising little rushes, every one promising to be the last. To add to Jess's discomfiture, there was a fairly steep hill looming in front of them, and she foresaw their being stalled at the bottom. They made another stop. A pair of new spark-plugs were put in; but instead of improving, the gasping got gaspier than ever. Still another stop, to replace the hightension wires.

"An old wire will sometimes short-circuit without any apparent reason," said the farmer. "Often there is a break inside, or the insulation gets eaten away with oil."

But no improvement was effected. A weird, whizzling sound added itself to the other noises. Every gasp brought them nearer the hill, where at the foot the engine gave one awful hiccough and died dead. doctor—and a good one. Oh, yes, it was a very sick car, and nobody loved it.

Jess took off her long coat, laid it on one side of the road, and deposited her cap, mask, and gauntlets. It would take time to put the car to rights, and she didn't wish to be hampered. Her dark, glowing, girlish face came as a revelation to the three young sports. She had been hidden behind so much glass and leather that the transformation was startling. The horsey gentlemen uttered murmurs of surprise and gratification. One of them sidled up to her with an ugly leer.

"We've had a bum ride in your bum wagon," he said, "and now you've stuck us



"Then he trailed him to one side of the road."

"We might manage to crawl home the way we came," said Jess, at her wit's end.

"No, there's only one thing to do," said the farmer decisively, "and that's to start all over again from the beginning and ferret out the trouble."

He got out again. So did Jess. So did the three touts. So did the rooster. It was a depressing moment. Everybody gazed moodily at that ton of refractory steel, and the ton of refractory steel stared back again with its four sullen, brassy eyes. It knew it was disgracing itself, and it wore a kind of ill-used look, as though it didn't care. It was tired and wanted a tow. It had gasped and spluttered and whizzled beyond the limits of endurance. It needed a gasoline down here nine miles from the nearest beer ! You've a lot to answer for, you have."

"I shall certainly return your money," returned Jess coldly. "I can't do more than that, can I?"

"Oh, yes, you can, you wicked little chafer," he said, giving a wink over his shoulder to his companions. "What's the matter with a kiss?" And with that he passed his arm round her waist.

What happened next happened quicker than it takes to write it. The farmer's right hand descended on the young man's collar, and his left executed a succession of slaps on the young man's countenance, which for vigour and swiftness could not have been done better by machinery. Then he trailed him to one side of the road, still shaking him in an iron grasp, and kicked him into the ditch.

"Help!" roared the young man repeatedly during the course of these proceedings. "Help!"

This brought his two friends to the rescue, who for the instant had been too spellbound to move. The farmer squared his fists and received the new-comers on his He was a clean hitter, and the knuckles. three young sports, considerably the worse for wear, fled pell-mell for the barbed wire fence that bordered the road, and went over it in the twinkling of an eye.

"Do you know, we have never looked at the contact-box," said the farmer.

The tears were streaming down Jess's face. and her voice was scarcely controllable.

"It's a b-b-brush s-s-system," she said, "and it has always worked b-b-beautifully; and I never could have f-f-forgiven myself if they had h-h-hurt you !"

Bing! And a stone struck one of the kerosene lamps with a vicious crash. Bing ! And another just missed the countryman's rumpled hair. Bing! And a mudguard shook with a loud and tinny reverberation. The enemy, lined up in the neighbouring field, and yelling shrilly, were opening up a rearguard action with artillery.

"The contact-box is upside down !" cried "I can't see how it ever worked the farmer. at all. Yank me out a screw-driver, quick ! "

"It's that idiot new chauffeur !" exclaimed Jess, creeping round on her hands and knees, with the screw-driver, and keeping the car between her assailants and herself.

The contact-box was on the exposed side. The farmer tried to hunch himself into the least compass possible, but his broad back and powerful frame interfered with his efforts to make a human hedgehog of him-He was hit twice, one a grazing shot self. that brought out blood on his cheek, and the other a stinger on the hand.

"Scratch up a few rocks !" he called to Jess, doggedly continuing his work, and keeping a careful eye on the screws he was taking out.

She got a dozen or so, and passed them over to him in a piece of chamois leather taken from the tool kit. He caught it up and ran for the fence, the enemy retiring precipitately out of range. Then he returned to the car.

"I wonder if you and I couldn't push her round ?" he said to Jess. "They'll be back again in a minute." The pair of them managed to head the Manton in the direction of its native Stackport. Then the farmer settled to work again. Jess scurried about searching for ammunition, and the three young touts rained shower on shower of stones. The gas-lamps looked as though they had been through the siege of Peking; the tonneau was scratched and dented in twenty places; the hood, lying on the ground, banged like The dashboard clock was smashed, a drum. the gas-generator put out of business; and the spark-lever was twisted in a curve undreamed of by the manufacturers. The only alleviation was the magnificent behaviour of the contact-box, which now, right side up, showed every symptom of meaning to do its duty, and on the engine being started, the farmer and Jess were rewarded by the chippety, chippety, chippety of perfect sparking and combustion. Joachim never fiddled nor did Paderewski ever play to a more delighted Chippety, chippety, chippetyaudience. without a hair's breadth of variation, and the rich, hoarse, buzzing promise of ample power.

The farmer rolled back the enemy, recovered Jess's coat and his own rooster, seated himself at the wheel, gave the girl a hand in, threw in his clutches, and speeded The Manton was catalogued as a fortyup. miler, and the straight, good, level road gave her every opportunity to put her best foot foremost. She whizzed through the air like a bullet out of a gun.

"Slow down !" cried Jess. "Slow down, please! I want to leave their horrid money on the road—that, and the three post-cards and the stamp !"

"Not on your life," said the farmer. "That three dollars belongs to the St. John's Home for Incurable Children !"

"You oughtn't to know anything about

the St. John's Home," said Jess. "Oh, I forgot—I don't," he retorted brazenly. "Only that three dollars is going to stay on board this car. If anybody ever earned three dollars by the sweat of their brow, I guess it was you and me !"

Jess put her hands up to his head and deliberately drew off his hat, drew off his red wig, drew off his red whiskers, and tossed them all back into the tonneau.

"Are you sorry I came?" said Coal Oil Johnny.

"There are some emotions that cannot be put into words," she answered. "I won't try to say anything. I can't. But if I should ever seem unkind, or distant, or forgetful, or anything but the joy of your whole future existence-just you say'Contactbox,' and I'll melt ! "

CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

A RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES.

XL-SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

THIS month I have to deal with men who during the last half - century have made their reputation in science Amongst the subjects of and medicine. these cartoons are many who not only were honoured by their contemporaries, but who

covery which revolutionises the settled opinions of mankind. Yet, even in the mid-Victorian period we did not burn our distinguished *savants*; though I do not say that at the Universities they were never

will inspire generations yet to come with feelings of respect, gratitude, and admiration. During its history of close upon forty years, the artists of Vanity Fair have been sufficiently fortunate to obtain sittings from such pioneers in the application of science to the practical needs of humanity as Lord Kelvin and Lord Rayleigh, such master minds of research as Charles Darwin. Herbert Spencer, and Professor Huxley, in addition to men whose discoveries have lightened the sufferings of mankind, such as Jenner and Pasteur. Indeed, when we remember how brief is the period—as time goes in the world's history - during which the paper has existed, we must of necessity be astonished at this constellation of

CHARLES DARWIN. 1871. " Natural Selection."

names, which has not its equal in any similar period.

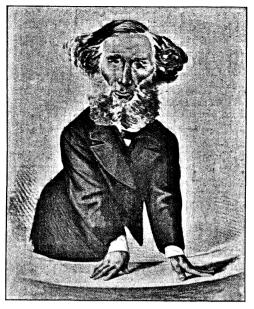
Freedom of inquiry and the greater facilities for education and investigation have contributed to this end. I do not say that all their victories were peacefully achieved. Many found arrayed against them the odium theologicum, and that spirit of rancour which must attend any great diswithout danger of lynching on the part of the more orthodox

authorities.

In addition to the theological opposition, they encountered the distaste of the elder school of biologists. who founded their system of inquiry on the accepted English tradition, which may be exemplified by the work of White of Selborne. To this school there seemed something almost presumptuous in the broad and complete inquiries which were first carried out in France, afterwards in Germany, and still later in our own country, by such men as Darwin and Huxley.

It was at a time when this opposition to which I have referred was still undiluted by common sense that the cartoon of Darwin appeared. It is curious to note how the writer of

Mr. Darwin's biography sat rather ungracefully upon the fence when he came to discuss the discoveries of his subject. It is interesting to quote his words : "For hundreds of years, as we know, and, as we may infer, for thousands, the few were fain to content themselves with the conclusion that they knew nothing whatever about the earth and its inhabitants. In modern times, how-



JOHN TYNDALL. 1872. "The scientific use of the imagination."

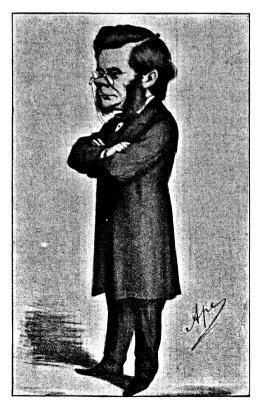
ever, the method has been adopted of interrogating that earth and those inhabitants themselves, without reference to any real or supposed authority. And although, in so vast a field of labour, it has as yet not been possible to achieve any very great results, certain new theories have been built up. Amongst these theories, one of the most striking is that which Mr. Darwin has given to the world with reference to the origin of species by means of natural selection."

With Darwin's life everyone is tolerably familiar. He spent the whole of it in close converse with the material world in which we live and the beings that it has from time to time seen upon its surface. His books were ever written in a plain and lucid style, which, no doubt, was intentionally designed to appeal to the ordinary man. His name will be handed down to posterity as that borne by a man who devoted his life with incredible industry to the solution of the most momentous problems by which mankind is confronted.

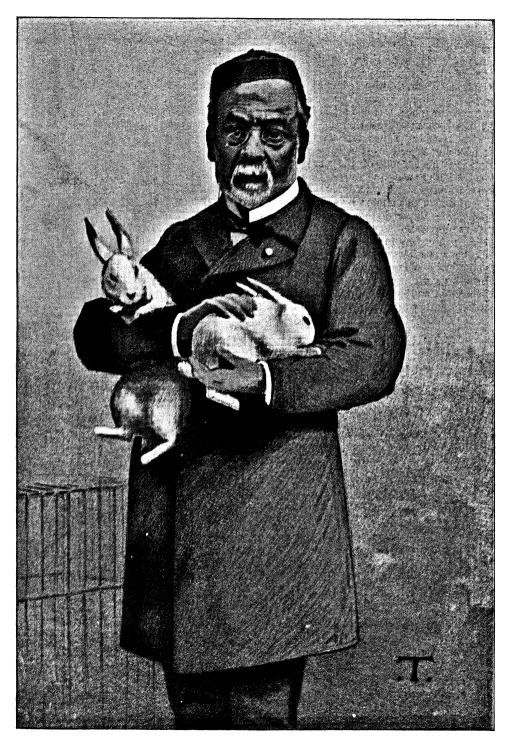
In his autobiography, Darwin confesses that as a little boy he was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this was always done for the sake of causing excitement. He once gathered much valuable fruit from his father's garden and hid it in a shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that he had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit. Once, whilst at a day-school, he beat a puppy, simply, he believed, from enjoying the sense of power; but the beating could not have been severe, for the puppy did not howl. This act lay heavily on his conscience, and he always remembered the exact spot where the beating took place. The incident is all the more curious because he had a great love for dogs, and was an adept at stealing away their affections from their rightful owners.

Darwin was sent to Edinburgh University with a view to becoming a physician; but he could not conquer his disgust for human dissection. On two occasions he attended the operating theatre and saw two very bad operations, one on a child; but he rushed away before they were completed. He says the two cases haunted him for many a long year.

At Cambridge he led a varied, healthy life, not over industrious in the set studies of the place. He seemed to divide his time between entomology—collecting beetles amounted to a passion with him—riding, shooting in the fens, suppers, and card-playing, walks with Professor Henslow, and listening to the music



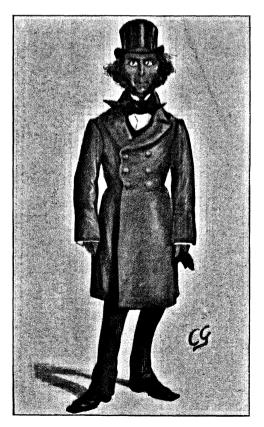
HUXLEY. 1871. "A great Medicine-Man among the Inquiring Redskins."



LOUIS PASTEUR. 1887. "Hydrophobia." in King's College Chapel. On one occasion at the finish of a beautiful anthem he turned to a friend and said with a deep sigh: "How's your backbone?" He often remarked of a feeling of coldness or shivering in his back on hearing beautiful music.

Captain Fitzroy, who commanded the *Beagle*, in which vessel Darwin circumnavigated the globe, was not much impressed with his appearance upon their first meeting. Darwin has said : "I had run a very narrow risk of being rejected (as naturalist to the expedition) on account of the shape of my nose. Fitzroy was an ardent disciple of Lavater, and was convinced that he could judge of a man's character by the outline of his features ; and he doubted whether anyone with my nose could possess sufficient energy and determination for the voyage. But I think he was afterwards well satisfied that my nose had spoken falsely."

In all parish matters he was an active assistant; in matters connected with schools, charities, and other business, his liberal



HERBERT SPENCER. 1879. "*Philosophy.*"



DR. JOHN SCOTT BURDON SANDERSON. 1894. "Oxford Physiology."

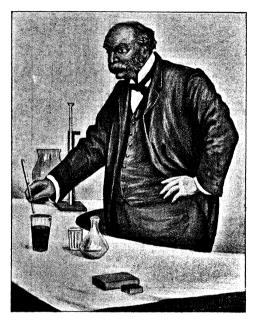
contribution was ever ready. Some time after he went to live at Down he helped to form a Friendly Club, and served as treasurer for thirty years. He took much trouble with it, keeping its accounts with minute and scrupulous exactness. Every Whit Monday the club marched round with band and banner and paraded on the lawn in front of the house. There he met them, and explained to them their financial position in a little speech seasoned with a few wellworn jokes.

Of Darwin's many writings, the "Origin of Species" must be considered his masterpiece. He was extremely anxious about its reception, and he wrote in trepidation to Huxley for his opinion, which, of course, was distinctly favourable.

Darwin enjoyed Huxley's humour exceedingly, and would often say: "What splendid fun Huxley is!" One of his favourite sayings was: "It's dogged as does it." He always treated his servants with politeness, using the expression : "Would you be so kind ?" in asking for anything.

To Huxley on his marriage he said : "I hope your marriage will not make you idle ; happiness, I fear, is not good for work."

In the same year that Darwin appeared in *Vanity Fair's* gallery the cartoon of Professor Huxley was also printed. He



LORD RAYLEIGH. 1899. "Argon."

also had aroused against him a strenuous opposition. As his biographer said of him, he was the most popular man "in the annual gatherings and other ceremonials observed by the various tribes of the great Philistine family, who roam over the deserts of the Metropolis to the terror of the ecclesiastical police, and the intense disgust of the respectable portion of society who go clothed and in their right mind." Professor Huxley, it is interesting to remember, was almost the first prominent man of science in this country to favour the higher scientific education of women. "Jehu Junior" was, indeed, very severe with him in all respects. "He refuses to believe in angels because the telescope has not yet discovered them. Like a man who hops on one leg, instead of walking erect with his face heavenwards, he has to pick his steps with care through the mud of materialism, and in this way it has come to pass that he has stumbled on protoplasm." After which

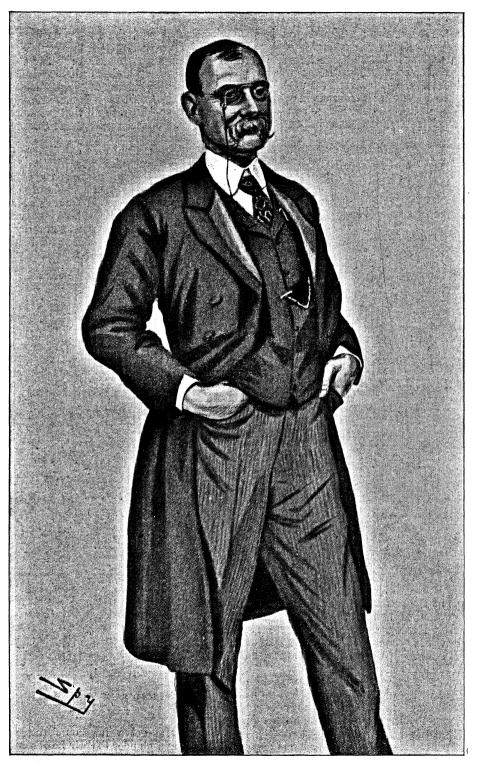
remark, however, the attack on the great professor was not pressed so keenly, for his biographer thus concluded : "There is no popular teacher who has contributed more to the awakening of the intellect, and whose career in the future may be more confidently associated in idea with all that is manly and progressive in social science and comprehensive, to say the least, in physical research."

During his student days at Charing Cross Hospital, Huxley spent most of his leisure hours in the library of the College of Surgeons, to reach which he was in the habit of walking through the most squalid courts and alleys at the back of the Strand. He was never molested, but often wondered why the wretched and generally demoralised inhabitants of those sordid streets did not sally forth

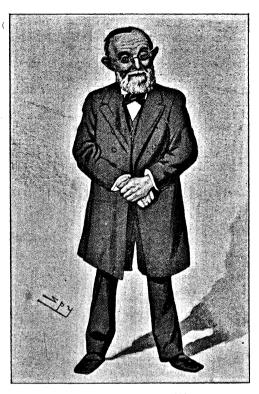


LORD KELVIN. 1897. "Natural Philosophy."

in mass and get a few hours' eating and drinking and plunder to their heart's content before the police could stop them. But in reply to this question, a detective, who was in the habit of dealing with such a populace,



SIR FREDERICK TREVES. 1900. "Freddie."



RUDOLF VIRCHOW. 1893.

said : "Lord bless you, sir, drink and disease leave nothing in them."

Huxley was a very diligent student, and after lectures were over, his fellow-students would invariably catch sight of his head at a certain window bent over a microscope while they amused themselves outside. The constant silhouette framed in the outlines of the window tickled their fancy, and a wag amongst them dubbed it with a name that stuck : "The Sign of the Head and Microscope."

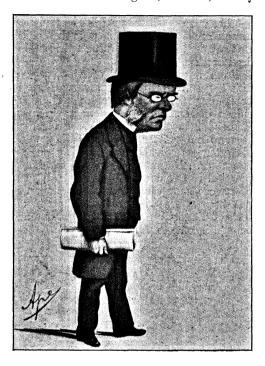
It is a curious coincidence that, like two other leaders of science, Darwin and Hooker, their close friend Huxley began his scientific career on board a ship. He was appointed to the frigate *Rattlesnake* as assistant surgeon, and messed in the gunroom with the middles. A man in the midst of a lot of boys, he often had a rather unenviable position; but Huxley's constant good spirits and fun, when he was not absorbed in his work, his freedom from any assumption of superiority over them, made the boys his good comrades and allies. During the voyage Huxley never lost an opportunity of going ashore, sometimes at considerable risk. At Cape York he formed one of the landingparty which was within an ace of coming to blows with the natives. A portly member of the gunroom, being cut off by these black gentry, only saved his life by parting with all his clothes as presents to them, and keeping them amused by an impromptu dance in a state of nature under the broiling sun, until a party came to his relief. On another occasion Huxley received some very unwelcome attention from a native chief, who saw in him the returning spirit of his dead brother.

From a worldly point of view, science didn't pay in the early 'fifties. Huxley, bemoaning his prospects, wrote : "The difficulties of obtaining a decent position in England in anything like a reasonable time seem to me greater than ever they were. To attempt to live by any scientific pursuit is a farce. Nothing but what is absolutely practical will go down in England. A man of science may earn great distinction, but not bread. He will get invitations to all sorts of dinners and conversaziones, but not enough income to pay his cab fare."



SIR WILLIAM JENNER. 1873. "Physics."

Upon the appearance of the "Origin of Species," he wrote to Darwin, saying : "As for your doctrine, I am prepared to go to the stake in support of it. I am sharpening my beak and claws in readiness." This gives the keynôte to much of Huxley's life. A keen debater and logical reasoner, readily



DR. LYON PLAYFAIR. 1875. "Chemistry."

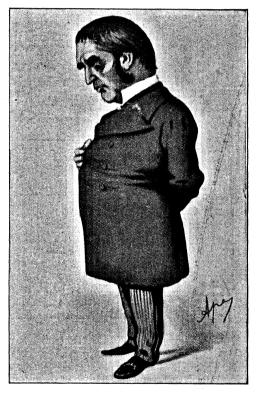
foreseeing the future effects of present causes, he would have had few equals, if any, in the House of Commons if he had turned to politics.

Huxley was an omnivorous reader-history, politics, metaphysics, poetry, novels, nothing came amiss to him. But he cherished a wholesome contempt for mere bookishness in science. A rash clergyman once, without further equipment in natural history than some desultory reading, attacked the Darwinian theory in sundry magazine articles, in which he made himself uncommonly merry at Huxley's expense. But the great man was not to be drawn. The author, therefore, proceeded to write to Huxley, and with mock modesty asked for advice as to the further study of these deep questions. Huxley's answer was brief and to the point : "Take a cockroach and dissect it."

How sturdily Huxley fought Darwin's

battles is inspiring to remember. Darwin rather shrank from controversy ; but on one occasion he was moved to turn and rend the assailant. Before publishing the paper in reply, however, he sent it to Huxley, authorising him to omit two pages of it if he thought fit. Huxley promptly cancelled them, and sent Darwin a delicious little note saying that the retort was so excellent that if it had been his own, he should hardly have had virtue enough to suppress it; but although it was well deserved, he thought it would be better to refrain. "If I say a savage thing, it is only 'pretty Fanny's way'; but if you do, it is not likely to be forgotten."

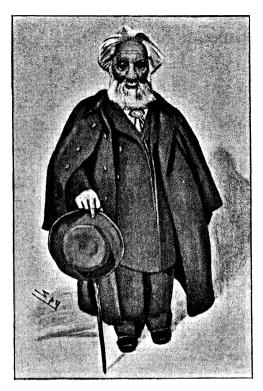
There was a friend worth having.



SIR WILLIAM GULL. 1875. "Physiological Physic."

It has been said that on one occasion when walking in Middlesex with Owen, and being doubtful of the locality, Huxley stooped and plucked some turf, and upon examining the ground said : "Uxbridge."

Professor Tyndall was one of the most distinguished of that band of men whose devotion to methods and subjects of research,



SIR WILLIAM HUGGINS. 1903. "Spectroscopic Astronomy."

by which the bases of prejudices were sapped, was in the end condoned by even the most prejudiced of their opponents. He was by birth an Irishman, and had all the combativeness of his race. For Europe and America he was the representative of English chemistry and physics, as Huxley was of English physiology. He succeeded Faraday at the Royal Institution, and the mantle of that great man well became him. He was a man of muscle, of imagination, and of conversation, as well as a man of science, and in society he was generally popular. He was a great Alpine climber, and a most amusing talker at dinner-parties and in the corners of smoking-rooms.

Mr. Herbert Spencer won the greatest name amongst English philosophers. As it is the habit of the English to be generally ignorant about their greatest men, it is interesting to remember that while he was little known at home, he enjoyed abroad a reputation as one of the leaders of modern thought. He was the son of a schoolmaster, who endeavoured to make him a civil engineer; but young Spencer resisted Greek and Latin and renounced engineering. From the time he was one-and-twenty he was writing serious essays in good English of a frigid sort. When Darwin invented evolution, however, evolution invented Herbert Spencer, who saw how the notion might be applied to mankind. He fell foul of Comte and Mill, and began to publish enormous volumes, which were very little read by an ungrateful and ignorant nation.

However, the fact that he was little understood increased his reputation mightily, for this is the way of the English. As "Jehu Junior" said of him: "He is now the one recognised authority on sociology, he has discovered 'that ultimate scientific ideas are all representatives of realities that cannot be comprehended,' and that the man of science 'knows that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known'; yet he goes on writing. He is believed by many to be a companionable, cheerful man. He has been more than once to a shareholders' meeting to war with railway directors. He delights in children, and holds that suicide should rather be encouraged; vet he goes on living."

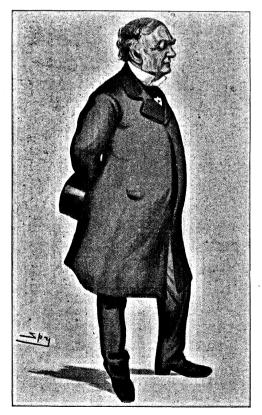


SIR ROBERT BALL. 1905. "Popular Astronomy."

Unlike most professors, Dr. Burdon Sanderson found his regular work insufficient for his active inclination, and while he held his post at University College, found time to investigate the cattle plague, to inquire into spotted fever in North Germany, and to write many recondite works, not only on medical subjects, but on such subjects as the electric organs in fishes. In the end, he was naturally elected to an Oxford professorship.

Dr. Sanderson was ever an absent-minded man. On one occasion he astonished a nervous undergraduate, who was undergoing his viva voce examination, by suddenly addressing him in German. More than once he took up by mistake, and put on, an ordinary undergraduate's gown, parading the streets of Oxford thus attired, to the general amusement. He had not the toughness of constitution which made immense labours possible to Professor Virchow. To Lord Kelvin the British nation owes

To Lord Kelvin the British nation owes a personal gratitude. By his inventions in submarine telegraphy he has undoubtedly aided in promoting that Imperial spirit



SIR ERASMUS WILSON. 1880. "The Obelisk."

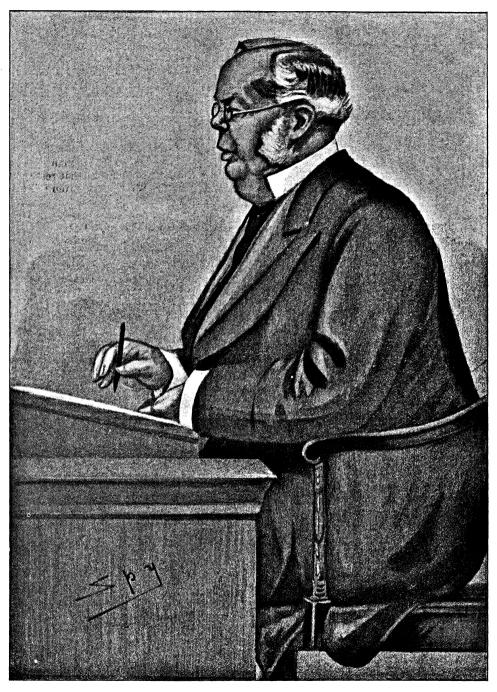


SIR WILLIAM CROOKES. 1903. "Ubi Crookes ibi lux."

which never could have flourished luxuriantly without the aid of constant and reasonably cheap communication. Also, those who go down to the sea in ships have good cause to remember the man who invented the Sir William Thompson's mariners' compass, as well as the navigational soundingmachine. Before his day it was a pose of the man of science to neglect the practical application of his discoveries. Lord Kelvin was one of the first to apply his great genius to the immediate advantage of mankind.

He came of a distinguished mathematical family, his father being a professor at Glasgow. He himself was born in Belfast, and at Cambridge made himself Second Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. Unlike the majority of Scotchmen, he returned to Glasgow, as Professor of Natural Philosophy, and there it was that he began that long series of inventions to which I have referred. As his biographer said of him, he is "a very great, honest, and humble scientist, who has written much and done more."

Lord Rayleigh is the third baron of his house. He left Trinity as Senior Wrangler



SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT. 1902. "Orthodoxy."

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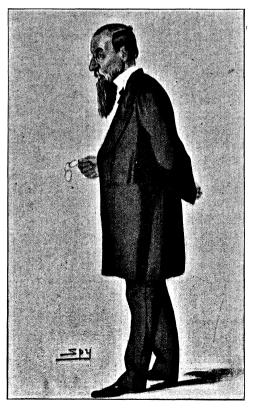


SIR RICHARD QUAIN. 1883. "Lord Beaconsfield's Physician."

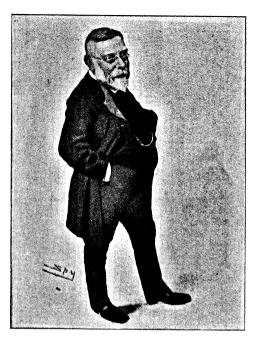
and first Smith's Prizeman, and so they made a Fellow of him. Since then seven other Universities have delighted to honour him Perhaps his most famous with degrees. discovery was that of argon, by which he exploded the views of generations of distinguished chemists. He is a very earnest man, and his unæsthetic home of white brick, in the wilds of Essex, is a glorified laboratory. He married a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and, as "Jehu Junior" said, consequently acquired the family habit of lolling. That impertinent biographer, moreover, added that "though he is generally brewing a vile odour, he is really a great man. He infinitely prefers the laboratory to the platform, where he generally looks like a tired dog trying to find a corner to lie down in."

Sir William Jenner, whose name will always be remembered with gratitude, was the first to discover and to point out the difference between typhoid and typhus fever. He attended the Prince Consort in his fatal illness, and from that time became a personality at Court. He was peculiarly careless in his dress, and it is said that from time to time he received hints from august quarters that he should get a new suit. He became famous, according to his biographer in *Vanity Fair*, by curing men of one disease by giving them another.

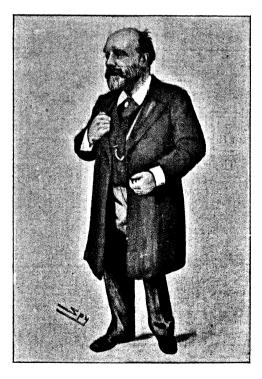
Sir William Gull led a laborious life and obtained brilliant results. As a young man he conceived an enthusiasm for medicine which he retained to the end of his life. He believed, and he was not slow to make public his belief, that science would in the end raise the human race to something approaching perfection. It was in this frame of mind that he went to work. He was sparing of drugs, and observant of the patient, seeking less to battle violently with disease as with an enemy, than to woo Nature gently as a friend to that restoration of her functions which he so often achieved. To him we owe a special debt of gratitude in that he was mainly instrumental in snatching the King, as Prince of Wales, from death. He was a philosopher and a man of strong will, yet of gentle presence, with a manner which gave comfort and confidence to those whom he attended.



MR. JONATHAN HUTCHINSON. 1890.



SIR THOMAS BARLOW, BART. Physician to His Majesty's Household.

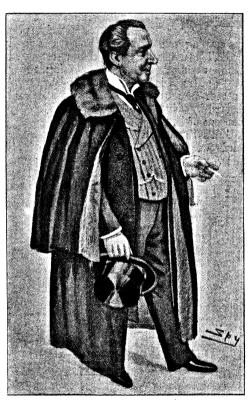


SIR ANDERSON CRITCHETT. 1905. The King's Oculist,

Sir William Gull always said his real education had been given to him by his mother, a very strenuous woman. To the end of his life he would quote a nursery thyme she had instilled into him :—

> If I were a tailor, I'd make it my pride The best of all tailors to be; If I were a tinker, no tinker beside Should mend an old kettle like me."

Notwithstanding his great ability, he had at the early period of his career a remark-



SIR FRANCIS LAKING. 1903. The King's Physician.

able lack of confidence in his own powers, as is shown by the following incident. During an examination he was about to leave the room, saying that he knew nothing of the case proposed for comment; fortunately a friend persuaded him to return, with the result that the thesis he then wrote gained for him his Doctor's degree and the gold medal.

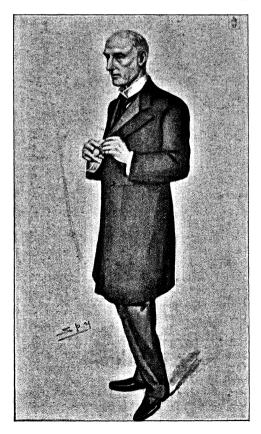
Once when Gull had attended a poor patient with heart disease, it is recorded that he was extremely anxious for a *post-mortem* examination. With great difficulty this was

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granted, but with the proviso that nothing was to be taken away, and the sister of the deceased patient, a strong-minded old maid, was present to watch the proceedings. Gull saw that it was hopeless to conceal anything from her, or to persuade her to leave the room. He therefore deliberately took out the heart, put it in his pocket, and looking steadily at her, said : "I trust to your honour not to betray me." His knowledge of character justified the result, and the heart is now in Guy's Museum.

Visiting one day an hysterical lady, who was causing great anxiety to her friends and medical attendant, Sir William reassured them, saying : "There is nothing really wrong; Mrs. X is herself multiplied by four." An over-anxious patient was encouraged and cheered by being told that he was "a healthy man out of health."

Gull's Sunday morning walks round the wards were always full of interests of all sorts, and in the end, on more than one occasion, he has taken a familiar friend by



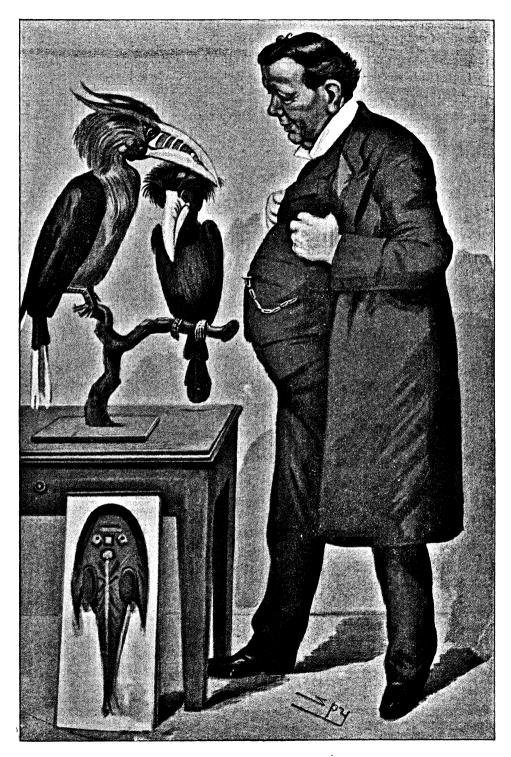
SIR RICHARD DOUGLAS POWELL. 1904. "Chests."



SIR MORELL MACKENZIE. 1887. "Diseases of the Throat."

the arm and, gently pushing him towards the chapel, has said : "I have taught you all I can this morning ; go and learn something there."

The severe illness of King Edward, when Prince of Wales, from typhoid fever, in 1871, gave Sir William an exceptional opportunity for the exercise of his varied powers as a physician; and the following passage, which appeared in the Times, December 18th of the same year, is of interest. It not only marks the estimation in which his services were held by those who watched by the sick-bed at Sandringham, but it gives a striking illustration of that minute care in detail which was characteristic of his treatment of the sick. "In Dr. Gull were combined energy that never tired, watchfulness that never flagged; nursing so tender, ministry so minute, that in his functions he seemed to combine the duties of physician, dresser, dispenser, valet, nuise -now arguing with the sick man in his delirium so softly and pleasantly that the



PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER. 1905. "His religion is the worship of all sorts of winged and finny freaks."

parched lips opened to take the scanty nourishment on which depended the reserves of strength for the deadly fight when all else had failed—now lifting the wasted body from bed to bed, now washing the worn frame with vinegar, with ever ready eye and ear and finger to mark any change and phase, to watch face and heart and pulse, and passing at times twelve or fourteen hours at that bedside."

After the recovery of the Prince, Sir William remarked: "He was as well treated and nursed as if he had been a patient in Guy's Hospital."

Gull did not believe in excessive drugging. and his treatment of disease on rational principles, rather than by drugs, did not always meet with grateful recognition. A patient who had passed successfully through a severe attack of typhoid fever, without medicine, was congratulated by Dr. Gull on his recovery. "Yes," replied the man, "and no thanks to you, either."

Here are a few of Gull's notes and aphorisms :—

There are a good many general practitioners; there is only one good universal practitioner — "a warm bed."

Popularity is the admiration of those

who are more ignorant than ourselves.

A little learning is a dangerous thing not if you know how little it is.

Acland, do you know what I am ?—I am a Christian agnostic.

I could often wish there was more *faith* in *physiological* laws.

Guil had many poor people among his patients to the last. Late one night, on returning tired from a long journey, the cabman, on receipt of his fare, still held out his hand with the money in it, hesitated, and said : "But could you give me something for my cough?" The man was taken into the house, prescribed for, and sent away happy.

Sir William Huggins over sixty years ago built himself a private observatory on Tulse Hill, and devoted himself to the earth's neighbours. He practically invented spectroscopic astronomy, and after that continued his researches with the result that he soon made himself a high reputation. He is supposed to know more about comets than

any other man, and, though he is eightytwo years of age, planets, nebulæ, and double stars are still his playthings. He has lectured much and well, and has written many scientific and very original papers. He has ever been an observant and indefatigable worker ; yet he has his human side, for he has a love of music and art, of botany and fishing, while he has always been a collector of antiquities.

Sir Robert Ball is one of the most genial of astronomers. He applies a merry eye to the telescope and smiles benevolently at the stars. He was born in Dublin, but English schools and universities have taught him to tolerate the Englishman, though they have failed to eradicate that most precious of

possessions—a Celtic sense of humour. It was at the Observatory near Dunsink that he wrote the majority of those books on astronomy which have made his name well known throughout the country. As the simplicity of his style caused him to be regarded with a natural suspicion by the more pedantic mathematicians, he saved his good name by a *magnum opus* on the theory of screws. In 1892 he left the observatory to sit in the Chair that Cambridge offered him. Sir Robert plays a good game of golf, and has of late developed a taste for politics,

SIR FELIX SEMON. 1902.

"Laryngology."



The Spectacle Makers have made him a liveryman of their body.

Sir William Crookes began life inquiringly, and at sixteen, after damaging much of the paternal furniture by acids and explosions, was an active student in the Royal College of Chemistry. He invented the radiometer, he discovered thallium, he evolved the genesis of elements, and founded The Chemical News. Without the Crookes tube, the Röntgen rays were unknown. He is a man of science who has done much to benefit the world very practically. One of the most interesting sides of his character is his devotion to spiritualism. It is, indeed, curious that two of our leading scientists are earnest believers in that religion, or whatever we may like to call it. He has seen spirits materialised in broad daylight, and one of them was so often in his house that it became quite a favourite with the children. Yet he will admit that he has been occasionally deceived, as all spiritualists must be, while there is money to be made from tricks

easily practised. Sir William Broadbent, one of our most eminent physicians, first made his name by his knowledge of the heart. His long and distinguished services raised him to a baronetcy. As his biographer said of him : "He is very orthodox indeed; he is a very general specialist; and he has a strong objection to self-advertisement. He has a determined upper lip, and has described himself as a diligent reader."

Sir William Broadbent has attained almost every distinction within the scope of the medical profession, in addition to the Fellowship of the Royal Society and many academic honours.

He began his medical study in the Manchester Medical School, but in 1858 he graduated at London University and was appointed Resident Medical Officer at St. Mary's Hospital. From that date onward his life has been closely associated with its medical school. His lectures in medicine were carried on for no less than seventeen years, and the recollection of them lives in the memory of many a former student of St. Mary's.

In 1892, Broadbent was appointed physician to the Prince of Wales, and in the following year, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of York, Queen Victoria conferred upon him a baronetcy. The announcement of this honour was received with satisfaction by the whole of the profession. Dr. Broadbent won his scientific spurs by his contributions to neurology and to our knowledge of fevers, and had, achieved a great reputation as a clinical teacher. His clinical studies have done much to further our knowledge of the diagnostic indications afforded by the pulse and of the treatment of obscure diseases.

Three generations ago, a Highlander, Mackenzie by name, set his face towards the Border. In England he prospered, leaving a fair fortune. His grandson grew into a mad-doctor of much ability and retiring habits. To this doctor was born a son, one Morell Mackenzie, who took a high degree at the University of London, abjured the retiring habits of his father, and prospered so well that in a few years he was one of the leading men in his profession. He became a specialist in diseases of the throat and nose. With the general public, however, he first achieved fame by being summoned to Germany to treat the throat of the Crown Prince.

Many of the works published by Mackenzie have been translated into the more important European languages, a sure testimony of a world-wide reputation. He was a most voluminous writer, and in addition to professional subjects, his essays covered more general topics, including the "Singing Voice," "Effect of Smoking," "Exercise and Training," "Health Resorts," "Yachting," &c. His classic work, "Diseases of the Throat and Nose," still remains *the* book on the subject.

Many examples of Mackenzie's ready wit, good-natured satire, and humour could be culled from his various books and essays. He was facile in writing, and a purist ; always concise and terse; logical in setting out his ideas, scholarly and graceful in his treatment of language. Mackenzie was a man of great refinement and cultured tastes, and he loved to surround himself with the best of all that art and literature could give ; he could never tolerate the commonplace, and felt a contempt for respectable mediocrity. Mackenzie was a good conversationalist, an excellent raconteur, and his table talk was always charming. His long experience of men had enriched his memory with many amusing incidents, and a dinner-table at which Mackenzie was present was never dull.

What the stage thought of him was shown by the splendid testimonial with which the actors of London presented him. This consisted of a magnificent silver bowl, on which was the following inscription : "To Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., a grateful tribute of regard from those whose names are inscribed on this bowl, July 6th, 1889." The bowl contains facsimile signatures of the subscribers of the testimonial, and amongst many others occur the names of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, W. H. Kendal, Wilson Barrett, John Hare, J. L. Toole, Edward Terry, etc. On this occasion Lord Randolph Churchill, who took the chair, referred in an eloquent manner to the eminent services of Sir Morell Mackenzie to medical science. Henry Irving, who presented the testimonial, followed with a speech which conveyed the warm and lasting regard of his profession to the eminent specialist. Scarcely an actor or singer of repute but has had cause to value his friendship, and to appreciate his professional skill, while hundreds of struggling artists and persons of straitened means were never refused his best services.

Sir Anderson Critchett was a Harrow boy. and later went to Caius College, Cambridge, and graduated B.A. in 1867. Those who remember him as an undergraduate retain the recollection of a genial and versatile companion; an enthusiast at athletics, and an ardent student of English literature. After graduating he studied for some time in Paris and in Germany. Most of his professional career was spent at St. Mary's Hospital; but previously to 1881 he had been attached to Moorfields and the Royal Free Hospitals. Sir A. Critchett's manipulative skill in eye surgery is wonderful One of the most remarkable to witness. occasions was that of the meeting of the International Medical Congress in London. Some forty or fifty distinguished ophthalmic surgeons from all parts of the world were present in the operating-theatre at St. Mary's, and Mr. Critchett performed thirteen opera-The number sounds unlucky, but tions. the operations were all successful. Nor have those hands lost their cunning; there is no more efficient and careful operator in London or out of it.

Sir A. Critchett's ability as a debater has been demonstrated by many speeches. He can deliver an address with singular power and earnestness, with all the effect and *verve* at the command of a ready and cultured speaker.

Sir A. Critchett takes the keenest interest in every branch of athletics, and, a cricketer himself, was a member of the Incogniti Cricket Club. He was president of the Athletic Club at St. Mary's, and also of the Inter-Hospital Athletic Club. It was a great pleasure to him when some years ago he was elected a member of the I Zingari. Critchett is the acknowledged authority on the operative treatment of cataract, and in writing on this subject in his "Archives of Ophthalmology," Knapp, of New York, records his conviction that Sir Anderson Critchett's method eclipses all others; the operator has been generally adopted by ophthalmic surgeons all over the world.

Practical efficiency was the leading characteristic of Critchett's reign at St. Mary's Hospital; a finished operator, a genial and interesting teacher, who could generally give a quotation from Shakespeare or some other author to illustrate the points he wished to convey. At dinner parties his rich baritone voice was in great demand.

William James Erasmus Wilson, son of a naval surgeon, was born in 1809, in High Street, Marylebone, at the house of his maternal grandfather, Erasmus Bransdorph, a Norwegian. He took the diploma of the College of Surgeons in 1841, and was soon appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy in University College. He had great skill as a draughtsman, and the neatness of his dissections soon attracted general attention. He founded the Sydenham College School of Anatomy, which, however, proved a failure. Some years of struggle followed, during which he took pupils and practised in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. At the suggestion of Wakley, the editor of the Lancet, with which paper he was connected, first as sub-editor, afterwards as a writer, Wilson turned his attention to skin diseases, and on these he became an authority without a rival. He visited the East to study leprosy, Switzerland and the Vallois to examine goitre, and Italy in order to become more closely acquainted with pellagra and other skin diseases affecting the underfed and dirty vegetarian peasantry.

It is unquestionable that he knew more about skin diseases than any man of his time. He cured where others had failed, and his many works on dermatology, though they met with pretty searching criticism at the time of their appearance, have nearly all maintained their position as text-books. То the College of Surgeons he has been, after John Hunter, the greatest benefactor. He was President of the College in 1881, and three years later he received its Honorary Medal, which is very rarely bestowed. At an expense of $\pounds 5,000$ he founded the Chair of Dermatology, of which he was the first occupant.

Skilful investments in the shares of gas and railway companies made him a wealthy man, and he devoted his riches to various charitable objects, for he was a distinguished Freemason. He restored Swanscombe Church, and he founded a scholarship at the Royal College of Music. He was a large subscriber to Epsom College, where he built, at his own expense, a house for the headmaster. At a cost of nearly £30,000 he built a new wing and chapel at the Seabathing Infirmary, Margate, and in 1881 he established a Chair of Pathology in the University of Aberdeen, where the degree of LL.D. had been conferred upon him. He was particularly interested in the study of Egyptian antiquities, and he defrayed the expenses-about £10,000-connected with the transport of Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to the Thames Embankment. He was knighted in 1881. After the death of Lady Wilson, the bulk of his property, amounting to upwards of £210,000, reverted to the Royal College of Surgeons.

His generosity to poor patients who came to consult him was very great, not only prescribing for them gratis, but supplying the means for carrying out the treatment, and that not only after he became wealthy, but even at a time when he could ill afford to be generous. The amount of good he did privately will probably never be known.

Mr. Richard Quain began life as a pupil to an apothecary. Coming to London, he graduated at London University, and began to make a name for himself. After he had discovered the true nature of fatty degeneration of the heart, the profession began to think well of him. He was an untiring worker, and after seeing patients all day, found time to edit a dictionary of medicine all night. He was a fine teller of stories, and was extremely popular with all who knew him.

It was mainly due to Quain that the order of Licentiates was established by the College of Physicians, a step important in itself and forming the basis of popular extension and of financial prosperity to the College.

At the age of forty-four he was elected by Queen Victoria to serve in the Senate of London University, and it is common knowledge how well he justified the choice.

Sir Richard Quain's literary work and his researches into various departments of medical science were, if not numerous, very important. As a member of the Royal Commission appointed in 1865 to consider the question of rinderpest, or cattle plague, he took a prominent part, and was an earnest advocate of the stamping out measures recommended by the Commission, which, though strongly opposed at the time, subsequent events have proved to have had the result of saving large sums of money to the nation. His writings have been chiefly concerned with injuries and diseases of the heart; but the great work with which his name will ever be associated is that of the "Dictionary of Medicine." For this cyclopædia of medical science he had carefully selected the contributors from the most eminent members of the profession. The work filled a long-felt want, and to this day remains the standard book of its kind.

Quain acquired early a large and fashionable practice in London. He attended both Thomas Carlyle and his wife, and was also the personal friend and medical adviser of Sir Edwin Landseer.

Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson has for many years held one of the highest reputations amongst medical men in this country as a careful observer, an earnest inquirer, and an operator of exceeding skill. Though he has made his name as a specialist, his study is the whole of medicine. A brother surgeon once said of him: "I do not believe in specialists, but I believe in Hutchinson because he is a specialist in everything." He always carries with him four pairs of spectacles. It was due to Mr. Hutchinson that the Polyclinic or Post-Graduate School of Medicine was founded in London. He has taken much interest in educational museums as a means of popular education; he has arranged one at Haslemere and another at Selby.

In college politics he is what is called a reformer. He was always interested in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, to which he has made many valuable contributions of specimens and drawings, and devoted much tīme. Indeed, he evinces the strongest interest in all biological matters, and at his country residence at Haslemere has made many experiments. He possesses a profound knowledge of every branch of his profession, and his colleagues seek and highly value the opinions he is able to form and express on many and most difficult subjects. As a personality, Mr. Hutchinson is attractive from every point of view. He betrays his Quaker descent in his reserved and quiet manner and in the gentle kindness of his disposition. Yet he is emphatically a very strong man and a striking ornament to the medical profession. His activity in the cause of scientific surgery, and his contributions to medical literature, are phenomenal. In addition to editing the "Archives of Surgery," he has produced an atlas of clinical surgery which may be considered unique. His lectures on neuropathogenesis, gout, leprosy, and diseases of the tongue, are full of original observations.

There is no more popular figure in London than that distinguished physician Sir Felix Semon. He rode with the Uhlans in their march into France in 1870. When he came to London, he was attached to the Golden Square Throat Hospital, which determined his career. He has written many learned and valuable books, and possesses many decorations. He is, perhaps, one of the most amusing *raconteurs* in London, and to sit next to him at a dinner-party is a privilege much desired. To these social advantages he adds a peculiar faculty for the playing of Bridge. The King honours him with his friendship.

Sir Francis Laking, Physician in Ordinary to the King, is a courtly gentleman with considerable tact and a strong sense of humour. Sir Francis was born in 1847, and received his medical education first at the University of Heidelberg, Germany, where he took the degree of M.D., and at St. George's Hospital, where he was Medical Registrar for three years. His other medical appointments are Consulting Physician to the Victoria Hospital for Children and the Gordon Hospital for He has gathered a large and Fistula. fashionable clientèle into his practice. At the bedside he is probably at his best, for no one has a greater appreciation of a patient's idiosyncrasies than he. Sir Francis is the embodiment of discretion and tact, as his numerous appointments at St. James's testify. By a curious anomaly he is at once Physician, Surgeon, and Apothecary to the King, probably the first man in English medical history to combine the three offices. Then he holds, too, a medical appointment to the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Princess Christian, in addition to having the medical care of their households. From the point of view of knightly orders he has received more attention than has fallen to the lot of any living English practitioner. But it must not be forgotten that Sir Francis had no small share in nursing back to health and strength King Edward when he lay between life and death. The King, be it said, cherishes a warm regard for his favourite physician.

Professor Ray Lankester is one of the bestknown figures, and not a small figure at that, in London Society. He is a Bohemian of the scientific world, without a pinch of dryas-dust pedantry about him. He was born in an atmosphere of the 'ologies. His father was a friend of Huxley, and the son was conducting microscopic experiments on frogs at the age of eight. He went to Cambridge and migrated to Oxford, winning a scholarship. A travelling fellowship subsequently sent him abroad to study under savants of Continental reputation. He has sat a night on the top of Vesuvius in eruption, and has been fired on by Italian brigands. He is unequalled as a drawer of diagrams and maker of apt words to describe strange creatures. Find him a new beast, and he will love you. As his biographer said of him, "his religion is the worship of all sorts of winged and finny freaks. His bluffness conceals a hatred of oppression which has made him the champion of the unfortunate."

Hugh Lyon Playfair, first Lord Playfair of St. Andrews, was the son of George Playfair, Inspector-General of Hospitals in Bengal. He was born in 1819, at Meerut, but was educated at Glasgow University. Not only did Lord Playfair promote the science of preventive medicine, but he also played, during some thirty years of parliamentary life, a prominent part in perfecting the machinery by which its principles are administered for the public benefit. In 1834, at fifteen years of age, he began to study chemistry under Graham, Professor at Glas-After a short visit to his parents in gow. India, he followed Graham to London, and in 1838 he went to Giessen to study under Liebig, then the rising star in the chemical firmament. He not only became Liebig's pupil, but his friend. A few years after his return to England he accepted an appointment at Manchester, where he found congenial society in Dalton and Joule. It was whilst at Manchester that Playfair induced Bunsen, who had just perfected his process of gas analysis, to come over to Alfreton to collect the gases of the blast furnace. He was subsequently appointed Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, where he had for a time King Edward and the late Duke of Edinburgh as pupils. In the meantime he was engaged in considerable public work, and served on several Commissions with a zeal and self-sacrifice which ought to be gratefully remembered. No one appreciated more than he the great value of educating mankind in matters concerning public health. His essays, addresses, and memoirs deal largely with hygienic subjects, which, he advocated, should be

taught in a scheme of higher education. In 1862, Playfair entered Parliament as the representative for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, and during his retention of this seat for seventeen years he occupied the position at one time of Postmaster-General under Mr. Gladstone, and at another that of Chairman of Ways and Means in the "Eighty" Parliament. Despite the demands of a publicly active life, Lord Playfair found time to take up his pen and to write on literary, scientific, and financial It is to him that we owe the first topics. movement with regard to technical instruction, and his name will go down to posterity as "one who loved his fellow-man."

A very good story is told of Lord Playfair's savoir faire at the opening of the Exhibition of 1851, where it was, of course, desirable to have all nations represented. A very gaily dressed Chinaman found himself in the procession side by side with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was about to be removed to some less conspicuous position, when the Prince Consort desired he might be left where he was. Playfair's efforts had been successful in obtaining the recognition of China, for, in the absence of any yellow-jacketed mandarin as ambassador, Playfair had got hold of the Chinese ticket-collector of a junk then being exhibited in the docks !

Two great foreigners are included in our present gallery. Professor Rudolf Virchow was probably one of the ablest, if not the ablest, exponents of medical science that ever lived. At the age of thirty he had made himself a reputation as one of the rising men in the study of pathology. From Würzburg, where his early fame had increased so rapidly, he went to Berlin. He invented cellular pathology, and wrote highly esteemed volumes on the unpleasant subject of the formation of tumours; he lectured on life and disease; he wrote essays on the physical evolution of the Germans; and in various other manners made the obscure clear, and added to the reputation he already bore.

No man studied more closely the manners and customs of a greater number of people. In his museum was a unique collection of skulls. He was so devoted a teacher that he began to lecture at six o'clock in the morning; yet, with all his hard work, he made a name for himself as a Radical in the Prussian Parliament. He was an admirer of English freedom, a defender of privileges, and an editor of popular lectures. He spent his life modestly in a small flat. He had a fine sense of humour. How he got through all the work that he did was ever a puzzle to his friends. He was singularly untidy.

Virchow was as much at home in the dissecting-room as when doing his duty as physician at the bedside. In dissecting he made use of a special knife, which he called the pathologist's sword, and he displayed wonderful expertness and faultless accuracy. Holding a brain in his hand, he would cleave it in parallel planes, so that it was divided as the leaves of a book, to open and close at any portion, so that the whole could afterwards be replaced in the cranium with but little sign of mutilation.

In the war of 1870, Virchow and his son both joined the Army, serving in the capacity of surgeons in the field. They did their full measure of duty, conspicuously upon the field of Metz.

Virchow never ceased to be interested in politics, though in later life he corrected the immaturity of his early opinions. He entered first the Prussian, and, after the war in 1870, the Imperial German Diet. He became a leader of the Liberal Party, and opposed arbitrary government, military encroachments, and the formation of German Fleet, while he advocated peace, economy, and care for the material welfare of the people. It was in 1862 that he came first into conflict with Bismarck, who had become Prime Minister. Virchow, who was leader of the Radicals, by his advanced views and cogent reasoning speedily earned for his policy the opprobrious designation of Professorismus, applied by the Iron Chancellor. During this time Virchow went on with his demonstrations and lectures at the Charité Hospital, under the surveillance of the police. During the war with Austria in 1866, Virchow was the Chairman of the Finance Committee, and opposed the policy of the Government, succeeding in defeating an appropriation for naval purposes that had been demanded by Bismarck, who thereupon challenged his successful antagonist to mortal combat. Virchow declined the duel, but continued his opposition. However, in the main he agreed with that portion of Bismarck's policy that involved the construction of the German Empire. It was probably this fact which prompted the Chancellor, before his own retirement under the present Emperor, to apologise publicly for the many asperities which had characterised his previous attitude towards the great savant.

Having in mind the many bitter controversies, medical, scientific, political, and municipal, he had indulged in, Virchow prefaced his collected writings thus: "No doubt science cannot admit of compromises, and can only bring out the complete truth. Hence, there must be controversy, and the strife may be, and sometimes must be, sharp. But must it, even then, be personal? Does it help science to attack the man as well as the statement? On the contrary, has not science the noble privilege of carrying on its controversies without personal quarrels?" Virchow never quite accepted, nor perhaps appreciated, Darwin's great work, and he scarcely realised the advance of pathology in its bacteriological and experimental departments.

The portrait of Pasteur, by Tissot, was one of the most inspired portraits of that artist. It presents to us a vivisector who was fond of animals, and his life gave warrant for that theory. He first made his name in Europe as a chemist, and was already known to every man of science before he tackled the dreaded malady, hydrophobia. It cannot be said that the treatment which he invented was at all times successful, but he and his followers have progressed far towards the cure. He ever worked incredibly hard, and once brought on himself an attack of paralysis by his continual labours. He was a singularly kindly hearted and humane man.

Pasteur had an extraordinary power of concentrating his attention upon a single subject, and perhaps the most important part of his work was done in those hours when he would sit silent and immovable, deep in thought, occupied with some difficult problem, allowing nothing to disturb or distract him until he had found some solution. But when he had discovered a key to the difficulty, the whole expression of his face would alter, and he would eagerly communicate to those around him the experiments he had planned and the hopes of success which he cherished.

Pasteur was intensely patriotic, and the war of 1870 plunged him into a melancholy depression, and he sent back to the University of Bonn his diploma as M.D., which they had conferred upon him in 1868. He said : "To-day, the sight of this parchment is odious to me, and I feel insulted to see my name. with the designation of Virum clarrisimum with which you endowed it, placed under the auspices of a name since devoted to the hatred of my country — that of Rex Guilelmus." It will be remembered that this feeling of antipathy and patriotic resentment never wore off, for at the Kiel Canal festivities, some ten years ago, the Berlin Academy, at the instigation of the Kaiser, offered Pasteur, in the most flattering terms, a Prussian distinction. He replied that, whilst appreciating the honour as a savant, he could not, as a Frenchman, forget the war of 1870, and that he would never be able to accept a German decoration.

Rénan has eloquently said of Pasteur : "His scientific life is like a luminous trail in the great night of the infinitely little, in those ultimate abysses of being where life is born."

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and CHARLES R. HEWITT.



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"WASSAIL!" FROM THE PICTURE BY ALAN STEWART.

THE DRUM.

BY A. N. MURRAY.

THERE'S a hinstrument of torture as the Chinese doesn't know, Or they'd nip it bloomin' quickly if they did;

It's worse nor anythink the 'Orror Chamber 'as to show, Or anythink the Hinguisition 'id.

It's only common sheepskin strung tight acrost an 'oop, With the regimental honours painted round,

An' the Maker of the Torture is a chubby little lad, 'Oo's the honly blessed one as likes the sound.

Oh, the Drum-the Drum-the never-endin' Drum-

With its "Leave-em-all-and-follow"-Tum! Tum! Tum!

W'en the Trooper's on the water an' the ropes are cast ashore, An' w'ot you know's be'ind you, an' w'ot you don't's before,

'Cos a silly 'owlin Dervish dares you come.

The old un gives a shiver; you 'ear 'er engines throbbin'--

She's seen the wimmen weepin', an' she's joinin' in the sobbin,-Then-"Girl I left be'ind me "-goes the Drum.

II.

W'en your eyes are red an' weary, an' your feet are bits o' steak, The World an 'orizon, with naught be'ind,

W'en the swingin' of a mess-tin in the fours that go in front Makes you count, an' count, an' count, until you're blind ;

W'en the stumble of a comrade makes you curse your soul away, An' brings the blood of murder to your 'earts,

'Till you feel there's nothin' 'uman in your little 'eaps of clay. Then once again—Gawd 'elp us all !—*IT* starts.

The Drum-the Drum-the black, the muffled Drum-

With it's "Marchin'-on-to-Glory "-Tum! Tum! Tum!

With "Arms Reversed" you're marchin', 'cos the Blanket is ahead,

(W'en Quick 'e 'ad to 'ump it, so it's 'is'n now e's dead,)

An' you wish as you was restin' with your chum ;

In front the fifes are wailin' along the silent way,

But 'igh above their screamin' you 'ear the drumsticks' sway.

'Cos that's the tune that pleases-Don't it, Drum ?

III.

An' w'en you're tucked up cosy an' the screen is round your bed. 'Cos there's somethin' 'appenin' you shouldn't know! But you wouldn't care a button if only that baboon

Wot's squattin' on your chest would up an' go.

But you're laughin' at the ord'ly-'cos he han't twigged it-An' won't he be surprised just w'en he do?

An' there's that big silly ostrich, with 'is funny-looking eves. 'Oo's a-starin' o'er the screen, in front o' you.

An' the Drum-the Drum-the bleatin', beatin' Drum.

With its soul-tormentin', unrelentin'—Tum ! Tum ! You ask the patient Sister "if she 'asn't got no ears?" Tum !

"If she'll kindly stop that Drummer ?"-You see the sudden tears, An' wonder w'y the mischief do they come ?

Then the ward will vanish sudden, an' out across the plain

You see the drummers marchin', an' you up an' trek again,

'Cos it's "'Ome, sweet 'Ome" they're playin' on the Drum !-

LITTLE ESSON.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.—The story opens in the chief studio of the artists' colony at Creelport-on-Dee, where Mina, daughter of a drunken ne'er-do-well, Claude Hilliard, makes a dramatic entrance, and, vowing that she has left her brutal father's house for ever, declares her readiness to be the wife of the first of the young artists whose vague love-making in the past shall now become an offer of marriage. In her heart she hopes that one Hunter Mayne will speak first, but the silence is broken by youthful Terence Fairweather, who is already marked down by consumption. This chivalrous youth escorts the hysterical girl to the house of his aunt, Lady Grainger, a little way out of the town, and shortly afterwards the young couple are married, but not before Mina has had a dour time with Terry's relatives, Lady Grainger and her splitful daughter Hilda. The latter has hoped to marry her cousin Terry, and in revenge threatens to exploit certain letters previously written by Mina to Hunter Mayne. Terry refuses to take the letters into account, and Mina is protected from her drunken father by the venerable minister, Dr. John Broadbent, and his sister, Miss Bee, at the Manse. Terry and his wife are next seen spending their honeymoon in the Engadine, but Terry is already doomed, and Mina nurses him with a tender devotion to the end. On his deathbed Terry tells his wife that he leaves her a very rich woman, from sources unknown to his family. His father, when in danger of his life in Britain, invested large sums in France. That money has accumulated, and Terry now says: "I have left two-thirds of my fortune, so much as is known to exist in England, away from you—to my aunt, Lady Grainger, and her daughter. I have left you, as far as Britain is concerned, only your strict legal third. I have so diminished my properties in England that you will be a poor woman. Brave the taunts of Lady Grainger, and the reproach that I have left the bulk of my estate away from you. Promise me than never till the day of your marriage—

CHAPTER XV.

T was in the nature of things that, with so many people interest in get that affairs of Mina Fairweather, her name should serve as a sort of rallying flag to one of the little bickerings which made life in Creelport endurable. It was understood that there was a dark mystery somewhere. The scene in the studio, loyally kept secret for many months, suddenly became public property, and Miss Hilda Grainger remarked, with sweet serenity, that this was not the way respectable girls with nothing to conceal made choice of husbands-to "fling themselves at the head of the first comer like She would not do such a thing. that."

Most evenings Hunter Mayne was a frequent visitor at Lady Grainger's. That is, he called upon her daughter. For when Miss Hilda had visitors, being of an extreme modernity, she simply said to her mother: "You can go upstairs, mamma !" And the black satin obediently puffed and rustled away, glad to be rid of the responsibility of her daughter—or, rather, of the state of nerves into which Hilda's manner of speech threw her. Lady Grainger did not understand more than one-third of what her daughter said. For, as she often plaintively repeated, "she did not pretend to be clever, and, of course, in her young days no girls at all ever had dear Hilda's opportunities."

It was a thing agreed between Miss Hilda and Hunter Mayne that no one should know of his visits. For though on the surface there was an appearance of what Creelport knew as "an entanglement" between themselves, the position was clearly enough defined. Miss Hilda, a young woman of no illusions, saw to that herself.

"It looks too much as if you were 'coming courting," she said, after she had let him in by the sea-door, as it was called—that which opened across a little lawn out upon rusty salt-flats only covered by the spring tides. "That is, if anyone saw you—which they don't. But you and I have seen too much, and, besides, I am too ugly !" She laid her finger upon her sallow cheek, on which her rounded brow deepened the shadow. "Over-

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"'Yes,' she said, 'the cigarettes are not bad at Broom Lodge.

cerebrated," she said bitterly; "that's fatal to a girl, you know. It is a pity that I was not born a dolly like the rest. But at least I can play at 'Lady Bountiful,' with the pretty-pretties for puppets and all Creelport for a stage."

"Why do you hate her so much?" said the young man, looking straight at Hilda Grainger. She was more than ever the "Green Girl" that evening. Her neutraltinted blouse had an air of the gymnasium. The straight skirt, cut short and high, with the stout shoes, though these were neat enough, showed plainly that Hilda Grainger was superior to some at least of the more gracious weaknesses of her sex.

"Why do I hate her so much?" She sat on the arm of a sofa, chintz-covered, stained with ink and chemicals. "I presume that by 'her' you mean—as everything masculine does here in Creelport—Miss Mina Hilliard, late sick-nurse to my dear and lamented cousin and benefactor, Mr. Terence Fairweather? Why do I hate Mina Hilliard?" she repeated. "Well, first, admitting that I do hate her, I think it must be because every man of you thinks and speaks of that silly chit as 'her.' Why should she be 'her' any more than I? Do you ever speak of me as 'her'—even you?"

"You have all the qualities, Hilda," said Hunter Mayne, smiling, "but I hesitate to think of the fate of the man who would be bold enough to make love to you."

"Thanks," said the girl, stretching herself at ease on a long cane chair. "Give that foot-rest a kick out, Hunter. Thanks, again. I was made ugly by no will of my own-ugly and clever. God, or Darwin, Mr. Herbert Spencer, or some great-great-grandparent of a chimpanzee far up my family tree arranged it so. I ought, I know, to be mild and forgiving, of a good reliable domestic type-' never - a - moment's-anxiety-to-anybody,' ' jelly-and-soup-to-the-poor ' sort of a girl, oughtn't I? And I should believe all that the parsons hammer out weekly, and be kind and forgiving and benevolent-oh, I know. That's what men really like. They grow such girls from seed in this country like turnips-so many, indeed, that they need thinning. It is all very nice, very proper, very ordinary, and all that is necessary to make everybody love you. Only-I was not built to be that sort of a girl. See ? "

"I see," said Hunter Mayne. "No," said Hilda, "I am clearly some cast-back to pre-Christian, or even pre-Pagan times. The formulas don't grip me. I hold no more to the Good of the Race, or the Greatest Good of the Greatest Number, than I do to the pulpit commonplaces about selfsacrifice and the law of love. I see no reason why, if I want a thing, I should not take it; if I want to do a thing, why I should not do it. Little prettyish 'Baa-Lamb' comes in the way, so much the worse for 'Baa-Lamb'!"

"Do you mean to let Mina alone now?" said Hunter Mayne.

"That is what I was proposing to ask you," said the girl indolently. "I play with 'Baa-Lamb' because 'Baa-Lamb' annoys me. She drinks down there out of the brook that passes my door. Also because she is pretty. and fools (including you, my dear Hunter) run after her. She is silly, and yet married Terry when we might have had all his father's money to live on-Heaven only knows what the old brute did with it all. Then I could have gone back to Cambridge or to London, and had a laboratory all my own, where I should have experimented, perhaps even blown myself up, and existed happily in Nirvana ever after. But 'Baa-Lamb' must come along, and, lo ! Terry jumps at her as if she had been a red-and-blue painted spinning-minnow with a hook in its tail. Hang Terry !"

"And how about your friend Mademoiselle Danicheff?" said Hunter Mayne, smiling " Is there going at the girl's vehemence. to be anything in that for either of us?"

"For me, yes," said the "Green Girl"; "for you, it depends on what you wantthat is, if you are not a fool. But, then, it is all too certain that you are, being a man. If that notable painter, Mr. Hunter Mayne, whose art suffers from his trying to be also a man of the world-and whose need of money is perennial-would only make up his mind as to what he wants with 'Baa-Lamb,' his faithful ally here present might be able to decide more clearly what remains to be done."

"Hilda," said the young man, with a certain earnestness, "I value the privilege of coming here to talk to you beyond anything in the world——"

"Chut !" cried the girl; "turn off that shandy-gaff ! Speak out, will you ? Say what you mean. You don't by any chance cherish the idea of marrying me, if Terry's money-bags prove heavy enough or your own sufficiently light? No; well, that at least is candid. But then, you see, I don't want you, either, my gallant Lord Ronald ; so we are quits. I should gladly enough have married Terry, because it was quite evident he was going to die. But you-no. I thank you! I have no ambition to be hanged for murder, though I do believe I could do it without a soul finding out. So far, good ! That clears the decks. Very well, then, what do you want with the 'Baa-Lamb'? Do you purpose to marry her the second time of asking?"

For a moment Hunter Mayne was visibly perturbed. The "Green Girl" watched him warily. He seemed to hesitate and search for words.

"No money, is it ?" she queried. "Does the vile metal prevent the union of two hearts that beat as one? Horrid of Terry Fairweather to cut his faithful nurse off with a hovel and some chickens. Have you. no aspirations after love in a cottage, Mr. Hunter Mayne, even with her?"

"Hilda," said Mayne at last, "I don't suppose you will understand me, but-

"Ah, indeed; then your soul is exquisitely subtle !" said the girl.

"No," he continued; "but-there are two sides to every man's nature—though it may not seem so to you, Hilda."

"Oh, the two sides !" said Hilda wearily ; "I am sick of them. You can skip the You can skip the theory and come to the practice. I am good at prolepsis. I suppose what you really want is to give your mornings to art, your evenings to me, and to spend your afternoons and Sundays out, dissipating in the shade at the feet of 'Baa-Lamb?' Does that express this wonderful twin-nature of yours?

"I am trying to explain," said Hunter Mayne, "if you will but listen. You make it difficult enough. I know I am a big, blundering fellow alongside of you. But the truth is that ever since I knew you, the privilege of coming here and talking to you-""

"What, talking to a person devoid of all moral considerations ? "

"—has been my greatest pleasure. I don't want to marry Mina Fairweather and lose that."

"Mina who?" asked Hilda Grainger softly."

"Well, you know," went on Hunter Mayne. "I don't want to marry her at *that* price. But then, again, I don't want her to marry anyone else. No," repeated Hunter Mayne doggedly, "I can't marry Mina. I am not rich enough, at any rate—besides, I value my evenings with you too much !"

The girl glanced keenly at him, a curious diffused light coming into her eyes which had not been there before. But in an instant she was drolling again.

"Yes," she said, "the cigarettes are not bad at Broom Lodge, and the liquid refreshment good of its kind. Mamma is no trouble. And as for me, I am pleased to be of service to such an unselfish and noble-natured young man—that is, to one side of his nature, even if it is reserved for the 'Baa-Lamb'——"

"You misjudge me, as always," interrupted Hunter. "It is for your sake—for the sake of your society——-"

"That you wish to play Mr. Dog-in-the-Manger to the 'Baa-Lamb!" 'I can't marry you, my pretty maid, because, most unfortunately, I've got another side to my Noble Nature! But then, to make up, I won't allow anyone else to marry you either!"

Hunter was beaten, and he did what was, perhaps, the wisest thing—he surrendered at discretion.

" I will do just what you like and as you like it," he said. " I know I am not nearly so clever as you are. Hang it, you can talk all round me!"

"My dear fellow, now you are becoming sensible," said Hilda, leaning her head on her hand; "psychology and self-analysis are not your *forte*. Listen, I will put things plainly. There is money somewhere behind Terry's will. The girl you refer to as 'she' knows where it is. Now, I want that money, to make a life worth living for me. Therefore, I don't desire Mistress Mina to marry You, Mr. Hunter Mayne, don't want again. her to marry. So far, therefore, we are perfectly agreed, you and I. And the weapon we have in our hands to prevent her marrying is Jeanne Danicheff, safe now at Nice, but all the more serviceable on account of that. Mistress Mina won't marry again while this hangs over her head. At present she is neither flesh, fish, nor good red herring ! Meantime, she will be friendly with you, because you have detached her affections from the late Terry, and Baa-Lambs must have something masculine on hand with which to bleat a chorus ! Furthermore, I have no objections to your coming here to report progress of an evening. The brightness of your intelligence, your ready wit, stimulate me. Another drink? No? Then, evade, depart—go! Think what a bad example it would be to my lady's servants, and how it would prejudice you with the 'Baa-Lamb,' if *she* only knew. So long! till to-morrow night!"

"That girl is the devil!" muttered Hunter Mayne. as he went through the sea-door of Broom Lodge, "and yet—"

CHAPTER XVI.

"I'M sure I don't know how it is I never thought of taking to this detective racket before," said Little Esson, as he cautiously drew on his golfing-shoes with the indiarubber soles. "I might have made a big thing of it. Here are all these fellows asleep —yonder is 'Fuzzy' snoring like a redheaded Grand Turk on the kitchen locker, and never one of them has an idea that I am about to peril my life digging up buried treasure—or letters, which is just the same thing. I wonder if I ought to take a dark lantern? It seems the right thing."

This deep question was decided for him by the remembrance of the fact that there was no lantern of any sort among all the miscellaneous rubbish which encumbered Pitch-and-Toss.

But on the back of this, another difficulty cropped up.

"She marked it on that letter, certainly," he said, spreading a crumpled envelope on the table before him; "but it was an HHHH pencil, and it's nearly rubbed out now. That was kissing it, I suppose. What a foolish place to keep an important thing like that ! I really thought, Archibald Esson, that you had got more sense !"

And he pressed the paper again to his lips. "I wish, though, it had not been an HHHH," he said; "I must think of that next time. Do you turn to the right, or to the left, when you come to the twiddle there ? She has marked it 'Yew-Tree Glade.' Oh, the darling—the sweetest—um-m-m ! Now that's gone, and I shall never know. Well, heigh-ho! the thing has got to be put through somehow, and the quicker the better. Not one of the other fellows would dream of such a deed-lying snoring there, the blockheads, when I am venturing my life—for the girl—the girl we all love, but whom not one of us is worthy to black the boots of. Where's something to dig with? Oh, the paletteknife—that is, if I can't find that 'spud.' Hush, what was that? 'A rat behind the arras.' Dowse the glim, Archie! Where's the blessed matches? 'I go to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.' I mean, to dig him up!"

Little Esson entered the precincts of the Manse garden through the little green door. perfume of dank yew hedges. It was a burning fusee—nothing more and nothing less. The only man who still used fusees in Creelport was Hunter Mayne. He got them in some seaport town on his way to Holland, and he always lit his pipe with them.

But what was Hunter Mayne doing there at that hour? Little Esson's crest fairly



"Hae I gotten ye, ye crawling thief?"

It stood unlocked, and the yew-tree walk closed dark and dank upon him. This was far weirder even than the open kirkyard and the big, pallid kirk cutting across the faint midsummer drift of stars. How damp and humid a yew grove smells at night! Little Esson sniffed. Curious he had never noticed that before ! He scented something else, too.

He smelt something very distinct from the

bristled. Quills upon the fretful porcupine were velvety by comparison. He, too, was after the letters ! He had given them to Mina—and now, having found out that she had buried them, Hunter Mayne was doubtless trespassing on the property of the good Dr. John for the nefarious purpose of stealing them.

Esson thought of going instantly and

arousing the sleeping Manse. Insolence! It was mere robbery! He had passed the policeman on the way; indeed, he knew him well. It would serve Hunter Mayne right—!

But hold ! Was he not himself there with the very same intent ? Besides, the letters were Mina's—or, at least, Mina wanted them. He would, as he said, "do a bit of stalking."

"Easy does it!" muttered Little Esson under his breath.

And now, crawling cautiously out upon the branch, he could command a view of the white cottage of the departed Dickie, its windows all dark, only the least peep of red in the kitchen window showing where Fleckie had placed the "keeping coal" for the morning. To-morrow was washing-day, and Fleckie always liked to have her water hot, good and early.

Further over there, in the darkness, was another loom of red, a very small, moving dot on the road in front, beyond the garden, beyond the low outer hedge. Esson sniffed and had it. A long studio apprenticeship stood him in good stead. The red glow, stoppered at intervals by a deft and fireproof little finger, was Mayne, smoking his pipe out on the road in front of the Idol's house?

What right had he to be there? The insolent hound ! On such occasions a lover. even one who, like Little Esson, loved on behalf of a whole confraternity, forgets that the public road is free to all ratepayers, and even (if so be that they move on when ordered) to those with no visible means of support. Certainly the King's highway was free to Hunter Mayne on both counts. All the same, it was, as Esson said over and over himself, "blank cheek." again to He bethought him what he could do. A large kennel of very fierce dogs at the gable of Dickie's cottage would just about have met his wishes for Hunter Mayne at that moment.

But this could not be. One's highest aspirations have often to submit to the brutality of fact. At any rate, Hunter Mayne was not on the track of the letters. On the contrary, he was peacefully enjoying the night air, while smoking his pipe and looking thoughtfully up at the stars, or maybe at the windows of Mina's cottage. Esson watched him sulkily for half an hour, and then, warned by the clock of the parish church striking one, he decided that as Hunter Mayne evidently meant no harm, so far as that night was concerned, he himself had better go and get the letters. So, back to the fork of the Yew-Tree Avenue he groped his way. Alas! Mina, with feminine ignorance of cartography, had forgotten to warn him that on Dr. John's policies there were *two* Yew-Tree Avenues, and as for elm trees, they seemed simply without number. Little Esson reflected with contempt on the lack of intelligence shown by the landscape gardener, who knew no better than thus to cumber a poor minister's garden with useless and unproductive vegetable growths of that kind.

"Aye, then, hae I gotten ye, ye crawling thief o' the world?" cried a voice in Little Esson's ear, just as at last he grasped the packet of letters. "And wi' Dr. John's ain 'spud'! Come your ways to the polissstation, my man! I hae been watching ye for this twa hours, and losing my beauty sleep ower the heid o' ye. Come your ways, ye feckless land - louper. Mony a day's oakum - picking ye'll get, that will fit ye better than stealing into honest folk's yairds at the dead o' nicht!"

Thus spoke Fleckie Itherword, gripping Little Esson by the neck, and hauling him towards the Manse back-kitchen window, at which her aunt waited ready to participate in the honours of the fray.

"Shove him aboot half - road through, Fleckie," said a well-known voice, "and I'll let the window-sash doon on him. Then let him kick his bravest."

"Aye, that I will, like feeding a sheaf o' corn into Andro Banchory's threshing-mill," said the powerful Fleckie promptly.

"But, Guid save us, what's this?" cried Lummy from within. "I declare, if it's no juist Maister Archie Esson, the penter laddie, that Miss Bee nursed when he had the brain fever! Hae ye gotten it again, laddie, that ye are gangin' stravaigin' athort the country at this time o' nicht? Daft callant that ye are! And what in the name o' wonder are ye doing wi' Dr. John's spud?"

"Set me on my feet," said Esson a little indignantly, " and I will tell you."

"Come in, Fleckie, and hear," said her aunt, dusting Esson down vigorously.

"'Deed, then, that will I no'," said Mina's giant handmaiden; "there may be mae o' them, wha kens? I wadna lit them past it. Daft artist loons rinnin' aboot wi' spuds, howkin' for goold and silver and precious stones amang the Doctor's syboes!"

It appeared to Esson that he had better tell the truth. His opinion of his own powers as a detective officer was scarcely so high as it had been. "I came to find some letters for Mrs. Fairweather—for your mistress," he said, addressing Fleckie through the open window, as Lummy continued officially to dust him down; "you had better go and ask her what she wishes done with them."

"'Deed, and that will I no'!" said the obstinate Fleckie. "I wadna waken a puir lass oot o' her sleep at two o' the mornin' for a wheen letters. For aught I ken, they may only be the merchant's accounts ye canna pay. I hae heard o' you artists lads!"

pay. I hae heard o' you artists lads ! " With these words, Esson, much crestfallen, was left alone with Lummy Itherword, that woman of wise counsel.

"I was really doing Mrs. Fairweather a service," explained Esson to Lummy Itherword.

"Dootless — dootless," replied Lummy drily ; "but, ye see, young and bonny lasses are kittle-cattle to do services to. And it will maybe be as weel to keep oot o' trees that grow under windows, and to come decently to the front door in braid daylicht to do your bits o' services ! No' but what I suppose daft laddies will be daft laddies to the end o' time."

end o' time." "I had not the least intention——" began Esson, feeling himself most grievously misunderstood.

"I dare say no," said Lummy ; "but after Miss Bee's giein' ye a quiet hour by yourselfs in the parlour there, surely ye couldna be in ony siccan tirrivee to speak again wi' the lass. Besides, it's my candid belief that she wad raither talk a forenicht wi' Dr. John and Miss Bee than play at bogle wi' ony young artist skelpie o' ye a'! Aweel, I'm an auld woman, and I dare say I should be thinkin' o' mair serious things. But—I will own I like a daft callant that's ready to pit his craig (neck) in peril for a lass. Ye can see the Manse back-kitchen window frae the brae aboon your bit sheiling, can ye no?"

"Yes," said Esson, his colour sense helping him to remember, "it has a red blind."

"Weel," said Lummy, "when the lass ye ken o' is comin' to tak her tea wi' Miss Bee, the red blind will be half-road doon. When it is doon a' thegither, she will be sittin' a' by her lane on the seat in the minister's wee plantation, and ye can come up through the kirkyaird yett, as ye did the nicht, withoot a soul being the wiser. But nae mair climbing on trees like a hunted pussy-bawdrons (cat) wi' the dogs after her. And nae raising o' the neighbourhood oot o' its bed at twa o'clock o' the mornin'! Promise me that !" Esson promised faithfully, eager only to be off. Lummy accompanied him to the green door which opened into the churchyard.

"I'm riskin' my character, I ken," she said, "but at five-and-fifty lasses' characters begin to be mair weatherproof than they are at twa-and-twenty. Sae let Mistress Mina alane, except when the back - kitchen blind says ye may come and coort her decently in the licht o' day. The like o' this may be sae romantical, Airchie Esson, but I'll wager ye will get a deal mair for your money the way I'm tellin' ye."

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. JOHN came into the breakfast-room of the Manse one morning, a newspaper in his hand. Mina had come over to crack her egg and gossip with Bee and Bee's brother. There was a grey and old look on Dr. John's face, but he smiled under their gay rallies and laid the paper gently aside, folding it accurately. But as soon as breakfast was over, he asked Bee to come to his study for a moment. Mina thought little about the matter. She played with Fluffy, the darkfurred, acquiescent Persian pussy, who dwelt in permanency in the sofa corner.

Then she heard the sound of smothered sobbing from the Doctor's study. With only the slightest pause of hesitation she opened the study door and went in. Dr. John was standing, white as paper, at the head of the sofa upon which Miss Bee had flung herself down, her face buried in the pillows. Neither of them noticed her entrance. Dr. John was speaking very slowly and gravely. Clearly he was holding himself in, for Mina could see the nervous grip of his fingers on the newspaper.

"Yes," he said, his left hand laid gently on her heaving shoulder, "I had put all your money into it, as well as all my own. There seemed nothing safer. They will take every stick out of the Manse. Even that will not pay the calls. We are ruined, Bee. Thank God, there is the stipend—I do not know whether they can take that or not. Surely they must at least leave us enough to live on. But the child Mina—oh—__!"

"What about Mina?" said Bee, looking up.

"Her little money is in the bank as well ! She will be poorer than we, Bee. They cannot turn out a parish minister, you know. But she will not have a penny !"

"She must come and stay with us, John." "Yes, Bee. Of course." Mina, with a great gulp in her throat, managed to slip out unheard. They had many things to think of in that study. Yet chiefly it was of others they thought—Bee of her poor folk, dependents on her charity the minister of certain aged relatives who had shared with him his too meagre stipend. He wished now he had applied earlier for an "augmentation," like the others, his brethren of the Presbytery.

So they sat down, these two old people, brother and sister, comrades of many years, holding hands like children. Bee wept freely, and the Doctor put his arm about her, but said not a word, nor were his eyes moist.

Very quietly Mina slipped away and went to her own little cottage, through the gap in the privet hedge. Fleckie Itherword met her at the door.

"Miss Mina," she said as usual (though often warned to say "Mrs. Terry" or "please, ma'am"), "that crazy Esson lad is i' the parlour—and, faith, if ye ken how to shift him, it's mair than I do !"

Hastily Mina brushed past, and there was Esson standing with his elbow on the mantelpiece, a bundle of papers in his hand. He could not keep something triumphant out of the smile with which he greeted her. With very good sense he said nothing about the escapade of the night before, nor yet concerning his capture by Fleckie and her aunt.

"That will settle her," he said, handing over the letters without greeting—"the 'Green Girl' I mean. For the other—well, if I were you, I should go and see her myself."

"But," said Mina, "the woman has gone to Nice."

"Hunter Mayne had a letter from her this morning, asking him to send on some painting-traps, colour-boxes, and so on, to her address in London. As usual, he was pressed for time and asked Wells to do it. Look there !"

And he handed her a scrap of paper, which Hunter Mayne had hurriedly torn from the corner of a letter—

"137, FITZROY STREET,

"FITZROY SQUARE."

It was in a very different handwriting from the resurrected bundle of letters which Little Esson had laid upon the table. Mina stood gazing at it blankly.

"I have just been over to Paris, putting my boy Achille to the Lycée St. Louis. It is young for him to go, but my husband——"

The sentence was torn off at that point,

and Mina, dazed with the many happenings of that morning, did not at once pick up the meaning.

"The letter cannot be from . . the woman who claims to be Terry's wife," she said slowly. "See, she speaks of her husband —of her little boy."

Little Esson put an eager hand on Mina Fairweather's arm. He almost shook her.

"Don't you understand?" he cried. "Jeanne Danicheff was a singer—at concerts and things. Girls like that often keep their maiden names. Besides, it wasn't Jeanne Danicheff who said that Terry had been married before, it was Hilda Grainger. I think Hunter Mayne did some tall lying, too."

"But the letters?" stammered Mina, for a moment forgetting even the desolation she had left behind her at the Manse, in the new interest of the investigation.

Little Esson brought his hand down on the earth-stained heap of correspondence on the table. "They are not at all the same handwriting," he said. "It is quite easy to see where an attempt has been made to imitate, and where, after a while, the forger has dropped into a more natural hand. Come right up to London now and see Jeanne Danicheff. I will meet you there, if you like, and we will go together to a lawyer."

Then across Mina's thought, and blotting all, drifted the news which had smitten the household at the Manse, and many thousands of others through all Scotland that day.

"Do you know," she cried suddenly, "that the bank has failed ? I am a loser by all that Terry left me in his will."

To her surprise, instead of the amazed sorrow she had expected, Esson capered about the floor.

"Hurrah !" he cried ; "then those wasps down at Broom Lodge won't get a cent, either !"

"For shame, Archie!" said Mina, in her turn; "do you know that Dr. John has lost his savings, and Miss Bee every penny she had? They are in great trouble. Besides, you should think of me!"

"I am—I do!" cried Esson. "Oh, Myn, Myn, I can think of nothing else. I have lost my fifty pounds a year. I was in it, too. Old 'Pitch-and-Toss' will be sold up. But I can make a good income anywhere. I shall have to work now, whether I like it or no. And if you only would—oh, Myn, if I dared to ask you to !—I have not a farthing just now—but oh, if you only knew how



"'We are ruined, Bee.'"

welcome you would be to share it ! I wish I could tell you. But you know, Myn—you always have known—…"

Mina Fairweather took him gently by the arm.

"Archie," she said steadily, "this is not good of you—not nice. We have work to do "—then she softened—"you and I together, a big work. We must first of all clear Terry's memory. We must not think of ourselves."

CHAPTER XVIII.

TERRY'S girl-widow found that there was indeed much to be done. She went to London and saw Jeanne Danicheff in a bare studio near Fitzroy Square. A screen stood across the corner of the big, uncarpeted room. Then came a table with tubes and brushes, one or two chairs, a crazy staging for posing figures, two easels, a battered grand piano covered with cigarette ash-trays, while a grimy array of frames and canvases leaned at various angles against the wall. Jeanne Danicheff opened the door herself. She wore a paint-stained white blouse over her tight-fitting blue dress. A palette was poised on her left thumb, and she stared almost good-humouredly at her visitor. Mina went in with a little bow and smile, like a visitor come on business of art patronage. The lobby was two steps only, uncarpeted also. Canaries flew freely about the big, paint-smelling room, a stick of incense fumed before an ugly Chinese figure squatting like a drunken Buddha on the top of the round German stove.

High on a ladder stood a young man, hammer in hand, his mouth full of tintacks. He was busily nailing up scraps of gauze-netting over the window-tops.

"To keep the birds from getting away when we have the windows open," Jeanne explained with a forcign accent pleasant to Mina's ear.

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"Finish quickly and come down, Casimir," she added to the young man with the long, rippling hair, perched on the dizziness of the ladder.

"My husband," she said quietly, when the young man called Casimir stood at last upon the uncarpeted boards, smiling a little uncertainly. They did not yet know whether Mina were a creditor or only a possible client.

"I am Terry Fairweather's widow." She got it out at last, though with considerable effort.

Husband and wife looked at each other uncertainly.

"I think—I think," faltered Mina, blushing deeply, "that you met my husband before he and I were married—in Egypt?" "Did we?"

Wife looked frankly and clearly at husband. Husband, unwilling to give pain by forgetfulness, interrupted: "Yes, Jeanne, of course we did! Don't you remember, Jeanne?"

But neither of them did. And presently they all three laughed at that. But a light dawned on Jeanne Danicheff. She clapped her hands, and then, her eyes falling on the quietude of Mina's mourning, she said softly : "He was the pale young man with Mr. Mayne, wasn't he?—who painted a little and read poetry so beautifully? You remember, Casimir ? I liked him best."

"Yes," said the painter; "it was at Cairo, at the Hôtel Khedive."

"And we went to Assuan, we three, when you were finishing your stupid portraits of military people. Hunter Mayne took us to see the newly discovered tombs, and we had lunch there. Oh, how it all comes back !"

"Of course you would remember that, Jeanne !" smiled Casimir.

"Hush !" she said hastily to her husband. Then in Polish : "Do you not see she is in mourning? He is surely dead; the tall, pale young man who read poetry to me !"

She turned to Mina and had her arms about her before the girl could escape. It is well Jeanne Danicheff was so quick, for Mina could not help showing her dislike to the embrace. But the swift, warm impulsiveness of the gesture was too much for even her Scottish reserve.

"And he married you—your . . . Terry, was it not? And then a little while you were happy . . . when . . . he died ?"

She drew the young widow towards her, and the tears were chasing each other, but not over Mina's checks.

"So sad — so sad !" crooned Jeanne

Danicheff, in her throaty dove's voice; "and I have two boys, both of them at school in France. You see, we have been married fifteen years, Casimir and I."

"But you look like a girl."

"I was not sixteen when I married. He took me away from my grandmother's, in Nice. She was unkind to me. And, as you see, we have always stayed the same to each other—boy and girl lovers—as we were the night when Casimir helped me through the balcony window, with the sea beneath, saying 'Hush—hush !' all the time. Perhaps that helps to keep people young—to love like that—one another, I mean."

Jeanne Danicheff stretched out her hand. The loose *peignoir* left the arm bare to the elbow. Reverently Casimir took it, and set his lips to the pretty, gracious curve above the wrist.

All was so simple and straightforward between Casimir and Jeanne that Mina went away reassured, not a question asked, her packet of forged letters unopened in her little leathern satchel. As Esson said, it was assuredly the "Green Girl."

And for the first time in her life, Mina, the forgiving, actually plotted vengeance. She could not—she would not if she could forgive Hilda Grainger, not even though the Lord's Prayer plainly bade her to—at least, not yet.

And there — oh, marvel !— was Archie Esson at the end of Fitzroy Street. He did not see her at first. He was smoking a cigarette, which he did not often do in "Pitch-and-Toss." He threw it away as soon as he caught sight of Mina. He, too, was growing wondrous polite these last days.

"Hallo-I mean, I beg your pardon, Mina," he began. "I have got a picture into their old Royal Academy show, and I came up to see it wasn't too badly skied. knew you'd be along here-had jotted down the address in my 'Painters' Yearbook,' you And they say I'm not practical. know. He's a Pole, that fellow, but can't live at home-been up to tricks with the Govern-ment, I expect. 'By order of the Tsar,' and so forth ! Exhibits in Paris mostly, sometimes in Spain and in Rome. Sketches well, but goes too strong on the purple-madder in his big pictures, for my taste. Foreigners mostly do, barring the French and Dutch."

Esson recled this off as fast as possible, so that Mina might not interrupt nor ask awkward questions as to how he came there, following her in the teeth of her commands absolute to remain at "Pitch-and-Toss."

Little Esson felt this necessity himself and proceeded to justify himself.

"I'm as poor as Job's turkey, that's the truth," he stammered, smiling his winsome, confident smile at Mina, and rubbing his fingers through the tight scalp-curls which gave him, though a man in years, that invincible air of a "Truant Boy." "Fact, Mina! I came here to get a good start of the sheriff's officer. I must sell a picture, and picture-dealers are all brute beasts. If a fellow was to believe them, not one of them ever sold a picture in his life!"

"And that cigarette you were smoking when I saw you first?" suggested Mina suspiciously; "was that 'Caporal' or twopenny twist? It didn't smell like it?"

She sniffed his cuff before taking his arm in these deserted streets.

"You've got some more! Hand them over!" she commanded austerely; "you know you never work when you smoke. You only lie down and pretend to be getting ideas. Really, you are just playing off! Come, now, all you've got!"

Very ruefully Little Esson searched this pocket and that. "No, they were not there, nor there—nor—ah !"

Mina indicated a breast-pocket which bulged obviously with something square and accurately cornered. With a grimace, Esson passed over the cigarettes, which, after one good look, Mina snapped viciously into her small hand-satchel, along with the letters of the "Green Girl's" forging.

"These are Egyptians, the best sort," she said. "What do you mean by it—you a ruined man, groaning about the sheriff's officer?"

But she smiled a little. There was an ancient understanding now growing into a new sympathy between them. Besides, nobody, man or woman (but especially woman), could long be angry with Little Esson.

"As you know, Myn," he explained (he only called her "Myn" when very sure of his favour), "when I've lots of money, I smoke bird's-eye, like everybody else; but when I have only half-a-crown, why, I just go and spend it all at once on a box of good Egyptians. Then a fellow knows how he stands. He has got to scratch for his next meal."

"Then you have no money?"

"Not a penny !"

Mina's hand made an involuntary movement towards her satchel, but it stopped midwav. Mina was thinking. There was certainly something very attractive about Little Esson. Her own secret wealth-his open, shameless Bohemian poverty ! Somehow the two things seemed to draw together. Mina could not explain it to herself, and the chronicler will not try. He only records the fact, and that as briefly as possible. The consequences of this attraction take more time even for the readiest writer. At last, after glancing sideways at Little Esson's rueful face for a while, Mina stopped dead in front of him in a quiet street near Soho, with the blank wall of a bottling establishment on one side (pickles and preserves world-famous), and ranges of silent warehouses on the other as far as the eye could reach.

"And you dare ask me to marry you !" she said, burning her boats.

"Of course I do," said Little Esson undauntedly. "I only wish it had been years ago."

"Then why didn't you?" exclaimed Mina; "you had the chance, like the others. Even Terry took some time! More shame to you all!"

At which Little Esson went first red and then pale. He held his straw hat in one hand and rubbed his curls vehemently with the other. But this time he had something to say—only, for once, he did not know how to say it. At last, the *finesse* deserting him, he blurted out: "I did not want to take you like that."

The girl threw back her head as if struck —an old, sad gesture, sole relic of very evil days when Claude Hilliard entered alone and found his daughter waiting, without the supper on the table or a penny to pay for it.

It seemed to Mina as if her own familiar Esson had turned against her.

"You thought I did a thing unwomanly, unmaidenly, that night in the studio—after —after—my father had beaten me?"

"No," said Little Esson slowly, and picking his words, "I knew something more. It was not because of your father you did it. If it had only been that, you would have gone back as you had done before——"

"Then—what—tell me what? Quick!" Mina's face was white and terrible. But Little Esson remained calm and grave. His time to lose or gain had come. He knew it —none better.

"Mina," he said very gently, "I loved you then and always—better far than any of them. But I was in the town-meadow that morning—where Hunter Mayne was painting. I saw, I heard. You thought then that you loved him. I knew he could not truly love any woman. I knew him as only a man can know a man—know and be silent, the more's the pity ! I knew he would not speak that night—in the dusk, when you broke in upon us. But—I loved you too much to take you that way. God knows, I would not take you now unless you loved me. And I love you so much more, that I think I had not begun to love you at all then !"

"I do not love you—I never shall love you!" cried Mina indignantly, fierce, hurting tears starting to her eyes. "Go—go out of my sight, Archie Esson! I never want to see you again! My Terry was worth all of you put together—yes, ten thousand times over!"

"Aye, that is true," said Little Esson quietly. And without another word he put on his old straw hat and went his penniless way—even so doing his lady's will, like any knight of old, because it was her will.

And then, as usual, the lady began to be sorry.

CHAPTER XIX.

MINA returned very thoughtfully along the half-deserted, wind-swept streets which lead towards Regent Circus from Fitzroy Square. Her first idea was to go directly to the Exhibition and there buy the picture which Little Esson was showing—" The Bloom of Their Youth," two young lovers plucking hawthorn blossom together in the depths of a flowery glade—his very latest masterpiece, according to "Pitch-and-Toss." But just as Mina was turning southward in the direction of Burlington House, the thought came to her that she would be almost certain to encounter there either little Esson himself or perhaps Hunter Mayne.

Turning sharply eastward, she entered instead the galleries of a great firm of picture-dealers near the corner of Pall Mall. Huth and Bernstein were at her service, in the person of a very small, very emphatic young man, with an infinity of bows and airy manners.

On hearing her errand, he referred to a catalogue of the Royal Academy of the Arts, and then to a notebook at his side.

"The price of Mr. Archibald Esson's picture, 'The Bloom of Their Youth,' is ± 200 ," he said; "but as Mr. Esson is a young man, and, though full of promise, is not yet very well known in London, I dare

say that we could obtain the picture from him before the end of the Exhibition for quite half that sum."

Mina allowed an impatient gesture to escape her.

"I do not want it for less," she said; "and I want him to have the money now in cash."

The bright, emphatic young man stared blankly at her. Then he recalled himself.

"Oh," he said, speaking now with a certain hushed, confidential air, as if between them they harboured a guilty secret—" well, we can arrange that also, I do not doubt. But, do you know, you are also increasing our commission— a very modest one, of course. And then you must remember that you will not get possession of the picture till the close of the Royal Academy Exhibition."

"Oh, I don't care about that!" cried Mina, with cheeks growing hot under her eyes. "I want you to see that Mr. Esson gets the money at once. I am Mrs. Terry Fairweather, and will draw you a cheque on the Crédit Lyonnais—it is not far—"

"Oh, just next door, so to speak. We do our own business there. Many foreign customers, you know."

"Oh, and will you see that the picture is safely taken out? And will you keep it for me? You have a number of pictures stored for my late husband-----"

The bowing young man elevated his eyebrows.

"What name did you say?" he asked mechanically.

"Mr. Terence Fairweather," faltered Mina, and she glanced at her dress.

"I beg your pardon. Yes, so we have." But clearly he remembered nothing

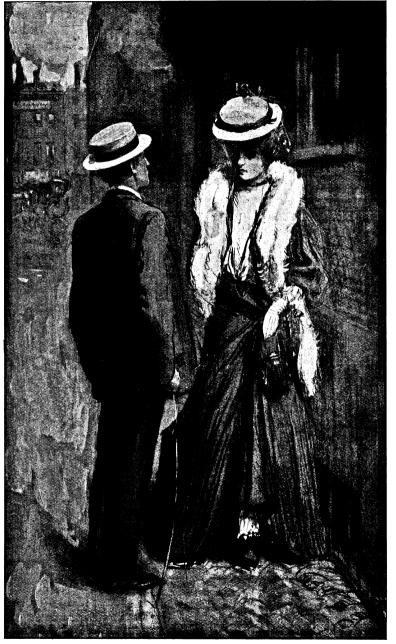
about it. A bald, smooth-browed, shiny gentleman,

A bald, smooth-browed, sniny gentleman, graver and more formal, approached from behind a kind of partition and bowed profoundly, almost orientally.

"Certainly," he said. "The matter is not *quite* in Mr. Nelson's department, but we do have a good many stored in that name mostly by the younger Scotch School. I think—may be valuable some day. They are coming on, these young men. I presume that you would like us to place this one with the others."

The emphatic, bowing youth had withdrawn a little way, and the bald-headed gentleman continued in his place. He really had gained his information from looking up a ledger while the junior was holding Mina in conversation. "Is there anything else we can do for you, Mrs. Fairweather? We shall be only too pleased. You, no doubt, desire that your

memory and grasp of detail ! Behind the ground glass and mahogany of the screen, the big ledger was still open at the letter



"'You dare ask me to marry you !'"

name should not appear—just as your husband was in the habit of doing ?"

Mina opened her eyes. What a wonderful

would you wish us to go? You see, artists, especially if little known, and, as one might say 'caviare to the general,'

"F," where there was a footnote to that effect.

"Yes," said Mina, looking at him with quiet determination. "If you see at the various Scottish or local exhibitions any other pictures by Mr. Esson-no matter what-will you please buy them at the price asked ? Also"—she hesi-tated — "I will write on a sheet of paper the names of a few other artists from whom I wish you to buy one each of their best works -whether the pictures have been exhibited or not."

The bald-headed gentleman bowed stoically. This was either madness, or — a very far-discerning and critical woman. At any rate, he would see the pictures.

And she wrote down various names and addresses, all ending with the words "Creelporton-Dee, N.B."

"Madam is making a speciality?" smiled the shinyfronted gentleman.

"I am keeping up one of my late husband's," said Mina.

"Ah, yes, of course," he said. "And to what price are a little apt to ask--ah--rather esoteric prices."

"One hundred pounds each," said Mina; "and my lawyers, Messrs. Stark, MacNoah, and Stark, of Lincoln's Inn, will instruct my bank to hold the necessary funds at your disposal."

The grave gentleman's forehead shone still more, and it was in a semi-paternal way that he answered. "Oh, that is not at all necessary. We have had the honour of executing many commissions for your husband, and we require no other guarantee."

"It is necessary for *me*?" Mina was imperious, as she had learned to be when travelling with Terry. "You will be good enough to follow my instructions."

Upon which both gentlemen bowed her to the door.

"Seems to have lots of money?" queried the youngster, beginning to turn over and arrange prints in immense portfolios.

"Her husband was very rich—queer taste in art, though," said the shiny gentleman indifferently. "At first I thought she must be sweet on some good-looking young painter fellow. But a whole school of them, and Scotch at that ! However, she may be right; there may be money in it. But it's betting on the off-chance. All picture-dealing is gambling, Mr. Nelson, and being gamblers, you and I had better confine ourselves to a safe conservative business in the younger Associates of the Royal Academy who are sure to become Academicians !"

And he snapped the door of his mahoganyand-coloured-glass cage.

*

Mina was full of business that day. She looked in next at a Messenger Call Office, and sent a boy up to Euston Station to take a berth on the Drumfern night express, from which town the little local train with the Galloway mail-bags would carry her to Creelport-on-Dee by six in the morning. She would call for the ticket on her return from her lawyers.

Messrs. Stark, MacNoah, and Stark was the name and style of as Scottish a legal firm as ever practised in England. The name of the second partner, though strange to the Southern ear, was genuine old "Creelport." There was a corresponding firm in Edinburgh—MacNoah, Stark, and Stark. And between Hill Street, Edinburgh, and Lincoln's Inn, W.C., a vast deal of international business was done.

It was Mr. Stark-Mr. John Stark, senior

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partner—to whom Mina always addressed herself. Clever young Mr. MacNoah was at the time in Scotland, forwarding the rush of business which the great bank failure had caused.

A handsome old gentleman came forward and shook hands with the widow of his old client, bowing over her glove with quite a courtly grace. Deference to her mourning was somehow subtly expressed in the action. Mina felt it and thanked the beautiful old gentleman in her heart. The limbs of the law-tree often produce much fully ripe, generous, and savoury fruitage.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Fairweather," he said, "and myself a little, too, in your For some time I had been hearing interest. rumours about the bank which has failed. So I kept your English investments, as left you by your husband, here by me on good interest, for short periods. And every penny is at hand when you wish it. But-I suppose that Paris—what shall we say ?—is amply sufficient for all your wants. That act of gift during Mr. Fairweather's lifetime, though I disapproved at the time, has certainly saved you a great deal of trouble, and, after all, your money is as safe in the French *Rentes* as anywhere.

"On what, then, do you congratulate me, Mr. Stark?"

"On your absence from this little compilation," he said smilingly. He handed Mina a paper, containing a complete list of all those holding stock in the bank at the time of its failure.

Mina took it with a hand that shook. Her name was indeed absent. But those of both Dr. John and Miss Bee were printed in the fatal columns. Her heart was beating, and the letters swam before her eyes. She could not find that of Archibald Esson. Perhaps his holding was too small to be put down in the first list.

"Yes, it is indeed fortunate for you, Mrs. Fairweather," the lawyer resumed, "as we might not have been clear as to whether your French *Rentes*, though purchased and held in that country, might not have been liable to calls. But I regret to say that your relative, Lady Grainger, against our advice, maintained her share of Mr. Fairweather's legacy in this bank. She will, therefore, do well to get herself adjudged bankrupt as soon as possible."

But Mina had more important matters on hand than to think about Lady Grainger.

"You must help me," she said; "you promised you would, Mr. Stark. My dearest friends in the world are ruined, and we must lift their burden somehow. Do you object to a-well "-here she smiled---"a manipulation of the truth--oh, for so good an end?"

"I am a lawyer, my dear," said the old man; "it is my business to arrange things —all manner of things, the truth sometimes included. Come, what is it? I will go as far as I can for your sake, without actually endangering the printing of my name on next year's Law List."

"Oh, it is nothing like that," said Mina, with a dawning hope. "The dearest, best, sweetest people in the world are the parish minister of Creelport, Dr. John Broadbent, and his sister, Miss Beatrice. They are involved. Oh, Mr. Stark, please—"

The lawyer's hand moved instinctively to a little notebook, wherein a second list with written comments had been pasted. His head nodded two or three times, and he sighed.

"Pretty deeply, too," he said; "more's the pity. Clients of our allied firm at Edinburgh, I believe. The money for the bank shares lay quite a while in our hands —I mean, in *their* hands, before Dr. Broadbent could make up his mind. It is most unfortunate. In fact, I think the stock certificates are here. Mr. MacNoah forgot to take them up with him. The vendor was Welsh, you see."

Mr. Stark whistled down a tube, and mumbled something unintelligible to Mina, all except the final words, "Jones of the first part—sells to Broadbent." Then he looked up from his desk.

"A happy man 'John Jones of the first part' must be to-day," said Mr. Stark.

A clerk opened the door and handed the lawyer a bundle of papers.

He sighed as he turned them over in his hand.

"Many a good man's death-warrant will be untied and re-tied in just such parcels to-day," he said.

To his surprise, Mina made a couple of rapid strides and snatched the deeds from him.

"Highway robbery and police!" cried Mr. Stark, laughing. "That is a bundle which not many people would be eager to own to-day."

"You must arrange for me to have it," she panted in her haste; "or, at least, write and make the Doctor and Miss Bee believe that they are saved. You must find an informality. They are to be out of it. It will kill them."

The lawyer shook his head.

"Our Mr. MacNoah makes tight work," he said. "The very 'Fifteen' themselves could not find a flaw. You are not thinking of paying the 'calls' for your friends, are you? I was not informed of the amount of the gift which our dear Terry made you, and for business reasons I do not desire to be so. But still, to replace the value of these shares, and to meet all the liquidator's 'calls' without bankruptcy, will take a considerable slice even of your fortune."

"I know—I don't care!" cried Mina. "It is what Terry would have wished. It must be done. And you will do it for me."

She went and laid her hand on the old gentleman's arm as a daughter might have done.

He looked up at her wet eyes and smiled.

"Well, if I must tell lies—I must," he said. "Anything to oblige a lady. And such a lady!" He pressed her hand a little. Even old gentlemen learned in the law have their soft sides.

"I think we can manage to tell the truth without telling Dr. Broadbent and his sister the *whole* truth ! We are pretty likely to know the liquidator, and as the certificates are in our possession, it will be all the same to him if he gets his money; whether from Dr. Broadbent or another will not matter."

He stood looking at her steadfastly for a while, and then, putting his hand on her shoulder, he said : "I am an old fellow and a bachelor—ah, I only wish I had been forty years or so younger."

Mina looked up at him, and for the first time in his professional life, Mr. John Stark kissed a client in his own office in plain business hours.

"I believe that is bribery and corruption," he said, as he opened the door for Mina, "but I thank you all the same !"

(To be concluded.)

THE NUT TREE.

A FAIRY STORY.

BY M. ALISON ATKINS.



NCE upon a time, what must happen did happen, and the old astrologer died, leaving a nephew called Lorin to inherit his great wealth and the beautiful estate which stretched from the south wall

of King Skinflint's garden down to the road which led to the sea.

Lorin was an orphan, and had lived with his wise old uncle ever since he was a baby, helping with the telescopes, polishing the magic crystals, and working out sheets upon sheets of long sums. Sometimes when he had finished a longer sum than usual, the old astrologer gave him a lump of liquorice for a treat, and let him peep through the big telescope at the moon and stars. But this happened very rarely, as the astrologer said that the stars did not like strangers to look at them closely, and that liquorice was not good for young boys.

And now he was dead, and Lorin was all alone in the world, and so rich that he could have bought the king's crown itself if it had been for sale.

"I'll buy a cricket-bat," he said, looking round his treasure-room, which was full of bags of money. So, untying one of the biggest bags, he took out a handful of gold pieces and put them in his pocket, feeling very happy, for hitherto all the pocketmoney he had was a farthing a quarter, and an occasional threepenny-bit from the king's son Rubylocks, who was a generous boy and liked to share his money with his friends.

"That will buy a cricket-bat and some leg-guards and ginger-beer," said Lorin, patting his pockets lovingly. "I will call Rubylocks and Maid Mignonette over the wall, and we can have a jolly game, and Mignonette can field for us."

> "Spend us, lend us, give us away; There's a million more left of us To use another day,"

sang the gold pieces that were in the bag.

Two days later, the astrologer's heir entered his treasure-room again. "I'll buy a boat in which to row on the lake," he said, filling his pockets a second time. "And I'll buy a big lunch-basket full of pies and custard and ginger-beer, and then I will call Rubylocks and Maid Mignonette over the wall, and we can play at desert islands."

> "Spend us, lend us, give us away; There is nearly a million left of us To use another day,"

sang the gold pieces, as he closed the door.

Three days more, and he came again. "I'll buy a yacht," he said, filling a large wallet as well as his pockets with the bright gold pieces. "I'll buy a yacht, and take Rubylocks and Maid Mignonette and heaps of people down the river, with music on board and lovely things to eat. I only had Rubylocks and Mignonette for friends before I got my money, and now I have hundreds."

> "Spend us, lend us, give us away; There is half a million left of us To use another day,"

sang the gold pieces.

Weeks passed, and, not content with his bat, boat, and yacht, Lorin bought an airgun, a pair of Wellington boots, a pack of hounds, three hunters, a garden-hose, a flying machine, a gipsy van with a goat to walk underneath, a barrel organ, and a knife with six blades and a corkscrew.

> "Spend us, lend us, give us away; There's a hundred thousand left of us To use another day,"

sang the gold pieces in the treasure-room.

One day, as Lorin, Rubylocks, and Maid Mignonette, the little tomboy princess, practised the long jump, an old, old man looked over the garden fence and asked them if they could tell him the nearest way to the moon.

"Good father," replied Lorin politely, "my old uncle, the astrologer, could have told you without thinking. But I know no more about it than the man in the moon. However, if you will come to my house, we will look in my old uncle's books and see if we can find some road that would take you there."



The old man thanked him, and the four of them entered the house, and, settling themselves in the astrologer's disused observatory, took down book after book till they were quite tired. And all to no purpose.

"It is most vexatious," said the old man, pulling his long, white beard, till Mignonette begged him to stop before he hurt himself. "You see, I am the man in the moon—or, rather, the man who should be in the moon —and I walked too near the edge early this morning, and fell over, and have been trying to find my way back ever since. I must be home before dark, or there will be nobody to light up, and then there will have to be an eclipse."

Lorin screwed up his eyes and thought hard. "When my old uncle was alive, he used to let me look through the big telescope sometimes for a treat, and the moon looked very close indeed. Perhaps you could get back that way. But I forgot; we broke the lens the other day, when we dropped down upon it in the flying machine."

"Then there will have to be an eclipse to-night, all out of season, and the tides of the sea will be disarranged, and everything will go wrong," said the man in the moon miserably. "That is what comes of growing old in the service of one's country, and losing one's foothold."

"Please don't be miserable," said Maid Mignonette. "I am sure Lorin will buy a lens if you really want to get home."

"It will take a very powerful one to get me home, I am afraid," said the poor old man doubtfully. "And powerful lenses cost money."

"Oh, that does not matter to me," replied Lorin. "Come on, Rubylocks. I'll get some money from my treasure-room, and we will soon send him home."

> "Spend us, lend us, give us away; There's twenty thousand left of us To use another day,"

sang the gold pieces, as the two boys left

the treasure-room. "You are a good young fellow," said the man in the moon, s they fitted the new lens into place, "and I shall give you a present for your pains. I must tell you that when I met with my unfortunate accident, I was on my way to the hillside forest of the southern moon, with the intention of planting two trees in place of some that died during the last eclipse. Consequently I have the seeds in my pocket. I shall bestow the larger of the two on yon in grateful recognition of your services. Plant it in a green tub, stand it near a public footpath, water it well six times a day, and your fortune is secure."

Lorin thanked him and took the seed in his hand. It looked like an ordinary chestnut, such as we cook on winter evenings.

"Don't forget that it is valuable," repeated the man in the moon, peering up the shaft of the telescope. "Here comes my white world, and I must say 'Good-bye."

They watched him crawl slowly up the long, dark shaft towards the moon, which looked very near and bright. "I forgot to say," he quavered, as he was about to quit the telescope—"I forgot to say that its name is *Castanea vesca*, and it likes to have it painted on the outside of the tub. Goodbye, my dear young friends; good-bye. It is due to your kindness that I once again set foot upon my native land. Good-bye, good-bye."

The three friends watched the old man creep across the white, hilly fields of the moon, till, entering the dark shadows of a volcanic valley, he disappeared from sight. Then they went into the garden, found a tub, and, after painting it green, printed "*Castanea vesca*" on the outside, and planted the nut. And then Rubylocks and Mignonette said "Good night" and clambered over the wall into the palace gardens just in time to dress for dinner.

Several weeks passed, and Lorin grew quite famous; and King Skinflint, happening to hear from Rubylocks of his wealth and the good fun that went on in the astrologer's house, invited himself to dinner, which, of course, was a very great honour for the old astrologer's nephew.

"I will furnish the house afresh," said Lorin, entering his treasure-room with five sacks and a wheel-barrow. "I will have ivory panelling in all the rooms, and curtains of Chinese embroidery, and golden plates, and a silver fountain of attar of roses, and everything splendid that I can think of."

> "Spend us, lend us, give us away; There's just five thousand left of us To use another day,"

sang the gold pieces.

Well, the king's dinner was such a success, and Lorin made so charming a host, that his Majesty promised to dine with him again very shortly, and bring Rubylocks and Maid Mignonette, who had just put her hair up on the top of her head, and was quite a grown-up girl.

"You are a capital fellow," said King Skinflint. "Come up to the palace tomorrow, to afternoon tea, and I will make you a duke."

"I'll have a white velvet suit with pearl buttons," said Lorin, as he stood in his treasure-room that night. "And I'll take a diamond chain for Mignonette to wear round her neck."

"Spend us, lend us, give us away; There's just five hundred left of us To use another day,"

sang the gold pieces.

The next afternoon. when Lorin had taken tea with the royal family, and King Skinflint had made him a duke, he and the princess went down the garden to look at the pineapples and a pretty, new, sweet flower for which the head gardener wanted 9. name.

"If I were as rich as you, Lorin," said Maid Mignonette, 'I should spend my money quite differently."



"What would you do with it?" asked Lorin.

"You must not think me ungracious if I tell you. Although I enjoyed your dinnerparty ever so much, I do think it rather a waste to give treats to people such as ourselves, for we can have treats whenever we like. If I were rich like you, I should build a lighthouse to guide the sailors on the sea. Then I should give pounds and pounds to the hospital for poor, ill people. Then I should buy the beggars new clothes, to wear instead story. Lorin sent four hundred and fifty gold pieces to the hospital for poor, ill people, spent the remaining fifty in new clothes for the beggars, sold all the lovely furniture in his house, and built a lighthouse for the sailors at sea. Then he sold his flying machine and the fine, long garden-hose and bought a large steam-roller for the roads; and when all this was done, found himself with an empty house.

So, after a wild six months of splendour, Lorin found himself so poor that no one

of their rags, and buy a very large steam-roller to smooth the roads for the horses. You don't mind me telling you, do you?"

don't mind me telling you, do you ?" "Of course I don't," replied Lorin. "It always takes a girl to think of kind things. I shall do everything you say." Then they

looked at the pineapples and the sweet, little, new flower that wanted a "All name. the prettiest names are taken," said the princess, looking at Lorin over her handful of blossom. "It is a pity, for this is the sweetest flower that ever was."

"Let us call it 'mignonette,'" said Lorin.

Poor Lorin! When he reached home that night, he noticed how dreadfully empty his treasure-room looked, and how difficult it was to find enough gold pieces to fill his wallet.

And now comes the sad part of the would come near him nor even bow to him in the street, which made him very unhappy, for he had not yet learnt what an amazing difference money makes to a man.

"I am just as tall and strong as I ever was, and my face has not changed, and I am sure I should be just as merry if only people

would talk to me," he said to himself. "They treat me as though I were ill, and they were afraid to come near me."

And in this he was right. For there is nothing some folk fear so much as a poor friend.

But, as being sad and abusing people made him no richer, and gave him nothing to eat, he decided that it was wiser to So he work. worked in his great garden, growing flowers and fruit and vegetables for market, and kept things in such good order that he was able to make enough to live upon. And every day he watered the green tub where the man in the moon's



namesake," he said mournfully, "she would never have given me up when misfortune overtook me. But as I cannot give her any more diamonds, what is the use?"

Then he sat down amid the mignonette and felt very miserable, because his flowers were dying, and he was tired, and had lost

all his friends, and everything was just as wrong as it could be.

That night a dry, brown twig made its a p p e a r a n ce above theearth in the green tub, and Lorin, as he watered it, heard a tiny voice sing: "I am *Castanea* vesca. Treat me well, and I will bring you good fortune."

The next morning, as he went round the estate with his big tank of water in a wheel - barrow. he noticed that the ground for at least fifty vards along the wall was dark and moist, as though it had been recently drenched with rain.

"How is this?" said Lorin, wiping his hot forehead. "It will save me at least three

"'' My father does not like him now, and we may not play any more.""

mysterious seed was lodged, and wondered if it would ever show signs of life.

Then came a long, hot summer, when the sun shone all day and there was no rain, and the garden longed for water, and Lorin, try as he might, could not keep the earth from cracking in the intense, dry heat.

" If Maid Mignonette were as sweet as her

hours' work. It must be an enemy who has done it, for it is not a bit like a friend."

Day after day the same thing happened, and at last, one morning, Lorin determined to discover his benefactor. Creeping over the lawns in the grey of the dawn, he reached a large clump of Jacob's ladder in full bloom, and, crouching down on his knees, waited breathlessly.

• Silence, silence beyond the wall, then a strange, slippery, slithy noise, like a serpent moving along the gravel path, then a soft scrambling and a little sigh of relief, followed by a bonnet appearing over the tips of the fruit-trees which peeped over the wall.

"Ssssssssh ! Sssquish !" Oh, the sweet music of the falling diamonds of water ! Lorin's cheeks flushed as he heard the exquisite drip, drip upon the hollyhock leaves and smelt the fragrance of the grateful earth.

And so his unknown friend was a girl of the palace, one of Mignonette's own maids, perhaps, working—oh, delicious thought! under the command of the princess herself.

Now, just beyond the range of the hose, at the edge of the lawn, was a large bed of pansies and forget-me-nots, covered with blossom, but flagging sadly for want of rain. "I simply cannot reach them," said the girl in the bonnet. "They are so lovely, and they are sure to die if no one waters them."

Then, lowering the hose among the hollyhocks, she scrambled nimbly to the coping of the wall, and, after balancing herself and looking round to see that no one was in sight, hauled a ladder up after her, and, dropping it down Lorin's side of the wall, proceeded to descend to the ground.

" "And now I can do much more," she said, dragging the hose towards the lawn. "You lovely pansies, you shall have just as much water as you like. Poor, hard-worked Lorin cannot possibly water such a huge garden all by himself."

Lorin's heart went bump, bump against his waistcoat, till he thought the owner of the bonnet must hear it. One of the maids of the palace, he guessed, when he first saw her over the wall. And he was right, for it was the sweetest maid of all, Maid Mignonette, the princess.

"Once a friend, always a friend,"

sang Mignonette, waving the water in flashing wreaths over the dry grass. "How pleased Lorin would be if I had time to water the whole garden before he got up! He would think it was a fairy. That clump of Jacob's ladder looks very weak. I will give it a shower-bath and make it happy."

This she did with such a will that Lorin jumped out of his hiding-place with the water streaming down his face and dripping from his shirt in such a way that made the princess anxious lest he should take cold.

"You ought not to have been there," she

said, dropping the hose and giving him both her kind little hands to kiss. "If I had known you were there, I would never have climbed over the wall. It is only girls with their hair down their back and short dresses who climb. You must try to forget it."

Lorin held her hands fast in his. "I never thought it was you, Maid Mignonette. I thought you had forgotten all about me."

"I never forget," said the princess. "At least, I forgot I was grown up when I climbed over the wall, but I don't forget friends. I was behind the wall the other day when you were talking aloud to yourself about the mignonette, and I heard all you said. But once a friend, always a friend, Lorin, and I have been seeking some way to show you that. But I ought not to be talking to you, because my father says that poor boys are dangerous—though why, I do not know-and has forbidden me to speak to you. Rubylocks would have come to see you often, only he has gone to college. I am so sorry you found me out, for now I shall not be able to help you any more, because I shall talk to you, and that will be disobeying my father."

"I will help you climb home again at once," said Lorin, who was so fond of the princess that he could not bear to think of her doing anything wrong. "Perhaps, though, you could come again and not talk, just so that we could see each other. It is so lovely to see you, Maid Mignonette."

But Mignonette shook her head. "No, that would never do. If I saw you, I should begin to talk at once. You see, Lorin, there are so many things I want to say to you that I don't want to say to anyone else. But once a friend, always a friend, and when Rubylocks comes home for the holidays, he will come and see you every day."

Lorin, happy in the thought that he and the princess were friends, after all, went about his work with a light heart, watering his flowers, re-potting his chrysanthemums, digging his potatoes, just as happily as though he were a king playing at work.

"I am *Castanea vesca*," sang the twig in the green tub that night. "I have grown five feet to-day, and, though bare and dry as a faggot, will astonish you with my fruit."

The next morning Lorin, to his amazement, found the dry twig grown to a fine branching tree, as tall as the orange trees in the tubs along the terrace-walk of King Skinflint's garden, but without the sign of flower, leaf, or bud. "I am *Castanea vesca*," it sang. "Treat me well, and you shall have all that you desire."

And then wonders began to happen. People passing at dusk along the road that wound along the boundary of Lorin's garden declared that the astrologer's heir had inherited the wise man's curious knowledge, as well as his estate and treasure-room. For directly the sun had set, and twilight deepened into night, the bare tree in the tub which stood on the grass glowed like white fire, with stars amid the naked boughs in place of leaves. Others passing later still, when night was at its depth, spoke of a sweet voice singing among the stars, and a thread of light which fell in soft festoons from the moon into the woven branches.

"I am Castanea vesca," sang the tree, as Lorin lay on the grass gazing up at his treasure." "I am Castanea vesca, the tree of the moon, with no leaves but the stars. Once, long years ago, one of us came to earth and grew as I grow, bare in the daylight, but starry at night. Her master was not obedient, and kept her close within his gardens, where none could see her beauty. So when at last he could no longer contain his wonder and delight, and told people of his tree, they could not believe him, and called him lunatic, and shut him up away from the world; and the moon tree, deprived of his care, died. But that is too sad a story for a moonlit night. I am Castanea vesca, and I bring you all that you can desire."

Two days later, two of the branches blossomed strangely, and a strong wind blowing the petals away, disclosed a silver nutmeg and a large golden pear.

Now, up at the palace great festivities were in progress, for Rubylocks was home for the holidays, and the King of Spain and his daughter had come to spend a month with King Skinflint, and everyone was as busy as could be making them enjoy themselves.

The two kings were old schoolfellows, and very fond of each other, though at times the King of Spain was apt to laugh at King Skinflint's careful economy.

And as for the princesses — Well, Maid Mignonette fell head over ears in love with the Spanish princess, and said that she was the dearest child in the world, and that she would like to keep her for ever.

"My loyal highness will be velly pleased to stay wiv you," said the Spanish princess, who was not very old, and could not talk quite plainly. "You are velly plitty and velly kind, and you play games with me so nicely. Have you anyone to play games wiv when I am not here?"

Mignonette sighed. "No, sweetheart. Now that Rubylocks goes to college I have no one. I used to have a very nice playfellow. But my father does not like him now, and we may not play any more."

"Vat is velly sad," said the Spanish princess, stroking Maid Mignonette's cheek with her fat little hand. "When you get mallied, you will be able to play wiv anyone you like, so you must not mind velly much."

Then they started a game of fox and geese in the garden, and the Spanish princess, who always had her own way, made the two kings play with them, and the councillors and equerries, till any stranger coming into the garden would have said: "Dear me! what a very odd party!"

what a very odd party !" "And now," said the Spanish princess, when she was tired and did not wish to play any more, "you may go, and Mignonette and me and the plitty big boy wiv the led hair will sit on the glass and say fings to each uvver."

"What shall we say ?" asked Rubylocks.

"We will say quite new fings," declared the Spanish princess, settling herself on the grass; "and I will begin. When I went for a walk, I saw a white horse wiv a pink and blue tail, and a fairly man on his back. What did you see, Mignonette?"

"When I went for a walk, I saw a bird fly down from the clouds with a flower in his beak, which he gave to your fairy man on the white horse with the pink and blue tail. What did you see, Rubylocks?"

"When I went for a walk," said Rubylocks, "I looked over a fence and saw a little nut tree with nothing on it but a silver nutmeg and a golden pear. And that is a fact, Maid Mignonette, for it is growing in the green tub in Lorin's garden, where we planted the nut that the man in the moon gave Lorin when he went home through the telescope.

"To-mollow morning," said the Spanish princess, "my nurse and me will go for a walk and see the nut tlee. Will you come too, dear Mignonette?"

Mignonette shook her head. "No, sweetheart. My father will not let me."

"Vat is velly sad," said the Spanish princess. "But never mind. When you are mallied, you will be able to walk where you like."

The next morning as Lorin watered his garden he was surprised by a soft thumping at his gate. Opening it, he found the Spanish princess and her nurse standing outside. "We have come to see the little nut tlee wiv the silver nutmeg and the golden pear," said the princess. "Please show it us."

So Lorin led the way to the green tub by the fence where *Castanea vesca* dangled its curious fruit in the sunshine, and the Spanish princess clapped her hands and laughed with delight. "Please sit on the glound," she said to Lorin, who was too tall for her to talk to comfortably, "and tell me all about the tlee."

"I had a little nut tree, Nothing would it bear But a silver nutmeg And a golden pear. The King of Spain's daughter Came to visit me All for the sake Of that little nut tree,

sang Lorin, smiling at the princess, who clapped her hands again and said that it was a velly plitty tlee, and that Lorin was a velly plitty boy, and that it was a velly plitty song, and that she would go home and tell Maid Mignonette all about it. So Lorin picked her a rose for herself and a large bunch of forgetme-nots for Maid Mignonette, and then she went home.



yet, but was going to take the kings to see the nut tree and the boy who sang so nicely.

"Had you not better go to bed, my pet?" said the King of Spain, when she told him of her plan.

"Go to bed like a good little girl, my dear, and I will give you a whole threepennypiece for yourself," said King Skinflint, who did not want to see Lorin.

But no, that arrangement did not suit the

Spanish princess at all.

So off they went, and found Lorin in the garden, watering the nut tree.

"It is the eighth wonder of the world," declared the King of Spain, looking at it through his single eyeglass. "My dear Skinflint, I envy you having a subject who can grow

"I am Castanea vesca," sang the tree. "Sell me if you will, but do not wound me." "What

will you take for it?"asked

"I am *Castanea vesca*," sang the tree, "Good fortune is on your track. Treat me well, and you shall have all that you desire."

That night the Spanish princess, who always did as she liked, told her nurse and Mignonette that she was not going to bed the King of Spain, more delighted than ever when he heard it sing.

"I am *Castanea vesca*," sang the tree. "I come from the moon, where I and my sisters live on the steep hillsides amid violet shadows. I am *Castanea vesca*, and am worth more than the coffers of kings can hold. Buy me with ten thousand golden pieces, each stamped with your august Spanish head, and ten thousand silver coins as pure and white as moonlight, and ten thousand copper pence as red as the sun at sunset."

"Done!" said the King of Spain to Lorin. "And, what is more, I will make you a grandee and give you four of the richest islands in the Pacific. How is that?"

"Done!" said Lorin.

Then the King of Spain took an old letter from his pocket, and scribbled the agreement on the back, and signed it himself, and made King Skinflint witness it, and gave it to Lorin.

"That will make a rich man of you, as rich men go in this country," he said, shaking hands heartily.

"And I shall be pleased to see you any day at the palace when you care to drop in to tea," said King Skinflint, also shaking hands.

"And I will have the plitty tlee in my own garden!" cried the Spanish princess, holding up her face for Lorin to kiss. "And now you can come and play wiv Mignorette."

Lorin played with Mignonette till he was twenty-one. And then they were married.

And *Castanea vesca* lived for years and years in Spain, growing taller and more

wonderful every year, till one day a tiresome, disobedient gardener's boy took a little cutting of the marvellous tree, just to see if it were possible to grow another. And being wounded, *Castanea vesca* died, though the cutting grew splendidly.

But the strange and disappointing thing was that it did not grow like its parent tree, but had a quantity of long, shiny leaves and little tails of flowers, something like the lambstails that grow on poplar trees; and instead of silver nutmegs and golden pears, it bore brown nuts in prickly cases, which were found to be very good to eat, and were called chestnuts.

Sometimes in the autumn, when the green leaves turn to brilliant gold, and the sun touches them through the early morning mist, Castanea vesca shines forth with a dim reflection of her ancient glory. And sometimes on a summer night, when the moon glides across the sky after rain, the glossy, green leaves catch a tender radiance softer than the starry splendour with which they glowed in days gone by. But even without her wondrous leaves and strange fruit and magic song, Castanea vesca is always beautiful; and when you see her in the garden with her graceful branches bowing to the green lawn, you can think that through her Lorin became rich enough to marry Maid Mignonette.





Photo by]

LOOKING AFTER THE ORDER PLOTS.

[Elliott and Fry.

DIRECT METHODS OF STUDYING NATURE.

BY LILIAN J. CLARKE, B.Sc., F.L.S.

Come forth into the light of things, Let Nature be your teacher. —WORDSWORTH.

THE Nature Study work at the James Allen's Girls' School, Dulwich, has been arranged so that the girls are encouraged to work for themselves, and study Nature by means of their own observations and experiments in garden, class-room, and country. By these means they gain knowledge direct, and not from text-books, and it is found that knowledge thus directly obtained is of far more value to them than that acquired by listening to other people, or by reading in books what others have seen and done.

The school is fortunate in possessing a large garden, and for many years the girls have been allowed to own plots in it and be responsible for looking after them.

It would perhaps be well to state that the school is an endowed secondary school, and the girls are not being trained in it for any particular profession.

The special gardens were first started in

connection with the Plant Nature Study lessons in the class-rooms, and only a few were owned at first by the girls; but as fresh branches of the subject were studied, the need for more gardens arose, and the head-mistress allowed more ground to be "annexed," and at present more than 140 girls own plots. Some of these plots are " order beds," in which only plants belonging to one family are grown, and some are devoted to carrying on experimental work in connection with the visits of insects and pollination, the production of starch by green plants in sunlight, and so on. Every year it is found that something more is needed in the school gardens, and every year something is added. Gardening is not a regular part of the school curriculum, so the work must be voluntary; but much enthusiasm is shown, and many applications are received The owners of the gardens are for plots. responsible for looking after them, and the

plant.

taking place.

necessary digging, weeding, watering, etc., is done in the dinner-hour and after school.

Bacon, in his delightful essay on "Gardens." says : "God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks."

The practical work appeals to many who

gardens were taken, one of these girls kept in

the background, and on being told to come

forward, exclaimed : "Oh, no; I should hide

the sweet peas !" Unfortunately, in spite of this sacrifice, a good photograph of the

sweet peas was not obtained. The laboratories are near

the gardens, and in fine weather a class often spends

the time in watching insects

visit flowers, in finding out the

different methods by which

plants climb, in studying the various ways in which seeds are

dispersed, and in making ex-

periments. There can be no doubt that when the weather

renders it possible, it is far

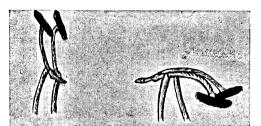
better for children to study

Nature in the open-air than

Many experiments are

in rooms.

would not be interested in books, and in several cases has been the means of arousing a girl's interest in plant life. One set of students did not seem to take much interest in their workuntil they owned gardens, and then they were most industrious, and their gardens were beautifully kept. When photographs of the girls at work in their



STAMENS OF SALVIA FLOWER IN NATURAL POSITION BEFORE THE FLOWER IS VISITED BY A BEE.

STAMENS OF SALVIA AFTER THE BEE HAS TOUCHED THE LOWER ENDS, AND THE UPPER ENDS (CONTAINING THE POL-LEN) HAVE SWUNG ROUND.

> flowers with the insects, and are often seen in the dinner-hour bringing other girls to watch what is taking place.

These experiments arouse great

the insect is covered

with the yellow

dust or pollen, and

how many flowers the insect visits in

Many clumps of

flowers beloved by

bees, etc., are grown

in different parts of

the garden, and the

girls who own these

plants seem to take a

personal pride in the

popularity of their

one minute.

interest, not only in the owners of the plants.

but throughout the school, and numbers of

girls visit them to try and find out what is

among the flowers, the students note.

amongst other things, on what part of the flower the insect alights, what part of

In the watching of insects at work

It is very amusing to watch bees visiting sage (salvia) flowers. The bee alights on the lowest petal, which affords a good landing-place, and

pushes its proboscis down the long throat of the corolla, and in so doing brings into operation a neat mechanical arrangement in the form of The bee touches a lever. two flaps which are really the lower ends of the two stamens, and at once the upper ends swing round, hit the bee on the back. and deposit thereon the precious yellow dust or pollen. The quick and sure way in which the upper part of the stamen strikes the back of the bee is a constant interest to all who watch, and on

this account alone it is well worth growing salvias in the garden. The bee, with its back covered with pollen, visits another salvia flower, and coming in contact with a certain part, leaves some of the pollen on it, and in this way pollinates the flower and helps in the formation of seed.

The snapdragon, too, is a great favourite. A bee alights on the lowest petal, and with an effort opens the corolla, then enters it and disappears from view as the corolla closes.



SALVIA FLOWER VISITED BY A BEE. The bee has hit the lower ends of the stamens, and the upper ends have swung round and left pollen on its back.

carried on in the garden in connection with the visits of insects and Some plants are covered with pollination. muslin so that insects are excluded, and other plants of the same species are left The students then carefully uncovered. watch both sets to see if fruits appear on either. When fruits are found on both the covered and uncovered plants, the number and vigour of the fruits are compared, and in this way the girls are led to see that the visits of insects are an advantage to the

588



In a short time the corolla opens, and the bee comes out walking backwards, with its back covered with pollen.

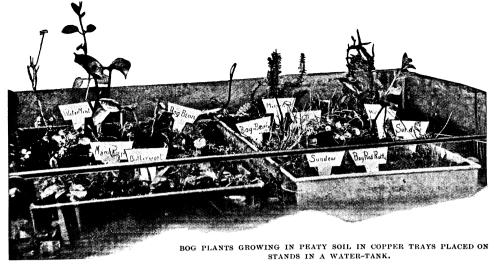
On visiting another snapdragon flower, some of the pollen is rubbed off and the flower is pollinated. In order that there may be ample opportunities of watching bees visiting flowers, we have a beehive in the garden, and some of the girls are much interested in studying the habits, etc., of bees.

Sometimes the bees attracted by the presence of flowers come into the laboratory, and on some occasions have been most useful in pollinating the flowers of plants growing in food solutions, and on others have excited great interest by pollinating cut flowers in the presence of a class.



Photo by]

GIRLS OF THE BEE CLASS ATTENDING A DEMONSTRATION AT THE BEEHIVE.

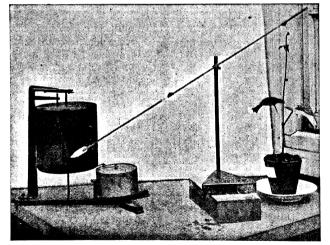


The height of the trays can be adjusted by means of screws.

The study of elementary classification is greatly helped by the plots in which girls grow certain orders or families of plants, and specimens for these plots are obtained by the girls when taking country rambles, or are sent to us by friends, old girls, etc. So far as space allows, the girls are at liberty to grow cabbages, lettuces. The owners take the greatest pride in producing fine specimens and in sending them in for the school dinner, and potatoes, peas, beans, etc., seem to acquire a great importance when it is realised that they have been produced in the school gardens. Last summer a girl owned eight tomato plants,

as many specimens of a particular species as they like, and the plots look gay with hollyhocks, sweet peas, wild roses, poppies, lilies, buttercups, foxgloves, etc.

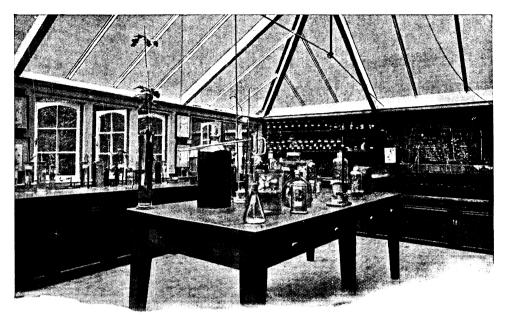
It is the rule that to each plant shall be attached a label bearing the English name of the plant, so that the gardens may be useful to other students as well as to the owners.



APPARATUS TO MEASURE THE RATE OF GROWTH IN LENGTH OF A STEM. The top of a stem of a bean plant was attached to the lever. The free end of the lever marked on the blackened cylinder the record of the growth in length during eighty-two hours, correction being made for the difference in length of the arms of the lever.

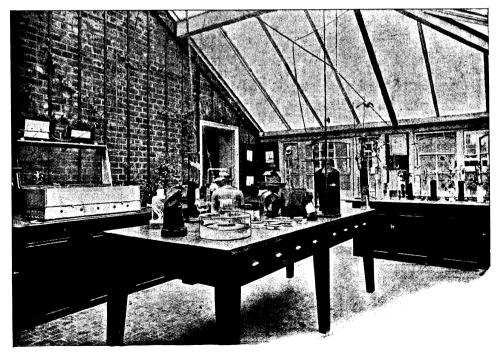
It is a good thing that town people should see ordinary vegetables growing, and should know something about the methods of growing them, so the girls have in their gardens potatoes, onions, tomatoes, peas, beans, Cookery mistress very kindly gave two demonstration lessons on different methods of cooking tomatoes, and these lessons were open to all girls except the very young ones. The girls were taught how to make tomato

the cost of which was The 1s. 4d.crop was a most successful one. and 21 lb. of tomatoes were picked from these eight plants growing in the open air. Most of the tomatoes were eaten at the school dinner. but some were taken by the girl who grew them to show her home people, and some were used in the Cookery classes. The

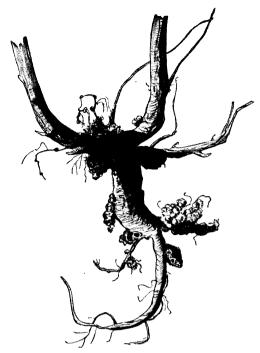


PART OF THE INTERIOR OF THE BOTANY LABORATORY, SHOWING, AMONGST OTHER THINGS, THE TANK CONTAINING WATER PLANTS.

soup, tomato soufflé, tomato omelette, tomato chutnee, tomato jam, and galantine of cold meat and tomato. There was not sufficient sunshine in October to ripen the last of the tomato crop, and the green tomatoes had to be picked and brought indoors to ripen. As



PART OF THE INTERIOR OF THE BOTANY LABORATORY, SHOWING ON THE LEFT A SEED INCUBATOR, AND THE CLIMBING PLANTS, AND ON THE TABLE VARIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH PLANT LIFE.



LUPIN ROOT WITH TUBERCLES, DUG UP FROM THE BOTANY GARDENS. By means of the bacteria in the tubercles the plant is able to use the free mitrogen of the air.

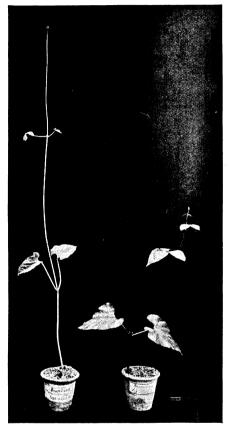
this must often happen in the case of tomatoes grown out of doors, special attention was given in one demonstration to showing different ways of using these tomatoes.



PLANT GROWN IN AN IN-VERTED POSITION.

A plant (with its stem pointing as usual away from the centre of the earth) was taken and the pot inverted. After the plant had been a month in the new position, it was photographed, and, as shown above, the stems still pointed away from the centre of the earth. Many of the younger as well as the older girls afterwards tried the various recipes at home, and there was a distinct danger that for a time their relations would have to eat too many dishes in which tomatoes played an important part.

All the girls wereastonished to find how easy it was to grow tomatoes in the open air, and many determined to see what they could do in their home gardens next year. Some of the gardens are devoted to carrying on experiments in connection with the soil. The same crops are being grown year after year in the same ground, without any nourishment being given to the soil, and great interest is shown in watching successive crops. Also lupins are grown every year in the same plot, and beautiful specimens of roots covered with tubercles containing



EXPERIMENT TO SHOW THE INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.

Two bean seeds, about the same size, were placed in saudust, one in a dark cupboard and the other in a well-lighted room, and watered at regular intervals. The taller seedling with small white leaves was the one grown in the dark.

bacteria are obtained. Unlike most plants, lupins possessing tubercles on the root are able to use the free nitrogen of the air for food, and are not dependent for their supply of this element on compounds in the soil. The soil, instead of becoming poorer, becomes richer year by year.

In the laboratory, the students make experiments and see that lupins grown in food solutions develop tubercles when brought



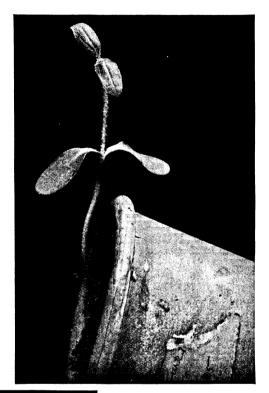
TO SHOW FORMATION OF STARCH IN A GREEN LEAF IN LIGHT.

A stencil was made by cutting out the letters STARCH in a material easily bent, which was then placed over a green leaf in the light for two days. After the leaf had been treated with iodine (which turns starch blue) STARCH came out in dark blue on a yellow background. into contact with tuberclesonother lupins, and these flourish in food solution containing no nitrates. although (as the girls have already found out b y means of other experiments) most plants without tubercles

cannot live unless nitrogen, in the form of some compound, is given to them so that they can take it in by means of their roots. Other experiments in the garden are those in connection with the food made by green plants in the presence of light and carbon dioxide. Tests for starch are made on leaves growing in the light, and by the means of iodine, which turns starch dark blue, it is proved that green leaves in the garden make starch in the light, but make no starch if kept in the dark.

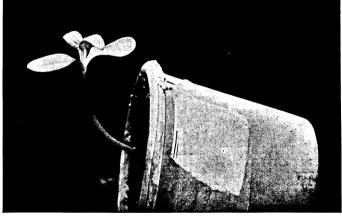
Many of the students cut out their initials, or the word "STARCH," or anything they like, in any material easily bent, and, placing the stencil thus made over a green leaf, leave it for a day or two. The leaf is then picked, placed in alcohol to dissolve out the green colouring matter, and, by means of iodine, it is proved that the part to which the light had access has produced starch, but the covered part, to which the light did not have access, has not produced starch.

For example : when the stencil "STARCH" is used, the "STARCH" comes out in dark



blue letters on a yellow background.

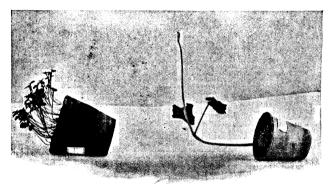
In the autumn, the girls generally study fruits and the various methods of seed dispersal; and when they return after the long holidays, an excellent introduction to the subject is at hand. When first the girls, after their absence, look at their gardens, they find many plants which were never put there, and are certainly not in their right places. The question arises : "How did these plants come here ? " and this leads the girls to see if there is anything in the formation



AN EXPERIMENT WITH A SUNFLOWER.

A sunflower seedling, with the stem as usual pointing away from the centre of the earth, was taken and the pot placed on its side in a dark cupboard. After twentyfour hours the stem had assumed the position shown in the left-hand photograph, and after a week the position shown in the right-hand photograph. of the fruit or seed which would fit it for being carried to a distance. They find that in some cases, as in that of the dandelion, the fruit is provided with a parachute which enables it to be carried easily by the wind. In other cases, as "burrs," the fruit is especially adapted for dispersal by animals. The fruit becomes attached to the animal by means of hooks, and is carried from one place to another until it drops off.

Other fruits, again, like those of the lime, sycamore, and maple, have wings which enable the wind to carry them. In some cases, as balsam, the fruit bursts with a loud noise and throws out the seeds with violence to a considerable distance. The whole subject of the dispersal of fruit is so interesting that much time can be spent in discovering and in drawing different con-



POTS PLACED ON SIDE IN DARK.

A similar experiment to the last. A pot containing mustard seedlings, and a pot containing a bean seedling, photographed after the pots had been a week on their sides in the dark.

trivances by means of which seeds can be carried away from the plant that produced them, and a better chance in the struggle for existence given to the seedlings.

In the garden, typical climbing plants are grown on structures which enable them to be seen easily. Wooden uprights are fixed in the ground, and the spaces between are covered with trellis-work or wire netting, and any girls who wish to do so grow climbing plants on these arrangements. All the girls can then study the habits of these plants for themselves, and see why the plant climbs, and how the different organs are used in climbing. In fine weather the girls come out into the garden and draw plants climbing by twining stems, by hooks, by roots, by tendrils.

The last piece of ground "annexed" by the students has been devoted to "plant associations"—that is, plants which live elsewhere under the same conditions of soil or climate.

For example, a large plot has been given to "Alpine " vegetation, and with the help of others the girls have obtained for it characteristic plants such as the gentians, saxifrages, Alpine anemones. Alpine wallflowers, etc. It can then be seen how closely the plants resemble each other in stem and in leaf structure, although they belong to quite different families.

The same needs in their native place—

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garden plot

n a mely, protection from the dry weather in summer, and from the frosts in winter



INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON THE DIRECTION OF GROWTH OF STEMS.

A plant was placed in a cupboard behind a hole that had been cut in the door. It was found that after a time the stem had taken up a position almost at right angles to its former position and had grown through the hole towards the light.



EXPERIMENT TO FIND THE WEIGHT OF WATER GIVEN OFF IN A GIVEN TIME BY A PLANT. In 3 days the plant lost 1.5 oz. in weight. , 4 , , , , 2 , , , 7 , , , , 3.5 , , ,

594

has also

been devoted to

desert

plants, but

this is the

most difficult plot of

all, and

there is not

a large

stock of

these

plants. In

four or

five other

plots are



CARROT PLANT GROWN FROM A SLICE OF CARROT PLACED IN WATER.

g r o w n other plants which previously lived in some particular locality or soil, and for some plots special soil has been obtained. The girls are thus able to study the characteristics of these plants, and in many cases to see how the plants adapt themselves to their environment.

In connection with all the subjects mentioned above—pollination, plant physiology, movements of plants, etc.—the gardens have been found invaluable, and incidentally many things have been learnt. Some of the girls



TURNIP PLANT WITH FLOWERS AND FRUITS GROWN FROM A SLICE OF TURNIP PLACED IN WATER.

rnt. Some of the girls will long remember that mint propagates itself by means of other structures than seeds. The owners of one plot spent many weary hours trying to root up the mint which monopolised their garden, although originally there had been only one plant; but by means of underground stems the plant had made scores of new plants.

It is not always possible, however, to go out into the garden, and a room has been built and arranged so that experimental work can be carried on indoors throughout the year. It is the first of its kind, and resembles a greenhouse in having a glass roof and in being kept at a constant temperature during the winter months, but in other respects it is more like a laboratory. On three sides of the room are benches at which the girls draw from Nature, fit up experiments, etc. The side of the room without benches is fitted with a sink, draining-board, blackboard, and a tank.

The tank is eight feet long, two feet wide, and one and a half feet deep, and the side facing the room is made of glass. Arrangements have been made so that rain-

water can enter it. and when necessary the tank can be emptied by means of a tap at the bottom. The tank was made in the room in order that the girls, while at school. might study living waterplants, and in the summer there are growing in it water - lilies. water-milfoil, water - plantain, water - hawthorn, vallisneria, frogbit, iris, rushes, and water-crowfoot. In the tank artificial marshes, or bogs, have been made, and in these are grown plants which are not accustomed to living in water, but which need more water than is found in most soils. Two



AN OAK THAT HAS NEVER BEEN IN THE SOIL, BUT WAS GROWN FROM AN ACORN, AND HAS LIVED SIX YEARS IN FOOD SOLUTION.

trays, four and a half inches deep, filled with earth, and with perforated bottoms, are supported on four legs, and screws are arranged so that the level of the trays can be adjusted and the tray be either in or out of the water.

Most of the plants in one bog-garden were sent from Killarney, and thrive well in their new home. Butterworts, bog-bean, bogarum, wood-sorrel, mare's tail, and forgetme-nots are flourishing. The butterworts are especially interesting and are a great success. These plants are insectivorous, or carnivorous—that is, are dependent for part of their food on the insects they catch. As stated above, it is necessary, in order that plants may live, that they should obtain nitrogen in some form or other, and most plants obtain it in the form of compounds from the soil by means of the roots.

Plants that have defective roots, or that



SYCAMORE PLANTS GROWING IN FOOD SOLUTION. The one to the left is nearly a year older than the other

live in poor soil, cannot obtain nitrogen in the usual way, and some are specially adapted for attracting and entrapping insects, and afterwards digesting the substance of their bodies. The British insectivorous plants are butterworts, sundews, and bladderworts, and in the laboratory bog-garden the butterworts catch insects in a way that would be condemned by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The plant consists mainly of a rosette of glistening leaves touching the ground, and these leaves are at

once the means of attracting, retaining, and digesting the insects. The margins of the leaves are slightly incurved upon the upper surface, and there are present two kinds of glands — one that manufactures a sticky fluid, and the other that manufactures a digestive fluid resembling in properties the gastric juice found in animals. When an insect alights on a leaf, the edges of the leaf slowly curl over, a quantity of sticky fluid is poured out, and the insect is kept a prisoner. The presence of the insect also causes a quantity of the diges-



SPANISH CHESTNUT PLANT TAKEN NEARLY ELEVEN MONTHS AFTER IT HAD BEEN PLACED AS A SMALL SEEDLING IN FOOD SOLUTION.



Linnæus

A HORSE CHESTNUT PLANT (NOT TWO MONTHS OLD) GROWING IN FOOD SOLUTION.

states that the Lapps used it for curdling milk.

The other bog-garden represents a piece of Dartmoor. Sundews, marsh red-rattle, asphodel, and many other plants brought from Dartmoor are growing in it, and some soil was brought with the plants, in order that they might grow in their native soil.

Many interesting experiments are carried on in connection with measuring the rate of growth of plants, and in order that there may be no vibration to disturb these experiments, a brick table has been made consisting of two brick pillars the complete width of the table, and a slab of slate

supported by these pillars. It is possible without elaborate apparatus to measure the rate of growth per hour of a stem (see page 590). A quickly growing plant, such as sunflower or bean, is obtained, and the growingpoint of the stem connected by means of a piece of string, with a weight at its free end, to a lath, which forms a lever. The pointed free end of the lath is in contact with a drum covered with blackened paper and free to rotate. As the stem grows in height, the end of the lath to which it is attached moves upward, and the lower end moves downward and



ALMOND SEEDLING AFTER FORTY DAYS IN FOOD SOLUTION.

makes a mark on the drum. By means of a simple piece of mechanism, consisting of a clock in which the minute-hand is so arranged that every hour it comes into contact with a projecting piece of metal attached to the drum, a horizontal line is marked every hour by the lower end of the lever on the drum, and thus by noting the vertical distance between two successive horizontal marks, it can be ascertained how much the stem has grown in one hour. Of course, if the arms of the lever have been made unequal in order to magnify the growth of the stem, due allowance must be made for this.

The above experiment involves more complicated apparatus than any other in the laboratory, but is not difficult to understand when seen. Space will not permit a detailed account of many experiments which are exceedingly interesting and at the same time exceedingly simple, and one can only mention experiments in connection with the influence of light and gravity



THE SAME PLANT NEARLY THREE MONTHS LATER.

Many people are familiar with an incubator in which chickens are hatched, but not with one in which seeds are germinated. So many seedlings are wanted for different purposes by the girls that a seed-incubator has been made, in which seeds can be quickly germinated. Some of the girls draw the seedlings, some use them for experiments in connection with the influence of light on growth, and some place the seedlings in food solutions. The food solution consists of water in which definite quantities of certain chemicals have

on the direction of growth of roots and stems, such as growing a plant upside down, turning a plant in a pot on its side in the dark, growing a plant in a cupboard in the door of which is a hole, and those in connection with measuring the volume and weight of water given off in a given time by a plant.

The above experiments are so simple that they can be understood by those who have had no previous scientific training. One year, the charwoman who swept the laboratory was much interested in watching the experiments, reading the records, and at last was heard to say she should soon know more than the science mistress.



ORANGE TREE IN FOOD SOLUTION.

Orange tree three years old grown from a pip. The pip was placed in soil in 1902, and the plant was put in food solution March, 1905. been dissolved. A normal food solution contains all the food a plant needs, and there are in the laboratory at the present time oaks, seven years old, which were grown from acorns. and have never been in soil. The biggest one measures four and a half feet from the bottom of the roots to the top of the stem. and has about twenty branches.

Other interesting perennials in food solution are sycamore, beech, birch, chestnuts, hazel, and hornbeam. Every autumn they lose their leaves, and look like miniature dead trees, but in the spring the buds begin to swell, the bud-scales to open.

and the leaves to unfold. It is most fascinating to watch the unfolding of the buds, and the girls are able to note and draw from Nature the successive stages of bud development, even when they are prevented by the weather from going out into the garden. The girls are allowed to grow in solution any plants they like, and in summer there are more than one hundred such plants. Beans sixteen feet high have been grown, and some plants have produced flowers and seeds. The seeds are carefully kept, and sown the next year in sawdust; and if the plant of the second generation in solution produces seeds, these are also treasured until the next year, and so There are some plants at present in solution whose pedigree has been kept, and whose ancestors for six generations have been grown in food solution.

Experiments are made by the girls to find out what elements are necessary, and solutions are made up without iron, or without potassium, etc., and the effect on the plant noticed. It has been said that the results of growing plants in solution are often unsatisfactory, but this has not been the case at Dulwich. The plants live when they ought to live, and die when they ought to die. In the course of a series of experiments extending over six years, not one case was noted of a plant in normal food solution dying unless it had received some injury to its root or stem.

Details have now been given of the work carried on by the girls in the garden and laboratory, and a few words must suffice to describe the excursions. These take place throughout the year, and before the girls start on an expedition some definite piece of work is given. Sometimes they study plants on a heath or plants in a cornfield; sometimes they study trees. Many people find it difficult to identify the common English trees in summer, and much more difficult in winter; so

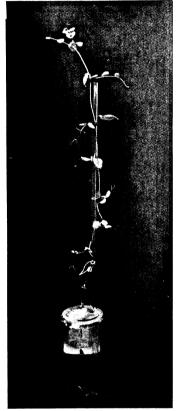
the girls study trees in spring, summer, andwinter, and learn to identify them by the bark, b u d s, nature of branching, etc.

Bymeans ofthe work carried on indoors and ont o f doors, the girls are led to observe, to experiment, and to draw conclusions, and in this way the study of Nature. in addition tothe pleasure it brings, affords a mental training to

all who

take part

in it.



A PLANT WHOSE ANCESTORS FOR FIVE GENERATIONS LIVED IN FOOD SOLUTIONS AND NOT IN THE SOIL.

This plant was photographed when bearing two fruits, whose seeds have produced the seventh generation this year. This plant's great-great-great-grandparent was grown from a pea seed in 1900. The seedling was placed in water containing chemicals in solution.

As Ruskin says: "To watch the corn grow or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray—these are the things that make men happy."

THE TRYST.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.



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HEN autumn is kind and drapes October in good behaviour, the month can nowhere be passed with greater comfort in these islands of ours than at Glenbaragh.

In the quiet of the glens the foliage

hangs long and ripens slowly, taking to itself diversities of tints and depths of colour which rival the magnificence of the Canadian forests. The oaks and chestnuts clothe themselves in delicate yellows, shading through every imaginable gradation into sober russets; the birch and beech are flushed with pinks, and flared with reds, like the first of a winter's sunset; and if there is no sumach to flaunt its crimsons, there is, instead, the amber of the royal fern scattered like a yellow fire along the approaches of the woods.

But let autumn be crabbed, sour, illtempered, and the dreary wind howling down the wild mountain passes, the rain stalking the hillsides like wrathful giants, the rolling smother of vapour drifted in from the sea to meet the downward droop of the clouds, will lay the beauty into mournful desolation and anguish of poverty.

That a man would need to be either the prince of optimists or the chief of liars, to find beauty or comfort in Glenbaragh, was my thought as, after just such a visitation of wrath, I picked my steps along the mired roadway, full of an acute resentment at the grey of the sodden sky and the charnel smell in the air.

"Pah! the place smells like a churchyard." Without being aware of it, I must have spoken aloud in my vexation, for a voice answered me from the sodded mudbank which lined the road.

"Sure, it's the home of us all, soon or late, an' it's an ill tongue that says hard words of it."

It was Thady the Wastrel, perched on the wet tangle of grass that fringed the wall, the grey of his patched and travel-stained frieze matching well the forlorn tones of the landscape, just as the speckled waistcoat of the thrush matches the light and shade through which he flits.

"Not our home yet awhile, Thady," said I.

"No, sir, but glory be to God an' by His mercy it soon will be, an' ye can't have lived your honour's years in the world without it holdin' some that it warms your heart to think of."

"Sorrow comes to us all soon enough Thady," I answered, eyeing his desolation doubtfully; "but—but—."

"But ye wouldn't have thought the likes o' me cared for livin' or dead ? Faith, it's not every man who says 'God bless ye, Thady,' that knows Thady the Wastrel, an' so I'm not blaming ye. It's the curse of the rich that they think the poor have no feelin's just because they speak plain words an' keep their eyes dry. Musha, but the poor have enough to mourn over from the day of their birth to the day of their death, an' small wonder if they quit crying. Isn't it stoppin' with the doctor you are? It's the fine man he is, with the rough tongue and the soft heart. Sure one minute I've seen him cursin' a poor boy for a drunken bla'guard. an' the next take him under the arm an' walk a mile with him to see him safe from harm. I'd know you for a kindly gentleman through being a friend o' the doctor's, but, askin' your pardon, your honour, it gives a twist to my heart-strings to hear anyone speakin' hard of the churchvard."

That night, as Bryan Barry and I sat in his little consulting-room over our pipes and duty-free whisky, I congratulated him banteringly on the good opinion of Thady the Wastrel; but he answered me seriously enough.

"These are times of quiet, and I have, thank God, the 'good word' of Glenbaragh, little and big; but if the old, bitter, bad days of outrage, madness, and disaffection were to come again, there is no man whose word would stand to me in such stead as that of Thady the Wastrel. Oh, you may stare, but that is your confounded ignorance. You English don't understand the ways of us poor Irish, and you never will, either, until

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you live amongst us more than you do. Thady the Wastrel, you say in your contempt: a thief probably, a sot certainly; a shiftless, cunning rogue; an idle tramp, a tattered, good-for-nothing loafer. Not a bit of it. Thady has not so much as a sod of turf to his name, but he does as many days' work in the year as if he farmed ten acres and spaded it all with his two hands. A week here and a week there, now with Sullivan scattering kelp, that his poor soil may at least give him back as much seed as he puts into it, now with Tim Morgan making turf up at the cut-away bog, or now over at Ardnagashel at the mackerel salting. That's where he's from now. Never idle when there is work going, and taking no pay for it all but bite and sup and 'the blessin's o' God be on ye, Thady; sure, it's the poor that's kind to the poor.' That is why he is 'Thady the Wastrel,' and that is why, too, if the devil were again let loose as he was in the 'eighties, Thady's good word would go further than Father Maurice's benediction from the altar-aye, or his anathema either." "The man must be a fool," I began, but

"The man must be a fool," I began, but Bryan waved me down.

"There you go," he said. "Measuring everything by pence and shillings, Saxon fashion, as if there were no other profit and loss account in the world than that of hard coin. Tell me, now, what better use can a man put his life to than to serve God, do good, and be content? What philosophy, Christian or heathen, ever set a higher ideal? There you have Thady in a sentence. He labours for the poor who can never reward him, and is absolutely happy in the good will of high and low. Wherever he goes, there is an open door for him, and not a cottier from here to the lakes but would starve that Thady might be full. What better off would he be in the proud possession of a mud hut and five acres of bog of his own, or even earning eight shillings a week ? Take my advice and cultivate Thady the Wastrel, and, if you will none of his philosophy, get him to tell you, if you can, what he knows of Glenbaragh churchyard."

It must have been on the first day of November that I next met Thady. The weather had moderated to a feeble suggestion of possible glories, and I was sunning myself on the sheltered road that stretches from Glenbaragh towards Mucklish, passing on its way under the shoulder of Hungry Hill. Here, Thady, walking at a brisk pace, made up upon me, and presently we were deep in gossip. As we strolled on in the warmth, Bryan's hint came back to me, and I said-

"By the way, Glenbaragh cemetery lies this way, does it not? How comes it that it is so far from the village?"

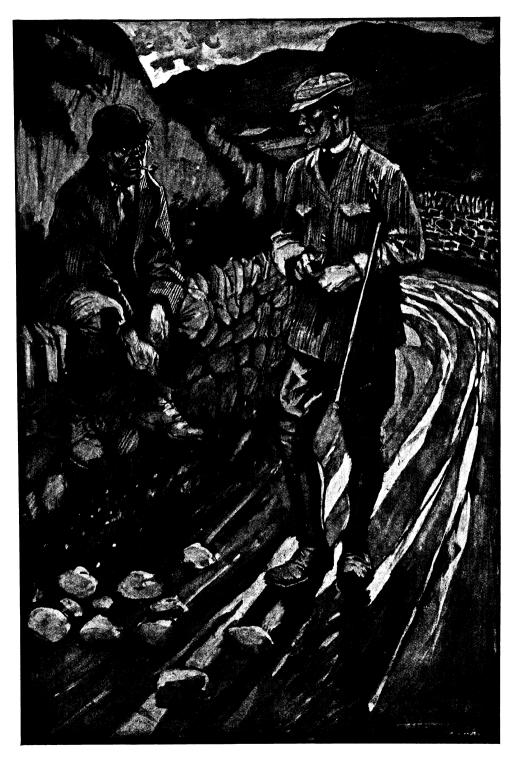
"The churchyard, sir, if ye please; an' that's the garden o' the church, which is no less nor the garden o' God Almighty. Yes, yer honour, it's half a mile beyond the turn of the hill, and well I know it. Sure, it's it has brought me to Glenbaragh, sevenand-thirty mile, as it has brought me every blessed All Souls Day for fifteen years, and will, till I see what my heart's blistered crying for. And why wouldn't it be out of the sound of the tramplin' of men, with nothin' but the wash of the sea below, and the croon of the wind above, the two sorrowfullest and the two heartsomest things in all God's world; the one at the feet and the other at the head; and the white gulls flyin' round like the spirits of the blessed dead? Sure, it's not in the shadow of Sullivan's shebeen you'd have it?"

"But," said I, "the chapel is there in Glenbaragh, and——"

"Eyah !" he broke in ; "sure, it isn't the chapel that gives a soul its rest; and if it's talking of chapels you are, I want no better nor that up in the corner of the little sleepingground beyond. It's roofless, and it's crumblin' with years for all that they built well in the old days; but, sure, what the Lord makes holy He keeps holy. There, ye can see it, your honour, standin' forninst the stretch of the bay; and when I see it, as ye see it now, with the great gloom of the hill crowdin' round it, and the sparkle of the dancin' water beyond, and the road lost in the curve between the two, I think of the road of life and the shadow of death, and the one lost behind the other in the sunshine."

By this time we had reached the gate of the cemetery, a mere iron hurdle drawn across a gap in the wall, with a wooden wicket to the one side; but instead of turning in, I sat down on the turf bank facing it on the opposite side of the road, and Thady the Wastrel sat by me, hat in hand. Behind us, and almost sheer from the roadway, was the ceaseless lapping of the water, and to imagine the rest of the picture was no great effort; the white blur of the wind-blown sea-birds, and the faint roar of the storm as it swept moaning round the shoulder of the hill, or beat its wings full against the barren rock.

The churchyard itself was a small field set in a frame of desolation, and bordered round with stunted buckthorns. Up the hill it



"It was Thady the Wastrel."

stretched perhaps a hundred yards, its rough grass weed-grown and uncared for, with here and there rounded heaps of black earth strewn with twigs of withered laurel wrenched by the wind from the now broken wreaths which had been placed upon them. In one of the upper corners was the disused chapel covered with wind-clipped ivy, its walls already broken to ruin.

The whole scene had nothing in it of uncommon pathos; nothing, to the eye at least, to move a world-tossed nature like that of Thady the Wastrel. And yet, as he sat by me, bareheaded, there were tears dimming the rapt gaze in his eyes, and he was mumbling and muttering to himself like a man in a trance.

"Tis a year gone by—aye, a bitter long year, mavourneen, and sure it's a weary world. By the will of God ye'll give me comfort next time, Molly acushla; for it's fifteen years of waitin', and it's breakin' me heart, breakin' it, so it is. Show me the token, Molly woman, and I'll be content, though well I know it's not you that's holding back."

Then he fell silent, and his head went down on his breast, but his lips still moved and his eyes were alight, and I sat watching him as one might watch a devotee before the altar. Presently he roused himself.

"Your honour's pardon," he said. "I was dreamin' of glory, and maybe, please God, the dream'll come true !"

"What was it, Thady?" said I. "Something to do with what is over the roadway there? Such an ancient place must have its stories, and the doctor said you could tell me all-----"

"Barring the good Lord," and he crossed himself as he broke in, "there's no one knows all about what's forninst ye; but when a man carries the love of a place in his heart's core both by day an' by night, sure, he learns more of it nor him who cares nothing. My Molly's up there beyond, and has been there sixteen years come the fifth of March-glory comfort her; for, faith, she'd want it and me not with her. She and me were very nigh each other, and but for the blessed need there was to go and work hard, I'd ha' fretted meself beside her when she was Very nigh we were to one another, took. your honour, very nigh, an' that's one ravson why I love the little garden beyond, and one rayson that I know more about it than another, for I do be thinkin' that in these things a man knows more with his heart than with his head.

"There's another rayson," he went on slowly, and twisting his tattered cap in his restless hands as he eyed me wistfully: "and maybe that was the rayson the doctor had in his mind when he spoke to you; but, sure, it's a hard thing to tell a black stranger. Tell me, yer honour, what sort of a man are you at all? Are ye one to laugh at a poor fellow, or say he lies if he tells a thing that's not too easy of belief? one of them gentlemen that has ten raysons why a thing couldn't be, though a man has seen it with his two eyes fifteen times? Bekase if ye are—but you're the doctor's friend, and so I'll chance it.

"Eighteen years is a mighty big slice out of a man's life, isn't it, sir? And eighteen years was the time me and Molly were man and wife. Y'are married yourself, maybe? No? Well, the Lord be good to you, and send you the blessed woman; but until he does, you'll not be understanding what Molly and me was, the one to the other. She was just the blood of me heart, and there's the truth of it. Maybe I was thinking too much of her, and too little of me duties ; but, anyhow, she died in her little cabin about two miles this side of Mucklish, and it's hard on sixteen years I've gone mourning. Sure, I couldn't bear the look of the four walls after that. So I gave up me house, and have been Thady the Wastrel and a rollin' stone ever since; but, thanks be to God, if I gathered no moss, I never hurted ere a wan with my sharp edges.

"She died, sir, and for me love to her I lost me friends, for the neighbours were sore vexed that I'd have no wake. I couldn't, your honour, and that's the truth; I just couldn't. There was the peace o' God about her as she lay on the sheets, and I couldn't, for me life's sake, have stood the roarin' an' the singin' and the drinkin'. Sure, it was makin' a mock of me sorrow, and turnin' me heart's core into an open show; and the neighbours were that vexed that not one of them stood by me side when the priest and I and old Dinny the spadesman laid her to rest in the garden beyond.

"A coarse day it was. The wind storming from the north with a spit of snow in its mouth, and me heart was as cold as the snow and as bitter as the wind as I stood there in me lonesomeness. Sorrow a word did I hear of all that Father Maurice said, but the rubbing of his coat-sleeve agin me arm was comforting. Maybe I was dazed a bit, seeing I hadn't closed an eye for four days and nights, an' three of them was



"' My Molly, taking the timorsome Marget to her arms.'"

sitting up, watching Molly's face in the flicker of the candle, half thinking she was living in the change of light an' shadow, and wondering where all the hard lines had gone, that work and weather had put there. So maybe I was stupid-like, for until I felt Father Maurice's hand gripping mine, and heard the flat o' the spade on the earth, there was nothing touched me by eyes or by ears. Eyah !" and he shivered where he sat. "I had to clinch my fists tight not to half kill old Dinny, it seemed so like striking Molly's self.

"I stood maybe an hour by her side in the whists of the wind, and then came and sat on the sod of the wall, where you're sitting now, your honour, and the thought came into me desolation of the gossip I'd heard round the turf fire of a winter's night a dozen years before or more.

"'Twas from an old, old man, the grandfather of Sullivan who was hanged for the shooting of Donohoe not a furlong down the road yonder—old he was to the losing of every tooth from his mouth, so old that by day or by night he sat in the chimney corner, for if they'd put him to bed, he'd never have riz out again. Patsey Quin, home from foreign parts, was making the boys gape with his tales, when old Sullivan mumbled out that there wasn't nothing from Injy to Roosha to equal Glenbaragh churchyard of an All Souls night.

"' What's he meaning ?' said I.

"And Julia Sullivan, the mother of him that was hanged, answered me that the old man held to it thick and thin that once a year the dead came back. 'But sure,' said she, 'he do be wandering in his talk.'

"Twelve years before and more that was, and the thing was gone out of me mind. But as I sat on the sod of the turf wall in the hustling of the wind it came back to me as clear as the clapping of Glenbaragh chapel bell, an' with all me heart I prayed it was true. God being good to me, I'd see Molly again; and with that in me head I took to hard work, and so held sense an' soul together when they were mighty near slipping asundher.

"That was in March—the fifth, ye'll be minding, your honour; and so for nigh on eight months I laid to it, earning the name of Thady the Wastrel that has stuck to me ever since. Nothing came amiss, and nothing was too hard; for the sorer the labour, the less of thought and the sounder the sleep, and sorrow a penny of pay would I take for it all. Meat and lodging was enough, with now and then an old coat or the like. Why should I, that had no mouths to fill but my own, rob them who had?

"September found me with the fishers off on the Cork coast, and there I filled my day with the best of them until the middle of October, when I dropped it all and tramped back to Glenbaragh, taking it easy on the road so as not to eat my heart out with the waiting at the last. On Hallowe'en I saw the girls out spying for sweethearts in the potato-ridges, or sowing the hemp-seed in the little bits of fallow they'd made ready nigh hand to the cabin doors; I heard the bells clanging for Mass on All Saints, and watched the decent neighbours on the road to the chapel; but all the time, by day or by night, I tramped the road, or when dead beat lay under a haystack or a hedge, and prayed God to quicken the time.

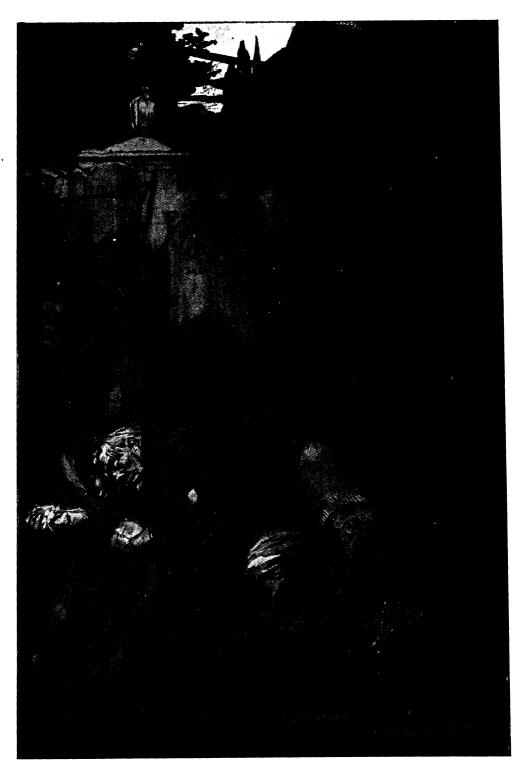
"When the day of my prayers broke, it was worse, for then there was no rest for me feet at all at all, an' weary long were the hours. But at the long last the dusk fell, and I planted meself down where I had sat that fifth of March, and watched and waited through the darkening for I didn't know what. At the first there was an odd passer-by from Glenbaragh or Mucklish, and a 'God save you kindly'; but the night was blustering with a heavy crush of clouds blowing about, and a late moon, so it wasn't long before I had five miles of road to meself.

"Was I feared? Arrah, what would fear me, your honour? Sure, living or dead, it's the power of God, and you wouldn't have me feared of Molly? No, sir, it's the truth I'm telling, sorrow a bit was I feared, and I just sat hunched up in the cut of the wind, and watched.

"'Twas a late moon, as I've said, but the night wasn't to say dark, for the blast above broke up the cloud, and a bit of a star 'ud look out; so the churchyard beyond was plain to be seen as the palm of me hand; but when the moon got up and shone full on the graves forninst me, as av course it would, there wasn't a blade of grass but was as clear as noon.

"I'm tellin' ye that, sir. so that you mayn't say it was shadows I saw. For I saw something, and what I saw was this."

Thady had sat half round, facing me, but now he turned and stared down on the roadway with its ruts and pools lit up by the weak November sun; but to my belief he saw neither, but rather the churchyard of fifteen years before, with its hard, white moonlight



"Thady the Wastrel was found."

and scurry of shadow from the clouds. At last he went on :

"It wasn't of a sudden-not to fright you, I mean-but in the drawing av a breath the little place forninst ye, and it only, was white as with the drift of a valley fog. The headstones were gone, the little broken chapel was gone, the straggle of long grass was gone, and from border to border of the buckthorns was the shifting, heaving white drift twisting and curling as with a blast under it. Then there came a moan of wind down the face of the mountain, and the drift rolled by me and over me, cold as the sea itself, and was lost in the grey of the night, and behind it the churchvard was alive with the dead. Solemn an' still and silent they were, as if before the altar they waited the blessing of God Almighty.

"Many a score of them I knew, and many a score I didn't know; but there they were, young and old, rich and poor, tottering age and toddling child, the beggar that died by the roadside and the great lord as was took with the fever over at Glenbaragh. Them that had died three hundred years agone in the quare clothes of them, the peasant in his frieze, my lord in his velvet and laces, Father Murtagh in his cassock, and among them, standing by her sod, was Molly-yes, Molly. She saw me, I know, for her face lit up with something more than the shine of the moon -love here is love there, y'r honour, and death can't kill it-and I could read the blessing in her eyes till me own went dim with the crying; but she made no sign, for she'd work on hand.

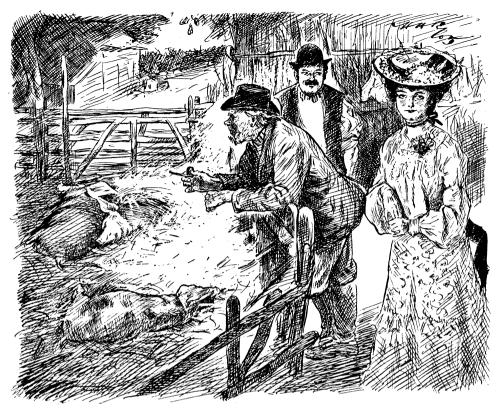
"Out from the throng o' souls there wor seven that slipped to the front, an' my Molly was one of the seven—slipped as you might see the mist steal along the hillside when the wind is low—and the other six were the six last that had gone to their rest.

"As they came nigh the gate, those by them crowding this way an' that to let them pass, of a sudden I got feared, for down the roadway, some from Glenbaragh and some from Mucklish, and one stealing like a white shadow down the slope of the rocks, there were seven others drifting to meet them, and every wan o' the seven I knew for the souls of livin' men and women, wraiths they were, for they cast no shadow in the light of the moon, and the grass never turned under their feet. There was Kitty Quin leading her four-year old Mary by the hand, there was Red John Dermott, the fisher from Mucklish, leaving a trail of water behind him as he walked, there was Madame Bernard from the great house beyond the bay, and Miles Sullivan and Ownie O'Neill, and last of all, crying as if her heart would break, was little Marget Moynan, married no more nor three months back at Glenbaragh; and as I looked, I knew the dead were welcoming the living, the last laid to rest were drawing to them the next to follow.

"Up to the gate yonder they drew in a throng, and them within reached out and drew them without intill them, and I saw Molly, my Molly, taking the timorsome Marget to her arms, comforting her, as, please God, one day she'll take and comfort me; and the wind was hushed and the sea went mute, and over all there was a great silence. Then I saw no more, for the tears came back to my eyes, and the night wint black dark; an' when it lighted again, there was the little garden in the white of the moonlight, and the grass lying over in the breath of the blast.

"At the first, yer honour, I didn't rightly understand it all. But when Red John Dermott was drowned off Inch Island on Christmas Day, and Madame Bernard was took in January, and Kitty Quin and little Mary and Marget Moynan all went with the fever in March, I understood that the dead had been calling the living home, and that my time wasn't that year. That's fifteen years gone, your honour, and every year since then I've looked to see myself pressing in towards the little gate with no slow foot, and the glory be to God in my heart; and every year I've gone away sorrowful, for my wraith wasn't there. But the Lord's good, and maybe the warning'll come to-morrow.

Perhaps it did, for in the grey of the morning, after All Souls night, Thady the Wastrel was found by the gate of the churchyard, bowed upon his knees and done with the sorrows of the world; so it may have been that the appointed time for Molly's tryst had come.



THE PRIDE OF OUR VILLAGE.

PROSPECTIVE FATHER-IN-LAW: So ye want my consent t' marry darter Susie 'ere, do 'ee? 'Tis a lot ye're askin', Jem, to take a man's darter! Ah, well, if 't must be-gie us two o' they pigs, and we'll call 't a bargain !

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

IMPROVED RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

THE British public is always ready to recognise enterprise on the part of its servants, and it is satisfactory to learn that certain railway companies are encouraging the sporting tendencies of passengers by providing chess and draughts for their use during long journeys.

But why stop at chess and draughts—when skittles and bowls might be practised with success along the corridors of carriages—(children under four to be controlled while the game is in progress.)

A miniature rifle range might be instituted in corridor expresses with advantage to the nation, thus enabling every railway passenger to become a marksman of merit. Follow-my-leader would assuredly achieve a great vogue on excursion trains; the entire length of the train to be placed unreservedly at the disposal of the players (saloon carriages reserved for Blind-man's-buff during the winter months).

Gymnastic practice should also be encouraged in all restaurant carriages, the seats and tables forming excellent substitutes for the vaultinghorse and horizontal bar; while wrestling bouts might be popularised among business men in the guards' van—the guard in every case to be fully qualified to act as referee.

A SURPRISE EGG.

Now, this is the story of Peg, Who picked up a very fine egg; To the kitchen she took it, And asked Kate to cook it, And danced up and down on one leg. "An egg-cup I want, and a plate 1" She cried; "and oh 1 hurry up, Kate 1 Bring this egg to the table, As soon as you're able, For, really, I feel I can't wait 1" The egg gave a curious pop, And Peggie sat down with a flop; For while she was speaking, With vigorous squeaking A chicken peeped out of the top.

J. P.



IN THE FULNESS OF TIME.

"THERE, my dear, is the church in which I was married." "Is it? Then I suppose it is only a ruin now?"

A CHANCE FOR THE CHARITABLE.

THE generous action of Mr. John Wegg, of New York, in bequeathing £100,000 to the confidence men, gamblers, and crooks of that city who are too old to carry on their avocations, will find a ready echo in the hearts of many philanthropists over here, who may welcome the following suggestions by which persons of an equally deserving nature may be benefited in this country.

Burglars' Convalescent Homes, at Brighton and Bournemouth, for members of the profession who have contracted pulmonary affections during the conscientious performance of their night duties in all weathers.

Old-Age Pensions for Pickpockets, payable at the age of sixty-five to all applicants presenting credentials of their past lives, duly signed by a magistrate and two police du constables.

Wife-Beaters' Rural Retreats. Rest, refreshment and recuperation to all persons qualifying for this charity who are suffering from overwork. Brighter Days for Blackmailers. An annual sum to be subscribed by broad-minded altruists for the benefit of elderly and unsuccessful blackmailers who have no visible means of support.

Coiners' Country Holiday Fund. To provide cheerful week-end trips in the summer for bond fide coiners of all classes, and a comfortable club for music and recreation during the winter months.



FAMILY FEELING.

I BELIEVE that the best description ever penned of Bombay is that written by our boy. He bought a quire of the very worst notepaper (we offered to give him some, but he thought it would not be fitting for him to use notepaper of our caste), and he made an honourable attempt to fill every sheet. He sat on the floor outside our bedrooms for hour after hour, writing with never a pause for word, and grinning with self-complacency. He wrote in Tamil, and wishing the address to be in English, brought me a large outcaste envelope. I wrote his wife's name and full address, and he supple-



BADLY PUT. YOKEL: How are you, Squire, this bad weather? SQUIRE: Just managing to keep out of the undertaker's hands. YOKEL: Oh.! I be main sorry to 'ear that.

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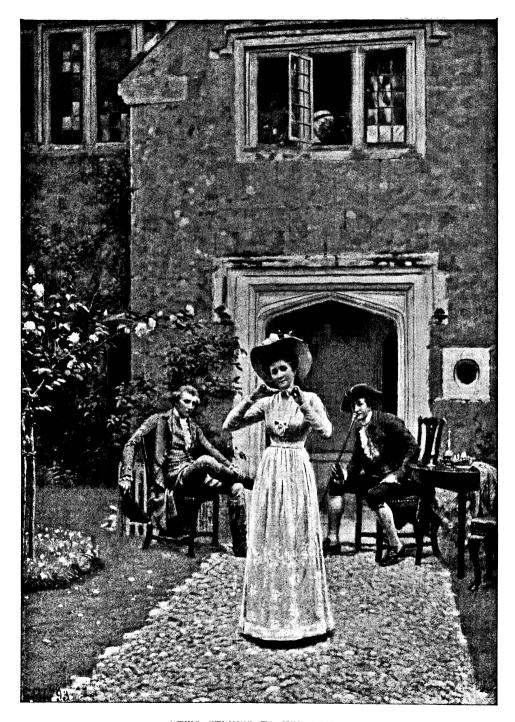
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"TWO STRINGS TO HER BOW." FROM THE PICTURE BY E. BLAIR LEIGHTON. Reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., New Bond Street, W. Copyright by Photographische Gesellschaft.

MORE PICTURES BY MODERN ARTISTS.

BY AUSTIN CHESTER.

I N the course of our now lengthy series of articles on the works of famous artists, we have, month by month, been so

should he survive his wife, to embrace the monastic life. In 1551, she being dead, he formally resigned his rank, laid aside his

fortunate as to obtain permission to reproduce more pictures than we have always been able to use. In the last issue of our present volume we therefore gather into a general portfolio a number of subjects not actually presented with our previous records of their artists' achievements.

Chronologically, the first on our list in point of subject is the picture by that notable Spanish artist, Señor Don José Moreno y Carbonero. Francis Borgia, Duke of Gandia, in his youth showed a strong inclination towards the monastic life. To divert his mind from this he was sent, in 1528, to the Court of Charles V. at Madrid. where he married Eleanor di Castro, a Portuguese lady of high rank, and was created by the Emperor Marquis of Lombay and made Master of the Horse to the Empress Isabella. Upon the death of Isabella, in 1539, he was deputed to convoy the body to the royal burial place in Granada. Circumstances connected with the funeral obsequies

deepened in his mind the impressions he had long entertained as to the vanity of earthly matters, and fixed him in the determination,



rank, laid aside his ducal robes, was ordained priest, assumed the Jesuit habit, and in 1565, on the death of Lainez, succeeded him as third General of the Jesuits, and is known in ecclesiastic history as St. Francis Borgia.

"Modern Spanish painting," writes that authority on Spanish art, Dr. Richard Muther, of Breslau, "began with Mariano Fortuny, who, dying as long ago as 1874, nevertheless left his mark even on the following generation of artists," His love of "dazzling, kaleidoscopic variety has animated his successors . . . hence. since the 'seventies, the chief paintings produced in Spain have been huge, historical works which have made the round of European exhibitions and then been collected in the Gallery of Modern Art at Madrid." Amongst the artists who have felt the influence of Mariano Fortuny is Señor Don José Moreno y Carbonero, and the picture here reproduced is now in the Gallery of Modern Art at Madrid.

José Mareno y Car-

bonero, besides actual historical subjects, has painted many pictures illustrating the career of the world-famed Knight of La Mancha.

NOVEMBER, 1906.

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Next in historical order come the portraits which are in the Princes' Chamber in the House of Lords, These were painted by Mr. Richard Burchell from authentic likenesses of the Tudor family and their



consorts, as part of the scheme of decoration authorised by the Royal Commission of Fine Arts, and presided over by the Prince Consort, the object of which was to decorate the New Palace of Westminster on its reconstruction after the disastrous fire of 1838.

One misses the ease and fluency of much modern work in the half-phrased opinion of these august personages, for the painters seem to have carried their interest in their sitters beyond their interest in paint. But to the understanding of history these portraits are an aid, for they uphold the tenets expounded by a great man. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "the chief excellence of a portrait lies in its being like. I would have each in the dress of its time to preserve the accuracy of history. Truth, sir, is of the greatest value in these things."

Louis XII., says his historian, had, as a young man, been idle and dissipated. He was lazy and of small intelligence, and to the end of his life, which began in 1462 and ended in 1515, "self-indulgence clung to him as a Nessus shirt eating into his bones."

Yet was he kindly and humane to his people, friendly and without revenge or malice. The days were good for France with this cheerful *pater patrix* ruling over it. We owe the presence of the portrait of this alien monarch in the Princes Chamber, to the fact of his having married Mary Tudor, the lovely young sister of Henry VIII., a few months before his death.

In the portrait of Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of egregious prefix, there is little trace of the high-spirited and undoubtedly popular girl. It was probably painted during the reign of her half-brother, Edward VI., when she was the subject of such persecution as to make her seriously



meditate taking flight and escaping abroad. Then comes Philip of Spain, to whom Mary yielded a loyal and womanly devotion not greatly esteemed. In this picture we see him young, and can imagine him both cruel and ambitious; but those who know Mr. Seymour Lucas's admirable picture, entitled, "Philip II. of Spain Receiving News of the Defeat of the Armada," see him there, thirty years older, in the mood of dignified resignation, in which he said: "I sent my ships against men, not against the billows. I thank God that I can place another fleet upon the sea." This portrait of him, far better than the one in the Princes' Chamber, conveys the idea that he might have been, as he was, the foremost figure of his time in European history, and the former into definite shape, so that it influenced European culture, of the Spanish character.

We must suppose the portrait of Elizabeth, "Good Queen Bess," to represent her as she was soon after she came to the throne, at twenty-five years old, in 1558, and prior to the death of Francis II. of France, "the eldest and feeblest of the brood of Catherine de Medicis," who, as represented by his portrait in the Princes' Chamber, looks a delicate, rather pretty, harmless boy. "Yet the society in which







this child was reared," says Mr. Swinburne, in writing of the wife of Francis, Mary Queen of Scots, is known to readers of Brantôme as well as that of Imperial Rome, at its worst, is known to readers of Suetonius or Pretonius—as well as that of Papal Rome, at its worst, is known to readers of the diary kept by the domestic chaplain of Pope Alexander VI. Only

in their pages can a parallel be found to the gay and easy record which reveals, without shame or suspicion of offence, the daily life of a Court compared to which the Court of King Charles II. is as the Court of Queen Victoria to the society described by Grammont. Debauchery of all kinds, and murder in all forms, were the daily matter of excitement or of jest to the brilliant circle which revolved round Queen Catherine de Medicis."

In this portrait of Francis II. we have little of that which Dr. Johnson describes as the greatest value in portraiture, "truth." But we turn to the portrait of Darnley, the hapless and worthless bridegroom of the most unfortunate of queens, and, through it, are instantly prejudiced against him. We see him, in our mind's eye, demanding



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the crown matrimonial, taking part in the assassination of "Davy," then protesting his innocence and betraying his accomplices.

After this we skip at least a century, and the picture, which we reproduce from one by Daniel Maclise, R.A., is of the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim, 1704, that great soldier who, according to Lord Chesterfield and tradition, "possessed an decoration, one which should include sixteen representations of England's great historic episodes. This scheme, however, was carried into achievement only as regards the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar. By the time Maclise had completed these two works, the inevitable Committee of Enquiry had been appointed to question and, as inevitably, to disapprove the manner in which the Com-



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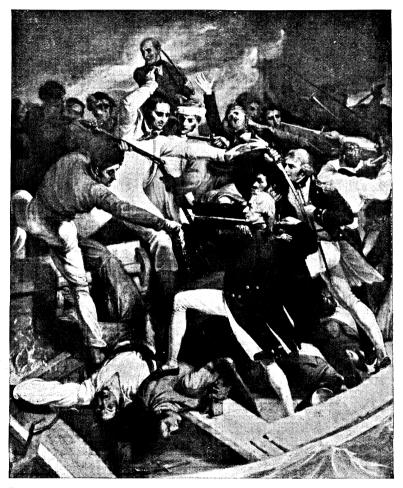
[The Art Union of London.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM, 1704. BY DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

excellent plain understanding and sound judgment."

"Nothing escaped his observation, and in the hottest moment of the fight, the coolness of his intellect shone conspicuous," writes Mr. Courtenay of the man who was fiftyfour years of age at the battle at which Maclise depicts him.

In our article on "The Paintings in the Houses of Parliament," we have already stated how Maclise designed, as scheme of mission of Fine Arts was spending public money. As a result, further outlay towards the embellishment of the then newly constructed Houses was arrested. The reproduction of the Battle of Blenheim was made from one of the several finished pictures in oil from which, but for the action of the Court of Enquiry, would have been translated into water-glass fresco to adorn the vacant wall-spaces in the Royal Gallery. Heroic deeds have always, as subjects, attracted to them the talent of the artist, themes once sung in song being now made deathless by the medium of paint. The picturesque figure of Nelson, which to-day attracts to its delineation the ability of Mr. George W. Joy, proved equally irresistlaunches before Cadiz, which took place on the first night of the bombardment, on July 3, 1797 (*vide* Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson"): "Nelson personally bore a part in the hand-to-hand contest between the British and Spanish boats, and upon which he seems afterwards to have dwelt with



"NELSON WITH TWELVE MEN CAPTURED A SPANISH LAUNCH CARRYING TWENTY-SIX MEN, JULY 3, 1797." BY R. WESTALL, R.A.

Reproduced from the print of the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.

ible as subject to the great sailor's artist contemporaries.

Richard Westall, R.A., the water-colour painter (born 1765, died 1836), the teacher of Her late Majesty when a girl, was stimulated to admirable achievement in the two pictures of incidents in the career of the Admiral, which we here reproduce. One is an encounter with Spanish gunboats and greater pride than upon the magnificent victories with which his name is associated. He wrote : 'It was during this period that perhaps my personal courage was more conspicuous than at any other part of my life.' The Spaniards sent out a great number of mortar gunboats and armed launches. Upon these Nelson directed a vigorous attack to be made, which resulted in their being driven back under the walls of Cadiz. The British, who pursued them, captured two boats and a launch. 'In the affray,' Nelson says, 'I was boarded in my barge with its common crew of ten men, cockswain, Captain Freemantle and myself, by the commander of the gunboats. The Spanish rowed twenty-six oars, besides officers—thirty men in all. This was a service, hand-to-hand with swords, in which my cockswain, John Sykes,

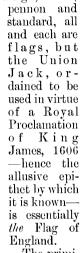
now no more, twice saved m y life. Eighteen of theSpaniards being killed and several wounded, we succeeded in taking their commander."

The second picture by R. Westall here reproduced shows the incident of Nelson's being struck by a grapeshot in the right elbow as, with sword drawn, he was stepping from the boat to the landing during the assault at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, July 24th, 1797.

"At two o'clock in the morning," everyone, told the surgeon to get his instruments ready, for he knew he must lose his arm, and that the sooner it was off, the better."

To this same period belongs the picture of Mr. George W. Joy, "The First Union Jack." So great a feeling of romance does he weave into this curiously admirable subject that it seems strange it should never have been pictorially treated before.

Banner, burgee, colour, ensign, Jack,



The primitive and simplest flag, that o f St. George —a white ground with a red, upright cross - was the flag with which, as their banner. the Crusaders sailed to the East, and now only survives as a flag of command in

<image>

"NELSON SHOT THROUGH THE RIGHT ELBOW DURING THE ATTACK UPON TENERIFFE, SANTA CRUZ, JULY 24, 1797." BY R. WESTALL, R.A. Reproduced from the print of the Woodbury Permanent Photographic Co.

wrote Hoste, one of the midshipmen on the Sea-Horse, a midshipman who had been with Nelson continuously since the Agamemnon left England, "Admiral Nelson returned on board, being dreadfully wounded in the right arm. I leave you to judge of my situation when I beheld our boat approach with him who I may say has been a second father to me, his right arm dangling by his side, while with the other he helped himself to jump up the ship's side, and with a spirit that astonished the Royal Navy. It is flown at the maintruck by an admiral, or, if the ship has less than three masts, it is hoist to the truck of the loftier of the two. The flag upon the manufacture of which the girl's fingers in Mr. Joy's picture are employed, is our Union Jack, that has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze."

The details of the picture are thus described in the large volume on "The Work of George W. Joy": "Whispering words of love and devotion in his lady's willing ear, and in that uniform which the memories of 'Nelson and the Nile' have endeared to us, a young lieutenant urges his suit. She meantime lingers half regretfully over the final stitches of her task. Hanging on the wall is a tapestry of the Spanish Armada—a copy of one of those which used to hang in the old Houses of Parliament. There is also a model of a three-decker, the *St. George*, twin-ship of the *Royal George*. In the foreground lies the letter which contains the directions as to how the flag was to be cut, and a volume of Dibdin's songs."

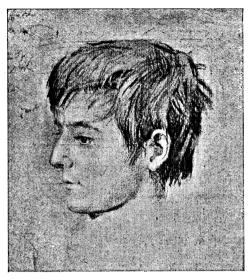
In all his pictures Mr. Joy goes to much trouble to get his representations truthful. We have already pointed out, in our February number, how, in painting the picture, "Wellington's First Encounter with the French"—which shows the future hero of Waterloo as a shy lad making his first appearance at old Pignerol's Military Academy at Angers—he had such great difficulty in getting authentic sketches of Wellington in his boyhood that he had finally to content himself with study of the portraits of him as a man, and from these to eliminate Time's marks and paint him as he felt he must have been when a boy.

In his picture of the same great soldier as the "Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports,"



ONE OF MR. GEORGE W. JOY'S STUDIES FOR HIS PICTURE, "THE FIRST UNION JACK."

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STUDY FOR THE PICTURE OF "WELLINGTON'S FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE FRENCH." BY GEORGE W. JOY.

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Mr. Joy was lucky enough to find at Apsley House the very dress that Wellington wore at this date—a peculiarly cut jacket with hooks and eyes down the front, and a collar that could be worn turned up or down, which, when fastened, did duty as uniform, and when unfastened passed as mufti; the garment a remarkable instance of the simplicity and economy of the great Duke.

With his portraits of Nelson, Mr. Joy has naturally been much helped by the work of Lemuel Abbot, who, a contemporary and admirer, has left many admirable likenesses of the Admiral.

The second picture of Mr. Joy's which we include in this article throws back yet further into history. "A Dream of Fair Women" embraces Old Testament history, lingers round the period of Priam of Troy, and comes down to that of our own Edward IV.

Most sympathetic is Mr. Joy's treatment of Tennyson's poem—

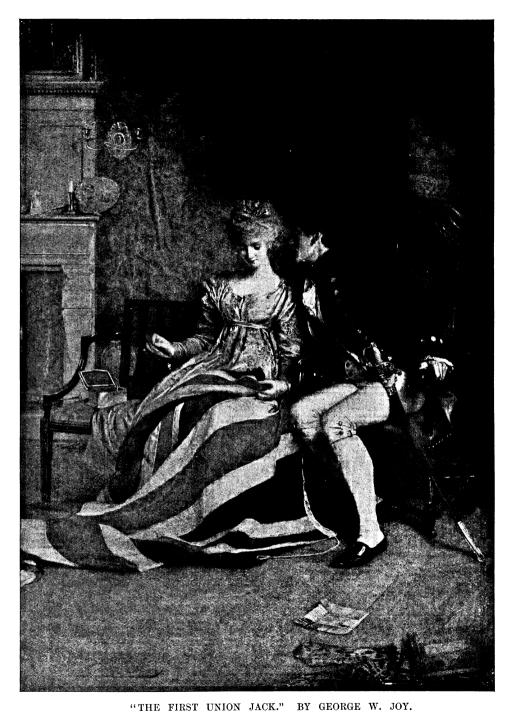
Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean

Upon the dusky brushwood underneath Their broad, curved branches, fledged with clearest green

Their broad, curved branches, fledged with clearest green New from its silken sheath.

This is his background, whilst at his figures' feet

.... thro' bush green grasses burn'd The red anemone.



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Here the artist realises for the poet how,

. . . in every land I saw, wherever light illumineth, Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand The downward slope to death.

Cleopatra, the central figure—

.... thron'd on a flowery rise, sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd,

shows herself indeed a queen. There is the daughter of the warrior cession which is for many of us recalled by the hymn :—

All glory, laud, and honour To Thee, Redeemer, King, To Whom the lips of children Made sweet hosannas ring.

"Of all portraits," as Mr. Joy himself says, "those of children are the most fascinating. If the sitters would give us a chance, our best work would certainly be done from them." There is, he goes on to



"PALM SUNDAY: WAITING FOR THE LORD." BY GEORGE W. JOY. Reproduced from "The Work of George W. Joy," published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., Limited. Copyright in England and America.

Gileadite, standing with upraised arms about to strike the tambourine, in the foreground of the canvas; whilst, to the right, Helen, "that daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair," is side by side with the deserted Œnone.

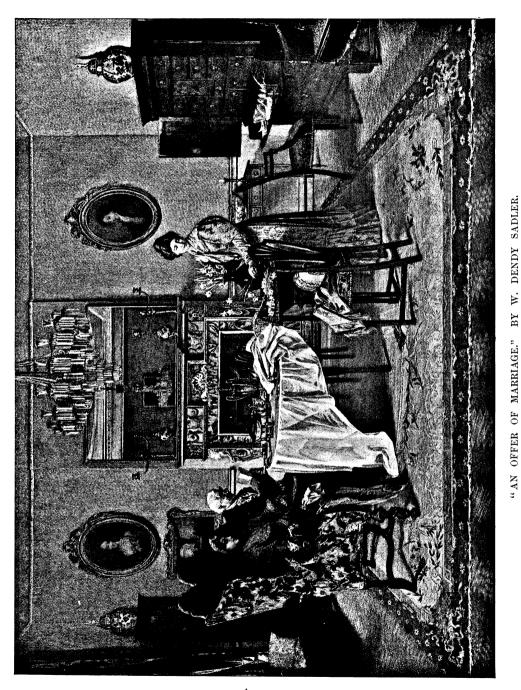
"Palm Sunday" is illustrative of his happy treatment of children. Not uninstructed as to Whom it is they go forth to praise, puzzled, yet braced to grapple with fresh wonder, they take their part in that prosay, but one method of painting them, which is to tell them a story, or devise some irresistible toy for their solace, such as the diminutive knocker which he had placed upon his studio door; this put one small sitter "into a heavenly frame of mind for the first five minutes of his sitting, and in that time much may be done," for, to quote Millais: "The painting of a child's head should be blown upon a canvas, rather than painted." "Ben Sumdars. Weiting for the Lord"

"Palm Sunday: Waiting for the Lord,"

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Mr. Joy explains as having many of the characteristics of his early work. in its clear outlines, and the suggestiveness in its colour of the influence of the Old Masters. A most heterogeneous collection of models sat for it. The child in the centre was painted from a little Welsh girl; the old man on the left of the canvas from Dr. Edersheim; the central figure from the Rev. Clayton Greene; the little figure on the right from a butcher's boy; the



"A-HUNTING WE'LL GO!" BY W. DENDY SADLER. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. I. P. Mendoza, Ltd, New Bond Street, W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

dark, gesticulating man in the background from an Italian organ-grinder. This man Mr. Joy found himself keenly interested in. Untutored and unskilled as he was, he possessed an innate appreciation of, and love for, art. To test this, Mr. Joy asked him to describe the picture for which he was so patiently sitting, and although he had never been in a picture gallery, and was shy of putting his opinion into words, the artist was astonished to find how admirable a critic the man was. This picture was exhibited in the Academy in 1882.

Chronologically, the Hon. John Collier's



"THE PUNCH BOWL: A MYSTERY." BY W. DENDY SADLER. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. I. P. Mendoza, I.td., New Bond Street, W., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

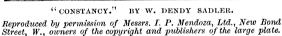
picture of "The Tramp" has no The gipsy date. woman has been with us for all time. and, in spite of the law which orders a "move on " to caravans, there seems little likelihood of her extinction. The unison of the decorative with the real was essayed by Mr. Collier in "The Tramp," a deserted mother whose red hair catches the sunset glow, and who, seated in the environmentof a disused and overgrown quarry, nurses the baby who is the unconscious sharer of her forlorn lot.

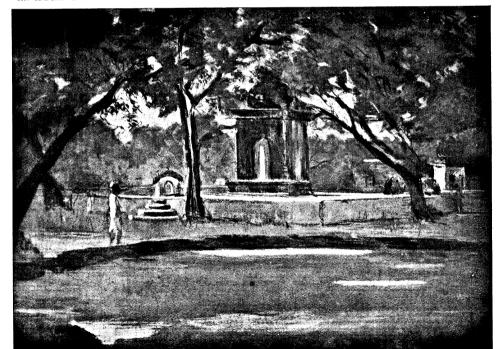
To classify the art of Mr. Collier is impossible. He is a portrait-painter; a Shakespearian student, and his "Touchstone and Audrey" is not his least successful picture; a pagan in his "Mœnads" and in his "Music"; and a peculiarly successful delineator of modern life. Of this, his "Indeed, indeed, repentance oft I swore," in this year's Academy, is an exemplification.

Mr. Dendy Sadler's gay and spirited pleasantries in paint are both too wellknown and too easy of interpretation to need description. He is unrivalled as a vivacious story-teller. Like the work of Randolph Caldecott, his art is both ingenious and suggestive, always kindly, agreeable, and amusing. It reveals a vigorous, healthy outlook on life, and as he has a perfect gusto of humanising intention, he may be taken as a most welcome contributor to the joy of the world.

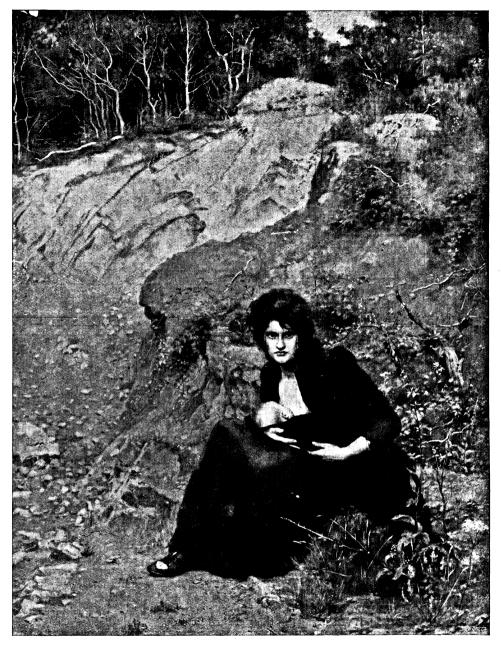
Mr. Dendy Sadler's studies of old age are peculiarly sympathetic, and he shows us Darby leading Joan through life with, in his attitude towards her, just the right amount of gallantry. Whether he is seen carrying her basket of flowers, as in the picture we reproduce, toasting her over the walnuts and wine, or taking

"AN INDIAN TEMPLE." BY LOUISE JOPLING.





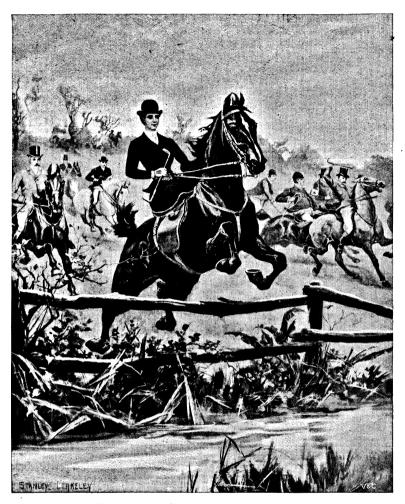




"THE TRAMP." BY THE HON, JOHN COLLIER.

counsel with her, as we may presume him to have done in "An Offer of Marriage," there is always in his attitude the pathetic remembrance of the days that are dead.

It is this touch that ensures to Mr. Dendy Sadler his vast sale in black-and-white; so we think, until we learn that such jovial prints as "The Punch Bowl" and "A-Hunt-ing We'll Go!" run his more sentimental pictures close in popular favour. Thus re-minded that we are a sporting as well as a sentimental people, we acknowledge that his popularity is not to be wondered at. Another king of the printshops is Mr.



"FAIR SAILING." BY STANLEY BERKELEY.

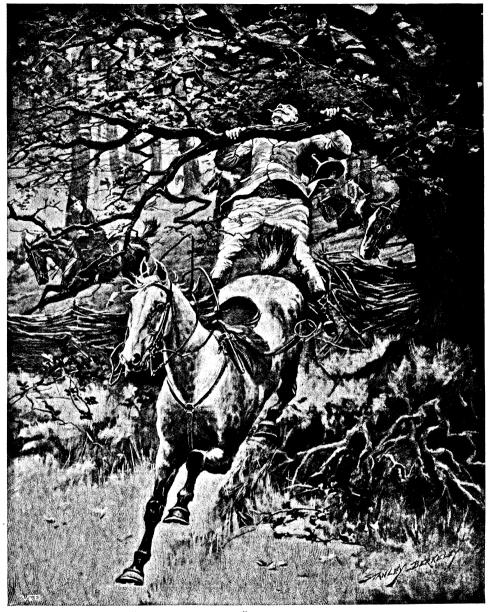
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Stanley Berkeley, and his "Fair Sailing" stands high in the records of photogravure success. This picture and "Caught in a Squall" have won the suffrages not only of the man in the street, but of the men in the smoking-room. Now, however, Mr. Berkeley has departed largely from hunting subjects, and is better known through his battle-pieces, of which "The French Cuirassiers at Waterloo" has, in black - and - white, enjoyed the largest sale.

It is a leading article of Mr. Berkeley's artistic faith that one of the greatest obstacles against which an artist has to contend is the public taste. What delights an artist often fails to arouse the slightest enthusiasm in the public mind. This is necessarily a condition, he says, "which curbs an artist's ambitions very considerably."

Some years ago he completed a picture called "Might is Right," the theme of which was a huge tiger devouring an antelope, while close around crouched two other smaller beasts, snarling and hungry, but withal afraid to dispute possession of the victor's prey. This picture has met with great success in many galleries in which it has been exhibited, but no publisher has yet been induced to accept it.

"My reason for devoting so much attention to animal subjects," Mr. Berkeley has said, "has lain entirely in my love of animals and birds. I used to ride with the hounds,



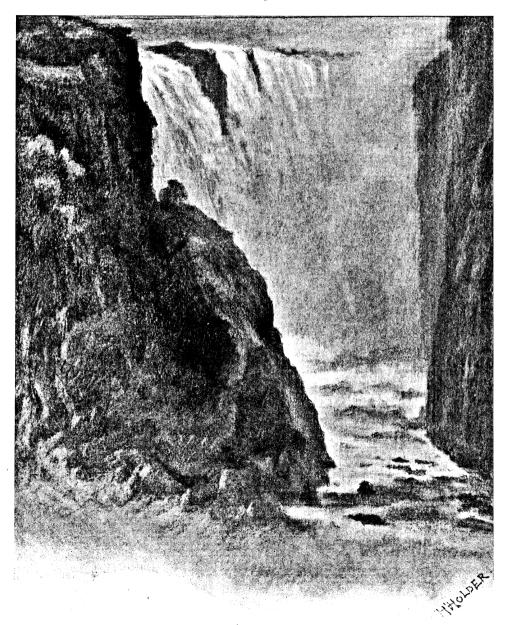
"CAUGHT IN A SQUALL." BY STANLEY BERKELEY. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co., Ltd., Clerkenwell Road, E.C., owners of the copyright and publishers of the large plate.

and was a member of a Yeomanry corps, so that I became intimately acquainted with horses, their movements and habits. Then the study of natural history brought me into touch with the fiercer and more formidable life of the forest. The public, however, appear to greet my military pictures with the keenest appreciation, so that all I can do is to oblige them." A couple of years ago, Mrs. Jopling-Rowe visited India, making a long sojourn there with her son, Mr. Lindsay Millais Jopling, who holds a post in the Indian Civil Service. She brought back from there many delightful sketches of Indian landscape and life, made in pastel. She is seen, as are and have been many others, to great advantage in her sketches. Indeed, the exhibition of them 2 U

set one wondering why the successful artist of many "subject" pictures, and the painter of gracious portraits, had never even sought before to make a second reputation as a painter of landscape and atmosphere. These studies of India are brilliant records of a brilliant country, records whose technical virtues are not less obvious than is the sincere appreciation for landscape which they convey.

And here, as a final addition to our

present portfolio, is one of the remarkable representations of the Victoria Falls, on the Zambesi, executed by Mr. E. H. Holder. The exhibition of Mr. Holder's series of large pictures at the Mendoza galleries has lately revealed to many people for the first time one of the world's greatest wonders, and this drawing forms an interesting supplement to the artist's more vividly coloured presentments of the same scene.



"THE VICTORIA FALLS VIEWED FROM ABOVE THE DEVIL'S CATARACT." BY E. H. HOLDER.



By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

THE cow was slowly wandering across the sunlit field. She flicked her tail to and fro as she munched the faded grass. Up here among the hills the food was not what a first-rate cow would order; this one remembered very different pastures not more than six weeks ago. But cows cannot state their wants, like human beings, and even when known, those wants, as sometimes with human beings, are scarcely attended to. The grass was the best that the neighbourhood provided. The cow appeared to chew it contentedly, but that may have been a human mistake. At any rate, she chewed it again. She was certainly unaware of the notice she was attracting. She chewed. And she stalked on, flicking her tail. There was grass, of a kind, to chew, and that for a ruminative cow, in a world of flies, is always something. It is said that they ruminate.

"Is she or is she not?" said one of the watchers. Two gentlemen stood by the stile at the bottom of the field, intently contemplating the cow. One of the gentlemen was a young man in spectacles; the other, somewhat older, wore the habit of a country squire.

"Can't you see ?" demanded the Squire.

"Most certainly not," replied the doctor.

The cow lifted her head and munched.

"Well, she's consumptive, at any rate," laughed the Squire. The doctor did not laugh. He thought the remark showed a levity bordering on drink. The Squire looked a little bit ashamed, and composed his face to meet the seriousness of the subject.

"The fact remains to be faced," said the doctor, "that your dear little daughter refuses to drink her milk boiled, as she ought to do."

"Yes, bother !" said the Squire.

But the doctor corrected him. "It is functional," said the dcctor, "a nervous contraction of the trachea. The poor child is quite powerless. In former days many a valuable life has been sacrificed from physical incapacity to swallow a pill."

"Dear me!" said the Squire.

"Our sweet little Anna, then, is physically incapacitated from swallowing boiled milk, yet her constitution imperatively demands a quart of that nourishment per diem."

"Dear, dear!" said the Squire. He would have liked to use some stronger word, but he only flicked his boot.

"Under the circumstances," continued the doctor, "the natural solution presents itself. Sterilise!"

"The cow?" asked the Squire.

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"No, the milk."

"Why, that's been tried !" exclaimed the Squire impatiently. "The child can't endure it."

"Quite so. Physically incapacitated again."

"That's no good," said the Squire.

"Another means, of course, remains."

"Which ?" demanded the Squire.

" Pastenrise."

"Why, that's been tried !" shouted the Squire.

"Quite so. Physically incapacitated again."

For a moment the Squire looked at the doctor, as if some idea of mental incapacity were floating through his kindly, bucolic brain; but soon he reasserted, with a lurch, his respect for the science of which he knew nothing.

"Then," he said a little ruefully, "the child must just drink her milk as Nature sends it her."

The doctor—whose name was Tott—lifted up hands of scientific horror. "Nature!" he repeated, "my *dear* sir! A poor, blind purveyor of microbes! Would you expose your dear little daughter—your only treasure —to the tender mercies of Nature?"

"My wife won't hear of it," said the Squire.

"She is quite right," answered the doctor severely.

"But, good Heavens ! if the child *must* have milk, and can't drink it sterilised, Pasteurised, boiled, or raw, then how in the name of goodness——"

The doctor held up his appeasing palm. "The resources of science," he said, "are infinite. Have you never heard of Koch's Tuberculinum?"

"The stuff that doesn't cure consumption? I should rather think I have. We were at Wiesbaden that winter when the whole hocus-pocus got known. The fearful winter of '90 it was, and all the poor invalids started off for Berlin and died on the way !"

The doctor half turned aside, with a hand still uplifted that now had become deprecatory. "Oh, well, well !" he said.

"And those that didn't die couldn't procure any when they got there."

"I don't remember about that," said the doctor.

"And if they did procure it, it didn't do them any good."

"But it has an effect on cows," said Doctor Tott.

The cow looked round at them and slowly winked.

"It may not cure anybody or anything,"

said Doctor Tott, "but it gives a cow the fever."

"Well, that's something to be thankful for," said the puzzled Squire.

"It is indeed, for by its means we can ascertain whether a cow has tuberculosis or not."

"And cure it, when it has?" said the Squire.

" Oh, no," said the doctor.

"H'm," said the Squire. "Well, what you mean, I suppose, is that if we can make snre the cow is perfectly healthy, then the child can safely drink her milk raw?"

" Exactly," said the doctor.

"But typhoid ?" ventured the Squire.

"There is no danger of that up here. There is no risk of anything but tuberculosis, and Koch's tuberculin can settle that."

"Then give her—the cow, I mean—a pill to-day."

The doctor drew himself up, huffy all over, at last. The poor Squire stared at him. "I am not a veterinary surgeon," said Tott with dignity, "and it isn't—given in pills."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said the Squire.

"I will communicate with the proper person," continued Tott, "and the proper person will make the necessary investigation in the proper way."

"Quite so," said the crestfallen Squire. "Which vet. would you recommend? Keene? I have frequently employed Keene. Good chap. Has picked up a lot of desultory information about horses."

"I have nothing against Keene, but I should advise a younger man," replied Tott. "One of the men from the College. Veterinary teaching has wonderfully improved during the last ten years. It is now fairly scientific. Say Larkin. I should recommend Larkin, from Lyme. An intelligent investigator is Larkin."

"What ! The young man with half the alphabet behind his name? All right," said the Squire. "And you think this cow will do?"

"I am no judge of cows," replied Dr. Tott. He looked impatiently at his watch. The Squire's wife, full of her own complaints and complainings, and of those of her spoilt little only girl, was the doctor's best permanent investment; but there are limits, and the jolly, easily puzzled Squire, who never even needed a powder, was not a sympathetic subject anyway—at least, not to Dr. Tott.

Old Keene, the horse-doctor, got on well

enough with the Squire, and had even given him a couple of hygienic hints for himself, which proved by their success how much the constitutions of all animals have in common.



"'Is she or is she not?""

Mr. Larkin, looking up, recognised this fact. Dr. Tott, looking down, denied it. Denied it, in spite of vivisectionism. "A cow is a cow, and a man is a man," said Dr. Tott triumphantly. "Not *Doctor* Larkin, I think." Mr. Larkin, then, stood looking at the cow, with the Squire, as Dr. Tott had done. The cow yawned. Dr. Tott was not there, and Mr. Larkin breathed freely. He was a smart-

looking, bright-faced young man, with a little, yellow moustache and well-fitting clothes. He had to look horsey, so he wore gaiters, and scientific, so he wore spectacles, to his own lasting regret and his young wife's, but he had to, because of Dr. Tott. He had brought the tuberculin and the syringe, and so, under the interested eyes of the Squire and the contemptuous eyes of William, the cow's intimate attendant, he inoculated that quadruped-more contemptuous than William and less interested than her master with an injection under the right breast.

"Now," he said, "we shall have to see if her temperature rises. Forty - eight hours sometimes elapse before that takes place. During the next three days I shall, therefore come over from Lyme fout times a day to take het temperature."

"Whew!" said the Squire. He was wondering, not from a pecuniary, but from the comically puzzled point of view, what his little daughter's scientific cup of milk was going to cost.

"Four times a day !" he repeated. "All the way from Lyme ! That seems a lot of trouble."

"Science," responded the vet.almost in the same accents as the doctor, "doesn't ask about trouble. It demands accuracy. Science is accurate, or it is not."

"Yes, oh, yes !" said the Squire.

"And, therefore, in the intervals between my visits some trustworthy person must apply the thermometer. I presume you are --ahem !--to be trusted, my man?"

"No, sir," replied William, alarmed, putting both hands behind him. "What the dickens do you mean?" asked the Squire.

"I'm not to be trusted with that thing, sir," exclaimed William in a frightened voice. "I don't understand about it—no, I don't, sir. And if I popped it in, and it didn't come out again, sir, and Miss Anna was to find the glass in her milk—and they do say as that silver stuff inside is poison, sir—and I couldn't be trusted to do it—and I never was good at figures—and please, sir, I don't understand no more about it than the cow."

"Hold your tongue, stupid !" said his master. "The doctor'll show you how.""

"It'll be difficult," said the vet., with a superior smile, "but I'll do my best."

"Nonsense!" said the Squire, frowning good-humouredly. "You've been to school, William, and learnt all these things, as all you people do nowadays. Why, Mr. Larkin, all the Board-school children in the cities, that never saw a cow in their lives, learn the technical names of its three stomachs, and what the three stomachs are for."

"Four stomachs," said Mr. Larkin, and his superior smile grew transcendental, "the rumen, the reticulum—___"

"Yes, yes," said the Squire again, quite hastily. "I belong to an older generation than William, and I must say I don't see the use of those Latin names—not even for me, and certainly not for the future factory hands. Now be attentive, William. Good day, Mr. ——," and, whistling to his dogs, the Squire walked off.

"You may *call* her stomachs what you like," said William to the vet.; "it don't make any difference to her."

Mr. Larkin looked at the quiet young farm-hand, with the healthy, simple face, and wondered that in a world of sagacious animals human beings should be so dense.

"This," he said, "is a thermometer. You're holding it wrong side up."

"Lor-I beg your pardon!" cried William.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. If you let it drop, it'll break."

"Lor-will it?" cried William.

"Look here—let me have it again, please. These are figures."

"Are they? I never was great at figures," said William, shaking his yellow head. "At school, master always said : 'William, you can't ever take care of number one."

"The Squire said you were to try and understand," cried Larkin.

"So he did," answered William contritely. I do hope it won't hurt my cow."

"What's her name? Here, Molly! Polly!

Bright Eyes!" The vet. started after the retreating quadruped, who had evidently come to the conclusion that the whole proceedings, including the prick, were derogatory to her dignity, and who now marched off, her nose well up in air.

"Her name is Sweet William," replied the cow's faithful caretaker, with conscious pride, as he prepared to follow his charge. "Miss Anna christened her so herself. She said it was her favourite flower."

Not long after, when the vet. had departed, and William sat pensively contemplating the little glass tube, six-year-old Miss Anna wandered into the field, with *her* faithful attendant, Carolina, in her train. Miss Anna's mother had often suggested that there were pretty flowers to pick in more eligible quarters; but Miss Anna, whose



"He had to look horsey, so he wore gaiters, and scientific, so he wore spectacles."

early taste for botany must on no account be crossed, stoutly maintained that no such buttercups were to be found anywhere as in the field where the cow was, whither Carolina therefore carefully conveyed her about the time that William came peeping over the stile.

"What bosh it all is!" said Carolina, as William explained about the cow.

Her swain grinned from ear to ear. "Isn't



it 'xtr'ordinary," he said, "for a man like master, that's had school learning, to be so superstitious as that? He really believes it, too," said William, shaking the yellow head —" believes the vet. can see if the creature is ill or not by putting this little—oh, my, I nearly dropped it !—tube in its mouth."

"Sweet William!" said Carolina, in accents of rapt admiration. She didn't mean the cow. In fact, she had advised the selection of an appropriate appellation for the quadruped, so that she might innocently discourse to Miss Anna of the biped all day.

"Do you know what missus said to me this morning, William?" continued Carolina. "It's you, she says, that puts the child's back up against the sterilised milks. Master'd never have thought of that. And it's true, ma'am, I says, and I can't help it I don't say anything, but Miss Anna sees as I couldn't drink them myself. And I couldn't. Pah, the smell! But boiled milk, says missus. Pah, the skins!"

"I wonder," remarked William reflectively, "what'll they do with the poor beast if the vet. says she has got his tubers? Hang him!" —his fresh face grew suddenly dark red"That fellow shan't dispoge of her, if he does say so. I can see through his little trick. Taking her off master's hands for a song, and dispoging of her to the butchers at Lyme. Oh, no, Mr. Spout!" He added viciously:

"She's the best of the lot. She shan't go to the butchers, in any case."

The good-natured Squire, who always, especially after a vehement "No," did what his dependents advised him to do, was at this moment thumping with the handle of his riding-whip, in a frenzy of excitement, at the doctor's dispensary door. At every thump his mare squirmed aside, to the terror of the small boy who held her. "Whoa! Whoa, my girl!" The doctor came out.

"Good Heavens, Tott !" cried the Squire, perspiring. "My wife has just told me that she's eliminated—no —what the dickens is the word I want?—elicitated from Carolina that she's let Anna drink twice—on two several occasions—of the

cow's milk—Sweet William's milk—it's the cow's name. Anna gave it her—*raw* ! Raw, Tott !"

"It is frequently not fatal," said the doctor.

"I don't mean that. What's done can't be helped. But if we were to find out now *-now*, Tott—that Sweet William's got what d'ye call it?—tuberoses—we shouldn't know another happy moment—not one of us ! I must shoot the beast before Larkin comes back— shoot her !" The Squire stamped around; the mare described vast semicircles on the doctor's gravel; the little boy bumped about like a ball.

"There's no cause," began the doctor, and his voice—and the smile of his spectacles were balmy, "for anxiety. Even if the cow should show symptoms of tu-ber-cu-lo-sis, there would be no cause. At present, science is quite uncertain whether tu-ber-cu-lo-sis can be communicated from an animal to man."

"Huh—h—h ?" said the Squire.

"There is an influential opinion that it . cannot."

The mare gave a bound; the little boy flew.

"There is another that it can."

"Whoa!" cried the little boy.

"Both may be right."

"Huh-h-h-h?" said the Squire.

"Or neither," said Dr. Tott, closing the door, as politely as he could, in a farewell bow to his interlocutor. Tott was very busy at the moment. When the impatient visitor flew at the door, the doctor had been halfway through with a roaring ploughboy's rocking tooth. In a country practitioner's experience that sort of thing lasts long. And when he is interrupted, it lasts longer.

The Squire rode home musingly. But he wasn't any clearer by the time he alighted in his own stableyard. He isn't any clearer to-day. Nor is the faculty.

All the same, he heard with satisfaction from William that the thermometer hadn't stirred. "Leastways, I didn't see it do it," added William cautiously. Presently the vet. came bicycling in and careered with the rest of the party after the retreating Sweet William, thermometer in hand.

"However," repeated the vet., "we can say nothing with certainty for the next fortyeight hours. Of course, no one must touch her milk, cooked or otherwise. Throw it away!"

"Of course, sir," said William, with a mild wink in his mild eye. Thereupon he threw it away on the various farm-servants and gardeners.

But two days later, as the Squire and his wife were entertaining a large circle of guests who had dropped in to tea, the footman appeared with a very portentous face and announced that a gentleman was anxious to see his master.

"Gentleman? Who? Oh, not now," said the Squire.

"Yes, I think my dear little Anna is better, but the poor child wants strengthening. If only we could get her to drink boiled milk——"

"Why don't you try sterilised ? My sister-in-law's little girl --oh, no; now I remember, it was my cousin George's dead wife's grandfather------"

"He says it's very important, sir," ventured the footman.

With a half-impatient shrug, the Squire went into the entrance-hall. "Oh, it's you!" he said. For Mr. Larkin stood there. No wonder his auspicious mien had impressed even the footman.

"I am truly delighted to be able to inform you, sir," he cried in triumphant tones, "that the—the cow presents absolutely no symptoms of tubercular infection. She may be declared sound !" He relished this statement so much that he repeated it. "Declared sound !"

The Squire, who had been far more worried than he dared admit to himself about the past drinkings, if not about the future, ran back and threw open the drawing-room door. "Adelaide," he cried, "the cow is sound !"

"Oh, I am so thankful! So grateful! Yes, as I was saying, the Pasteurised milk loses all its best qualities (so the papers have been telling us), and boiling —————"

"I boil," said the clergyman's wife.

"But now, you see, the cow is sound. And the vet---- "

"This is Mr.—Dr. Larkin—ahem !" said the Squire. The doctor stood bowing in the doorway. All looked at him with much interest; they were quite a numerous party, and all, of course, gone on hygiene—the attempt to keep their rather useless bodies a little longer than otherwise undead.

"We are so grateful to you, Dr. Larkin !" cried the unbalanced Adelaide. "I feel that you have saved my daughter's life !" There was a thrill. The vet. blushed, had a cup of tea, agreed that the weather was hot for the time of year, and departed. In the hall he said to the Squire (while they were hunting for his hat, which he had left in the drawingroom): "It would be advisable to renew this investigation every three months."

"No, no; for the present we shall specially reserve this one cow."

"That's what I mean—examine this cow. She is perfectly healthy now, but of course she may become infected to-morrow."

"She may?" The Squire stood aghast. "Why, then, if you wanted to make sure, you ought to examine her milk every day, and not drink the milk on the day of the examination?"

"Well—yes," said the vet.

"And that seems to you reasonable?" asked the Squire discreetly.

"Perfectly reasonable. But we can be contented with approximative certainty."

" My wife won't be."

"The risk of infection is small up here." Somebody had brought his hat. He stopped on the steps. "Of course, the person who milks her must be perfectly healthy—that goes without saying. Else——."

" Else what ?"

"I could not be responsible for the consequences."

ⁱ Is it certain that the infection passes from a man to a beast——"



"'He says it's very important, sir."

"Koch says not, but Klausen says yes."

"Hang Klausen! William's healthy enough. Oh—good Heavens !—he had a very bad cold last winter."

"Did he cough ?"

"Yes, he coughed a lot. His old mother fancied he was going off in a decline." "You had better send for Dr. Tott at once," said Larkin, getting on to his bicycle.

The Squire ran after him down the drive. "Couldn't you—inoculate—William?" he gasped. The vet. turned on his bicycle. "No good with human beings," he cried. "But William is such a great calf !" almost sobbed the Squire.

The vet. felt that in matters scientific such levity approached nearly to drivel.

The Squire went back to his wife and abused science, but she pointed out to him how easy it is to condemn what you don't understand. One lady was busy praising a new condensed milk for infants. "But the nourishment is insufficient, I understand," she said, "after their fourth year."

" I always boil mine," said the clergyman's wife.

On this evening, of all evenings, little Anna elected to be fretful and to demand the raw milk which had been surreptitiously supplied to her, before all this rumpus began, by her reprehensible maid. "I daren't now!" cried the distracted Carolina. Next morning a messenger was sent post-haste for Dr. Tott, who affectedly grumbled, *sotto voce*, right up to the library door and entered with a perfunctory smile. The Squire and his wife were there together, solicitude written in every wrinkle of their brows. "Oh, doctor!" cried the lady. At that cry of faith and need Tott relented. He beamed on the pair. "Little Anna work to have here here here

"Little Anna won't touch her boiled milk!" sobbed the mother.

"But I hear that Sweet William is all right!" cried Doctor Tott.

"It isn't Sweet William now: it's William," interposed the Squire hastily. "You must find out at once, please, that William hasn't got what's-his-names, or he'll be giving them to the cow."

" Hasn't got what's-his-"

"Yes. Auscultate him, doctor — that's the word, isn't it ? Let's go and find him at ouce——" The Squire ran for his cap.

"I can auscultate him as much as you like," said the doctor coldly, "but that won't enable me to certify him free from tuberculosis."

The Squire stopped in the doorway. His face went quite red. "Then what, in the name of all that's reasonable, *will*?"

"Nothing will. Science hasn't got as far as that yet. We shall in time. Meanwhile, Koch's tuberculin ———"

"Enables you to say that a cow's milk is harmless on the day when you mayn't drink it!" burst out the Squire.

The doctor took no notice. "I advise you to choose a man who hasn't had a chest attack. William was certainly bad last winter. He seems all right now."

"Of course he's all right. What am I to say to him?"

"Oh, Horace, best make sure," pnt in little Anna's mamma.

"You can say that he's not "—a happy thought struck the doctor—"not clean enough !"

"Öh, I say, I can't do that ! A smarter farm-hand never stepped."

The Squire walked out at the window; the doctor, at the lady's appeal, followed after him. "I can't be such a brute as that," said the Squire, with rueful countenance, striding away towards the paddock. He waited for the doctor to catch him up.

"If we get a man who's never coughed, we shall be all right?" he asked.

"As far as human certainty goes, yes," said the doctor.

"I thought scientific certainty was certain," replied the Squire crossly. "Well, I've thought out what I can do about William, and I dare say I'll find my man. There William goes—hi, William ! how's the cow?"

"Doing beautiful, sir. She's given a pailful of cream this morning."

"You're hyperbolical, William; but that's neither here nor there. I wanted to tell you that I've been planning for some time to give you the under-keeper's place and the cottage, now that old John's dead."

"It's very good of you, sir, very good indeed."

"Well, what more?" The Squire always, in his good temper, investigated his servants' feelings too far.

"I was only thinking, sir, I should be a bit lonely at first. My mother couldn't leave the others, and I shouldn't think, of course, of taking away Carolina from Miss Anna."

"No, you mustn't do that," said the crestfallen Squire. The doctor had hung back ; he now came hurrying up—they were close to the paddock.

"Why!" he spluttered. "Why! Why! There's another cow in there with--how's that?"

"Yes, sir; you see, sir, she was lonesome after all the fuss there's been about her," said William, smiling. "She was lowing so, I put another in with her last night, when it was all over, to keep her company."

"To keep her company!" should the doctor. "To infect her!" He turned to the Squire. "You can begin the whole thing over again," he said.

"Oh, confound it !" said the Squire. He said it out loud, and he wasn't sorry afterwards, in William's presence.

Without exchanging another word, the two

gentlemen retraced their steps. The doctor thought the Squire was a very ill-tempered man. Really, almost his best quality was his invalid wife. That lady stood waving a paper from the terrace before the house.

¹ ⁽⁴⁾ A letter from Mary," she cried. "She was talking to me yesterday of a wonderful condensed milk in jars. It appears that it does wonders."

"Deleterious," said the doctor. He was a kind-hearted creature, but he would gladly have devised mediæval punishments for these amateur proposers of remedies. With a leap he reasserted his medical position.

"If you really abandon the idea of raw milk," he said, "and you know that I never advocated it, then there is a new German method of de-bacteriolising, which leaves the taste."

"And the strength?" queried the Squire.

The doctor glanced at his patient's yellow face. "And the strength," he said.

"Then why didn't you tell us before?"

"Because dear little Anna insisted on having her milk raw. And, besides, this is quite a new thing; I only read of it last week."

"Heaven be thanked !" said the Squire.

"If only the child's nurse is reasonable about it," remarked Dr. Tott.

"We must see about that," said the Squire.

"Far be it from me to interfere in any way," persisted the tormented Tott, "but has it not occurred to you, madam, that the nurse's authority over our little Anna is almost too—too preponderating? The dear child sees with the maid's ears—eyes, I mean —and tastes, so to speak, with her tongue. Is there no danger that a mother's sweet guiding influence be—I would not say, undermined?" Anna's delicate mother sat up with astonishing rapidity. "You are quite right, doctor," she said. "The same thought has occurred to me. Carolina had better go. What a man of discrimination you are !"

The Squire, ere the last sentence had been spoken, was already out of the room hunting up Carolina. He called her away from little Anna's box of bricks. "Carolina, you like to drink your milk raw," he said. She eyed him out of the corners of her eyes. She had heard of Sweet William's good health. "Oh, the little *I* takes, sir !" she said ; "but it's Miss Anna—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Now, look here! There's a new milk coming. If Miss Anna likes that—you understand me—I'll give William old John's cottage and his place. If she likes it; you understand?"

"I understand, sir," said Carolina, her eyes on the floor.

"And, if she likes it *arfully*, there may be some bits of sticks—odds and ends that we don't want—to help furnish that cottage, Carolina."

"Oh, sir !" said Carolina.

But the Squire had taken himself off. Best leave his words to sink in.

"Poof!" he said, and again sought the fresh air.

"How about Sweet William, sir?" said Sweet William's namesake, softly, at his elbow.

"Take her away!" cried the Squire. "I never want to hear her name again! Carry her off! Make whatever you can out of her! Dispose of her, William!"

"My beauty," said William, with his lips to the cow's ear, "I'll dispoge of you. Your milk won't give me the tubers, nor Carolina. nor the kids that'll turn up in the cottage some day."

OH, WHO TO REVERIE TRAITOR?

O^H, who to reverie traitor, To beauty out of tune, When over the forest breathing Rises the round red moon? When over pale dim waters The woodland leans and blows, And in their phantom leafy deeps A phantom forest flows.

And all is hushed and eerie Till, from his hollow tree, The blinking owl is calling His ghostly company.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.



WAS put into our Eleven last term, and got my colours. On that account I feel qualified to write on the subject of football. I have always been interested in it, but a modest person will not pose as an authority until he has proved his right to do so.

Simultaneously with the event above alluded to, one of minor importance took place in our family: my father—who, as I have many times hinted by allusions to his foolscap, etc., is addicted to scribbling published a book, which was received with The publication of a book by my father is a thing that, like Christmas, "comes but once a year," and I could wish it happened oftener, for-also like Christmas-" when it comes, it brings good cheer." The wreathed smiles above mentioned put him in such a heavenly frame of mind, that, on the day a good review appears, I can get any mortal thing I ask for. There are three papers in particular (I suppose I must not mention them by name) to which I really should like to write letters of thanks, because they have been the means of satisfying (for me) three long-felt They have brought me a post-card wants. album, a box of carving tools, and a copy of

"Kim," so I think I have good reasons to regard them with immense gratitude.

My father finds newspapers more tactful than private individuals. I heard him say so after a review and a lady visitor had come to him on the same day. The lady came late on a half-holiday, so I was there and heard what

she said. She had borrowed my father's book—which is a way, he says, people have who won't take the trouble to ask for a copy at a library; and, when she brought it back, she started to make what I supposed was going to be a pretty speech, full of compliments—something like a spoken review, in fact —so directly she opened her mouth, I listened with all my ears.

"There is one thing to be said for your book," she began beamingly; "it is so easy to read. We read it aloud in the evenings, and when it came to my turn, I quite enjoyed it," (Up to this word my father had been regarding her with kindly eyes. He has often been told that his easy, flowing style lends itself delightfully to reading aloud, and he thought he was going to hear the same thing again. You may imagine the change in his countenance at what came next)-" because it is such nice, clear, large print."

He gave a sickly grin and said he believed the publisher had done his duty very fairly; but I knew he was thinking that if this was all she had to say, she ought to have visited the publisher instead of the author.

She twitched her bonnet-

strings, evidently under the impression that she had pleased him mightily, and I couldn't help remembering a beastly thing Dowson had said to me on the day I won my colours.

"The chief thing I noticed about you at footer," he said, "was the elegant fit of your boots."

I retorted that that was more than could be said about him on any occasion, because the boots had yet to be made that could fit his beetle-crushers elegantly. But although I had the best of the argument, I felt his remark burningly. It was this recollection which made me sympathise with my father. I am not always in perfect accord with the thoughts of his heart, but on the present occasion there was nothing in that line left to be desired.



"I lay down and rolled on the rug till my aunt came in and asked me if I knew it was white."

The visitor then pounced on the review which was lying on the table, and began to read extracts from it with comments.

"How true !" she explained, hitching her glasses on to her beak. "They do hit it off, you know. 'Remarkable no less for finish than for strength.' That was just what I thought myself. It did finish remarkably well. The end was the very best part. I was quite delighted when I came to it."

"So was I," said my father.

There was a dangerous gleam in his eye, and I was rather hoping that something funny would happen. It would have amused me to see him haze her a bit, but he disappointed me by saying nothing more except that he was very busy, and so sorry he couldn't have the pleasure of talking to her any longer.

He was shabby enough to turn her over to me, and I couldn't think of any way of entertaining her except to give her an account of the last football match, and she didn't seem much interested in that; but I insisted on telling her exactly how I made my first goal, and by the time I had finished she looked so everlastingly worried that I think I must have jolly well paid her out for not appreciating my father's literary success. I even went so far, after having treated her to my personal adventures, as to inform her what a goal was, and how many were in general use in any average game; what number of boys played on each side, and what happened if several of them were disabled for life early in a match (I drew largely on my fancy here); how the ball was constructed, and how mistaken she was in her idea that it was generally stuffed with feathers to make it light. I told her about Browne's writing in an exam. essay on games that "it is against the rules of footer to kick the ball with your hands," and as many other things of the same kind as I could remember at the I was really anxious to explain moment. with illustrations how we kicked the Head's shins (accidentally with forethought) when he played with us; but of course her own shins were out of the question for purposes of demonstration, and I felt sure my parents would object to my making use of the legs of the table or any other piece of furniture, so I was obliged to trust wholly to my gift of vivid description. I took quite a lot of trouble, and gave her more information for nothing than anyone else could have bought from me for half-a-crown, heading her off in the politest manner whenever she tried to make for the door and escape.

Still, my zeal was such that this did not satisfy me. I felt that the honour of the family was at stake, and, as she was still unimpressed with either his importance or mine, something had to be done.

Individually she didn't matter, but she was (I had an inspiration that my father would regard it in this light) a type of the British Public, and should be treated as such. I cast—generously—all thoughts of my own fame aside, and turned my attention to his.

fame aside, and turned my attention to his. "By the way," I said, "speaking of my father's book"—we hadn't been speaking of it, but that was a detail—"did you know *The Sovereign* said it was one of the best novels of the season?"

You should have seen how she sat up ! It was crumby.

"Did he really?" said she, with a smirk and a wriggle, as if all the Royal Family were watching her. "The *dear* King! Did he, now? Then indeed it must be good. Of course I've read it. Your kind father was sweet enough to lend it to me; but now that I know the dear King liked it so much, I must go and buy a copy to keep for myself. *Good*-bye. I'm so glad you told me." And she waggled away, looking as consequential as if she had written it herself.

I lay down and rolled on the rug until my aunt came in and asked me if I knew it was white, and if I knew it had only just come back from the cleaner's. I asked her what affair it was of hers, and who paid the bill; and she said I should apologise, and I said I wouldn't; and we had a regular shine, which completely put the visitor out of my head, so that I forgot to tell my father about the end of our conversation.

A few days later the neighbourhood was buzzing like a smoked hive. A story had got about that my father had received a command to appear at Court, on account of the King's admiration for his last book.

Some people in our house became meanly suspicious, and asked if I could throw any light on the origin of the report.

I appeared thoughtful; and, after some deep meditation, I looked up as if suddenly struck by a brilliant idea.

"By the way," I said, "the book was reviewed in *The Sovereign*, wasn't it? Can't you see how easily-----"

My father said he could, without waiting to let me finish my sentence; and he said several other things about the same time. One of them was that he didn't see why he should allow himself to be made utterly ridiculous by the fabrications of a brat like me—which merely shows the blackness of paternal ingratitude. He may wait a long time before I take the trouble to puff another of his rotten old books for him.

I have not said quite so much as I intended to say about football; but I always think an article is more entertaining when the subject of it is not too closely adhered to; and I try to write for other people as I like to be written for myself; which proves—if proof is necessary—that I am not so depraved a character as my father tries to make out when things happen to vex him.

BY A BOY WHO SAID IT.

I THINK "Good-bye" is about the rottenest word in the language. I don't mean to find

fault with its etymology, or its derivation, or its original signification, or anything of that sort—all these things being very good and very edifying as far as they go. I merely mean that the saying of it is rotten—unless, of course, when it is being said to and by people who are delighted to get rid of each other, like visitors at inconvenient seasons and such.

Naturally, every fellow is happy, in a kind of way, when the time comes for him to go on to his public school. But going to his public means leaving his prepara-

tory school; and when things that are contradictory happen together, so to speak, it isn't easy to know how to manage about being glad and sorry at the same time. One set of feelings is liable to be swamped by the other, and, of

course, whichever happens to be the stronger does the swamping. I'm awfully pleased with the idea of going to St. Matthew's; but it is a significant fact, which should be remembered, that I haven't been there yet (except on the occasion of gaining

my scholarship), while, on the other hand, I have spent five years at Everton

House—that is to say, from the time "When that I was and a little tiny boy" of seven years old till now, when I consider myself to be not many years off "man's estate" (I forestall questions by at once admitting that I went to see "Twelfth Night" in

the holidays), and I think I have a faithful nature, parting unwillingly even from old

boots, which have grown comfortable in the wearing, although they may have been stiff



p lea sant to walk in w h e n f i r s t put on. When I wrote t h e f o r eg o i ng mean them

and un-

words, I did not mean them to be allegorical; but now that I see them on paper they strike me as being very much so. Everton House. regarded as a pair of boots, was terribly new and uncomfortable when I was seven vears old, and it took a good while to soften the heels and wriggle the toes into the shape of my foot; but now I have been walking pretty comfortably for a long time, and it seems almost a pity to throw the old boots away and put on another new pair. Perhaps I shan't think so in a few months, when the softening process has begun again; but just now-well, I said "Good-bye" yesterday, and the beastly sentiment of it is hanging about me still.

It was breaking-up day. I sat head of first class for the last time; walked up for the very last prizes I shall ever scoop out of Everton House; and cheered my last cheer for the Head, the undermasters, and the visitors. I watched the ceremony of having my name written up on the wall, last of all the names of boys who have departed, and it gave me a tombstony feel, creeping down what M. Paul calls the spine of my back. (I have

spine of my back. (I have often wondered if French people wear a spine anywhere else, from which the spine of

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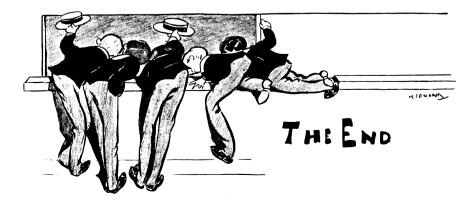
the back has to be distinguished. But this is irrelevant.) I had a sensation of squashiness, even with regard to Dowson, when the general handshaking went on. I could have hugged Browne and sundry others whom I have not been in the habit of regarding as my dearest friends. My heart bled profusely, if invisibly, over the parting from Mr. Carden, Mr. Simpson, and M. Paul; and I began, at the last moment, to see in the Head himself a number of hitherto unobserved and unsuspected qualities attracting affection and provoking admiration. The glamour of parting turned his mortar-board into a halo, and, as his figure swam about in the moisture squeezed by the occasion into my unwilling eyes, it made me think of an Apostle spoon. I simply melted over my own thoughts of him, without stopping to consider whether they were founded on solid reason or washy sentiment, or a combination of both. I believe I wanted to melt. was the beastly "Good-bye" that did it.

There was a review of a book once that said reading the stuff in the book made you feel as if you were eating chocolates in a churchyard by moonlight. Well, that perfectly expresses the effect that saying "Good-bye" had The occasion had a certain pleasure on me. in it (prizes, and the prospect of holidays, with St. Matthew's to follow), which stood for the chocolates; but a finality, reflected in the churchyard; and a beautiful, tender melancholy with a chill in it, which might count as moonlight. Anyway, it was sickening (as chocolates eaten in a churchyard by moonlight well might be), and I am glad to think I shall not have to go through a similar experience for five years more.

To-day the indisposition is passing off. I shall soon be my own man again, and be able to regard Everton House calmly, as one of the mixed blessings of the past; but I have not yet got beyond the stage of bubbling over with tender recollections of all connected with it. The thorns are forgotten-temporarily, at any rate; the roses alone are remembered; and, by the way, there are remarkably fine roses at Everton House. The Head goes in for growing them; and one must believe that it has a beneficial effect on his character. Even if he is not all that could be wished at times-and, my friends, which of us is ?-he would, probably, be far worse without his horticultural occupation; so let those who still endure hardness learn to be thankful for small mercies. I, myself, think there ought to be a law obliging every headmaster to follow some gentle pursuit, such as rose-culture or bee-keeping (only, in the latter case, the bees should be kept quite away from the school), or breeding white mice—anything, in fact, calculated to have a humanising influence on the disposition, and to check the growth of savagery, which seems to make its natural abode in the pedagogic breast.

But all this is beside the question, which is one of leavetaking, and on which I think I have said as much as I can with safety. If I say more, I shall only harrow up my feelings, and reduce my manly bosom to the condition of sentimental pulpiness that characterised it yesterday—which is far from being my desire.

Good-bye, you chaps, Head and all included ! If I can get leave from St. Matthew's, I'll come down on Sports Day, and run in the Old Boys' Race.



CHRONICLES IN CARTOON

A RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES.

XII.—EXPLORERS AND INVENTORS.

UR Empire stands sufficient proof to the adventurous spirit of our race. But in modern times the ultimate ambition that drives our explorers abroad has changed. It was—as they most frankly admitted—the gold of the West that sent our Drakes and Hawkins over the seas; the men who nowadays dare the miseries of Polar

exploration or of journeys into the depths of Africa or Asia donot seek fortune as their immediate reward. They have their book rights, it is true, but the earnings they may expect from their pens are not the lure that causes them to imperil their bodies. Ambition, the love of adventure, the boredom of a peaceful and ordered civilisation, contribute to form the modern explorer; but, in addition, he must have that unrest within him of which Kipling sings, "As the steer breaks, as the deer breaks, from the herds where they graze"-it is "the call of the wild" which makes a Stanley, a Burton, or a Burnaby.

Explorers have not,

perhaps, been sufficiently represented in Vanity Fair. They have ever been difficult men to catch, possessing a disconcerting habit of disappearing from civilisation when they should have been giving sittings to "Ape" or "Spy." Inventors, however, have been a more easy mark, being of necessity people bound down by reasons of finance to residence in the country where their patents have caused companies to flourish.

Since Stanley made his bow in Vanity Fair

many illustrious travellers have appeared in its pages, yet it may be noted with regret that no cartoons ever were published of such famous "Africans" as Commander Cameron, who crossed Africa from shore to shore without bloodshed, and poor Joseph Thompson, of Masai Land fame, who, having staved off consumption for some years by staying

with Cecil Rhodes at his Kimberley home, fell a victim to his

desire to revisit

Grogan, too, who

made that famous

walk from Cape to

Cairo, should also

have been included. From his modest de-

scription it was diffi-

cult to realise the

dangers he sur-

mounted. But his

friends know of that

dreadful march

through the Nile

marshes, where two

of his men went mad,

and he himself had

fever so badly that he

sometimes wondered

whether or no he was

really marching north.

About each miserable

camp that he pitched

the birds of prey sat

daily in a broad circle

waiting for what

should come to them.

Ewart

England.



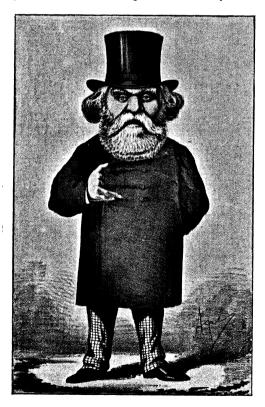
H. M. STANLEY. 1872. "He found Livingstone."

I have always thought that there was nothing more typically British than the incident of Grogan's arrival at Fashoda. He emerged from the swamps, dishevelled and wasted with fever, to encounter a British officer on sport intent. Now, the officer, had he been of any other nationality, would have fallen upon the neck of this weird, miserable figure emerging from darkest Africa; but, being British, he merely remarked : "Hullo ! Seen any elephants about here ?"

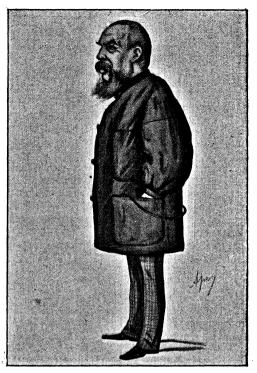
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It is difficult to say much that is new about H. M. Stanley. The proprietor of the New York Herald, casting about one day for sensational news, bethought him of a man named Livingstone, who had disappeared into the remote parts of Africa, and whose movements had been followed with considerable interest by a sufficient number of persons. Nobody could tell his exact address, no letters had for some time been received from him, and two such portentous facts occurring in a country so well known and possessing so perfect a postal system as the interior of Africa, were regarded as very strange and It occurred, therefore, to this disquieting. newspaper proprietor that it would be an excellent advertisement for his iournal were he to hire some active young man and send him out to follow the path that Livingstone had taken, and to transmit for publication (and the glory of the New York Herald) news of the traveller. He soon found what he required. A certain Mr. Stanley had already been employed by the journals as a correspondent in Abyssinia



RT. HON. A. H. LAYARD. 1869. "He combines the love of truth and art with equal devotion and success."



CAPTAIN BURTON. 1885. "The Arabian Nights."

with the English army, and also in the Cretan insurrection. A native of Missouri. possessed of youth, of considerable determination, and of unlimited cash (by the courtesy of the *Herald*), it seemed possible that Mr. Stanley might be able to walk as far as the aged traveller had succeeded in doing without those advantages. The ground was well prepared for a great stroke of sensation. Livingstone had been "killed " several times, expeditions had been sent out after him, and many persons believed therefore that he was no longer in existence. Mr. Stanley started, however, with the determination to find him, "dead or alive." When a sufficient time had elapsed, intelligence was received that he had indeed found Livingstone, and drunk with him a bottle of champagne carried out for that purpose.

Some persons who knew no more of Mr. Stanley than that he was a correspondent of an American newspaper, hesitated at first to accept his unsupported announcement; but when letters were received through him from Livingstone himself, all doubt was at an end. Mr. Stanley received the reward that



LORD BRASSEY. 1877. "Round the World."

his courage and endurance deserved, and Sir H. M. Stanley, as in the end he became, has left a name high in the list of explorers. No better idea of what he accomplished can be obtained than by comparing the maps that existed before and after his wonderful journeys.

A mighty hunter, who by his travels in search of game became a no less distinguished explorer, is Frederick Courtney Selous. To see him sitting peacefully in his English

country home, or watching the cricket on the village green, it would be difficult to imagine all that he has undergone and the perils which he met with so perfect a nerve.

His father was chairman of the London Stock Exchange; his first hardships were undergone at Rugby, but at the age of nineteen he first set foot on the sandy shores of Algoa Bay. For many years he wandered between the Cape and the Zambesi River, his African life being broken by only three visits to England. He was "uncursed by a competence"; and so, needing something else than mere pleasure to live upon, he became a trader in Wild beasts ivory. retreated before him. until by the force of circumstance he became so distinguished an explorer that the

Royal Geographical Society, after long delay, presented him with a medal. On foot and on horseback he has had innumerable escapes. He has slain elephant, rhinoceros, lion, hippopotamus, giraffe, zebra, quagga, hyena, koodoo, hartebeest, duiker, oribi, klipspringer, teessbe, and many kinds of antelope which are now all but extinct, railways, civilisation, and Selous having been too much for them. Knowing by experience every inch of the ground, he was the ears and eyes of the column which was sent after King Lobengula, and received a bullet in his ribs. He once burst a rifle which had been twice charged for him, yet suffered no more than a cheek wound.

Mr. Selous still believes in the future of Mashonaland. He has killed nearly a thousand head of big game, thirty-three of which are standing witnesses to his provess in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. His biggest lion stood four feet six inches in height; but, owing to the difficulties of transport, he has never yet

> succeeded in bringing a whole elephant to England.

"Jehu Junior" said of him : "He is a brave, amiable person, with a keen blue eye and much modesty; who can get righteously angry upon occasion. He abstains from alcoholic drink and from tobacco, yet is neither a member of the Blue Ribbon Army nor of the Salvation Army. He was once offered the choice of King Lobengula's wives. but refused; for he is a retiring fellow, except when a lion or elephant is in front of him. He does not care to talk of himself, and he is not a great speaker in public; for he would rather face a family of lions than a friendly audience. Yet he can tell many stories of hairbreadth escapes in quite a thrilling way.

The name of Lugard is connected with peril, adventure and successful administration on either side of the African continent. He joined the 9th Foot after leaving Rossall, and presently won his first medal with "the Holy Boys" in the Afghan war of '79. Five years later he was a captain in the Soudan with the Indian contingent, and earned a second medal with two clasps. Yet a year tater he won a third medal in the Burma war, and got thrice mentioned in despatches.

CAPTAIN BURNABY.

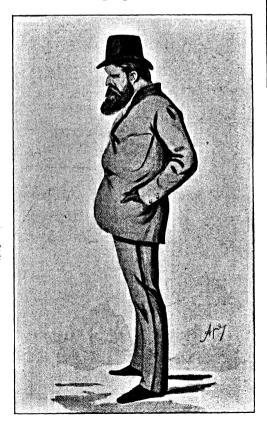
" Fred."

1876.

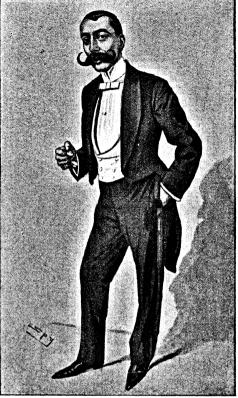
Then he began work in earnest. He went

to Nyassaland in command of an expedition against slave-raiding Arabs, and got very severely wounded by a bullet, which made six holes in him at once. He next took service with the British East Africa Company in Uganda, where he commanded till he returned to England. He made a stir in behalf of the retention of Uganda, and fortunately got his way. Then he tried West Africa, and made treaties, beating the French and German expeditions sent out for that purpose by a few days, after a desperate race.

His big work, "Our East African Empire," was very well received, and he has since written other admirable books on African problems. He has been covered with glory and with wounds, one of the latter, inflicted by a poisoned arrow, making him acquainted with many disagreeable native-grown antidotes. His name has long been closely identified with the great questions of the Slave Trade and of the Liquor Traffic with native races, on which questions he urges moderation, being a practical man and not a



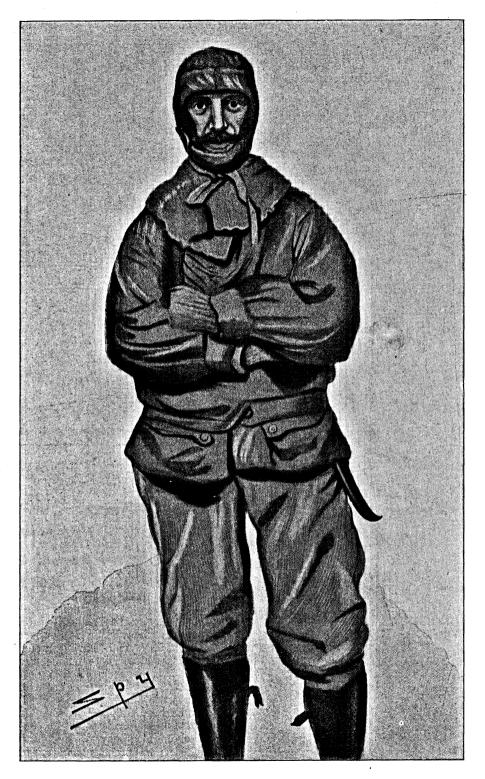
WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. 1885. "A prophet."



ARTHUR DIÓSY. 1902. "The Japan Society."

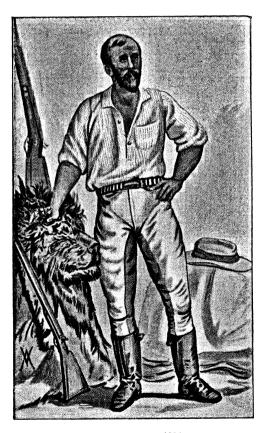
fanatic. "Jehu Junior" summed him up neatly : "Despite his hard work, his serious ideas, and his lean presence, he has a merry wit. Yet he does not know Fear."

Born in London eight-and-forty years ago, James Rennell Rod comes of a worthy Cornish family, and had for his great grandfather that famous geographer, Major Rennell, who initiated the survey of India. He was a Haileybury boy, and subsequently a Balliol man under the "Master." He developed a taste for poetry, and having won the Newdigate he proceeded to publish various volumes of verse, which he has not yet ceased doing. At twenty-five he entered Diplomatic Service, and served the in Berlin under Lord Ampthill and Sir Edward Malet for four years; yet found time to write a short biography of the Emperor Frederick. He was promoted and transferred to Athens under Sir Edward Monson, and there he naturally wrote a work on Greek customs and lore, besides another book which he called "The Violet Crown." He went



FREDERICK GEORGE JACKSON. 1897. "Franz Josef Land."

to Rome under Lord Dufferin, who took him on to Paris; whence he was sent to take charge of Zanzibar and the East Coast during Sir Gerald Portal's absence in Uganda. After a troublous time there, he took over the Witu Protectorate and went up the East Coast with the Naval Brigade on the second Witu Expedition. Before he could find time to write another book, a series of fevers invalided him to England and the C.M.G.; but he thrives in the Diplomatic He has in more recent years services. successfully conducted a special "mission" to Menelik, Emperor of Abyssinia. "Jehu Junior" said of him: "He is a clever fellow who is also popular; for so young a man he has seen many men and cities, and he is a member of the Athenæum as well



F. C. SELOUS. 1894. "Big Game."

as of the Beefsteak Club. He knows Arabic, and he is a husband with two boys; but he is not yet come to the end of his career."

Two generations ago, the Westmoreland family of Burton settled in Ireland, and one of them became the Rector of Tuam. His son served in the Army, in which he became a lieutenant-colonel. His grandson was Sir Richard Burton, soldier, traveller, linguist, author, and Consul. He was a clever, reckless



CAPTAIN FREDERICK J. D. LUGARD. 1875. "An earnest African."

boy, and gathered upon the Continent a fitful education, which he supplemented by going to Oxford, and afterwards completed for himself. He had been intended for the Church, but at one-and-twenty he turned aside, and was posted to the 18th Bombay Native Infantry. Once in India, he began to learn all the languages he could find, and in time he became proficient in seven tongues, including Persian and Eastern Arabic. He sought eagerly for adventurous employment, and wandered far afield. disguised as a Dervish. Being invalided home, he was commissioned by the Geographical Society to explore the inner life of the Mussulman, which he did by assuming the garb and character of a Persian, and



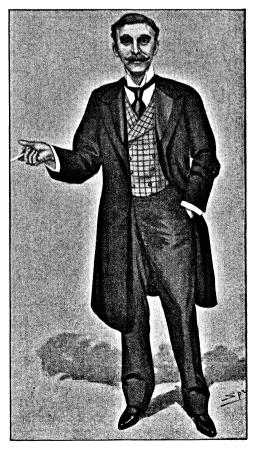
KAID MACLEAN. 1904. "The Kaid."

penetrating for the first time into the hitherto sealed city of Mecca. This journey resulted in his book, "A Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina," and he at once followed it by an expedition into the Somali country, which resulted in one of his companions being killed and himself being severely wounded.

After this he went to the Crimea, where he made himself obnoxious to the authorities by undertaking to relieve Kars, which he was prevented from doing. In 1856, he explored, with Speke, the Lake region of Equatorial Africa, and published thereon another book of travels. Then he took a holiday in America, and having arrived at the age of forty, and being known as an accomplished Orientalist and traveller, he was, with the official folly customary on such occasions, planted down as Consul on the West Coast of Africa. Placed thus on the skirts of an unknown country, Sir Richard Burton gave himself up to travelling in the interior, while he still contrived to publish interesting books. He was finally

packed off in 1865 to Brazil, which he also explored. Then, in 1869, he was sent to Damascus; but, this being an Oriental post in which he was likely to be useful, he was before long removed to Europe. His travels, translations, and writings continued until his death.

"Jehu Junior" said of him : "As a bold, astute traveller, courting danger, despising hardship, and compelling Fortune, Captain Burton has few equals; as a master of Oriental languages, manners, and customs, he has none. He is very full of anecdote and playful humour, and, what is remarkable in a linguist, he has not disdained even his own mother tongue, which he handles with a precision and a power that few can approach. He has recently crowned his literary labours by the most complete, laborious, uncompromising, and perfect translation of that collection of stories known to us as 'The Arabian Nights.' but



JAMES RENNELL RODD. 1897. "Diplomacy and Poetry."



SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM. 1904. "In the clouds." more correctly called 'A Thousand Nights and a Night.' He is a wonderful man."

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, of Crabbet Park, Sussex, was the son of a fox-hunting Tory squire, from whom he inherits a taste for horseflesh and sound views on the Game Laws. On other points his ideas were all his own. Put into Diplomacy by Lord Malmesbury at eighteen, he was first heard of at Paris; and at a later date appeared as the author of a vellum-bound volume, entitled, "The Love

Sonnets of Proteus.' At thirty he made a poetical marriage with Byron's granddaughter, Lady Anne Noel, and began a series of romantic travels, à la Byron, in the East. He visited North Africa, Egypt, the Euphrates, Arabia, and Persia in successive years, and brought back the material of four charming volumes written by his devoted wife, a stud of genuine Arabian mares, and a new theory of Oriental politics.

At forty, the legal age of a prophet, he announced in print his final abandonment of childish things, and the fact that he had a mission. It was to be nothing less than the regeneration of the East and of Islam; and his book, "The Future of Islam," contained a remarkable forecast, among other things,

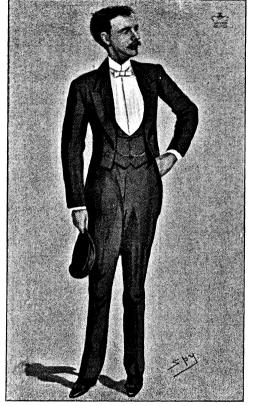
among other things, of the Arab movement of 1882 and the career of the Mahdi. A year later, Mr. Blunt went to Egypt "to put his ideas in practice," discovered in Arabi a saviour of society, helped him to draw up a Constitution, and encouraged him to fight. Defeated, together with the Egyptians, in his hopes at Tel-el-Kebir, he nevertheless gallantly rescued the fallen champion at an expense to his pocket of some $\pounds4,000$, gaining Arabi an honourable exile in the Paradise of Adam, instead of the rope that Lord Granville had designed for him. For this and for his poem, "The Wind and the Whirlwind," he was not loved in Downing Street. Mr. Blunt visited India, where the Mohammedans received him well, and where he started a Mohammedan University by subscribing thirty thousand rupees. Breeding from his Arab mares has been the chief interest of his later years. Some account of his famous stud at Crabbet is given in another part of this number.

Captain Fred Burnaby provided Leslie Ward with one of his earliest successes. Burnaby's curious figure, unlike that of an ordinary cavalry officer, and suggestive of a foreigner of distinction, was so well known in Pall Mall, and the man himself was at the moment so popular everywhere, that Ward's cartoon largely strengthened the artist's hold on his public, while the reproduction of the pallid complexion, with the lower part of the face apparently covered with soapsuds, arrested general attention.

The son of a Leicestershire parson of good family and possessions, Fred Burnaby was sent to Harrow, and thence into the Blues, for which he seemed to be particularly suited by reason of his great stature and strength. The first years of his

discretion he devoted to feats of activity and endurance, and that with so much success that he soon became reputed the strongest man in the British Army, as well as a most daring and agile gymnast. The back-lifts and hock-swings he threw and the weights he lifted are matters of club history, and his boxing won for him the name of "Heenan."

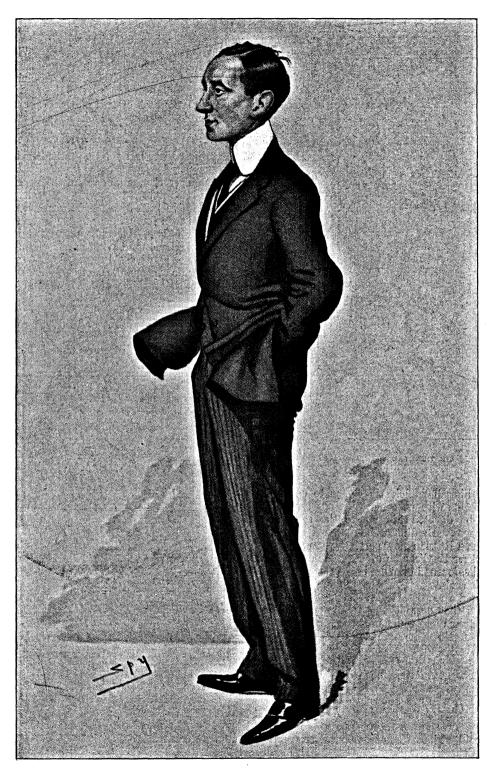
But he soon developed other aims than these. He cast about for other laurels; and after a career of ballooning, in which he



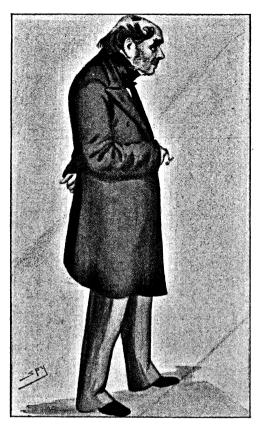
LORD LAMINGTON.

"A traveller."

1892.



SIGNOR MARCONI. 1905. "Wires without wires."

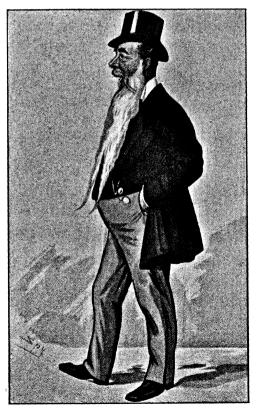


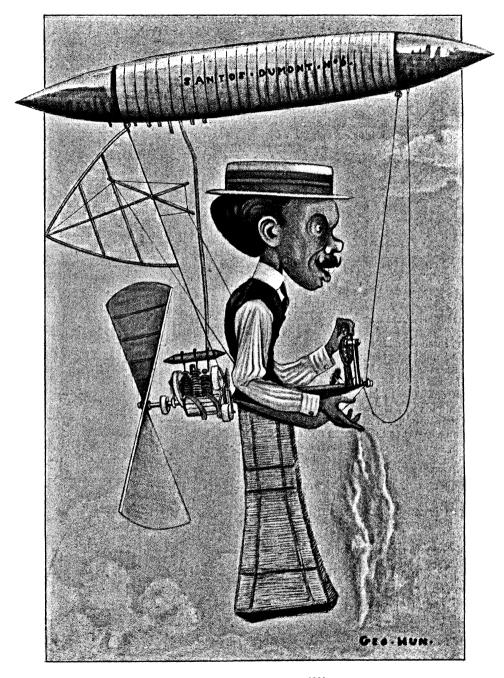
SIR HENRY BESSEMER. 1880. "Steel."

made himself sufficiently expert to conduct his ascents without other captaincy than his own, he devoted himself to the study of languages. By dint of incredible labour he mastered Russian more perfectly than perhaps any other Englishman of our time; by continual sojourns in Seville he learnt to speak Spanish almost like a Castilian; and he acquired a respectable knowledge of Arabic, besides that current smattering of French and German to which all Society lays claim. Thus fortified, he essayed literature, and, coincidently with a visit which he paid to the Carlist camp, the *Times* was enriched with some excellent letters, hot with the breath of battles, which are generally attributed to Burnaby, who was known to be a spectator in the front of the fighting. As his experiences grew, so grew the wish to extend them. He paid visits to St. Petersburg, travelled into Central Africa, and lastly arrived at His famous ride to that city pro-Khiva. duced a book distinguished for its observation and humour. Burnaby never sought to be popular in the Society sense ; he was never a great respecter of persons. With ladies, indeed, he took an inordinately deferential tone ; with men he was blunt, outspoken, and always on the defensive.

Vanity Fair said of this remarkable man whose heroic death in the broken square was, of course, yet to come : "Although he courts the Muses, he is above consulting the Graces, and perhaps there is no man in the Service who off parade looks less like a British cavalry officer than he. He has had every kind of illness and tried every kind of remedy, from exclusive milk-diet for a fortnight to exclusive bacon for a month. Nevertheless his temper is agreeable and genial, his industry prodigious, and having in him no tinge of conceit, he may be said to possess all those qualities which in an idle and self-sufficient age go to the making of its best kind of men.

The Cochranes of whom Lord Lamington is one are a very ancient and adventurous family, deriving their surname from the Barony of Cochrane, in Renfrewshire. They





ALBERT SANTOS DUMONT. 1901. "The Deutsch Prize."

were improved into Earls of Dundonald more than three hundred years ago; and in Victorian days the eldest son of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas John Cochrane, sixth son of the eighth earl, was created a baron on his own merits after having represented four separate constituencies in Parliament. To him was born an only son, who is Charles Wallis Alexander Napier Ross Cochrane-Baillie, second Baron Lamington,



traveller. daring adventurer and general favourite. Having servedLord Salis bury as assistant private secretary for the space of a year, he stood for North St. Pancras, and by his individual popularity and good looks won the hearts t h e o f electors

and a seat in the House of Commons, which

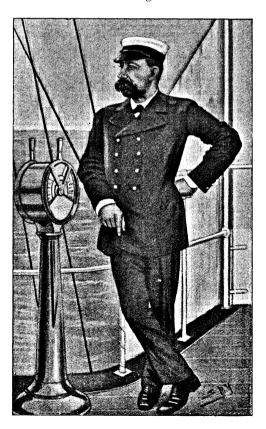
he occupied until he succeeded to the barony. He has seen much of the world; for he has "done" Mexico; he has travelled in Russian Armenia from Tiflis to Ararat; and in Siam he has made his way right through the Shan States from the upper waters of the Salween and Mekong Rivers to the French possessions in Tonkin, traversing country previously untrodden by any European. And being an observant person with a keen eye, he has acquired an amount of knowledge concerning these places that astonished the Foreign Office as much as it exasperated the French, who have been since rapidly pushing on in his footsteps.

"He is one of those few men who adorn the aristocracy and teach the democracy to delight in a gentleman," said "Jehu Junior."

Austen Henry Layard appeared in the first volume of *Vanity Fair*, and his portrait by Pellegrini very closely portrayed his general appearance as confirmed from other sources. The article and underline seem to be somewhat at variance, for the former, in speaking of his Nineveh researches, suggests the free adoption of the usual travellers' license for exaggeration, while the latter states that he "combines the love of truth with equal devotion to success."

Frederick George Jackson was educated at Denstone College and Edinburgh University. He travelled for a while in Australian deserts, and journeyed across the great Tundra in midwinter. He wrote a book called "The Great Frozen Land"; and, like many other venturous and less lucky strivers after the unnecessary, he cast longing eyes towards the North Pole. He had the good fortune to find a patron for his ambition; and the Harmsworth-Jackson Expedition being fitted out with all the resources that money and foresight could command, he disappeared for the space of three years. He did not get within range of that elusive North Pole, vet he learned a great deal about Franz Josef Land, where he spent many months wandering upon the face of the ice, naming bays, capes, and other articles of frozen geography, collecting geological, zoological, and botanical specimens, and making useful astronomical observations and calculations.

Lord Brassey—Tom Brassey, as he was once called—is the eldest son of the great railway pioneer. His childhood was spent in France, his boyhood and youth at Rugby and Oxford, and he early gave evidence of that application and capacity for downright labour which had distinguished his father.



He began his career by giving himself that legal training which every public man should possess, and at twenty-eight he was called to the Bar. He essayed to enter Parliament, and, undaunted by three successive failures at Birkenhead, at Devonport, and at Dealhe wooed and won the borough of Hastings, for which he was returned. He made a quiet, steady, and sure progress in the estimation, not only of the public, but of the House itself and the chiefs of both parties. He first addressed himself to the Labour question, and after an incredible amount of work upon it, published in "Work and Wages" a new conclusion-to wit, that in spite of the difference in the rates of wages, the final cost of the production is the same all the world over. Dockyard administration next engaged his attention, and with regard to this he has made some practical suggestions of much value. Meantime he founded the Naval Volunteers, and advocated the formation of a second class of Naval Reserve, composed of fishermen; and in all matters appertaining to the sea, or to the relations between capital and labour, he was found uttering those practical conclusions which sturdy common-sense draws from large information.

Vanity Fair said of him: "He is what is very rare in an amateur—a thorough good sailorman. From the age of nineteen he has possessed a ship of his own, and as he has increased his tonnage so has he increased his knowledge of the sea. He has spent no less than six years of his life afloat, he holds a certificate as a master mariner, and his famous voyage round the world in the *Sunbeam* has shown him to be not only an admirable navigator, but also one of the best general pilots—if not the best in the country."

There are few men in London who are better and more amusing conversationalists than Mr. Diósy, who, long before the war, aroused our interest in Japan as President of the Japan Society in London, and an expert on Japanese life and lore. Mr. Diósy is the son of a Hungarian who was one of the lieutenants of Kossuth.

A man who though not exactly an "explorer" has travelled far afield to find employment in foreign State affairs is Colonel Maclean, now Kaïd Maclean, Commander-in-Chief of the Morocco Army, and the Sultan's most trusted friend and companion. He is the son of Maclean of Loch Buie, his father owning a great part of the Isle of Mull. The Kaïd is popular, in spite of the great jealousy of the Mohammedans, and the tact he displays in his most difficult position is quite wonderful. He invariably travels with the Sultan, and exercises an immense influence over him.

A few years ago, when there was a probability of trouble arising between Morocco and Great Britain, a Scotchman, hailing from Glasgow, who was in the Sultan's dominions at the time, got compromised in some way, and was seized and cast into prison by the Sultan's orders, being kept without food of any kind, as is the rule in Morocco. During the night, when the poor Scot was actually near starvation, a figure clothed in a white gown came softly to the cell and addressed the terrified prisoner in broad Scotch. He produced from the folds of his gown a bottle of real Scotch whisky and various eatables. The two clansmen sat far into the morning talking of the old home and of their friends in bonnie Scotland. It is needless to say that in the morning the prisoner was released and seen safely out of Morocco by his countryman, Kaïd Maclean.

The inventor, according to the story-books, labours in an attic, lives chiefly upon buns, sells his watch to obtain chemicals, and finally, after desperate privations, succeeds in making a gigantic fortune for other people. Guglielmo Marconi invented in comfort, retained any small articles in his possession at the time, and never missed a meal.

He is a quiet man, with a slow, deliberate manner of speech, and a shape of head which suggests an unusual brain. He has Irish blood in his veins, for his maternal grandfather, Andrew Jameson, married a daughter to a Marconi of Bologna, from which union Guglielmo was born.

Signor Marconi was educated at Leghorn, under Professor Rosa, and afterwards at Bologna University. He first attempted to send wires without wires upon his father's land, to the alarm of the neighbours. Chemistry was his earliest study, but from it to electricity was only a step. From Italy he came to England, testing his instruments between Penarth and Weston. Returning home again, he obtained the loan of an Italian cruiser, and continued his experiments.

What has been the result all the world knows. His system is used exclusively at Iloyd's and in the British and Italian Navies. He has made the Atlantic still less endurable for tired brains by providing the liners with a daily paper. He has alarmed the Chinese with his devices at Pekin and Tien-Tsin, forcing them to compose special prayers

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against foreign devils and all their works. He has been the cause of a petition from the Cornish fisherfolk, who suggested that Government should put him down before his electric sparks ruined the weather. Lastly, to fill the cup of his sins, he has sent messages across the Atlantic, and created amongst the shareholders in cable companies a feeling which resembles the personal uncertainty of chickens under a hawk.

He has had acquaintance with Royalty. His Majesty King Edward, when Prince of Wales, placed the royal yacht at his disposal in '98, which most kindly act resulted in the rapid improvement of his apparatus. King Humbert lent him a gunboat, and King Victor a cruiser, in which he crossed the Atlantic. The Czar, not having a ship to spare at the moment, decorated him with the Order of St. Anne.

On the 20th of July, 1873, San Paulo that State of impenetrable red dust in the South of Brazil—became responsible for the production of M. Santos-Dumont, the greatest flyer who has yet seen the world from above. His father, a Brazilian coffee-planter in San Paulo, who was generally known as the Coffee King, was to some extent responsible for the mechanical and airy tendencies of the youngest of his ten sons; for, as a child, his chief playthings were the locomotive steam-engines on his father's plantations.

Eminently adapted by nature for an aeronaut, he has the agility of a cat, the feet of a climber, the hands of an engineer, and the airiness of barely seven stone. Ashore he is a good whip who can drive a tandem.

Grandson of a Ross-shire workman who was killed in an accident on the Regent's Canal Works, and son of that masterful man of business who, from small beginnings. built up a great firm, John Aird was born among the retorts of a Gas Company in Blackfriars Road. Scorning delights and living laborious days, he chose to follow his father as a contractor, and, despite the paradox, expanded his operations. He found scope for his enterprise in waterworks, docks, drainage, and railways; he helped to invent the "steam navvy," and, joining forces with Lucas Brothers, he undertook the construction of that luckless railway from Suakim to Berber. He has left his mark on the four continents; by the Red Sea shore, in Brazil, in Sardinia, at Calcutta, at Copenhagen, at Amsterdam, at Moscow, at Altona, at Berlin, at Stockholm, and even in Birmingham. His latest achievement has been the successful " barrage " of the Nile.

Sir Hiram Maxim is a man of many parts. He is an authority on guns, roulette, and flying-machines, a distinguished inventor and a man of much originality. Sir H. Bessemer will ever be remembered for his process of steel-making. The Prince of Monaco has achieved scientific fame through his oceanographic expeditions.

Prince Henri of Orleans, the eldest son of the Duc de Chartres, was born in England. He travelled through Tonkin and Siam, entered Abyssinia, and contributed letters to *The Figaro*.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON, Editor of "Vanity Fair."

The foregoing article is the twelfth of

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The Groom Who Missed His Purse.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.



T is a far cry from Somerset to Gretna Green; yet maids, when they are foolish, are very foolish, and men, when they are deep in love, are anxious to wade deeper still; and so it came about that Maurice

Oldfield, orphan son of a Somerset squire, who had been poor as he was proud, persuaded little Lady Glynn, eighteen and an heiress, to go with him to Gretna. The man was honest enough in the matter, for he had met the lass, and loved her, and told her so, before he knew that she was either titled or an heiress.

Her folk, of course, were obdurate. It is the way of pretty women's people; and we owe them gratitude for it, since otherwise so many galloping stories would be lost.

Little Lady Glynn had asked no better than to trust her man, who chanced for once to be worthy of her faith in him; and so they found themselves, on a starlit night of June, galloping true and straight within a chaise and pair. They had changed their horses often, and now they were well up among the hills of Westmorland, with curlews, half disturbed from sleep, making strange plaints, now on the right and now on the left of the road.

The girl crept closer to her lover each time the curlew made complaint; for she was Southern-bred, and the harsh birds of the fell seemed dreary and ill-omened to her. And Maurice, maybe, encouraged such fancies, since they brought the slim figure more surely into his arms.

From time to time the man looked out of the chaise window. In front were the dim, swaying backs of the horses, with the dim figure of a postboy rising and falling in the moonlight; behind, the road was empty.

"There's no pursuit, sweetheart," he said after one of these quick glances up and down the highway. "We distanced them before we were half through Lancashire, and they'll never get us now. Why are you crying, sweet?" he broke off, with all a lover's certainty that women's tears must needs mean tragedy.

"Maurice, I'm tired, dear ! So tired you could not guess."

"Why, to be sure! It's days and nights since we set off, and a chaise is not the easiest of coaches, is it ? But then, we are near our journey's end."

"I know—and I was foolish to give way and, Maurice, I should feel rested, quite rested, if you would let me have my cry out."

It seemed an odd way of gaining rest, but he humoured her; and by and by her sobs ceased altogether, and her head fell gently back on his shoulder, and she was sleeping like a child. The grey land scudded past the windows of the chaise; and now from one side, now from the other, according to the windings of the road, the moon peeped in and shone upon the dainty face of little Lady Glynn.

Maurice looked down at her and wondered all afresh what luck had brought him such a wife, and was more sorry than he need have been to think of the hardships she had suffered during the long flight to Scotland. For the pursuit had been keen and determined, and rest by the way had had to be snatched, a few hours at a time, according to the chances of the road; there had been anxiety, moreover, and Phyllis, as the man vaguely understood, had suffered, too, from the thought of separation from her people. Blindly she had given him all, risked all upon the single throw of wedlock; and the lover's heart was brave and tender as he thought of these things and realised that marriage meant more than a mad scamper across Gretna Burn.

Still the girl slept on as a child might, and still the moony whiteness of the fells slid past them, and still the postilion rose gamely to the trot, until at last, when the moon had gone, and the dawn had come, and all the land was rosy with the sun, they came to the posting-house, four leagues south of Carlisle, where they were to change their horses. It

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was here that the first mishap of the route occurred—a mishap which went near to wreck their enterprise outright.

The tavern itself was reputable enough. Early as it was, the London coach had just gone through, and the pleasant after-bustle of ostlers, serving-maids, and grooms, added to the snug look of the inn, with its prosperous, plump landlord standing in the doorway, left no room in Maurice's mind for doubts which had troubled him more than once upon the road. It is one thing to travel alone, with only one's own skin to guard, and quite another to have a delicate, trim lass in charge; and for this reason Maurice had been watchful and uneasy whenever they had been compelled to change their cattle at the less frequented hostelries. Of the present house, however, there could be no doubt; respectability was written on its face, and the runaway lovers-each vastly weary, if the truth be told, of the long, tedious journey gave a sigh of content as they noted the wellordered look of everything.

"See, dear, we'll take breakfast, and afterwards you can lie down for a few hours," whispered Maurice, as the host came bustling forward to greet them. "There's no risk of pursuit, and we shall be married before the day is out."

"And you want your bride to look less heavy underneath the eyes?" laughed little Lady Glynn. "And, indeed, Maurice, I shall shame your choice, shall I not, with all these stains of travel on me?"

He murmured some extravagance; for, gay or weary, in health or sickness, the maid was still to him the sweetest lass in England.

"Your pleasure, sir?" asked the landlord at his elbow.

"Breakfast, host; and afterwards a quiet chamber for this lady, where she can rest undisturbed."

The host nodded briskly and smiled and rubbed his hands. He had been near to Gretna for twenty years, and knew a pair of runaways at sight ; moreover, as befitted one who had thrived upon romance, his sympathy was always with the lovers in these cases, and never with the rightful guardians who would so often halt at the inn for a relay, some six, or twelve, or four-and-twenty hours after the fugitives had passed through.

"Breakfast shall be served at once, sir, and the room prepared. You will need a change of horses later ?"

"Yes, the fastest you have."

" It is not far to Gretna, sir, not far at all,

and I have horses that will take you at the gallop."

Maurice, light-hearted because his happiness seemed sure, was not ill-pleased with the other's banter, respectful as it was and full of kindliness.

"How do you know that we travel to Gretna?" he demanded with a laugh.

"The lady's beauty, sir, and a look of happiness in your face that—pardon me becomes you very well."

He bowed them indoors and showed them to a pleasant, lavender-scented parlour, with a little table in the middle spread for breakfast. Trout, fresh from the stream that morning, were smoking on one dish, and on another stood a row of portly eggs. Maurice looked inquiringly at the table, then at the host.

"You seem to have expected us," he said.

"Not quite, sir. His Honour Judge Oldfield slept here last night after finishing the Assizes at Carlisle, and he ordered an early breakfast, sir—the breakfast which is now entirely at your service, for the Judge is indisposed this morning and keeps his bed."

"Judge Oldfield?" echoed Lady Glynn in wonderment. "Why, Maurice, he's a namesake of your own."

Maurice, who had started at the mention of the Judge, nodded grimly.

"He is more than that—he is my uncle and my guardian," he said.

The landlord raised his eyebrows and bowed instinctively. His Honour was a great personage in the county, and the nephew must needs catch some reflected glory from his relative.

"Shall I take word to his Honour, sir, that you are here? His indisposition will wear off, doubtless, before the day is out——"

"Take word to him, man!" groaned the other. "If you hope for our happiness at Gretna, keep myself and my uncle apart!"

Maurice Oldfield, young as he was, had a passably shrewd head upon his shoulders. He was face to face with a danger, for there was no man in the country he wanted less to meet just now than the Judge; and he saw that, since the host was a good-natured, honest fellow, he could do no better than confide in him.

"Oh, I understand, sir—yes, yes, I understand entirely. Trust me, sir, for I've had experience of the road—a long experience, sir. Guardians, however good, do not always see eye to eye with a younger generation, eh? Oh, you may trust me, sir,



"'You seem to have expected us,' he said."

though I have a deep respect for the Judge. Will you not sit down to breakfast? 'The trout are past their best already, I fear.''

Lady Glynn and her cavalier were undoubtedly and most prosaically hungry, and they were soon in the midst of a fine meal. The host, busying himself with little details of the table, kept up a running fire of gossip, for he was privileged, as only a well-known landlord could be who had done many services to eloping folk of quality.

"Only last week, sir, we had Lord Seamore staying here, and by great ill-luck a younger son of his came galloping up with a lady bound for Gretna. It was an awkward moment, sir, an awkward moment. I smoothed it out somehow, and kept my lord and his son apart, and they were married safe and sure. They say I have 'the gift,' sir—meaning that things go well with runaway couples who happen to take my fancy, as the lady and yourself have done."

"Glad of your assistance, host," said Maurice carelessly. "If your "gift' is as sound as your breakfast, it should be useful. What is my uncle doing here, by the way? He sleeps usually in Carlisle at Assize time, surely?"

"Ås a rule, sir, yes; but the court sat late yesterday, and as he had important business in the South, he took a short stage of his journey and meant to rise betimes this morning and push on. It is most unfortunate that he is indisposed."

"Humph ! I'm not so sure. He is better in bed than sitting here just now."

"True, sir, very true. Perhaps the latest news from Carlisle last night has upset him somewhat. Two days ago he sentenced a noted highwayman to death—a very gallant highwayman, sir, who only robbed the rich and often fed the poor. Well, the rogue escaped from gaol yesterday, and his Honour does not like to see the gallows cheated; it seems to sour his liver, sir, in a most strange fashion."

The landlord bustled out in answer to a brisk summons from without, and Maurice leaned towards the girl.

"Phyllis," he said, "do you know why my uncle was travelling South in haste?"

"How should I, dear ?"

"To save me from you, sweet! Gad! 'tis laughable. He loves his own way, and his own way was that I should marry a certain lady; and when I wrote to say that I had made my choice and should marry you as soon as I could find occasion, he wrote in answer that, soon as the Assizes were over in Carlisle, he would come down and show me the folly of my ways. That meant stopping all my allowance, sweet ; and so, while I had still a little money left, I thought it best to take you first, and afterwards be shown the folly of my ways. Oh, he'll come round ; it is his way to bluster first, and then to like you all the better for running counter to him; but if he found us here, and we left him without ceremony in search of Gretna Green—well, dear, I should be a pauper, or something near it."

"Never mind," she put in gaily. "Have I not enough for both, Maurice ?"

"I want to give, not to take," said he with a lover's heat.

"And I want just to share—love and happiness and all. Fie, dear ! You are bargaining with—almost with your wife."

Maurice thought fit at that to get up from his seat and put his arms about her; and it was not until a discreet cough sounded from the direction of the sideboard that he remembered how public the place was for interludes of this sort. Yet the landlord, when the two of them turned round in some confusion, was busy with some dishes, and seemed, apart from the troublesome cough, to be far removed from interest in his guests. "Can I bring you anything else, sir?" he asked, turning round at last.

"Only a stoup of wine—and, host, what think you? As we are in your confidence so far, we must trust to your advice. The lady here is very tired, and had hoped to rest a little on the way, as you know. Would it be prudent, think you, seeing that the Judge is here?"

"Quite prudent, sir. My wife—I married her, sir, at Gretna, and should know something of these matters—my wife will always have it that a tired bride is the beginning of a thankless wedlock. Let the lady rest, by all means, and do you wait for her in the public bar, where his Honour never ventures —never by any chance ventures, sir. I will keep you advised of what goes on withindoors."

So jolly and assured the host was, that Maurice yielded, against a certain instinct of disaster which bade him get away from the hostelry as soon as might be. Yet the danger, as it proved, had little to do with Judge Oldfield, and much to do with a certain gentleman of fortune who did not enter into Maurice's calculations.

As soon as little Lady Glynn had gone upstairs, Maurice followed the landlord into the bar—empty at the moment, as it chanced -and took his place in the low window-seat, a stoup of wine at his elbow, and in front of him the village street, with its half-bustling, half-lazy ebb and flow of incident. For an hour or so the host sat with him, as the day was young yet and custom slack; but afterwards he was left to his own thoughts, and found them tedious. He wanted one thing only-to stand in Gretna Smithy and make little Lady Glynn his wife for good and all. Indeed, few lovers had passed along this well-trodden Gretna road so steadfast and so sure of heart as Maurice Oldfield.

As he sat there, looking out on the dusty highway and watching the sun pierce yellow through the fleecy morning mists, there came the sound of furious hoof-beats on the road; then a horseman came in sight, drew rein at the inn-door, and stepped inside. The horseman came into the bar—a slim, broadshouldered fellow, with a look of the wind-free life about him—glanced round the room and walked across to the window-seat where Maurice was lying at his ease. By young Oldfield's side stood his empty flagon and the purse which, with his pistols, was fastened to his belt.

"Give you good day, sir," said the newcomer pleasantly.

The man looked harassed and hard-ridden, and Maurice wondered at his easiness of tone and bearing.

"Good day," he answered. "You have ridden far?"

"In a sense, yes, though mostly in circles. Your pardon, sir—it is not my custom to play the common pickpocket—but I'm in urgent danger."

With a quick movement of the left hand he secured the belt, which held not only the other's weapons of defence, but all the gold with which he had hoped to make good his credit on the road.

"I came here as a last hope," went on the stranger calmly. "A purse I had to find, and I could meet none on the way; so bethought me of the tavern here, and fancied the London coach might have dropped a guest or so. No, sir, if you please !" he broke off, as Maurice sprang to his feet and halted to get his balance for the spring. Look down the barrel of my pistol—surely there's fine logic for you."

The fellow's suavity, his easiness of bearing, staggered his victim, who found no answer to the finest logic on Gretna road.

"As I say, it is life and death with me," went on the other, " or I would not stoop to meanness of this sort. Had I met you on the highway, I'd have claimed your purse with an easy conscience, for you look able to afford it."

"Humph!" muttered the other. "I wonder if there's a man in Cumberland who needs his money more than I."

"Yes, for your life is in no danger. Good day to you, sir; and if you call here after a week's time, you'll find your money waiting for you. I shall leave it with the host as soon as I can manage to repay it."

With that he was gone, and Maurice heard his horse go galloping down the road. A moment later and the landlord entered breathlessly.

"Did you see him, sir?" he asked.

"Did I see whom?" the other answered tartly. He was wondering how it would fare with little Lady Glynn now that he was penniless save for a few crowns which he carried in his fob.

"Why, the highwayman I told you of, who broke gaol at Carlisle last night. I don't know how he got here; but just now, when I came down to tell you that his Honour was stirring and had ordered a chaise in a halfhour's time, I saw Wild Harry, as we call him hereabouts, slip out of my front door. Well, I'm glad he's safe—but it would upset his Honour more than ever if he knew that the merry rogue had entered his Honour's own tavern."

Maurice Oldfield, a boy in pride and fear of ridicule, said nothing of his stolen purse. He might easily, upon his uncle's credit or his own, have borrowed from the host; but he would not confess to the foolish part which had lately been given him to play.

"He did come in to pass the time of day," he answered carelessly, "but his manners were not those of a cut-throat, so I thought."

"Why, no, sir. He is a gentleman of quality, and old quality at that; there's none we love so well in Cumberland as Wild Harry —though you must not tell his Honour that I say it. By the by, sir, the Judge is stirring, as I told you. Keep close to the room here till you see him get into his chaise. The lady, sir, is sleeping like a bairn."

"Good. Bring me another measure of wine, host, and tell me when she wakes."

The wine was brought, and the landlord bustled out upon some real or fancied business. Maurice, for his part, strode up and down the room and wondered what he was to do, until by and by the wine, good and generous, set his blood tingling with new life, and the outline of a plan dawned hazily, then grew in brightness, and finally showed clear. A man must live as his neighbours live, he told himself; up here in Cumberland they seemed to rob their richer neighbours and think nothing of it; well, he was poor as the poorest of them just at present, with debts to hamper him, moreover, and he must seek the way to Gretna Smithy on the Gretna road.

He finished his wine, went out into the hall, and saw a brace of pistols hanging between two old-fashioned prints, the one of Carlisle races when the dark horse won the principal event, the other of a noted cock-fight, fought long before, not far from Annan. He took the pistols down, found that they were primed and loaded, and went out into the roadway. Thence he found his way to the stables and told a loitering groom to saddle him a horse. His brisk manner and air of command were sufficient for the man, who had a raking, clean-limbed grey at his service in a few moments.

Maurice got to back, rode out into the highway, then cut the grey across the flanks and galloped down the road. He was on one of Wild Harry's quests this morning, and the glee of the wind-free man was in his veins; nor did his mood lose any of its gaiety when, at a league's distance from the tavern, he drew rein under shadow of a deep fir-wood which shut in the highway close on either hand. Here he waited, flicking the flies from off his horse's ears and laughing gently to himself from time to time; for there's undoubtedly a sort of magic in this business of highwaying, and Maurice was feeling now as many a well-born gallant had felt before him when driven by necessity or by a taste for reckless ventures to take to pistols and the mask.

"Gad, I'd forgotten the mask!" he muttered, after a half-hour's wait had cooled his impulses a little. "At a pinch I might dispense with it, if I were waiting for any but my own kith and kin; but the victim in this case would scarcely fail to know me."

Masks, however, do not grow like wild-roses in the hedgerows, and for a while the novicehighwayman was puzzled; then he remembered that, at the beginning of his hot flight North with Lady Glynn, he had been compelled to wear a mask in order to carry out their plan of escape; once safely in the chaise with her, he had stuffed the mask into his breast-pocket, where it had lain forgotten until now.

"I fancied it might be useful some day," muttered the horseman, as he smoothed out the silk before fastening it on. "Yet the Judge is always twitting me with the want of forethought."

He laughed again, for the thought of his uncle tickled his ever-ready sense of humour; and just as he was in the middle of the laugh and was still playing with the mask, a quiet voice at his elbow made him start. A horscman had come up behind him, and the soft grass at the roadside had muffled the beat of his nag's hoofs; so that when Maurice turned, he saw his friend Wild Harry, and in Wild Harry's hand was a pistol with its barrel trained upon himself.

"Why, 'tis my friend in need !" laughed Wild Harry, still keeping his pistol-barrel level. "I borrowed your purse this morning, sir. May I ask to what good fortune I owe this second meeting ?"

Maurice, seeing that the game was the other's, fell in with the humour of the thing as good-temperedly as might be. "Yes, you may ask," he said. "You borrowed my purse, as you say; and, as it chances, I have need of money to carry me across the Border. So I have taken a leaf out of your own book, and I am waiting for—well, Judge Oldfield, if you want the truth."

Wild Harry laughed till the tears streamed down his comely face. "Luck of the road! but you're a well-plucked lad!" he gasped. "You're going to make your maiden effort as a highwayman by robbing a Circuit Judge! Stick to the game, lad; we shall have you holding up the King himself before you're turned of thirty."

"It seems I am not going to rob the Judge?" said Maurice drily. "If you would drop your pistol-barrel just a little, and give me time to get my own out, the case might be different; but as it is, and we are so frank with each other—what do you want of me? I have no second purse to lend you."

"Want? I want nothing, except the recollection of this jest of yours. When I first came up, I thought you were a stranger, and meant to ask a loan, I confess; but now dog doesn't eat dog, my lad, as the saying goes. Truth to tell, I learned at the tavern that the Judge was riding South this way, and I had thought to rob the man who sentenced me, two days ago, to be hanged by the neck till I was dead; but you have first claim on him, sir, and precedent is law with us honest gentlemen of fortune."

Maurice, for the life of him, could not help warming to this merry rogue; and, indeed, few men stayed to chat with Wild Harry who did not speedily begin to like him.

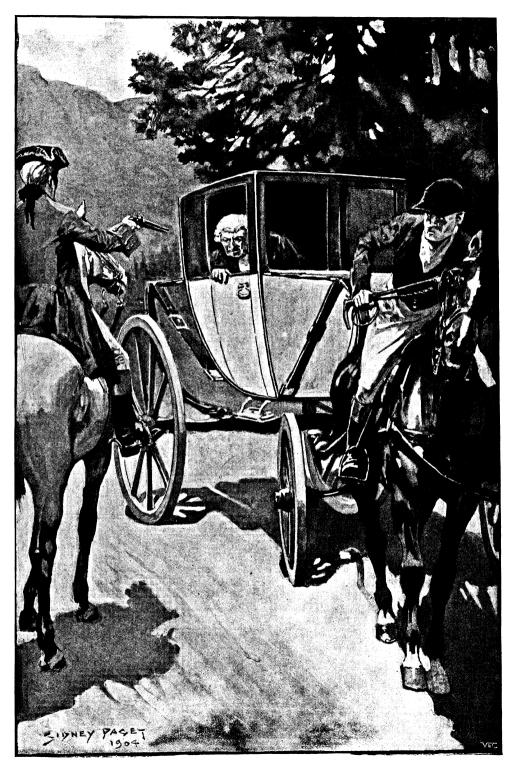
"I am obliged to you," said the younger man; "we will regard the bargain as cancelling your slight indebtedness to me."

"By no means," put in the other airily. "Call at the tavern in a week's time, as I bade you, and you will find your belt and purse and pistols as I found them. Good day to you, sir, and good fortune, for the Judge is nearly due, I take it, and you will want to be undisturbed."

With a punctilious lifting of the hat, a laugh and a touch of spur on his chestnut's flanks, the highwayman was gone, leaving Maurice to don his mask and wait once more for the coming of his relative. And as he waited, a new turn in this game of borrowing purses occurred to Maurice Oldfield : he had loaned his guineas to Wild Harry, and in return he would borrow Wild Harry's name this morning, and carry through the venture with the rollick of a seasoned highwayman.

"I shall be even with my friend Wild Harry, after all," he laughed, not knowing that the highwayman, wishing to see how the lad would comport himself in his new sphere of usefulness, had returned quietly along a byway of the wood and was at this moment watching him from under shelter of a gigantic fir.

Soon there came to Maurice's ears the faroff *pit-a-pat* of hoofs, then a clearer ring of iron striking the hard road, then the jingling of harness-gear and the bumping of wheels. A moment more, and round the corner of the highway came a chaise-and-two. with a postilion on either horse and a great air of consequence about the trappings of horses and postilions both. This was his uncle's chaise, without a doubt, thought Maurice; for he knew the old man's vanity



[&]quot;'What do you want, sirrah ?'"

and self-importance, and the trick he had of travelling always as a great gentleman.

The chaise was coming up the hill now, and Maurice rode forward to meet it with a feeling that the situation was the most natural in the world.

"Hold, you fools!" he called to the postilions. "Do you want a pistol-bullet apiece?"

The men had pistols in their belts, but they were more at home with horses than with weapons, and the masked stranger, moreover, held a pistol in each hand, and seemed prepared to pull either trigger, or both, upon the least occasion. They pulled up at once, and a face which Maurice knew well looked out from the chaise window. For a moment they looked at each other in silence, the Judge and his masked nephew, and it was the older man who first found words.

"What do you want, sirrah?" he demanded.

"Only your purse, my lord; and I ask for that in the name of Wild Harry, lately escaped from an incommodious lodging in Carlisle which your Honour ordered for me."

The Judge, a brave man at all times, was not conscious of any fear; but he was acutely conscious of the indignity of the plight in which he found himself. Wild Harry, two days ago, had stood before him in the dock, and he, the Judge, had held the pistols of the law to the head of this man, who had now turned the tables. As for the real Wild Harry, who sat motionless in shelter of his pine-tree and listened to the colloquy, he was hard put to it to hold back a roar of laughter; for this new development of the morning's comedy tickled his humour mightily.

"It's monstrous, monstrous !" snapped Judge Oldfield. "Have you no decency, sirrah, that you hold up one of His Majesty's judges on the public way?"

"None, my lord—or as little as you had when you held me up in the public court and sent me to the gallows. Carlisle Gaol, however, was never hard to break, and by a queer turn of Fortune we meet again."

"You shall swing for it, Wild Harry !" growled the Judge.

"That's as may be, sir; but in the meanwhile I chance to need your purse, and ——"

A sharp report cut short his speech, for the Judge, in the dimness of the chaise, had got his pistol out and had taken a quick aim at his assailant. The bullet scraped Maurice's right cheek and left a neat red line across, but did no other damage.

"Thank you, my lord," the youngster

answered gaily. "Judicial murder on the Bench has failed, and so you try judicial murder on the high-road. You have failed in both; and now it is one, two, three, and a short shrift if you do not throw both purse and pistols into the road."

The Judge was beaten, and sullenly obeyed; and the highwayman slipped the purse into his breast pocket, while he tossed his uncle's weapons into a neighbouring clump of furze. Maurice's spirits were at flood; he had money now to pay his footing royally upon the Gretna road, money which he could return at leisure afterwards; he had enjoyed a good jest likewise at his uncle's expense; and, last of all, he was free to ride back at once to little Lady Glynn. So many reasons for gaiety he had, indeed, that the temptation to better the jest proved too strong for him.

"One word, sir, before I leave you," he went on. "You ride South, so I believe, to bring an errant nephew to his senses."

"Eh? How the deuce do you know that?" stammered his Honour in great astonishment.

"Wild Harry knows everything, as the Cumberland folk will tell you. As to your nephew—well, I relieved him of his purse only this morning, while he was on his way to Gretna."

Wild Harry, still watching the odd scene, nodded with brisk approbation. "He plays it well," he muttered. "Luck of the road ! how near he keeps to the truth, yet twists it all to comedy !"

"On his way to Gretna!" echoed Judge Oldfield. "You lie, sirrah! My nephew is in the South."

"Then he's as gifted as the bird in the proverb, and can be in two places at once; for certainly young Maurice—oh, yes, he gave me his full name—is very near to Gretna at this moment. Indeed, he confided in me and pleaded that I would return at least a part of the contents of his purse, because the lady and himself wished to reach Gretna without delay."

"And you helped him forward?"

"Naturally, your Honour. Theft of a purse or theft of a bride—it's all the same in the profession, and one thief helps another. Come, am I not generous to tell you this? I have had my jest at your expense—all Cumberland will know of it before nightfall, be sure of that—and now I wish to save you a useless journey South."

The Judge, enraged by the assurance that the whole county would know of Wild Harry's latest exploit, conscious at the same time of his present helplessness, sought relief

in instant action. If his nephew were at Gretna—and the highwayman seemed to be speaking the truth in this-then he would follow as fast as horseflesh could carry him, and he might yet be in time to stop the marriage.

"If you have enjoyed the situation suffi-ciently," he put in with quiet fury, "perhaps you will give my postilions the order to turn and drive to Gretna."

Young Maurice pondered awhile. For the first time he regretted that he had yielded to his wild spirits and had spoken from sheer devilry of his own elopement; he had been foolish not to foresee that his uncle would head for Gretna as quickly as he had been journeying South before. His horses, too, were as fresh as Maurice's own, though the condition of the roads and the heavy chaise behind the Judge's cattle would handicap him in the race. Just for an instant the temptation came to bid his Honour step into the roadway and walk the three miles back to the nearest posting-house; but he dismissed the plan, for, after all, there was a queer and rarely shown affection between his guardian and himself, and he could not put such an indignity on the older man. He had been foolish, doubtless, to risk any hazard that might touch little Lady Glynn; but the thing was done now, and he must put the best

thing was used face on it possible. With a sweeping bow he assented to the Indge's request. "I, too, travel in the same "Wo'll make a race for direction," he said. "We'll make a race for it—say, double or quits on the contents of your purse here."

"I wager in running nooses and gallowstrees," snapped the Judge. "You shall win both from me when next we meet."

The postilions, glad to be quit of the adventure, turned the chaise about and started at a running trot; and Maurice was about to follow, when Wild Harry rode quietly out from the shelter of his fir-tree.

"Gad, it was finely done, sir !" he laughed. "The deuce !" muttered the other in surprise. "I thought you miles away, my friend."

"Nay, I stayed to see if the young pup could beat the old dog at his own gameand, faith, I found he could. It was a witty turn to father your highwaying upon me, and my shoulders are broad enough to bear it."

"At any rate, I've spoiled my own game if I stay gossiping here. Good day to you, sir, and my thanks for a pretty frolic."

"Good day, sir—and remember to call on

your way South again for repayment of the loan I was compelled to ask."

Maurice laughed carelessly, pricked his nag with the spurs, and started at the gallop. Within the mile he overtook Judge Oldfield's chaise as it mounted a stiff hill, swept by it, and rode hell-for-leather towards his tavern, casting his mask aside as soon as the chaise was safely passed. His brain was busy with this plan and that for getting Lady Glynn most quickly into Gretna, for no carriage would be ready for him, and every moment was of value.

As it chanced, however, the simplest plan of all proved also the one most ready to his hand ; for Lady Glynn, after two hours of broken sleep, had roused herself, performed a hurried toilet, and gone down into the tavernparlour. She was too restless and too near to Gretna to tarry longer on the way, and wanted to be off and away at once. Maurice was not to be found in the parlour; and when the host came in, and she asked her lover's whereabouts, the landlord's cheery face looked grave.

"He is not within the tavern-he-there. 'tis nothing to trouble about, and doubtless he had his reasons and will be back quite soon; but he ordered a horse in haste, so the ostler told me, and galloped South as hard as he could tear."

"He will return soon. Inform me of his arrival at once," said little Lady Glynn with dignity.

But her dignity went by the board soon as the host's back was turned. Tired with the excitement and hardships of the journey -near to tears, moreover, as all good women are when the gates of wedlock show close in front of them—the maid could see only one interpretation of her lover's action. He had ridden South at a gallop. He had ridden away from her, and repentance of his bargain had come so suddenly and cut so deeply that no soberer a pace than a gallop would suit his mood. Little Lady Glynn recalled all the stories she had heard of grooms who had repented at the eleventh hour. But Maurice ! He had been so tender, so wildly tender, all through the hurried flight. Only a few hours ago, as they neared the tavern, she had been close against his shoulder and had dreamed sweet dreams of him. And nowoh, no! she would not cry-he was not worth it—it was her pride, not her heart, that sent such fast and foolish tears—she—yes, indeed and indeed, she hated him !

She dried the tears of pride by and by. and choked down the sobs of loneliness and despair, and went out aimlessly into the roadway. Perhaps, after all, he would come back; perhaps she did not hate him altogether; perhaps—but, alas! the South road and the North were empty of the figure that she sought, and again her anger rose. With a dainty kerchief she began to rub her lips and face; Maurice's kisses had fallen there and must be wiped away.

It was not the most cheerful of occupations, certainly, for a bride almost in sight of Gretna, but she pursued it so diligently that Maurice, galloping hard round the bend of the road, had drawn rein beside her before she knew that he was there. His face was alight with gaiety and love, and he stooped quickly to her ear.

"Quick !" he cried. "We are pursued, and there's not a moment ! Put your foot on mine—give me your hands, so—now, sweetheart, we'll try the mettle of this nag."

Little Lady Glynn asked nothing better. She had not leisure even to be ashamed of her late doubts. All she knew was that she rested safe in front of Maurice, that they were moving fast and faster North, that she was sure again of love and faith and happiness. The Judge's chaise could not be far behind them, Maurice knew; but it was never actually in sight when he turned for a backward glance; and then this lassie was so light and frail that the horse scarce seemed to notice that his burden was increased.

Through Carlisle they went, attracting notice even in a town that was well used to the curious ways of a man and a maid who rode for Gretna. Up the hills and down the slacks and along the smooth green levels they cantered, till at last the Bonnie Village came in sight, with its houses glinting white amid the fresh green of the trees.

"Gretna !" cried Maurice, exultant, with the wind and speed of travel showing plainly in his comely face.

"Gretna!" echoed the little Lady Glynn, with a sudden quickening of imagination as she realised the gladness—and the aftergladness or the after-pain—for which this white village by the burn was answerable.

Across the burn they went, and up to the Smithy door, and in a moment he and she were standing at the anvil in presence of the blacksmith and a witness. And then they fared out again into the mellow sunlight; and the sky was blue and clear above them, and it was good to be alive.

"Dear, what of the pursuit you talked of?" murmured little Lady Glynn, "The pursuit has reached us," laughed her husband, "just five minutes over-late, my darling."

He pointed to the bend of the road, round which the Judge's chaise was tearing; and they waited quietly until it drew up at the Smithy. The Judge leaped down and was going inside when his eyes fell upon Maurice and his little bride.

"Eh? So Wild Harry told me the truth !" cried the Judge. Eh, you puppy? What? You're married?"

"Quite happily and quite securely, uncle. Where is the lady, by the way?" he added, prompted again by that irrepressible flow of spirits which more than once had led him far astray.

"Lady? What lady, sir?"

"Why, surely, when a chaise comes hurrying to Gretna Smithy, there's only the one reason. "Twould be fitting, sir, if you were to be married on the same day; and the blacksmith does it with distinction."

The Judge had a sound heart, after all, however quick and tyrannical might be his temper. He hovered a moment between dignity and wrath, smiled grudgingly, then broke into a great, boy's laugh.

"There, that's tantamount to a consent, I suppose," he said a trifle ruefully, after his laughter had died down. "There's no fool like an old fool—but you remind me of my youth, somehow; and—and your wife, though I didn't want her, understand, is the daintiest bit of witchery on this or the other side of the Border. Present me, you puppy ! do you hear?"

Maurice, amazed at the old man's change of front, presented him with due formality, and the Judge looked at her so long and wistfully that the little bride blushed like the roses that were blooming in the hedge behind her.

"You are like—very like, my dear someone I knew years ago," said the old man huskily. "Make the boy treat you well, or, by Gad, I'll horsewhip him !"

The nephew remembered a vague tradition in the family that his Honour had been wildish once on a day and had won at Gretna the child-wife who had died within a year. This was the explanation, then, of the easy road which her little Ladyship had made into the Judge's good graces. Yet not quite all the explanation, Maurice told himself, for was there any man who could look at Phyllis and not accept her, instinctively as one accepted the cool green of the spring or the soft witchery of a flower? But then Maurice was her lover, and had full and sufficient rights to fancy any extravagance whatever.

The Judge turned aside for a while, then

"I've seen that horse this morning once before," said he drily: " and now I come to think of it, I've heard your voice once before since breakfast-time. It puzzled me at the time that Wild Harry should speak with a voice so nearly like my own nephew's, and it puzzled me when Wild Harry said that he, too, was riding for Gretna, and when he raced past us on the road in such hot haste. And now I have the key to that adventure, so I think; and I will trouble you for my purse, young highwayman."

> The bride looked helplessly from one to the She had had other. no time to ask for an explanation of her husband's sudden desertion; and now, as Maurice told his story from the moment of Wild Harry's visit to the tavern, her eyes grew big with wonder. Surely it was a very dreadful thing to hold up a chaise —a judge's chaise, moreover -on the public Indeed. road. she did not know if Maurice would escape the gallows, and it was a second shock to her when the Judge laughed outright for the second time.

"D'ye know why I laugh?" said the old man. "D'ye know why, instead of handing you over to the law, I am going to give you my

"Gretna!' cried Maurice, exultant."

cleared his throat and looked about him. His glance rested on the horse which had brought the runaways to happiness, and which now stood munching grass beside the roadway. blessing and permission to keep the contents of the purse ?"

"No, sir, I have no inkling of your reason," said Maurice with a droll gravity.

"First, because I've been young myself, and if twenty judges had had to be robbed in order to win such a wife as this—why, damme! I'd have held them all up! Second, because this morning's jest, as it stands now, is strictly in the family, and Wild Harry can't boast that he has lapped the cream of the joke. Nephew, you're a rogue, and you're a felon in the eyes of the law, but where's your hand?"

It was a week later that Maurice and her happy Ladyship drew up at their old tavern. They were travelling South now at their leisure, after a brief honeymoon across the Border, and they were entirely sure, the pair of them, that life began only when a man and a maid put hand in hand and swore lifelong fidelity.

The host was standing at his doorway, much in the same easy attitude which had marked their first acquaintance with him.

"Give you good day, host," laughed Maurice. "I sent back the borrowed horse, and now I've come to pay my reckoning."

"I knew the reckoning could wait, sir. I am glad, sir, that you won through, after all. Such wives are rare, sir, if you'll pardon the length of my tongue; and I should have felt grieved, sir, really grieved, if you had missed her. And, by the way, as we're talking of reckonings, I have a belt of yours, with pistols and a purse in it; it was left here yesterday with the message that Wild Harry always paid his debts." "It was more than I expected," said Maurice lightly.

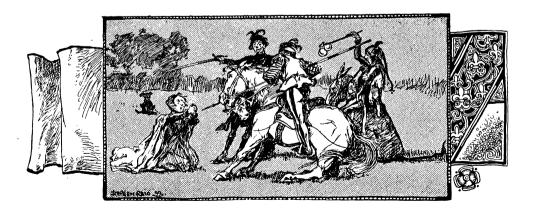
"Ah, but you do not know Wild Harry, sir. There, there ! How my tongue rambles on ! You will not give the Judge a hint, sir, that Wild Harry is known to this good hostelry ?"

"Not if you bring us of your best," laughed the bridegroom. "This Northern air is sharpening to the appetite, we find."

It was not until the meal was over, and Maurice sat with his wife's hand in his, according to their foolish habit nowadays, that the lassie softened into tears quite unexpectedly; and then, when at last the groom's anxiety was over and he had brought the sun from behind the clouds once more, it turned out that she was only crying because she was so happy—and because, for one bitter half-hour in this same tavern-parlour, she had doubted Maurice's good faith.

And after this the bridegroom set to work to spoil her; and the gloaming settled down before they knew the afternoon was spent; and the landlord, bustling in with great noise and circumstance, knew, though he could not see them, that she was in his arms and that their lips were little, if at all, apart.

"The good old way!" he murmured complacently. "The good old way, God bless them !"



LITTLE ESSON.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER XX.

WHILE Mina was thus forcing the pace in London, quite other things were happening to Little Esson. He had not a penny in his pocket not that that troubled him. It was Mina— Mina had dismissed him—Mina had been angry because

- well, because of what he had told her.

Yet he had only said that he loved her -that he had always loved her? Was he sorry for blurting it out like that? A fool -very likely ! But sorry-Within no ! him his heart rejoiced.insurgent, rollicking, almost insolent in its joy !

Still, she had sent him off. He would have to work —and work he would ! Yes, such pictures as had never come from brush ! By Jove ! he saw



Presently he found himself going up the steps at Burlington House. He had an exhibitor's ticket in his overcoat pocket, a stout bunch of keys, but nothing either slim or stout to open with them. Naturally he had lost the return half of his third-class ticket. He had a purse, but not a single coin therein. A pencil and a sketch-book in a side-pocket

> were his all. After a while Little Esson skipped up to look at his own picture. Some active telephoning had been done by the agent of Messrs. Huth and Bernstein. So just when Little Esson stood in front of the last masterpiece of old "Pitch and - Toss," a functionary was attaching the invaluable little ticket to the frame which indicates to the world that such and such a work is no longer for public sale. If it had

"While Mina was thus forcing the pace in London."

them already—in his mind's eye. Pale, delicate, little romances—daybreak, a girl at the pasture bars, and the cows coming up out of the dewy hollows! Oh, and ever so many others! And the feeling of what he was going to put into these pictures nearly made Little Esson weep.

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not been for an imminent lady's hat, as wide in diameter as a cart-wheel, Little Esson would have turned a somersault !

"Well, I'm jiggered !" he remarked aloud, so forcibly that the lady with the circumferential headgear shut up her notebook and moved away in a kind of fright, fearing, perhaps, lest she might be "jiggered" too.

But really Esson was looking for somebody to share his joy with, and to advise him as to whether he could not get an instalment of the price out of the secretary to pay for some dinner and—cigarettes.

As is the rule on such occasions at the Royal Academy, he sought and he found immediately running across a certain ex-Creelport man, one Calvinus McCron, who was just such another feather-pate as himself, but who covered his madness with the method of an immobile countenance.

"McCron — McCron — oh, Mac — she's sold ! She's sold !" gasped Little Esson.

"Who's sold ?" articulated McCron.

"Why, my picture, of course — 'The Bloom of Their Youth '!"

" Nonsense ! "

"I tell you it's true. I saw the Johnny putting on the ticket ! "

"He must have mistaken it for some other fellow's picture," said McCron soothingly.

"Don't rot ! I saw the number on his book all right — it's my picture sure enough !"

"Then it's the Chantrey Bequest," said McCron—" *that's* a charity !"

By this time they had reached "The Bloom of Their Youth," and there was quite a little gathering of the knowing ones, who look at "Sold" tickets, perhaps trying to make up their minds as to what could have induced any sane person to be such a fool.

"Sure !" said Calvinus McCron, "you're in luck, young 'un ! What did you ask for her ?"

"Two hundred," hesitated Little Esson; "but it can never be anything like that!"

Calvinus McCron fell back and regarded Little Esson with transpontine evidences of admiration.

"We-l-l-l," he said very slowly, "I admire you, I do. You've the finest cheek for your size I have seen."

"Stop being an ass," said Little Esson. "I'm stony—come and let's see if we can raise anything on this at the office."

"Oh, no, you can't," said Calvinus McCron, thrusting his long, bony hands deep into the skirts of his dust-sheet-like overcoat; "they always give the buyer of a thing like that time to flee the country."

"If you don't stop playing the giddy," said Little Esson, "I'll go and speak to the policeman about you."

And he made as if to do so, but only asked the way to the secretary's office. The secretary was out. Yes, No. 379 was sold. The clerk in charge did not know anything more about it—had no instructions. Come back to-morrow at 10.30, when the secretary will be glad to see you."

"And now, what are the rules of the game?" said McCron, as they came out.

"I'm going to sponge on you till tomorrow, that's all," said Little Esson with determination. "You've got a place here, haven't you—a studio?"

McCron sank his hands in his dust-coat pockets. His chin drooped on his breast.

"It's not much of a place," he said slowly, "but I think I can find it. I've got the key somewhere, but I don't know the address very well—at least, the number is marked on my shirt. But the bedroom is just proper—oh, a ripping bed—no shakedown like what you fellows pig in at 'Pitch-and-Toss.' It has a regular woven-wire patent mattress and all the accessories. Come along ! Hoop !"

They "hooped," but the nearer they got to the neighbourhood of the studio, the less certain became Calvinus McCron of finding his abode.

"You see," he said, "it's like this—I'm generally off in the country—doing portraits——"

"Oh !" cried Little Esson, to whom this was the Sin of Sins, "has it come to this? I won't partake of your hospitality—I thought there was some fearful secret behind all this debasing talk of wire mattresses. I'd starve before I would paint a portrait !"

"You can't—that's it," said Calvinus; "and, to be honest, I didn't know I could till I tried. It is a down-come, of course, from New-Schoolism, Revolutionising Art, and so forth. But it's easier—and pays better. Also a good deal can be done with a suitable second-hand enlarging camera and the sittee's favourite photograph !"

"Really, Calvinus McCron," said Esson, "you are a most degraded animal. I always knew, of course, what London did to a man's talent if he went and plowtered there. But you are become as the beasts that perish."

"It's not that that's worrying me," said Calvinus, looking about him distressedly, "it's that blessed studio which has been and hooked it ! I'm sure it was in this street."

He looked along the various doors and peered into the areas of a dingy street in Camden Town, till the policeman on duty told him that he had better be off. He was well known, it seemed, to members of the force.

"Then," said McCron, "if I am such a

public monument, will you be good enough to tell me where I live?"

The policeman contented himself with the remark that he had had enough of Calvinus, and that he had warned him.

"And we pay taxes to keep up the like of that ! " said McCron, scornfully regarding X 987's retreating back and practical looking arm.

"How about the agent you took the shop from?" suggested Little Esson.

"Good—you are a genius, after all!" cried McCron.

They found the agent, who seemed to regard McCron as a dangerous lunatic, and Little Esson as a quite insufficient keeper.

But as the rent was paid and there were no complaints, he told McCron the number of his residence.

CHAPTER XXI.

"WHY do you take all that trouble to make a donkey of yourself?" demanded Little Esson of McCron.

"Life has but few pleasures," said Calvinus sententiously; "let us take the winged hours as they fly !"

And he waved his hand appropriately.

"By Jove!" he added, slapping his pockets, "I have forgotten that address again !" Luckily, however, Little Esson had not. was a sort of small double apartment, with a studio built on to the north. There was a hole called a kitchen, in which was a gasstove for cooking, the *débris* of ancient photographing and enlarging operations, a bedroom—and the studio.

"Got a match?"

Little Esson had. It was about his all. Mina had spared these when she took the cigarettes.

"Ah, that's good !" said Calvinus-"she burns! Sometimes, if that collector rook has been round too often when I'm not here, they have her cut off from supplies. But to-night we shall live like princes. What do you think of the bedroom?"

Little Esson replied that it was very nice, but would be the better for a bed.

Calvinus McCron stood dumbstricken, his mouth agape.

"No bed !" he exclaimed; and again, "No bed ! It was an A 1 bed !" he murmured meditatively; "steel springs, good hair matt----"

"You idiot!" cried Little Esson, aroused to sudden transports of indignation, "what have you done with your bed—my bed—all I have to sleep on to-night? Is it for this you have wiled me here ? "

Calvinus McCron scratched his head. Nothing seemed to occur to him.

"Look here," shouted Little Esson, "did you 'pop' it? If so, where's the ticket, and have you got enough to get it out?"

"No-I think - not !" said Calvinus slowly.

But he was not sure. Such things occurred in all artistic households, well or ill regulated.

"Think again !" cried Esson, "where have you put that bed ? Sold it ?"-A shake of the head-" Dreamt that you had it----?"

Calvinus McCron silently pointed to the scars its legs had made on the carpetless floor.

"It was on castors," he said sadly, "brass castors."

"Did you burn it for firewood last winter?"

The gaunt portrait-painter threw up his arms.

"Embrace me!" he cried. "I lent it to Murdo Burns before I went north last We'll go to his studio at once and autumn. get it back."

Which they proceeded forthwith to do. Esson took charge of the street, number, and key.

"Hungry?" demanded Mac suddenly.

"Rather !" said Esson, with a wan smile.

"No time to waste; get a slice of sausage cold at the corner pub., a drink, and two hunks of bread. We can eat it as we go along. Better get there before Murdo goes to bed, or he won't get up to give it usno, not though we were to hammer on his door till Doomsday. It's down here !" said Calvinus, suddenly indicating with a jerk of the arm a narrow entrance between two brick walls. He trod the intricate way without the least hesitation.

"How is it that you know the way to Murdo Burns's studio so much better than to your own?"

"Instinct," said Calvinus, whispering mysteriously.

"You're too loony even for a portrait-painter; you'll fail!" "Oh, I do," said Calvinus, with a pensive melancholy. "They never urge me to call again! But here we are. Ho, Murdo! I say, I want my bed !"

The abode of Murdo Burns was in a sort of brick pavilion, which bore a remarkable likeness to disused stables. It stood a little

way off the Harrow Road, and was a lonesome enough place at the best of times, but especially now, when the shades of night were already at their accustomed task.

They rapped, they thumped, they kicked. There was silence within and silence without. A cur yapped somewhere in the neighbouring gardens, but feebly and without ambition.

"I don't believe he is here at all !" cried Esson fiercely.

Calvinus bowed his head at the invective, but continued to prowl. There was a sort of sunk flat at one point, with protective railings. Suddenly he leaped upon these, pointing with long, bony fingers at something just visible within.

"There she is !" he cried ; "didn't I tell you ? Wide iron frame with gold band, woven-wire spring arrangement, hair mattress, my very counterpane, the patchwork quilt my great-aunt gave me—I forgot about that. Heaven pardon me !—there she is, all all of her ! Now, what have you to say ?"

"But," remarked Little Esson cautiously, "how are you going to get the bed?"

Calvinus scratched his head again.

"That is certainly a difficulty," he said. "I don't exactly see that we can do anything. But I proved it, didn't I? She's a prime A 1 bed ! Look at her ! Just oblige me by looking at her."

He struck an attitude of dramatic admiration, his countenance expressive of a reasoned joy, an exalted satisfaction.

"D'you mean to say you have dragged me all the way here to look at a bed in another man's studic—locked at that—a bed we can't get at—___"

"Hair mattress—turned every morning as ever was !" pursued Calvinus mystically.

"Look here, you A 1 ass," hissed Esson, "let me see what money you have. I've had enough of this. Count it out!"

"Upon compulsion?" inquired Calvinus mournfully.

"Yes, on blazing compulsion !" should Esson. He had possessed himself of a loose railing, armed with an ominous spike at the end. "Deliver up your money ! This instant !"

"Well, then, I will," said Calvinus, diving into both pockets and producing an extraordinary array of coins, mostly silver. "But on your head be it !"

He shovelled the coins into Little Esson's hands, till they could hold no more and some began to dribble through.

"Hold on, you fool, till I get this into my pocket !" shouted Esson.

"Can't stop—if I do, I shall cry—there-and there—and there ! O-o-o-o-o-of !"

And there before them stood a policeman. He had been watching.

"What's this?" he inquired, short as barking. "You come along o' me!"

And it was only on production of cards. letters, exhibition tickets of the R.A., together with copious references and some little coin of the realm, that Esson and Calvinus " lagged " escaped being -for attempted burglary and the possession of money of which they could give no honest Esson had been seen compelling account. his accomplice to disgorge. And as for Calvinus McCron, it was really too much to expect him to give a consecutive account of anything, least of all how he got his money, or what he did with it when he had it.

They took a cab. Esson felt justified in this. He had seen the glisten of several gold pieces among the hoard. There were also things that rustled pleasantly in the fingers.

"We shall go to a hotel," he said, after they had settled themselves in the cab.

"Here, let me out, cabby !" cried Calvinus, jerking his head through the window as if it were a trick mechanism. The cab stopped.

"Go on !" commanded Esson.

"Stop where you are—let me out!" shouted Calvinus.

The cabby, very crusty, came to a standstill. "P'raps you'll tell me what you want me to do when you've finished your debate---this ain't a bloomin' 'Ouse o' Commons !"

"Well, what do you want, McCron?" said Esson weakly.

"I'm going to no hotel—look at me, cabby. Have pity on me! *He* won't take me home. I'm a poor 'Orphan Boy!' Take me home—take me home—..."

"What address ?" said the cabman shortly, holding the door, fearing bilkers.

"*He* has the address," said Calvinus, pointing a lean finger reproachfully at Esson; "he has it—and he won't give it me—he refuses to take me home! *You* take me home!" He tried to throw his arms round the cabman's neck.

"'Ere, 'old off, will yer?" cried that worthy, dusting his coat with his whip-hand. "Now, once for hall, w'ere to? Or come out of my cab, both o' you come, payin' the legal fare, w'ich is two shillin's!"

"Oh, take him home !" said Little Esson wearily. "He is an idiot. Thirty-two, Kildare Street, and quick !"

"Bless you, cabby ! " said Calvinus, stretch-

ing out his hand to shake the cabman's. "With the tear in their eyes my little children will bless you—little Mary, and Tommy, and Albert Edw——."

"Oh, *dry up*!" said Little Esson with volcanic emphasis. "Drive on, cabby !"

"Say," said Mr. Calvinus McCron, portraitpainter, as they went up to his rooms, "I haven't enjoyed myself so much for a long while."

"Oh, I have !" groaned Little Esson.

CHAPTER XXII.

THAT night they had supper in fine style in the studio. The bedroom was a painful subject, and to be avoided as long as possible. There was, however, the usual vague talk of a shakedown. Nevertheless, Little Esson was without confidence.

But the supper! Esson beat up the neighbourhood, while Calvinus cooked, that being one department in which his genius was both incontestable and highly appreciated, during the period when he went in and out with them of "Pitch-and-Toss."

The gas-stove did marvels, and they ate in the studio, with all the gases lighted and a fire in the chimney made of old frames.

"Good dry wood," said Calvinus, "and little use to me, because the victim generally likes to provide his own — ah — coffin ? Besides, we can make our shakedowns a bit more 'comfy' with the canvasses. I may destroy works of immeasurable value to posterity, but what is that, so long as I provide for the present comfort of a friend ? When did you come up, Esson ?"

Little Esson told him how that he had only arrived that day, and that he would immediately depart, were it not that he had lost the return half of his ticket.

"I am involved in this bank failure," he said, "and I shall be made a bankrupt. I'll have lots of 'calls' to pay, if they catch me."

Calvinus had never heard of such things, and Little Esson patiently explained that all he possessed was for the benefit of the bank's creditors.

"'Pitch-and-Toss' will be sold up," he added, with the air of one whose paternal acres and family mansion are brought to the hammer.

"Never mind, Esson," said Calvinus, "nobody will buy it."

"But the two hundred pounds for that picture," said Esson, "they will collar that !"

"Yes," agreed Calvinus; "the sheriff's officer will even now be upon your track.

Better be off early to-morrow. Let's see. How much money did you say?" he murmured, as if he did not wish the answer to disturb his train of thought, rather to mingle with it.

"Two hundred pounds."

"You'll never get that—Heaven knows how much you'll get," said Calvinus; "but I know a dealer and colourman who will give you fifty and take all risks—that is, if the worst comes to the worst. But we will interview that secretary fellow to-morrow morning before doing anything else."

"I should smile," said Little Esson—" fifty pounds for 'The Bloom of Their Youth !'"

"Oh, he's a decent man—the colourman," said Calvinus soothingly. "He won't mind losing on it, for my sake.

"By the way, how much money have I?" he added as an afterthought. Little Esson turned out his pockets on the table.

"I make it twenty-three pounds odd—a good deal of odd !" said Esson.

"I will see if I can't make it more," said Calvinus. And he went routing about, scratching his head, and producing sovereigns from tobacco-tins, five-pound notes from holes bored in the legs of chairs, and various coins from the bellows of derelict cameras. He bowled each new discovery at Esson with a "How's that, umpire?"

After a while he sat down.

"I must stop scratching this head of mine," he said, "or else I'll be remembering too many. That's what it is to have such a memory. I put them away like that when I have the 'dibs.' Then I forget all about them, and when I'm hard up, I just scratch my head and think. It's fatiguing, and I couldn't keep it up long. I mustn't go on now. My state of health will not permit it. Besides, the next time I wanted some chink, there might be none to find, charm I never so wisely ! Well, how much?"

"About seventy pounds, more or less," said Little Esson with an air of triumph. "Why, you are a millionaire, McCron !"

"And say fifty from your picture at least," Calvinus went on. "We will have a good, if not an imperial time."

"How so?" demanded Esson.

"You must flee," Calvinus answered, "flee, or the thingums—bailiffs—sheriff's officers—will get you ! No use going abroad. Too many treaties now. Haul you back in a twinkling and have you in a jacket and trousers with broad arrows all over the seat —most undecorative !"

" Well ? "

"I know a man——" said Calvinus.

"You always do."

"A man who lets out vans — proper touristy ones—you know, every modern convenience. And a horse—I dare say we can find—I will charge myself with that."

"Know another man?"

"Well, not intimately," said Calvinus; "but I know a horse. He helped me bring my furniture here."

"Your furniture !" remarked Esson scornfully ; "the stove ?"

"No, that's a fixture—luckily for you."

" How so ? "

"Might have been sold up to pay taxes when I was away too long—most things are!"

He continued laying down the points with laborious sanity.

"That horse's name is Ladas II. Because he did not win the Derby. Yet he is a noble animal, notwithstanding. The vanman knows the man who owns him. It's no use trying to purchase him, he says—that is, the vanman's friend—for money would not buy him. He is an heirloom."

Then Calvinus wove a deliciously imaginative romance over what they were going to do. They were to paint, of course. But and this was important—they need not pay for the materials. Calvinus knew a man who gave artists (who had a picture sold in the Academy) seven years' credit—and then, after all, took it out in kind.

"It's just the proper time," he added, "and we will go to the Eastern Counties, your know—the flowery lanes—""

"I thought it was prettier the other way," said Little Esson, to whom nothing mattered now that Mina had forbidden him to hope.

"Prettier, perhaps, but you want a thorough change. So let's go up East, wandering on and on at our pleasure (and that of Ladas II.), stopping where *he* likes, eating the apple from the tree and the turnip out of the furrow."

"You ass !" said Little Esson ; "the apple blossom will still be *on* the tree and the turnips not singled !"

"I spoke metaphorically," said the mild Calvinus, without at all putting himself about; "almost anyone would have known that. We will *paint* the apple blossom, and do 'Rurals,' with figures of turnip-singlers sell them—and so eat of the produce of the apple tree and of the turnip furrow. Why should I have to explain anything so elementary? You are a New School Impressionist Idyllist; I a Universal Artist—all is grist that comes to my mill. What you want is to keep out of the hands of the bailiffs till the thing blows over. So you sneak down first thing to-morrow and get as much as you can out of that secretary fellow. If not, I'll meet you, and we will work the dealer Johnny. He'll do anything for me. I have not paid him a red cent for ten years. So I think I have some claims on him."

"Evidently," said Little Esson; "no doubt of that at all."

All the same, the idea was most seductive, and in itself tempted Little Esson.

To this Calvinus and his friend Ladas II. would help him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEVER morning dawned more gloriously than that which kept Mina company from Drumfern, where she changed out of the "sleeper" into the Creelport-on-Dee local mail. All the way up the Long Wood the little apple-green engine ran straight between solemn-ranged woodlands, while overhead the tunnel, whose roof was the sky, changed to rose, the rose to orange, and the orange to pale straw-coloured wisps of fire.

When she stepped out of her third-class carriage at Creelport, in the small, haphazard station opposite the Free Kirk, all was high blue day and a west wind blowing. The broad accents of Rob the porter sounded kindly in her ears.

"Eh, but we are aa' vexed to hear o' your loss, an' the Doctor's (though I'm a Free masel'), and mair especial Miss Bee's. And I'll bring up your bits o' things on the barrow. Na, na, Miss Mina — I mean Mistress. But thank ye kindly aa' the same. It's little Rob Rorrison can do for ye this day, but it will never be said that he took siller frae ony in distress. Eh, my young leddy, but ye hae come hame to a stricken toon !"

"A stricken town !" Indeed, Rob Rorrison spoke truly, and the description did him credit, head and heart alike.

It was striking seven as Mina went down the street. She "cried in" to Fleckie Itherword at her own little cottage, took off her hat, made a hasty toilet, and, refusing breakfast, made her way through the green gate to the Manse. Not for a great deal would Mina have missed being at the Manse table when the postman arrived that morning.

"Bee!" she cried, catching sight of her friend digging in the garden plots, "what in the world are you doing there at this hour?"



"The 'Green Girl' took a step or two nearer to her victim."

Miss Bee made a hasty dab at her face with her apron. In a moment Mina was in her arms, and the spade on the ground.

"It's this way," said Miss Bee, after she had kissed her friend, "we have sent away James Houlison. The Doctor thought that in our situation we had no right to keep a man. So he and I are doing the garden and grounds ourselves. The pony is to be sold next week. There was a man came from Cairn Edward to look at him yesterday."

And then, quite incontinently, Mina—not Miss Bee—burst out crying !

Dr. John received Mina with a quickpassing gleam of sunlight in his eyes. His face kept its old sovereign peace, as if, for a certainty, goodness reigned continually within.

Mina found the Doctor's narrow, square shoulders a little bent. There were deeper lines and a grey, sick man's look upon his face when in repose. It animated a little in speech, but in a moment fell back again. And Mina's heart ached to see the change. There was less of difference upon Miss Bee. She bustled about the house, ran to the stables to see that Dapple had enough to eat, that he might look well when he went to be sold. She fussed about oats and wateringthings concerning which she knew nothing. Since James Houlison, the minister's man, had gone, must she not do his work? Of course, it was the least she could do. Lummy Itherword scolded her and called in Flecky to consult. But Miss Bee could not stay indoors. Yet she kept up wonderfully, but, manifestly, had sudden fits of crying, though, as Fleckie Itherwood said, "Naebody could catch her at it."

James, the minister's "man," now dispensed with, lingered about the gate, forbidden to enter. They could not afford it, said Miss Bee. "Not now, James. Please go away, James ! I cannot bear the sight—"

"Sicht o' me, Miss Bee — surely never. Faithful hae I servit you and the Doakter aye, thirty year. Surely, then, ye can bide the sicht of o'auld James. He disna ask for wages. He has a bit nest-egg laid by. He will want for naething. His cot doon by the shore-side is his ain. Let him do his bit bay's darg amang the Manse plots — as he has aye done, Miss Bee ! Dinna be hard wi' Jamie ! "

But for that time Miss Bee had been firm, and James Houlison, like an uneasy ghost, wandered back and forth in front of the Manse gates, or with a borrowed shovel and his own mower employed himself in making the outer approaches of the Manse, as he said, "mair faceable-like."

Miss Bee came at him "like a tiggur," as he recounted, for thus flagrantly disobeying her. She would speak to the police. But he summed up the situation thus : "Na, na, Miss Bee, the Manse and the glebe are yours. pot-herb an' flower-bed. I'm never disputin' it. But I hae gotten leave frae Sandy the roadman, and this side o' the hedge, and this side o' the yett, are mine to make as feat and bonny as I like."

And in a week no manse in Scotland had such an approach—that is, till you reached the bourn guarded by Miss Bee. Then it became (as said James Houlison, looking wistfully at the avenue curves through the spars of the gate) "like unto the Wilderness of Sin that lieth between Eziongebir and thon ither place I canna juist mind the name o'."

Yes, it was indeed a stricken town, and, as Dr. John said, it was not unfitting that the heaviest blow should fall on the Manse, so that the practice of thirty years' preaching might be tried, as gold in the furnace is tried, for men to see what sort it had been.

Lummy had set the breakfast-table when Mina entered with Miss Bee.

The big Bible lay as usual before the Doctor. The "morning sacrifice" was always simple and short at the Manse—that immemorial "Taking of the Book," now almost become as a tale that is told—because of the Doctor's respect for Lummy's devotional feelings. He knew she was thinking all the while of the tea and bacon and the eggs. Still, the little service was no mere ceremony. Mina liked being there. She used to rise earlier just for that. It helped through the weariest and hardest day.

Lummy had just seated herself, and Dr. John, noticing the working emotion upon Bee's face, had said: "We will omit the singing to-day." His hand was smoothing the broad page, preparatory to reading, when there came a sound of well-known footsteps without, never feared before. Then Lummy rose hastily and went out, her face losing at once all that Sabbath calm which it had assumed at her entrance "ben the room."

"Deevil take that Davie Loan !" she muttered. "If there's an unhandy minute in the day, the craitur is sure to tak it—*rat-tattin*" in the middle o' the readin' o' the Word !"

"RAT-TAT-TAT !" Duly and officially fell the knocker. She carried in the letters. There were two or three for Miss Bee. These would be condolences. There was also a big, oblong, clearly directed letter for "Dr. John Broadbent, Minister of the Parish of Creelportupon-Dee."

"That's lawvier's scribe, as I'm an honest woman," muttered Lummy, moving like a crab towards the breakfast-room. "I think I'll hide it. It wad be nae sin. Foul fa' their dirty nebs and claws!"

But habit prevailed, and with an "After a', it's the wull o' Providence," Lummy laid the long, threatening - looking legal document on the table beside the big family Bible.

Mina, watching keenly, saw the greyness and the age drop over Dr. John's face like a curtain. He half reached out his hand, and then withdrew it.

His eyes went to the Book, his finger found the place.

"Let us worship God, as is our custom," he said.

And in solemn and silvery tones he began to read the mighty Fortieth of Isaiah : "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned. For she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins."

"Double for all her sins," repeated Dr. John with emphasis, and then, as if he could read no farther, "Let us pray," he said. All knelt. There was a long silence—a strange, aching hush—a waiting like what had never before happened in the Manse of Creelport. Glancing over her shoulder to be sure that the minister had not fallen down in a faint, Mina saw Dr. John rise slowly to his feet.

"Sinful man that I am, *I cannot pray*; I am nowise fit to pray. My thoughts are carnal. They are on that letter !"

They all rose after him, awkward and ashamed, pitiful, too, for him; and the look on the face of Dr. John was as of a lost man.

"Never did I know that the flesh was so strong within me," he said, and stretched out his hand for the letter.

"I think you had better sit down, Doctor," said Mina hurriedly, aghast at the sight of his face.

Obediently he sat down, and then calmly, with his accustomed little ivory slip, he opened the lawyer's letter. His brow knit. he seemed not to understand it at the first reading. Mina trembled all over "What is it, John?" said Miss Bee. "Go out, Lummy."

"Lummy wull not!" muttered Lummy defiantly between her teeth. "If we have a' to gang beggin', Lummy will carry the poke."

And she lingered about the breakfast-room door.

"Take it, Bee," said the Doctor. "I think—I fear I do not read aright."

Then Miss Bee, adjusting her glasses with a trembling hand, read :---

"To the REVEREND JOHN BROADBENT, D.D.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,-We have the pleasure of informing you that your name has been inserted on the list of stockholders of the insolvent bank by some oversight. The necessary certificates remain in our hands, as also the money value of the shares at the date of your instructions of the 15th ultimo. To wit, Seven Thousand Pounds $(\pounds 7,000)$ on your own account, and Three Thousand Four Hundred Pounds (£3,400) on behalf of Miss Beatrice Broadbent. In the fortunate circumstances, you will not be liable for any 'calls' whatsoever, and if any papers connected with the matter are sent to your address, be good enough to forward them to us, that we may deal with them on behalf of our client.

"Venturing to congratulate you on the satisfactory termination of a matter which must have caused you some unavoidable anxiety,

anxiety, "We are, Reverend and Dear Sir, "Your obedient servants, "MACNOAH, STARK, AND STARK. "W. S."

There was silence about that untouched breakfast-table, a silence which lasted very long.

But they did not doubt—why should they?

"I can't pray yet, but I can sing !" cried the Doctor suddenly. And rising in his place, with that majestic presence associated with Sacramental Sabbath days, he gave out the ancient doxology—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE was heaviness upon Creelport, though it showed but little, as is the Scottish wont. A certain steadfast acceptance of misfortune, very worthy, even dignified, was the chief keynote. A widow sat alone, all her children at school, wondering, as she mended the little stockings, what she would do to bring her children up. Her all was gone. Her husband had invested it for her with care. The merchant was at his books—they would have to go before the Receiver in Bankruptcy. 'There was nothing else for it. Meantime, he must get the halfpence to balance !

A farmer came driving in, and went the round of the banks in Creelport. He had money in the shut bank which he could not touch. His landlord was pursuing him. They reassured him, but for the present he must get along as best he could—his landlord also.

Sad days—a stricken town, even as it was a stricken country.

But somehow, from the known joy of the Manse, other joys began to radiate. There was from the first something mysterious about it. Creelport and Drumfern were like the two women grinding at the mill. Creelport was left, but her sister town was taken.

Messrs. Comline and Sons, preparing their papers, were informed by a local bank agent, instructed by a London legal firm, that enough money would be put at their disposal to pay twenty shillings in the pound. In the meantime their creditors were permitted to refer to the said local manager of what was the strongest bank in Scotland. Messrs. Comline and Sons could repay the loan upon terms dictated by excessive amicability.

Mrs. Patullo, the doctor's widow, found that her shares had been dealt with in the same fashion as those of Dr. John and Miss Bee. Curiously enough, her broker also, without consulting her, appeared to have changed her shares for those of another bank. The Creelport agent of that concern reaffirmed this. He had a list, and ought to have known.

Almost daily there was someone on whom, like a shaft of sunlight through breaking clouds, happiness seemed to fall out of the darkest dark.

Only two remained with nothing done for them, no drop of the bitterness spilled out of their cups. One was Little Esson, concerning whom there was a rumour that he had fled the country, and that an officer of the law had been seen viewing "Pitch-and-Toss." This last was true. But it was Little Esson's friend Constable Vinnie, who took it upon him once or twice in his nightly beat, flashing a lantern in at the windows, and seeing the tall easels stand up like scaffolding, and a lay figure with one arm held stiffly out, all that remained of Little Esson's dress suit flung over one elbow, and the only tall hat in the community stuck on the back of her head.

"It gied me a proper turn the first time I saw the thing, standing like that wi' the lightning flashing in on it ower my shoother!"

Mina mourned over Little Esson. She met various members of the colony as they appeared and disappeared. For it was the hottest season of exhibitions, and only those who had homes and studios could be found in Creelport at that time of year. First of all she encountered Martin Frobisher, more flourishing than ever, swinging his cane, and with the lines of his trousers in striking contrast to those affected by Little Esson, who, however, was again the better painter. It went a good deal by trousers in Creelport. Little Esson's were the most disgraceful.

"You have been in Edinburgh, I presume, Mrs. Fairweather," said Frobisher airily. "Did you run across Hunter?"

"I beg your pardon ?" said Mina, sweetly interrogative.

"Hunter Mayne, I mean."

"I did not even know he had left Creelport. Have you been away, too?"

"I am on my way down to Broom Lodge," he said, with a certain show of feeling. "They are in sad trouble there. I hear that you have been fortunate enough to get rid of your shares. Your name was not even on the first list."

He saluted and went off, swinging his cane a little less airily.

Mina took her way along the old Town Meadows. The hawthorn was again in bloom. The grass and the May flowers and the sweet violets in the hedges gave a good smell. The birds sang their bravest. She remembered the old time when she had listened to Hunter Mayne there—yes, yonder to an exactitude was where he had been painting.

"Oh, what a fool I was! And what a fool I *am*—to send away poor Archie Esson! And he came all that way to help me, and he had not a penny—not a penny. What if—…"

Terrible possibilities of death by starvation took possession of her brain. Her mind for the next half-mile was a mere panorama of horrors, all happening by her fault, to Little Esson. Her fault—of course it was hers all her horrid temper ! Oh, if he only would come back, would write to her, show any sign of life !

But no; she herself had sent him away, knowing that he had no money, that he might never get the money. But here a reasonable thought came to her. She could at least find *that* out. And taking a short cut—the Town Meadows are all short cuts—she found herself at the post-office door.

She wired to Messrs. Huth and Bernstein to know if the money for "The Bloom of Their Youth" had been paid.

And she waited till the reply came back, within the hour—

"Money paid to artist next morning. We hold his receipt.—Huth and Bernstein."

As Mina turned to go out, a veiled lady, in whom she recognised Terry's aunt, Lady Titus Grainger, passed hastily in. She could see that her face was flour-white, even through the crape. Neither spoke. Mina passed with her eyes downcast. Hilda was at the door waiting for her mother. She turned her back ostentatiously on her cousin's widow as she passed.

But Mina knew that her time was now come to try of what sort she was. She put to herself the query: What would Dr. John have done for Lady Grainger if he had been in her place? She could not forget that, in spite of all, it was that woman's house which had received her when she had not a home to go to. Also she was Terry's aunt and sole relative—except, that is, the "Green Girl."

So Mina went directly home and wrote another letter, directing certain transfers of stock to be announced to Lady Titus Grainger, Broom Lodge, Creelport-on-Dee, N.B.

"Terry would have wished it," she said. "And even giving away all this—and suppose I never get a penny back, as Mr. Stark says I may—I shall be far too rich, anyway. I cannot be happier than with Fleckie on sixty pounds a year."

She sighed. For she could, faintly and distantly, but still distinctly, imagine a brighter life with the dearest, the freshest, and sweetest-natured man in the world always excepting, of course, Terry.

She added the last clause with a kind of jolt. She had almost forgotten. And she must not forget. For it was Terry's money that was enabling her to do all this. It was Terry, who, being dead, was speaking to Creelport.

11

CHAPTER XXV.

MINA sat alone in the twilight, looking out of her open window at the blackbirds searching for belated worms on the little tablecloth of lawn. She had been in seeing Bee, rejoicing in the power which money gives of making people happy, and in her heart lauding Terry's foresight. But all the while she yearned for news of the "Prodigal" -her "Boy," to whom she ought to have spoken like a mother, instead of sending him away unhappy like that. She could never forgive herself—never ! She felt that there was growing up within her a great power to speak to Archie Esson-like a mother. And after what she had heard of the housekeeping at "Pitch-and-Toss," she was perfectly certain that he had stood greatly in need of being so talked to.

Suddenly a "Tap-tap," fine, but firm, came to the door.

The "Green Girl" stood on the threshold.

"I wish to speak with you," she said.

Her face seemed more pinched than ever, with its close-cropped covert of tawny hair. The eyes, seen in the dusk, were mere green fire. Hilda Grainger wore an old cloth walking-skirt, with a side pocket, and out of this she pulled a lawyer's letter, the counterpart of that which had been laid some mornings before by Dr. John's plate.

"My Lady Bountiful," she began, "so we are going about doing good by stealth, with money that ought to be another's—with my money — mine — mine — I ought to have married Terry—I was his nearest heir—till you came—*ah-h*!"

The guttural was like the snarl of a wild beast checked in its spring.

"How do I know? Look, dear 'Baa-Lamb,' do I not know the firm of Terry's lawyers? It was they who reported to the Widow Patullo. They are backing old Papa Comline and his cub in the drapery and outfitting line. I dare say it was they—Stark, MacNoah, and Stark—I have not forgotten the names—who have acted a 'Keeind Providence' to the worthy folk up at the Manse! And my Lady Bountiful did it all —all—with my money!"

Mina kept perfectly quiet. She began to think her mad.

"Has it ever struck you, 'Baa-Lamb,'" the "Green Girl" continued, her hand again in her skirt pocket, "where your money— Terry's money—would go to, if by chance you were to die? No, keep looking at me, 'Baa-Lamb,' please !" And the green shine of her eyes grew fixed and mesmeric. There seemed to be nothing else in that dusky place except only those eyes. Mina felt them growing bigger and bigger, and she herself diminishing and diminishing, till her will and power of action seemed as nothing. Yet she was quite aware of the necessity of keeping herself in hand.

"Say what you have to say and go!" she cried, the words sounding strange and hollow in her own ears. In spite of herself she sat down.

There was something now in the hand of the "Green Girl." It was shaped like a pencil, and shone like a long needle of silver.

"Yes, look at it, 'Baa-Lamb,'" said the "Green Girl." "This is Nirvana. So swift, so sure-none will ever suspect. I have spent my life in hating you, 'Baa-Lamb.' Why? Well, first I hated you because you were '*pretty*'—' pretty!'" she repeated the word bitterly. "Men made love to you. To me only one or two talked a little, like throwing scraps to a dog. Then Terry married you. I showed him letters of yours which I myself had written—he did not care a hang, he said, true or untrue, and so flung away from me. I wrote letters of Terry's as if to dear old Jeanne, who had been married ten years. But neither would you believe. Such a united household ! Touching ! Look at me, 'Baa-Lamb!' I am looking at you ! "

Mina kept still—she could not help it now.

"Now, listen. I am going to prick you with the point of this little German syringe. Presently you will die—die, 'Baa-Lamb,' without pain—happily ! Nirvana, 'Baa-Lamb !' That's it, and then I shall inherit your money."

The "Green Girl" took a step or two nearer to her victim—her head seemed to carry before it two green orbs, blurred, huminous, and terrible—nearer—nearer—!

Mina was under the influence of the place and impressed by the scene. She felt no terror, but clearly she was succumbing. Something seemed to hold her incapable of movement, as in the nightmare.

The outer door opened.

"Are you there, Mina?" broke in as from another world, the frank, kindly voice of Miss Bee. The rustle of her silken skirts awoke Mina. In an instant she had sprung from her chair and grasped the "Green Girl." The tube of silver and glass fell. Mina's heel trod it into fragments, and her hands were on the wrists of Hilda Grainger. Physically, of course, the "Green Girl" was no match for Mina.

She forced her into a chair in which she had been sitting and held her there.

"Mina," repeated Miss Bee, without, "are you there? May I come in?"

"If you do not let me go, I will tell her all," whispered Hilda Grainger, "then her brother will refuse the money. Let go! Let me go, I say. I shall never trouble you again. I have played and lost. I always knew it. You need not fear me again."

"I do not now," said Mina.

* * *

When Miss Bee entered, Mina was standing by the window, and the "Green Girl" was sitting in the larger easy-chair. Both were very quiet.

"Ah!" cried Miss Bee, with that fine open honesty which sees nothing that is not meant to be seen, "so you two have made it up! At last ! I am so glad. And I hear that your dear mother has been fortunate enough to get out of her shares, Miss Hilda !"

"Oh, my mother," said Hilda Grainger; "she is indeed fortunate—in her daughter."

"But about the bank. We were so sorry—"

"So was I," said the "Green Girl."

"But now it is all right, isn't it?" continued Bee, in spite of her curt answers. "Mr. Dempster was just telling my brother —the banker, you know. Perhaps it will not be quite arranged yet; but it *is* all right."

"It will be to-morrow morning !" said the "Green Girl." "I bid you good-night, Miss Bee, and — you — Mrs. — Terence — Fairweather !"

"How stiff she is," said Miss Bee, "calling you all that, and you her first cousin's widow ! But, after all, it's good you two have made it up, isn't it?

But they did not fully understand what the "Green Girl" meant till they read a paragraph in the second edition of the local paper, *The Creelport Express and Mercury*.

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE IN CREELPORT High Life.

"Early on Tuesday morning one of our best known and most universally respected residents, Lady Titus Grainger, of Broom Lodge, having found her daughter's bedroom untenanted, and the bed as it had been left early on Monday morning by Miss Amelia



"He pointed out that night was the scason proper for repose of the body and meditation of the spirit."

Brown, housemaid at Broom Lodge, penetrated into the workroom and laboratory of Miss Hilda Grainger. To her horror and surprise she found that some accident had happened there, probably in testing the strengths of certain chemical poisons. Miss Grainger was lying on the floor, and to her great grief the unfortunate young lady never regained consciousness. She appears, in fact, as the doctors affirm, to have been dead for Miss Grainger was a dismany hours. tinguished pupil of the Basingstoke Physical Research Institute, and it is feared that her well-known scientific zeal has led to her untimely end. The deepest sympathy is felt for her unfortunate and sorely tried mother, Lady Grainger, who is suffering from nervous shock. No flowers, by request."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT was their first hot day and leafy glade, besides which Ladas II. was beginning to reveal his characteristics. So they rested— Ladas II., Little Esson, and Calvinus McCron. The former retained the heather-mixture suit appropriate to the semi-civilisation of old "Pitch-and-Toss." But Calvinus was weird in a smock, a carter's whip, and a poet's hair.

"It is for Ladas's sake," he explained,

when observations were made. "I don't want him to feel strange. He has not come quite on the footing of an ordinary horse, you see _____"

"No," said Little Esson with great dryness; "ordinary horses walk on four feet instead of three."

"Well, you can't expect *everything*!" explained Calvinus, "even if you did nail that two hundred from the secretary of the Royal. He must have been a soft."

"I say, what if we are robbed, McCron?" whispered Little Esson. "We are carrying far too much money, you know."

"Can't help that," said Calvinus; "it was to save it that we came away." Then he scratched his head. "I've got it," he cried. "Nobody would suspect Ladas— Ladas II., to be precise and to make the distinction clear."

"What's got in at the crack now?" demanded Esson.

"Well," pursued Calvinus, "it's like this. Ladas II. has always to wear blinkers—night and day. His private physician has ordered it for his health's sake. He is—I don't know if I mentioned it—doing this trip with us for his health's sake, and he condescends, for the same reason, to drag our van."

"At intervals," put in Little Esson.

"Well," said Calvinus, coolly regarding him, "you are a criminal fleeing from justice; my character-well, we will say no more about that. But poor, sick, despised Ladas is honest, laborious, honourable. He never got drunk. He never voted. He has never told a lie. On, Esson, think of that, dream of that! We will slip the two hundred in notes into the inner lining of his blinkers. They are special blinkers, you know, made at a famous optician's in Bond Street. I don't know if I mentioned before that Ladas is wall-eved on one side, and threatened with cataract on the other. So. of course, the friends to whom he is dear wish to give him every care, every luxury. They have spared no expense on his outfit. They have consulted the most famous professors of ----- "

"Oh, dry up!" shouted Esson; "you get on my nerves. But for once there may be something in what you say. Certainly no one would steal Ladas, or his harness not even if they found them on a rubbishheap!"

"We will now examine the blinkers," said Calvinus. "But cautiously. Hist! that sounded like a policeman!"

It was only a ploughman going whistling to

his work, and who asked for a fill of tobacco. After he had puffed himself duly out of sight, Little Esson much improved the optician-made blinkers by stitching all round them with a curved needle from a little surgical case. When he had finished, the two hundred pounds paid by Mina for "The Bloom of Their Youth" were also encased.

They climbed on the van, and Ladas II. actually did a sort of "Peter-Dick-Pot-Stick" "hirple," or disabled canter, down the little hill. They were somewhere near Dunmow. Ladas seemed to have what he had eaten still on his conscience. He frequently stopped to think. On these occasions only the extreme adaptability of the harness and attachments enabled him to strike his favourite attitude of a mastiff baying the moon. Luckily there was a special brake on the van, attached to the axle, which was capable of holding it even on a steep incline.

This was many times the saving of our travellers.

At first they used to get out and adjure Ladas, Little Esson with what he conceived to be a carter's vocabulary, and afterwards with the whip, and even stones from the nearest roadside piles.

All was in vain. Ladas sat on the stump of his tail, and, with flowing mane thrown back like a poetaster of the late 'eighties, he remained indifferent, wrapped in meditation, careless of flint or thong.

Calvinus tried another way. He recalled to Ladas II. the great deeds of his ancestors, his own unspotted record, till now unbeaten !

"Because he has never been known to run," interrupted Esson.

On these occasions Calvinus camped in front of him and talked. It was never any difficulty to Calvinus to talk. The difficulty was all the other way. He pointed out that night was the season proper for repose of the body and meditation of the spirit. They were far from water, shelter, food, the ordinary comforts of bran-mash. All this and much else he would pour forth by the hour, till Ladas's nose, at first haughty and unsympathetic, would gradually droop into the hand of the speaker, and the one remaining equine eye look into the dark, sad ones of Calvinus.

Perhaps there was something akin in these two natures, the man's and the beast's. Esson, at all events, used to think so. Calvinus, solemn, wise, humorous, madder in his moments than any hare of March, *bizarre* in the unexpected leaps and twists of his reasoning, shy and *farouche* in spite of all his solemn nonsense. Ladas, like to nothing of the horse kind which had previously come from the Creator's hand—perhaps the horse aboriginal—tameless, never sulky, never wilful, but armed with a power of "ganging his ain gait," which no mortal need strive against. These two finished by understanding each other.

They had long colloquies, Ladas with his head in the knitted palms of his friend, and Calvinus monologuing in his easy, untroubled voice.

Sometimes Little Esson would go into the caravan and try to get some sleep when the expedition was thus in *panne*.

The affection of Ladas for the long, lanky humorist, Past Master of Smileless Idiocy, was at times a little inconvenient. He would follow Calvinus about like a dog, affection beaming from the one eye fit for active service. If they paused on some village green and tied up Ladas, as they thought securely, to the village pump, he would sit there, a grief - stricken sentinel, exhibiting to every intruder a nobly preserved set of teeth, extending (as it seemed) far back into the abyss of things. No women or children would draw a bucket of water, and no man, after a single glimpse, would dare to disengage the fastening. They knew too well the dangers of horse-bite. Besides, a horse that sat down in harness like a dog! There is still talk of witches in the East Lands.

The matter culminated, however, at the village of French Drove in the Fen Country, where, one Sunday, our two travellers being decently in church, Ladas II. appeared in the open doorway (it was a hot Sunday) in the very middle of the Litany. There he camped on his haunches, his head projecting past the pew of a member of Parliament, who was in the act of stating, quite correctly, that he was a miserable sinner. Then all were sure that Ladas was the devil indeed.

He had broken bounds. He had interrupted a regular service in a parish church by law established, and the scandal was so great that Esson and Calvinus had to harness up immediately and quit the vicinity with all possible speed.

"Poor people! they are mistaken," mourned Calvinus. 'If they would only have let me speak there in church, I could have proved it to them. Ladas is *not* the devil. He is only sad and wistful, one of those silent souls afflicted with eternal aphasia."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE morning, Mina, who had inspired many letters arriving of late at Creelport, received one on her own account. It was dated from Los Diablos, Cal., U.S.A. and was to an altogether unexpected effect :---

"MY DEAR SISTER "-so it ran-" I am the bearer of a message of grace which may soften even your hard heart. Our father, ere he died, forgave you everything, even the act which rankled longest, that of turning him like a beggar from your door. He wished me to say that he has changed his mind about the old Hilliard house, and, as he took no legal steps to carry out his first design, that house is yours. For me, I shall never return. I could not go back to the must and rust of Sleepy Hollow. T have found my vocation. Oh, if only you would likewise throw off your selfishness and absorption in the world, we would welcome you as a recruit to our bright band. The Silver Trumpeteer goes on from victory to victory. I may add that my own humble efforts-on the blackboard, and with coloured crayons-have also been much blessed. We are now starting for our third tour of the States. The full season for camp meetings will soon be upon us, and at the favourite health resorts our campaign has been planned on a monstre scale. Our tent at Asbury Park will seat eight thousand souls, besides an organ, brass band, and two limelight apparatuses with expert operators. need send no messages to the companions of my years of shame. They are, I doubt not, only sinking more deeply in the mire than ever. But if you see Archibald Esson, you can tell him that once I had some hopes of a better spirit in him. Bid him not extinguish the rushlight, however faintly it may burn.

"Any contribution to our work which you may feel inclined to send as a thank-offering will be accepted by

"Your brother,

"JEROME HILLIARD.

"(LIGHTNING SKETCHER. SPECIALITY: 'THE PRODIGAL SON,' IN 7 TABLEAUX IN 7 MINUTES ON AN ORDINARY BLACKBOARD!)"

Mina lay back and, shutting her eyes, thought long. Her father was dead. She could not truly say that she felt sorrow of any kind. She owed him nothing, save life. She had honoured him as well as she could, till by his own act he had driven her from him. She received the news with an absence of feeling which astonished herself at first, till she began to realise that Claude Hilliard himself had killed, little by little, all daughterly feeling in her heart.

And her brother? She drew a long That. at least, was well. Beneath breath. the self-sufficiency, the blatant assurance, the narrow egotism, the intolerance of his school, Mina read, and read correctly, a manlier, She could see Jerome nobler instinct. Hilliard, drunk, shouting at her along the streets till her very cheeks tingled with the shame. This was another man-no doubt with a barbarous conception of the needs of human souls, but still with a hunger after them. And if men and women are attracted by such methods, it shows that there is need of Simon Broolie and of his acolyte Jerome Hilliard, the Lightning Sketcher.

Upon the moment she sat down and wrote an affectionate letter, enclosing a cheque for fifty pounds, though it was evident that Jerome was in no personal need. He asked only for the mission, and not for himself, she noted with pleasure.

Then she went up to her chamber and shut the door. I do not think she wept. Then she came down again, very peaceful, with a black dress on. She opened the green gate and said to Miss Bee, with a kind of austere quiet : "My father is dead. I am glad—he died forgiving me. It is best so."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CREELPORT-ON-DEE was five hundred years old on the 23rd of June, its charter of incorporation bearing that date. Creelport had long resolved to distinguish itself above all the boroughs, royal or otherwise, of the southland.

Its provost, Mr. Jeelypiece, de-converted by getting his long-desired "licence to retail," and now using Amen Hall as convenient temporary cellarage, was Provost, with all the He had made his peace with the honours. churches, though not with Dr. John. He had grown so rich and rotund that the burgesses felt they could no longer refuse him the highest municipal office. He had tried hard to get a royal personage to come and lay the foundations of the new stone bridge, across the Creel estuary, which was to be the crown of his civic labours. " Sir John" Jeelypiece would not sound bad at And then think of what the Cairn all.

Edward folk would say, and even far Drumfern—poor, proud, worthless bodies that they were !

No least royalty was, however, available. Creelport was somewhat too small, it seemed. It could not be that royalties were too scarce. Creelport, therefore, had to fall back on its local talent. They had a duke in the neighbourhood, who lived in great seclusion, but, still, a genuine duke, with many castles and alliances almost royal. He promised to be present if the gout would allow him. There were the Lord Lieutenant of the county, of course a belted earl, various sirs and honourables, some a little behindhand with their payments to the local butcher and baker, but all thinking themselves only a little lower than the angels, and whose names at least would make a brave show in the local paper. Then there were peppery colonels and half-pay majors-poor, brave men of war for the most part, whom the privilege of defending their country had noways enriched. Mr. John Jeelypiece actually proposed to the Town Council of Creelport that these gentlemen should only be invited to the procession, ceremony, and banquet on condition, clearly understood beforehand, that they should wear their uniforms.

Mr. Jeelypiece had an eye for the picturesque. Also all the councillors were to have a new gown apiece out of the "Common Good." The funds for the bridge had been in large part collected, and it was hoped that the public would respond liberally on the eventful day.

The Duke of Creels was not a rich man, but he made up for it by immense length of lineage and a personal dignity yet more appalling. He even talked of the sacred Stuarts as "in the female line." Like Creelport, he dated back to the Bruces. In fact, after a friendly glass or two of an evening in his own black oak panelled dining-room, he would give you to understand that, though Bannockburn was a much overrated affair, the original Robert (present on that occasion) had not been at all a bad sort of a fellow.

Little differently from other mornings dawned over Creelport the morning of the 23rd of June. Mina had lain awake nearly night, wondering what had become all Archie Esson. She did not call him of "Little" Esson any more. It seemed, as it were, unworthy of him and of the anxiety of her feelings. Not that she loved himno such thing. Of course not. Quite absurd ! But then she might have sent him, with careful thoughtlessness, to his death.

True, that receipt forwarded by the Secretary of the Royal Academy to Messrs. Huth and Bernstein, and signed with the name of A. Esson, was certainly a comfort. People don't go and receive payment of two hundred pounds before vaulting Westminster Bridge.

But, all the same, where was he? Why did he not write to her? She had, it is true, forbidden him to do anything of the kind, but what of that? If she had been a man—well, she knew what she would have done.

And all the time the Pole Star rising higher little by little each evening, along the northerly highways, then steadying as they turned westward towards Creelport and the setting sun, the lost trio came nearer to its goal—that is to say, Ladas, Calvinus, and Little Esson.

Little Esson would stand it no longer. He was resolved to be noble! No longer would he flee from justice. He had spent a good deal of the two hundred pounds, and the bank people could take the rest. He would not, he could not, lead this hunted life!

"Eh, what ?" cried Calvinus --- " ' hunted ?" Man alive, do not I, with that inner sense which you lack, but which is common to Ladas and myself, see through you, insensate knave? It is not to render yourself up a martyr to the justice of the fiduciary laws of your country-no, it's because you can't keep away any longer from the lass. Well, fond fool, go to your fate ! But remember, I have warned you ! Leave Ladas and myself to peregrinate the lonely ways of life, equally free from the deceitfulness of riches and from that of faymales ! Ah, Ladas ! Ladas ! what I have long prophesied has come to pass ! He is forsaking us, Ladas. Yet enough, Esson. It is written, no man can escape his destiny. But in the meanwhile, come outside and watch me teach Ladas to give a paw! He does it now twice out of every three times of asking."

And, indeed, the solemn, lantern-jawed Calvinus had taught Ladas as solemnly to pose his forefoot in the palm of his hand, while, as usual, he held himself camped upon his tail in a green, gipsying dell, through which a stream of water ran.

It was a day acceptable, a high festal day in Creelport—that of its Quincentenary. The big word looked bigger on the immense notices (nine-sheet posters) scattered abroad over the land by the care of John Jeelypiece, Esq., J.P., Provost of the aforesaid Royal Borough, and Convener of the Celebration Committee.

Many of the worthy citizens did not know what "Quincentenary" meant—some even connected it with the bitter-tasting stuff the doctors give you in the spring. They were informed, however. Because the headmasters of all the public schools were instructed by the Board to instruct their pupils on the history of the ancient borough, who, in their turn, instructed their parents. "And," muttered Antiquary Jamie, thumbing his manuscripts, "not one of the dollop knows anything about it—not enough to choke a cat."

There were special trains at reduced fares and cheap excursions. 'Buses and brakes ran from the villages still without railway accommodation, and every gig, cart, and wagonette for miles around was requisitioned. It was to be a great day, even unto solemnity.

Eight massed bands and six pipers—these last Highland waifs and strays, but as interesting to the Lowlanders as a travelling menagerie. There were to be six companies of Volunteers—a whole battalion, indeed expenses paid by Mr. John Jeelypiece as a thank-offering for his wine and spirit licence. The County Militia were in camp near by, and as the Duke was their honorary colonel, they would be there too, and the great man would ride at their head. They had never seen him before.

Then came the Fire Brigade and the Fire Brigade's new helmets. The Creelport Brigade had only gone to one fire, and, as there was no water, had to come home as they went, merely losing the hose by the way. So they had manifestly worked for their brandnew helmets, which winked satisfactorily in the sun. The Freemasons moved gravely with linked fingers. The Oddfellows defied the world in oddity of sashes, followed by the Free Foresters, gay Robin Hoods who had never seen the merry greenwood in their lives. But all were easily eclipsed by the Free Gardeners. These last, accustomed to "walk" in procession once a year, carried floral emblems and had their flag-poles done about with ropes of roses.

Never was such a sight seen in Creelport. The great platform on the hilltop in front of the Castle ruins—the home of the Duke's forefathers—had been constructed with an easy ascent at the back, a kind of inclined plane, in consideration of the Duke's inability to mount a step without intense suffering. He had made that stipulation when arranging for his distinguished presence with the Provost. If he had asked for a model of Noah's Ark or the Tower of Babel, he would have got them.

And what flags and awnings and banners, and members of Parliament, what loyal and patriotic speeches! Creelport felt the pulse Empire of beat.

For the populace, there were greased poles and legs of mutton, a programme of foot races, and sack races, and one-leg races, and threelegged races. Also there was an emblematic fountain outside the Provost's Stores (late Amen Hall) which ran red wine so long as the "big wigs" remained astonished before it. After that it came down to very small ale indeed. And even that was not continuous. For whatever was not immediately caught as it escaped from the spigot, fell into a trough beneath, and was forthwith reconducted again within the Jeelypiece cellarage.

Jock Butter, once caretaker of Amen Hall, now head cellarman, watched carefully in his master's interests, and when any citizen appeared who, in his opinion, did not deserve that the fountain should flow for him, he informed him of the fact in the plainest manner.

"Get awa', Pate Tamson !" he would cry. "I wonder at your face—ye voted again' the Provost last election !" Or, as it might be, "Davie Dirlton, that's the third tankard ye hae had filled—free, gratis, and for naething ! Ye'll get nae mair here this day !"

And the fountain dried up instanter.

Davie and Pate communed with the unseen arbiter, but Jock Butter refused to be entreated of them. Whereupon their voices changed to railing. "When are we comin' to the yill?" they cried. "This is but dish-water; I could mak better o't wi' my guid-wife's Monday suds!"

"And wine!" cried Davie, through the bars of the wicket. "That Duke-body made a desperate sour face when he tasted it. I heard yin o' them say—a cornel he was that they wad need a bit line before they could tak that for claret wine. An' he swore blue murder that it had never been nearer to France than the vinegar bottle and the pump!"

Thus are the best gifts of the good and great rejected, and they themselves contemned! "Alas, alas, for poor humanity!" as said Calvinus McCron when he heard about it.

It was nearly two o'clock when the procession, advertised to start at one, began

to take its way, music breathing warlike from the column's head. Behind came the Provost and Bailies, with their gold chains of office; then the red-robed Councillors. The Duke, all in scarlet and gold, came riding at the head of his gallant militiamen. What came after that does not affect us greatly, save that the guilds of the burgh went by in massive ranks of four abreast. One figure, whom we love, moved alone before the Sunday-school teachers and pupils of all denominations. The people on the sidewalks cheered the good grey head of Dr. John, whom not even the eloquence of Miss Bee could persuade to wear his red Doctorial robe. His brother clergymen, who respected him, followed each with his own flock of teachers and children.

For Dr. John loved not processioning, and slily glanced at his watch to see how long it would be before he would be back in the quiet of the Manse garden. But, being women, Mina and Miss Bee rejoiced to see the minister so beloved.

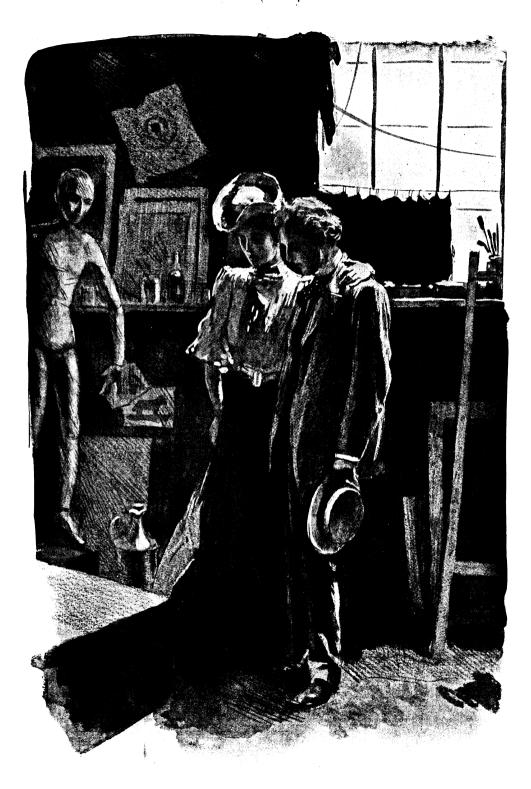
Now into the wide main street along which the Quincentennial celebration was marching, with tread measured and slow, the road from Drumfern debouched at right angles. And along that road, while the procession was being marshalled, and while John Jeelypiece was perspiring almost as much as the intermittent fountain at Amen Hall, another procession was advancing— Little Esson, Calvinus, and Ladas, on their way to deliver the first-named, by his own desire, to the justice of his offended country.

desire, to the justice of his offended country. "Music?" cried Calvinus. "Regard Ladas, that honourable steed! See how he pricks his ears. I feel sure he was once in a cavalry regiment—the Scots Greys, I believe! Ah, the old warhorse!"

"Bah!" said Little Esson, anxiously regarding the dint in the green trees on the northern outskirts, where nestled the Manse and the cottage of Mina, "don't talk rubbish at such a time. Ladas could only get into the camel corps—look at his neck!"

They passed along the deserted streets which led into the main processional highway. A black hedge of people filled the mouth.

"You can't pass here; the procession is coming!" So they shouted to Calvinus, who was driving. But Calvinus knew better. He was acquainted with Ladas. The good and patient animal bore but ill the opposition and contradiction of men. He opened his mouth, and the black hedge of burgesses melted away. Urchins cheered, and lo! as



"Little Esson took off his hat as if he had suddenly found himself in church."

if into a new world, Ladas turned into the main street of Creelport, a hundred yards in front of the great Quincentennial procession.

"God Save the King!" was being blared from eight brass bands, and performed with variations by six pipers, all blowing against one another, puffing cheeks and wagging rumps. Ladas had never seen anything like it. A policeman approached to lead him aside.

"Take me if you like," cried Calvinus, his voice mounting to a shriek, "but touch Ladas—at your peril! He is going . . . to sit down !"

Ladas turned, and without troubling himself about the powers which were or might be, he seated himself on his haunches, with his long forelegs erect, and sniffed with wide nostrils at the approaching pipers. It almost seemed as if the Quincentennial would have to be stopped before it had well begun.

Suddenly, however, Ladas II., having satisfied himself that this was something really worthy of him, got up, pivoted the van and his body on two legs, and took the head of the procession, limping proudly on three.

At Drumfern an accident had happened to his blinkers, and now only the one with the balance of the banknotes remained *in situ*. The wall-eye, white as a peeled egg, and about as large, glared out on the appalled multitudes.

Little Esson had judiciously fallen behind. He was now going up the sidepath as fast as he could make his way through the crowd.

"Come on," he had said to Calvinus, "let him go wherever he likes. Nobody will know that he belongs to us !"

"Traitor ! Coward ! Dastard !" cried Calvinus, with a wave of superb contempt, "you would desert Ladas in the hour of his need ! For me, Calvinus McCron, I never will. I swear it !"

But a couple of policemen, though they could not succeed in stopping Ladas in this his apotheosis (he snacked his teeth at them), induced Calvinus to come down and stay behind decently among the common throng. But they had too much to do, so presently that faithful humorist found himself loose and making his way up the hill towards the platform. He could see, beyond the noble form of the Duke on horseback, beyond the scarlet-clad Councillors, Ladas striding ahead on three legs, his head high, and that disreputable, unwashed North Kilburn van, which had travelled so many hundreds of miles, lumbering and swerving behind, its rear door swagging open, and part of the rotten rope harness trailing in the dust. He could see, above all, the ears of Ladas proudly erect, his rat-like tail, and the slant of his back steep as the roof of a house !

"Heaven's sweet mercy !" muttered Calvinus, "if only he does not take it into his head to sit down again, we may do yet !"

At the front of the platform Ladas was puzzled for a moment, but only for a moment. He endeavoured to take advantage of his long forelegs to mount it, but only succeeded in snapping the last rope fastenings that held him to the van. This, recoiling like a big twelve-inch gun, scattered the massed band and Corporation.

Then, a free Ladas, he soon found the inclined plane and mounted, first on deck of all the Quincentennial procession.

But I must really let Calvinus tell the rest of the tale, cutting his narrative only in the more Calvinian passages, which is a pity.

"Esson was before me," he said, "but he had met with-ah-friends, so he did not see all that I saw, which served him right, for he never loved Ladas as I have loved him. He let that girl find him, and so he never saw the finest sight in the world. Talk of your sunrises from the top of Mont Blanc! Talk of the winehearted Greek sea, and mighty thunders of Niagara ! But give me Ladas, camped on that platform, amid waving banners and all the panoply of war, sitting serenely on his tail and giving a paw to Colonel the Right Honourable the Duke of Creels ! I pass. You can have the rest. That's good enough for me !"

What Calvinus reported so succinctly was true. Mina and Miss Bee had been standing together waiting for Dr. John. They were looking out for him, when suddenly Mina gave a sharp little cry : "Oh, Bee, there he is !"

And the next instant she had Little Esson by the arm; or he had her in his. No one seems quite sure, or cares. But Dr. John, who turned aside on sight of the group, lifted his hands. "Bless you!" he said. "I always knew it would end so!"

But Miss Bee hustled them down a side street as fast as possible.

"For shame !" she said ; "and before all the folk ! It is a blessing that all Creelport was in the procession, so that only the country folk could see you !" But Mina and Esson did not care a jot. She kept his arm very tight as they passed through the deserted streets and green bylanes, Mansewards.

"You shall not get away like that again," she said.

"But I must go to prison," said Esson mournfully. "I detained money that ought to have been given up to the creditors of the bank——"

"What bank?" queried Mina sharply.

"Why, the one that broke, you know," stammered Esson. "They send the people who 'conceal effects' to prison. I read it in a notice—those very words!"

Mina laughed till she cried, then cried till she laughed.

"Why, you were only a depositor !"

"Well, and don't they send them to prison, too?" said Esson simply.

She took his arm again, her hand farther in this time.

"Come along," she said, not minding Bee, who went on ahead, "if ever any one man needed someone to look after him, you are that man. And I am going to do it!"

* * *

Calvinus appeared the next day. His air was melancholy, as usual, yet there was brightness in his sky also. He had seen the "Beatification of Ladas." Also he had bought him.

"Well, did he cost you his weight in gold, as you always said?" asked Little Esson. They sat in the garden, with Mina leaning over the seat.

"No," Calvinus hesitated; "the fact is, I-I had a letter from his owner this morning to say that he would accept three pounds for him. You will have to pay it out of your private hoards. Here is the blinker!"

Next day Calvinus bade them farewell. He and Ladas were taking once more to the open road. There was nothing so good, it seemed. Six miles a day till we die," said Calvinus; "and when my money is done, I can paint portraits, or write to you for a loan. Good-bye, old Esson. I am glad you are happy, but you will never really understand Ladas !"

They watched the rickety concern climb the little brae out of the town hollow. At the top, Calvinus, who had been walking alongside, waved his hat to them, leaped up, took the reins, and drove forth into the unknown. Perhaps some day he will reemerge; but where, when, and how is still mysterv.

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During the honeymoon, old "Pitch-and-Toss" had been carefully done up by Fuzzy Wells, John Glencairn, and the Barnetson Brothers. Mina and her husband walked down to it from their little cottage in the lee of the Manse. They had wisely decided to make no change for the present, except building a bedroom or so, now that the property was their own. Miss Bee had been through the green gate at least ten times that morning, and they had waved a friendly salute to Dr. John, as he paced up and down the Long Walk, his hands behind his back, meditating his next Sabbath morning's sermon.

The "boys" were all off sketching, and so Mina, wishful to see the old place "just with Archie alone"—not Little Esson to her any more — demanded the key from Fleckie. They strolled down the shore road to the weather-beaten, ramshackle, tarry, tumbledown building. Here, once on a time, her hour had come upon her.

They stood a little while in silence, Mina looking at the spot where she had stood. Her heart was full. But she was happy, of which the best proof was that she never thought of Hunter Mayne at all.

Instead, she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder and said softly : " Do you know, I think Terry would be glad if he knew !"

And then, for some reason or other, Little Esson took off his hat as if he had suddenly found himself in church.

THE END.

THE ARAB HORSE IN ENGLAND.

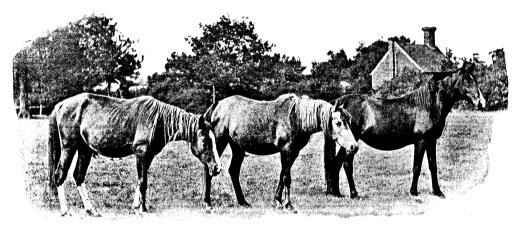
SOME NOTES ON MR. WILFRID BLUNT'S CRABBET STUD.

BY S. L. BENSUSAN.

Photographs by Messrs. Thomas Fall and Sons, Baker Street, W.

O^F all horses, the Arab has appealed most to the imagination of mankind. Great writers of the East and of the West have extolled its virtues, often in terms that will live, great travellers have declared that no praise, however generous, does proper justice to the Arab. Those of us who have travelled in the East, either on the pure Arab or on the barb raised on the plains of Morocco, have enjoyed the easy pace, the sure foot, and the tireless activity of our steed, and have responded with pleasure to

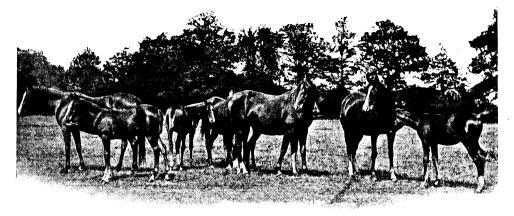
the Giaour has not planted his foot too firmly, fighting is regarded as the natural recreation of a country gentleman, much the same as fox-hunting is in England—a raid or a foray is the salt that gives wild life its savour. Moreover, the Eastern breeder of horses has learned the value of his best brood mares, and has sold some of late years at prices that would have made his grandfathers consider themselves rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Not unnaturally, then, the quality of the studs in Arabia tends



BROOD MARES.

the animal's affectionate disposition and ready recognition of gentle treatment. To-day the Arab tends to become rare ; it may be doubted whether he or his distant cousin of the Barbary States can continue to flourish in the world's wild places now that firearms are the order of the day. Of old time, when a long flintlock musket with a short range and a barrel nearly related to a gaspipe was considered a deadly instrument of war, the Arab could carry his master into the field and run but little risk, but arms of precision have changed all that. When fighting claims the attention of tribesmen to-day, the Arab must be left at home. It is well to remember. too, that in Arabia, and all through the lands immediately south of the Mediterranean where nowadays to diminish. Many of the finest Arab horses find their way to Egypt.

The late Ali Pasha Sherif, of Cairo, was one of the best-known Egyptian owners of His stables held many animals Arabians. which were descended from the historic stud of Abbas Pasha, the first Viceroy of Egypt, and the best of these were bought by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, who is, perhaps, the largest breeder of Arabs in the British Empire, and beyond doubt the greatest authority upon them. The proper place of the Arab has been recognised by the governments of many countries. Our best breeds of horses suitable for saddle and harness work owe not a little to the Arabian, while, of course, nearly all the finest racehorses of our generation are



MARES AND FOALS.

descended from the famous "Darley Arabian." The wonderful Tartar ponies have been crossed again and again with Arabs. The Indian Army is using true Arab stallions in its military studs; the Basuto ponies on which our friend the Boer did such excellent work in the South African campaign are said to have been brought by Arabs through North Africa; while the Syrian horses, which are said to be three-parts Arab, carried our cavalry to Omdurman, in the closing days of the Soudan campaign, when the English cavalry horses had to be left behind in Cairo.

In South America, where bullfighting is practised on lines that keep midway between the Spanish and Portuguese methods, Arab horses are used because the Cavalheiros find that the trained Arab is the only horse that can keep out of the reach of the bull's horns within the limits of the arena. Many great leaders of men have used Arabs, from Napoleon to Lord Roberts and General De Wet, and when the Sultan of Morocco wishes to make a present to any very distinguished visitors or one of the world's great potentates, he sends a pure-bred Arab. His brother in Allah of Turkey has four studs, of which Arabs predominate, and the Russian Government has been buying Arab stallions of late years. In fact, breeders, whether they be Governments or private individuals, are beginning to realise that the Arab, which is the oldest pure-bred horse in the world, is better in every way, and for nearly every purpose for which a light horse is required, than the English thoroughbredhunting and racing always excepted. Even where the Arab cannot be substituted directly. it is still able to influence the existing breed for good, and in this connection it is well worth noting that the Arab makes an ideal horse for mounted infantry. Indeed, Mr.



MARES AND FOALS.

Theodore A. Cook, in his "History of the English Turf," says that he thinks the pure Arab sire will do for the Remount Department what he has done for the racecourse. "Crossed," he remarks, "with such hardy, typical, indigenous breeds as the Devonshire, Welsh, New Forest, and Highland pony mare.

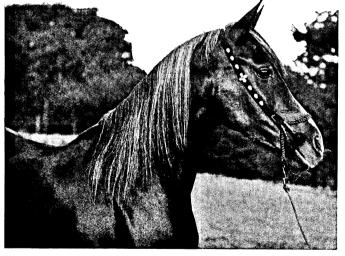
As has been remarked already, Mr. Blunt bought the stud of the famous Egyptian breeder, Ali Pasha Sherif, and has bred Arabs extensively in Egypt as well as at his delightful seat in Sussex. No man has such a profound knowledge of the Arab horse, its history and its ways, and a book

from his pen would be welcomed by lovers of fine horses the world over. But he does not write very much about horses: he is content to raise them. At Crabbet Park and at Newbuildings the Arabs may be seen in all their beauty, amid surroundings that show the lovely Sussex country at its best; and when one turns from consideration of the mere beauty of the Arab to the practical uses of the animal, and its advantages over the heavy horse, it is hard to understand how the latter keeps his place. The Arab has spirit, endurance, and docility, he is the best

the Arab sire will produce the small, handy, tireless, beautifully built animal for mounted infantry of future warfare." (Vol. 3, Div. II., page 708).

Not only in this country. but in very many others, lovers of the Arab are deeply indebted to Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Poet, traveller, politician, and, above all other things, lover of horses, he has done much to preserve the Arab in its purity, and the famous Crabbet Arabian Stud is a source from which the great Government studs of many countries renew their stables. A glance at the Crabbet Stud Book for 1906

shows that some of the best sires have been exported to all parts of the world. Azrek, Darraj, Muhajjer, and Halizan, for example, went to South Africa, Mesaoud, one of the finest stallions Mr. Blunt has ever owned, was bought by Russia, Nejran went to Australia, Rejeb to Japan, Narkise, Nareuk, Nureddin, and Sayal to India, Ahmar to Java, and Nejef to Chili. Four mares have gone to America.



TWO TYPICAL ARABIAN MARES.

of travellers over bad ground, he needs but little corn, and seldom or never requires the attentions of the vet. To the full extent that a horse has a serious purpose to fulfil, and is not regarded as a toy, the Arab can respond to nearly every demand that is put upon him. The one force that fights against his further development in this country is the racecourse, where the demand for short distance races has found out the Arab's one weak spot, though of course we must remember that the short race is fatal to the stamina of the thoroughbred. You cannot raise an Arab that will win a five-furlong race, or one that can be entered safely for two-year-old events, but no winner of a short

distance race could stand up for any time against an Arab. nor. when stud days come, can he impart to future generations a tithe of the qualities that are the Arabs' by right. Authorities say that the old English thoroughbred of our great-grandfathers' days boasted many qualities of the Arab, notably staying power, weight-carrying, capacity for living on very little, and splendid general condition. The modern thoroughbred, de-



THE LADY ANNE BLUNT ON HER FAVOURITE MARE.

veloped on special lines for particular purposes, has lost these qualities, and is required to do no more than travel a short distance in the least possible time. The result is that the English thoroughbred—which, of course, is not a pure breed at all—is deteriorating steadily, and the lower grade of thoroughbred retains his place very largely on account of the fact that he is good for trade, being able to consume more corn, and to demand and to receive more attention, than any creature that gocs on four legs. Moreover, he is undeniably a thing of beauty, of a solid, substantial beauty that is very acceptable to people who think that the Arab is slightly

> built, and mistake elegance for weakness.

Perhaps it was a desire to meet objectors half way that led Mr. Blunt at one time to raise the height of his Arabs. He succeeded in giving them an extra three inches. but soon recognised that the change was not altogether an improvement, because the increased height was not accompanied by corresponding development in other directions, and the

natural height of the Arab, which is about 14 hands 2 inches, cannot be improved upon.

The true Arab is said to be a wild breed kept carefully of old time in the high plateau of the Yemen, to which no horse of inferior breed could approach. In this district fine grass has grown always, and animals thrive ; but some of the best authorities believe that



the Arabs, for all the advantages lying at their disposal, did not take to horse-riding until about the third century A.D., and two or three centuries elapsed before the desert people were fully conscious of the prize they had acquired. Then their riding horses were their most treasured possessions, and as years passed their poets celebrated the charms of many a noble animal in lines that are remembered to this day.

At Newbuildings one finds oneself surrounded by beautiful and friendly creatures that seem to tread on air, so lightly and gracefully do they move. They have lean heads and slightly semitic profile, in which point they differ from the barbs of Morocco. are as fine as silk. There are many other qualities that are apparent at once to the expert, particularly in the head, with its fine muzzle, high nostrils, deep check-bones, and arched neck; but perhaps the more obvious points can be seen sufficiently in the accompanying pictures, and it is unnecessary for an amateur like the writer to dwell upon them in greater detail.

To-day Mr. Blunt may claim that most of the best Arabs in the world have passed through his stud. Elsewhere, the Sultan of Muscat is still the owner of a considerable stud, and there are a few survivors of the once powerful Princes of Arabia who are masters of fine horses; but Mr. Blunt is of

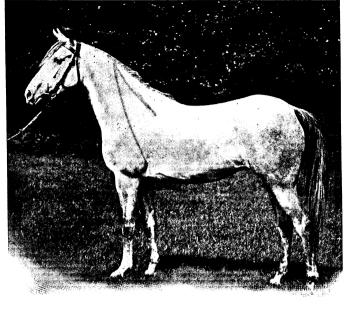


THE STUD GROOM AND HIS HELPERS.

Their necks are exquisitely curved, their withers sharply defined, they carry their tails erect, and these tails are as beautiful as the silken manes, unless the foals chance to have eaten them. Stallions and mares alike seem absolutely free from vice. Mr. Blunt has pointed out that the best sires are about fourteen hands two inches high, short on the leg, and with large, deep, and perfectly rounded feet. Fore arms and second thighs are very powerful, knees and hocks are broad. The Arab has a short back, with just sufficient space between the withers and the rise of the loins for a saddle. A wellbred horse has a high tail rising at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the point of insertion, but so curving that it clears the hocks when the horse walks. Mane and tail opinion that there are less than 3,000 thoroughbred brood mares left in Arabia today, and perhaps 5,000 the world over. He has pointed out that the special object of the Bedouin in breeding the Arab was service in For this purpose endurance is the chief war. thing, and the Arab, even when imported into England, has an iron constitution. He requires very little shelter, even in the worst of the English winter. At Newbuildings some very old barns that seem to have ventilation holes in every beam serve for winter quarters in the very severe weather. Neither sun nor wind can hurt the Arab, his temper is of the best, and his capacity for travelling seems to know no limits.

For a long time the Arab was not known in England, where the best horses were the barbs imported from Morocco, and these came over in great numbers during the occupation of Tangier. In the early part of the eighteenth century, Mr. Darley, British Consul of Aleppo, purchased the famous Darley Arabian, to which reference has been made already, and that purchase gave an impetus to the breeding of the Arab horse in England, and went to build up the thoroughbred and make Turf history. Unfortunately, the breed of Arab horses did not remain pure, and throughout North Africa it has now become quite corrupt. The corruption has spread even to Persia, where of old time the Arab might have been found in all his purity, while to-day he has disappeared

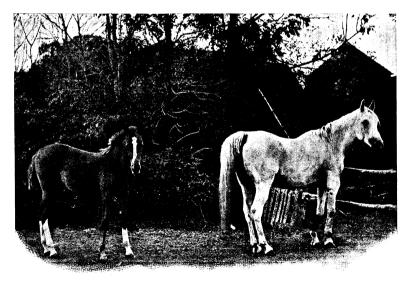
from the mart, and can only be encountered by chance. Traders have swept the desert on behalf of their clients in the big cities, the liberty of tribes that were formerly independent has been considerably curtailed, and they do not boast the horses that were theirs of old time. In days when their liberty was largely dependent upon the speed of their Arabs, the questions relating to



A GOOD SORT.

breeding were of far greater import than they are to-day.

The colour of Arabs was a matter of considerable importance to the early owners, because in the East colour is associated with many curious beliefs. For example, Arabs and Spaniards, too—agree that the black horse is the best for show, but the worst for temper, and that he has no endurance.



BINT HELWA, OLD GREY MARE, AND FOAL. This mare had her leg broken as a three-year-old.

While the black barb is to be found without much difficulty, the black Arab is exceedingly rare, and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt himself has only seen one. This was in the stables of the Sultan at Yildiz. The original colour of the wild Arab would seem to have been bay with black points, and that is the colour that the Bedouins love today. A strong, bright chestnut with or without white feet is a good colour for an Arab, and is much sought

for by pious Moslems, since the Prophet himself favoured a chestnut horse. Curiously enough, while white face and white feet create a prejudice in the minds of the Moors, who declare that the horse travels in his own shroud, and can bring nothing but misfortune to his rider, the Arabs like a horse with three white feet, but the off forefoot should be dark. Next to the chestnut the pure white is most favoured, but Mr. Wilfrid Blunt points out that no Arab is ever foaled white, and only attains to full white colour about the eighth year. A white Arab is esteemed highly for state occasions, and was reserved for such purposes by its masters. It can be of little use in time of war, being plainly seen so far away. A bay is reckoned by some Arabs to be the most sober and reliable of all horses.

It may be of interest to recall, in connection with the colour of horses, a custom that prevails even to this day among the Sultans of Morocco, who, by the way, are generally the owners of a few pure-bred When they make a procession in Arabs. state through the streets of the capital in which they chance to be residing, they ride a pure white horse if they wish to express their satisfaction with their subjects. If the town does not chance to have been behaving quite at its best, the Sultan will perhaps be seen on a chestnut stallion; but should the city have refused to pay taxes, or failed to yield a proper supply of the mona to the Sultan's countless hangers on, or should it have harboured rebels or other "sons of burnt fathers," His Shareefian Majesty rides upon El Dum-a black horse. Then all evil-doers

understand that the colour of His Majesty's horse corresponds to His Majesty's mood, and make haste to seek side streets or to call upon Allah in stentorian tones to make their master's kingdom eternal. In the noise of their greeting they hope that their faults will be forgotten.

For many years the annual sale of Arabs at Crabbet Park was one of the social events of July, but now the horses are sold privately, the stud being too well known to require the support of a special function. The chief use to which the Arab is put in these days is to serve as sires to half-breed stocks raised for service under hard conditions and often in foreign lands. The fact that the Arab can make no show on the flat against the British thoroughbred has done a great deal to reduce the demand, although, of course, the Arab is the father of the British racehorse, and, associated with the heavy animal that was in Great Britain when Julius Cæsar came over, has produced the thoroughbred. Mr. Blunt has remarked that the points of the best Arab to-day and those of the great English thoroughbred sires of a century ago vary but slightly. Perhaps if the breeding for short distance flat racing should continue, to the detriment of the thoroughbred, the pure-bred Arab will be able to do for another generation what the "Darley Arabian" did so many years ago. It is well that the fortunes of the Arab in England should be in the safe hands of a man who is concerned only with producing what is best, and preserving the traditions that have made the Arab the best loved of all horses since the days that are first to stand out in the light of reliable history.

A WANDERING HEART.

WHAT! little vagrant, are you home returning, Weary and aching, have you come to rest? The days are many since with ardour burning You left the homely shelter of this breast.

The doors that opened lightly, nor impeded Your entering, you carelessly refused.

At barricaded fastnesses you pleaded,

And beat yourself against them torn and bruised.

And now you're broken! Well, I will not twit you, But with philosophy assuage your pain.

but with philosophy assuage your pain.

Come, then, this empty bosom will admit you, Tired wanderer, nor let you slip again.

JESSIE POPE.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By FRANCES RIVERS.

J OHN MARRIOTT was comely, young, and ambitious—this last quality was observable at once before there was time to note either the comeliness or the youth; observable, too, that it made the business of life for him—indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that he appeared to project ambition so far ahead of his body as to give an intelligent observer the notion that he was always hurrying to overtake it.

His regard of outward things held the vagueness which is not vacuity, the blankness that, absorbent, absorbs all things rather than one particular thing. His was the gaze that commits itself to the study of nothing special, yet offers itself the passive recipient to uninteresting as well as interesting objects—the gaze, in fact, of a man preoccupied with important personal affairs.

A little weary from the fatigue incident on a long night journey from London, having finished his *dejeuner*, lit a cigarette, and reread during the pauses of coffee-drinking the invitation, which was practically a command, to dine that evening with M. Meierheimer, John Marriott, after a nod to the *garçon* and a characteristic shake of his head to settle his hat into place, by aid of a *fiacre* had had himself conveyed to the Bois, meaning there to while away the hours that must necessarily pass before he should venture to present himself at the palatial *hôtel* occupied by M. Meierheimer in the Champs Elysées.

He had in his thoughts, as bourne, a little dell, drowsy at this hour with noontide heat, where the beating of Nature's heart would be the only sound audible, where all would be summer-scent and summer-beauty, although, as yet, the present month of May had several days to run.

Making his way to a seat familiar to his memory, placed under spreading elms now answering by languid movements of their topmost branches the flattering messages of love being conveyed to them by the breeze, John was disturbed to find the seat which he had thought to appropriate already in the occupation of a girl, who, with a shrewd measure of precaution in the manner of her observation, allowed curiosity and interest in him to peep in oblique glances from under the curtains of her eyes.

Sunlight fell through divisions of the branches overhead, turning the turf at her feet to patches of burning emerald, staining by contrast, to deep purple, the shadows on her white dress, and revealing her to John pretty as is the Eglantine. The sight of her gave to him a strange thrill of pleasure, inexplicable in so unimpressionable a man. Yet, after all, he was not so old as to have resigned search for the "quite impossible she" with whom the dreams of men are apt. occasionally, to be occupied, even when their lines are prosaically employed, as were those of John, in commerce-that "impossible she" who, though not without earth-sweetness, has more of the Dryad, of the immortal, than the mortal in her composition—the "she" who, not too rare for human nature's daily food, is yet born of the moon and stars . . . At first sight of the girl John realised that she was alone by some accident, rather than by design; saw that she was inexperienced and pretty, and for the moment went no further in his conjectures.

The optimistic mood of morning was still with him, making him feel that he might reasonably, without too great a stretch of imagination, regard the possibility of acquaintanceship, could he but find some means by aid of which to scale the pale of formality raised by convention so high between strangers.

The longer he looked at her, the more he let his thoughts linger round her, the more did he desire to have speech of her.

She had so sweet an air, so simple a grace was there in her figure, that he would not have been man had he not been bewitched Every banal sentiment that, in by it. ordinary circumstances, he might have addressed to a stranger, crowded into his memory, but these by their dull weight caused so great a sinking of his self-esteem that a sudden wave of diffidence swept over He pondered delusive ambiguity in him. search of foothold, but could find no element of solidity that offered him standpoint whence to proffer speech. Intrepid assurance led him to the very verge of conversation, to

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desert him suddenly at the crucial moment, leaving him to make retreat into the silence from which it had so nearly lured him.

He could devise no form of sentence sufficiently polite and reassuring as to conceal the fact that speech between strangers was of ambiguous compliment. A little lower in the social scale it would by "passing the time of day" have been easy enough to bridge the chasm of formality which now divided them; a little higher it would have been not difficult, since he had many influential acquaintances in Paris, to procure an introduction; but to that vast country that lies between these two extremes there is no "Open, Sesame !" save luck.

He gazed at her in an ecstasy. She was entirely at her ease, mistress of the situation to an extent astonishing, since it was inconceivable to think her, to it, anything but a novice.

"It is droll, but a man has seldom the idea of making himself agreeable to a woman but she has a presentiment of his intentions some moments before," thought he, as covetously he glanced at the empty seat beside her, "so why cannot she give me some word of encouragement?" And, as though in answer to his thought, she, with a lazy movement of her hand, and the drawing away with it of her skirt, half indicated that the vacant end of the bench was at his service. Conscious of all that was implied, John accepted the permission with a complacent alacrity.

When Fate plays into our hands, nothing is so ungracious as to question the honesty of the motives that make her do so. We may feel ourselves unworthy of her favour, yet who but an imbecile would elect to risk reversing her kindly judgment of us by calling her attention to the ugly trait of ingratitude? And as though she had heard and was appreciative of John's good sense, the goddess, who has been known before now to hide in an auger-hole, when so restricted a space has suited her, used now for her purposes a motor—a noisy, foul-smelling, swift-speeding motor. The whirr of its approach roused to vehemence the attention of a little dog that had been lying quiescent in the girl's lap; it was off it and away to meet the vehicle in a moment. Then, suddenly, as though paralysed by the stir which preceded the rush towards it of the diabolic machine, it sank, a suffocating, agonised heap of terror, into its very track. It must needs have been a man more dull than John who would not have taken advantage of such opportunity.

Action flew out even before intention, thus saving to him a vast amount of *pros* and *cons*, of intimate debate, within himself. The little dog was in the girl's lap again, and John, hat in hand, stood waiting, in that breathless expectation which every man, whom Chance has taken by the hand and led to the verge of an adventure, has at some time or another felt. The girl's attitude entirely relaxed : she smiled friendship, confidence, and showed an indulgent and grateful eye to this rescuing though obtruding stranger.

She murmured to the dog soft interjections of content, senseless little words of reassurance. Admirably counterfeiting selfpossession, she chattered to John with a friendliness there was yet no misconstruing. Inexperience of evil, mingled with audacity, shone from her eyes, making her doubly attractive, doubly lovable, showing her captivating, gracious, responsive, and forcing John to acknowledge that no past experience as to what, in similar circumstances, other women may have done, is any guide to a man as to what a particular woman will do. So. wisely, he accepted her at her own friendly appraisement, and catching at acquaintance with eager grasp, kept upon it a detaining hand.

"May I smoke—are you sure you don't mind?" he asked, out loud; and of himself: "Who on earth can she be? and how on earth, if she's what she looks, came she here alone?"

Her eyes, so frank and fresh, gave him the required permission—gave to him, too, the impression that they had been rarely used, since they held in their gaze the youth of eighteen months, not of her, presumably, eighteen years.

"I come here every day," she volunteered.

"Why?" his eyebrows asked.

"An assignation." She looked at him now with eyes even more friendly than before.

" With——"

"One of the gardeners."

" You ? "

"Proxy," she nodded, and humoured a laugh as pregnant of meaning as was a shake of Lord Burleigh's head.

" Isn't it a little----- "

"Monotonous. Yes, awfully. Grown-up life is very dull."

" But how ----- "

"Oh! I began it so harmlessly, just



"She was alone by some accident, rather than by design."

because I thought it was naughty, and I longed to do something that wasn't orthodox, and Marie is in love with one of the gardeners."

"Marie I suppose to be your maid," said John.

She laughed again-the laugh of a naughty

child. The apprehensions which it would have been natural to see not only exhibited, but emphasised in her glance, were entirely absent. He therefore judged, and rightly, her intelligence to be well in advance of her experience.

She showed herself indeed unvexed by the smallest cark of self-consciousness, nor did she give any sign that she was aware of any infringement of the maidenly code in thus admitting a stranger into her confidence.

"You can't imagine the unpleasantness of silence if you feel that you want to talk."

"I fancy that I know a condition to match it."

This time it was the speculation of her eves which questioned : "What is it?"

And he added : "The anxiety to be talked to."

"But!"-she turned a deliciously provoking face in mock shyness from her companion-" I shouldn't have been talking to you if I hadn't divined at a glance that you were English-or American-American would have done just as well !"

"Thank you," said John. "Of course," continued the girl, "they are not supposed to be so nice or so amusing to talk to.

" English or American ?" asked John.

"Neither is as entertaining, but each is supposed to be more trustworthy."

"Than whom ? " asked John.

"Frenchmen, of course; though I am bound to say I've never found my countrymen amuse me. In fact, all they ever say to me seems to be : 'Yes, mademoiselle,' 'No, mademoiselle'; though when my cousin Eugenie—she's married, you know—talks to them, she is constantly convulsed with little shrieks of laughter."

"Really," said John, amused, for the matter of her speech contrasted oddly with the artlessness of her manner.

Leaning her chin on her hand and her elbows on her knees, she regarded him thoughtfully, and, seeming to see something in his face of that trustworthiness of which she had just spoken, continued her confidence.

"Don't you wonder to hear me speak English so well? It is because I was educated in England, and although I've only been home since Easter, I want to go back You see, I've tried both countries, already. and I plump for England. I would rather, oh, far, far rather, be playing hockey in short petticoats, with the girls there, than be wearing these silly, flimsy, frilly skirts here. Then I had to leave a delicious bulldog behind me, because my father thought it not *comme il faut.* Of course, this is a darling " ---she gave a hug to the dog in her lap---" but it's not my sort exactly.

John smiled, strongly moved by that

human kindness that is vaguely spoken of as sympathy.

"Then I mayn't do this, that, or the other," she continued, " and I'm sure I don't know why."

"I can pretty well guess," said John.

She appeared to smother a laugh. Perhaps it amused her to note the varying expressions on the face of her companion which the frankness of her words called forth.

"I don't deny I am rather a handful."

"I shouldn't think of contradicting you," said John, "but why to-day particularly did you wish to meet an Englishman ?"

"Because I wanted to practise on him !" opening her eyes in a frankness stronger than discretion. John threw away the end of his cigarette and parted with a hasty explanation at the same time.

"Practise *English* on him," she amended ; "and when I saw you come along-for no special reason, not as if you were going to meet anyone, I mean "-here the brown eyes sparkled beneath long lashes, and a tender rose mantled and deepened and spread over the clear olive of her face until even the tips of her ears and her tawny neck turned pink ----" well, I said to myself, here's the man I can practise on."

" Thank you," said John again.

She had taken off her hat and was swinging it absently to and fro by the black velvet strings which should have tied it under her chin; thus she presented to his view a charming picture, and in this contemplative pose it was conceivable that she knew it.

"You see," she began, "we have an Englishman dining with us to-night, and it's most likely he can't speak French, and father, though he's a dear, isn't likely to make much way with him."

"What sort of man?" asked John, "and why do you suppose he has not been educated ?"

"Just a City man."

"City man?" John pounced on the offensive epithet as cat on mouse. "And can't a City man be nice?"

She shook her head.

"He has probably a musty look."

John's gaze was caught by a gleam of light which brought for a moment into vivid prominence the brilliant polish on his boots.

"I've known such men without such look," said he.

Her answering words were those of doubt. "When he's been years and years with old ledgers on a shelf-----" Then suddenly light appeared to come to her. By its aid she skirted a compliment; so, at least, John's hopes jumped, and along with his hopes jumped his vanity: "Ah! Monsieur, of course, refers to Englishmen."

What John might have answered is conjectural, for at that moment the figure of a *bonne* appeared in the near distance, and the



"Grown-up life is very dull."

unknown sprang from the bench with hand upraised to silence him. The next moment she was off, walking quickly towards the maid in the shadow-path between the trees, her gown fluttering in the breeze—a pearl-clad figure, flecked here and there with dazzling white where the sun shot out gleams as though to catch her as she passed. As she came up to the maid she turned to give to John a nod of kindly farewell before disappearing from his sight.

John stood for some seconds gazing at the place whence she had vanished, his eyes fixed, intent, as though he could actually envision still the girlish figure. He felt he

> would have given all the money he had in his pocket to have gone through his interview with her again, and to have restrained the ineptitudes that had discoursed so trippingly from his tongue at the bidding of his self-esteem.

> > * *

That same night the doors of Paris's great financier, M. Meierheimer, were, by aid of an attendant butler and several footmen, closed slowly upon the figure of John Marriott, as though they were courteously reluctant to exclude a guest so honoured as must needs be the representative of London's big banking firm of Overtop and Gurnet.

But the hour was eleven p.m., and John had not worked his way from the position of clerk to that of confidential emissary of this great firm without learning the importance of trivialities.

When the hands of the clock on the drawing-room mantelpiece \cdot had pointed to five minutes to the hour, he had noticed M. Meierheimer turn to him with, in his manner, the slightest sign of forced quickening of attention. Toless experienced eyes than John's, this small signal of fatigue might have been imperceptible, but he had read into this paradox notice to quit.

It had been a pity, perhaps, that he should, just at that

moment, have caught that expression on the face of the father, for memory officiously reminded him, as he pursued his way down the Champs Elysées towards his hotel, he had just then been making, in intimacy, with Mlle. Julie, such pleasant advance.

Yet he had been wise to leave—he congratulated himself on being possessed of that



"She had stood there a moment."

superior knowledge of the world which enables a man to turn matters, hurtful to the death to another's vanity, to his own profitable account—since it had become necessary for him to think over quietly the astounding events of the day, and endeavour to bring some project, as yet nebulous, although in process of resolution in his brain, to definite form.

It was a night made luminous by the full moon, and the dark, dense serenity of sky, like blue velvet setting, threw into vivid relief the brilliant diamonds of the stars. Moonlight itself lay like huge pearls between the shadows cast upon the road by the trees. Electric lights paled and shone, scintillating like opals; the wind that ruffled the leaves of the trees gave to them the sound of precious stones falling gently, through fingers held apart, one upon another.

Two perfect *rivières* of diamonds were extended, one on each side of the road, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde. As carriages flashed past him he saw rubies and emeralds on the reverse sides of their lamps. His feet, toe and heel, as they struck the ground, rang out, sounding in clear syllables, "Money! Money!" on the stones, the words as distinct to his ears as was ever "Property! Property!" to the Northern farmer.

As, punctually at seven p.m., John had entered the salon of the great financier, the first things that had presented themselves to his sight had been the French windows flung wide to an effect of summer sunshine; a wonderful, windless, golden glow, which had appeared to him to point the moral of the millionaire's home. And it had been in this radiance that he had seen Mlle. Meier-She had stood there a moment. heimer. arrestive to his eyes as a note of admiration in a sentence-an exceptional moment which she had prolonged so far as to give to his consciousness time to observe her before coming further than the threshold of the room, during which moment he had become vaguely conscious that, mixed with the mingled admiration and surprise which is the habitual commonplace attitude of man when he happens on pretty woman, there had been a something that was not in the least ordinary, a thrill of intense pleasure in meeting again the girl of the Bois. "There, by the grace of God, stands my wife," John had said to himself, and had had no more notion than a child of the mental process by which he had been led, from contemplation of a charming face, to so vivid a conclusion.

And what a wife to present to his friends! he thought again now. He could see the looks of admiration mingled with those of congratulation, could hear the murmur of envy and astonishment, the undercurrent of these friends' applause.

There were no social limitations — in England (he resented having to acknowledge by a mental hyphen to how low a depth Society in his native land had sunk) to such wealth as Mlle. Julie would inherit ; and if, with it, its possessors did not lead any life they liked —unconsciously he thought in the plural—then the fault of falling short of the highest aims would lie with themselves, since there are few ambitions beyond the reach of millions. He was convinced. too, that not only an alliance that would make for the success and happiness of his life could be secured by him, but that he was within an ace of seeing how to do it. Yet how? he asked himself, and chafed at the inadequacy of invention that echoed in reply. He paced alley after alley of thought without being brought appreciably nearer to a wise conclusion. Endless labyrinths of difficulty resulted but in a very crudescence of despondence; he felt there was something fatuous in his failure to find egress from the road into which his imagination had already pierced. He knew himself cut out for a bigger post than clerk, even with the adjectives "trusty" and "confidential" before the name, to Overtop and Gurnet; and he summed up, in a disparaging glance, the dreary perspective of a subordinate future.

Ducats and daughters were both on one side of the scale. It was obvious that to outweigh—or, if not to outweigh, at least to counterpoise—these, he must throw in many more ducats or position, and, at this moment, he had neither.

Reciprocity ! M. Meierheimer had put the situation to him in that one word. Reciprocity ! the conversation with his host seemed to have revolved round that one word the whole evening. Reciprocity ! John turned the word over tenderly with his tongue, emphasising the fact that he did so by a puzzled smile.

A flicker of possibility showed him, for a moment, a broad path widening out into success.

He thought in a businesslike, far-reaching, speculative manner of many things, seeking, with methodical, clerklike precision, some happy accident that could connect or associate him with Mlle. Julie, and so remove him from the present unsatisfactory position of distant acquaintance.

Hovering voices encouraged him that such an accident was to be met, and met by him, since Fate had shown her mood towards him so propitious as to have made the girl of the Bois the girl of the Champs Elysées. Now and then in his walk he would come to a pause, as though losing himself in a mental excursion. The moment of solution of his difficulty was bound to come; and it did finally with an effect as startling as the thunderous shock that accompanies the lighting up in fireworks of a set-piece. In the silence which followed he read the message he himself had fired.

As egress from the *cul-de-sac* thus became illumined, he saw the way, step by step, to take. It was as though direction had been taken out of his hands, a masterful spirit assuming the conduct of affairs too much for his slender knowledge of navigation; and the paving of the road that lay ahead became changed as though by alchemistic process from blocks of wood to blocks of gold.

The scheme, as it presented itself to him, was as clear as champagne and as exhilarating. He would see M. Meierheimer in the morning, plead some forgotten papers as an excuse to return to London, and indicate himself as a suitor for his daughter's hand.

He knew M. Meierheimer's views as to reciprocity; it was more than probable that Messrs. Overtop and Gurnet held those that were similar. All's fair in love and war.

He could not have told afterwards to others-indeed, was always in later days at at a loss to tell himself-how his idea had been first conceived, or how, after the first precautionary view of it, he came to adopt it; although, when a feeling of intimacy is established between the idea and the person to whom it occurs, especially if it be one which conduces to the intensification of the lustre of its recipient, he is soon on such familiar terms with it as to have no longer wish to question its origin; and as John Marriott walked forward to his hotel there was in his steps shown the energy of a man from whom mental activity and hope escape through his feet.

Four days later John enjoyed the privilege of another interview, and this time by permission of M. Meierheimer, with Mlle. Julie. As an Englishman he was granted this privilege, one from which a Parisian bachelor would most certainly have been excluded. He came into her presence with a high sense of enjoyment of the crisis to which he felt he had reached; and some vague consciousness of the importance to be attached to his appearance penetrated the brain of Mlle. Julie simultaneously.

"I think," said John, "that I should like to tell you a story."

She nodded. "Ever since you left Paris I have been fighting down an almost overmastering feeling of curiosity."

"You know I saw your father before I left?"

"Not officially," said Julie, "so tell me

what you said; what he said; what you thought; what he thought; and what it was all about."

"That's what I am going to try to do," said John; "but it will probably be more clear to you if I give it to you in the form of narrative."

She gave a frown and then a laugh, both suggestive of the child she was.

"There was once upon a time a man, comparatively young—thirty-three or so—a hardheaded business man, who fell into the abyss of love. He didn't walk into it by way of the gentle slope of friendship, but suddenly tumbled in head foremost," said John, and waited for the—

"How lovely !" which came, as he expected that it would, from the girl's lips.

He took up his narrative. "It is quite a sordid story apart from the love——."

"I'd like to hear something of the love," broke in Julie.

"All in good time," said John.

"He met her?"

"In the Bois, and hadn't the remotest idea who she was until the night of that meeting when he came to dine at her father's house. That night he was permitted to talk to her in English, and their acquaintance, begun in the morning, progressed favourably-----"

"Most favourably, because her father had never learnt any other language than his own."

"It came about——" said John.

"In the most simple manner; she just told him that it was a reflection on her English should he speak French—an invidious slur, in fact, on her education, so——"

"I was under the impression I was telling the story," said John.

Julie's mouth betrayed a tendency to quiver; but she compelled it into a demure placidity.

"Please go on," she said.

" Dinner over, these two——"

"Without the father," amended Julie.

"—invaded the verandah. Here the interested, wondering, much admiring young man was nothing loth to accept the seat from which, to make room for him, the girl cleared her gown——"

"That was the second time she had done that that day."

"There, during the progress of the summer evening whose dusk concealed from view the curtailed borders of their acquaintance, they made progress in friendship——" TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.



"'Tell me, may I play hockey?'"

"I should think they did," said Julie. "And as the man walked home that night to his hotel he thought how best he could clinch it; thought, too, of many other things, for he had felt a grudge against the Fate which had sent him, in a subordinate

position, into this girl's presence ; thought what he could do to make himself viewed by her father favourably, as an aspirant for her hand; wished himself a partner in the firm which had entrusted him with the mission which had made him a guest in that

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father's house, and which had enabled him to project his own personality into an atmosphere of consideration into which, undecorated with the star of his employer's confidence, he could never have penetrated."

"Partners are so often ponderous and old," said Julie, shaking her head. "I don't think I quite like this part of the story."

John glanced furtively at the maiden at his side.

"Besides," she added, "how could he possibly know that the girl would have anything to say to him even if he were a partner?"

"Oh!" said John, "I thought I'd explained that he paid her some small, mild attentions not, of course, so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as for it to be possible for them to be misunderstood."

Julie was, for the moment, disconcerted. Then, with woman's adaptation of herself to compelling circumstance, she assumed an instant appearance of serenity.

"Please go on," she said.

"Well, he got the idea," continued John, "and the next morning he went to see her father on the strength of it, and proposed to him for his daughter's hand."

"No!" said Julie, her eyes round with surprise.

"Why deny the man the courage of his manhood?" retorted John.

"But father-what did father say?"

"The father appeared to examine the idea with courtesy-his patience was really exemplary; for reasons latent in his consciousness, it became a nice point as to how far he should extend this quality of patience towards this unexpected proposal. He thrust his hands down into his pockets, and his shoulders went up, simultaneous actions The undisexpressive of a certain tension. charged business between himself and his companion made this tension, made what the aspirant would have called, had he put the situation of which he was fully conscious into words, the provisional tolerance with which the father viewed the matter."

"That's all rather complicated, isn't it?" said Julie.

"Not at all; for as soon as the young man-you permit metocall him young-?"

Julie laughed. "I permit you to call him young."

"Thank you," said John. "Well, as soon as he saw that perplexity, rather than annoyance, kept the father speechless, he knew himself to have some ground for legitimate hope, since he gathered that this great banker thought very highly of him and liked him enough, all other conditions being agreeable, to allow him to take a quick jump from the position of stranger to that of sonin-law."

"Oh !" gasped Julie, "and were all other conditions agreeable ?"

"The man determined to make them so. He took counsel of his usual optimism and went straight back to London, saw his employers, and put before them his proposition that they should make him a partner."

"He was a man of proper spirit."

"Not at all," said John modestly; "it had simply come to him how luck, combined with audacity, could carry the whole thing through."

"And did they make him a partner?" said Julie.

John looked away from her, and with a bashfulness of which he had hitherto been unaware, and which now made his voice unsteady, he made his confession : "He had to say he was going to marry the daughter."

"Öh !" said Julie.

"Then that man found himself thinking, beyond the success of this first step, of the great felicity to come to him in the acquisition of this girl as his wife."

"I'm glad he thought of that," said Julie.

"Remember," said John, "he wouldn't be a man to be indifferent to the change this redressing of the bank balance would make in his position; but, to do him justice, this redistribution of bullion, which puts him on a higher level than he'd ever thought to occupy, is less in his mind than is the intoxicating swing upward by which he sees himself the prospective husband of——"

"Oh ! never mind that," interrupted Julie. "Tell me what he did besides."

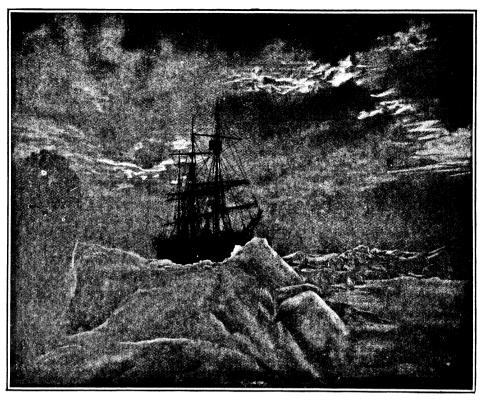
"He took care that his assurance should have no time to drop away from him; so, hugging it jealously to his breast, he made the journey as quickly as he could back from London to Paris."

"And father?" asked Julie; she put her hand out to him with that delicious confidence she afterwards never found unjustified.

"He says you may do as you like," said John, and waited.

"Like—then I'll live in England and play hockey—tell me, may I play hockey?"

" My dear," said John, with a laugh not free from emotion, "you shall live in England, and, so long as I am there to look after you, you shall play the very deuce if it pleases you."



THE "AMERICA" DRIFTING UP THE BRITISH CHANNEL IN AUGUST, 1903.

TWO YEARS IN THE ARCTIC:

SHIPWRECKED ABOVE THE EIGHTY-FIRST DEGREE.

BY ANTHONY FIALA.

Illustrated from the Author's Photographs, which are the most successful ever brought back from the Arctic.

O^N the return of the Baldwin-Ziegler Arctic Expedition in the autumn of 1902, the late William Ziegler, who had liberally financed it, resolved to send a second in search of the North Pole. It was not until December of that year, however, that a leader was chosen. Mr. Ziegler then gave the command to me, with instructions to sail North the following spring.

The time for preparation was brief, and the work of equipment was necessarily hurried. Fortunately, a certain amount of material from the first expedition was available as a nucleus for the second. Most valuable of all was the steam-yacht *America*, formerly the whaler *Esquimaux*, of Dundee.

That the *personnel* of the party should be American was the desire of Mr. Ziegler and myself. A Massachusetts man, Captain Edwin Coffin, of Edgartown, was elected to navigate the *America*, and after much trouble he succeeded in assembling his officers and crew, most of them experienced whalers.

For the sake of organisation I divided the expedition party into three departments—a Field Department, a Deck Department, and an Engine Department. Captain Coffin, as navigator and master of the vessel, was, of

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course, in command of the Deck Department. In charge of the Engine Department was H. P. Hartt, a marine engineer of sixteen years' experience aboard steam-whalers, who had passed nine winters in the Arctic, and had been with the Baldwin party aboard the *America* in 1901-2.

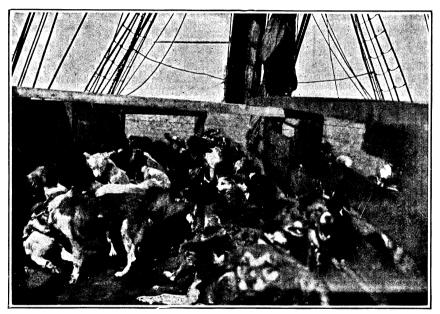
The Field Department comprised the members of the scientific staff and those of the expedition company not signed on the ship's articles. Among these were the surgeon, assistant surgeon, the assistant surgeon in charge of dogs, a veterinarian, a quartermaster, and a commissary, with a number of assistants.

William J. Peters, of the United States Geo-

who had assembled on the deck to see us depart.

We put in at the island of Trono and at Archangel, at both of which we shipped ponies, dogs, and stores. The decks were crowded with cases; the ponies were amidships in a rough, makeshift stable, on the roof of which and on the forecastle head the dogs were kennelled. What with all this crowded confusion and the perpetual greetings and combats of the animals, the deck was no place for a lover of simplicity. Five ponies, which for lack of room were tied to the ship's rail, demolished most of the woodwork and all of the rope within their reach.

Possibly nowhere on earth was there just



A CORNER OF THE DOG-KENNEL ABOARD THE "AMERICA."

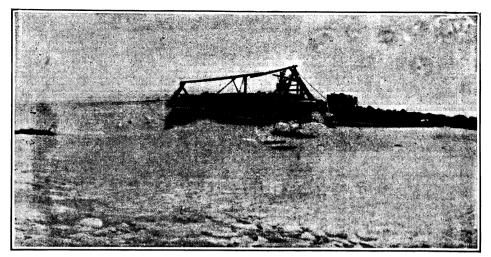
logical Survey, and representing the National Geographical Society, was chosen as chief scientist and second in command of the expedition. The other officer, Russell W. Porter, the first assistant scientist and artist of the expedition, was commissioned third in command while in the field.

THE "AMERICA" POINTS HER PROW TO THE NORTH.

The crew for the *America* left New York for Tromso, Norway, in March, 1903, and before the end of April all the stores and equipment had been shipped to Trondhjem.

In the evening of June 23, 1903, we steamed away from Trondhjem, followed by the cheers of a large company of Norwegians,

such a situation, or quite such a community as existed aboard our ship. The America flew the burgee of the New York Yacht Club, with a commission as a pleasure-yacht from the Treasury Department of the United States Government. But the America was anything but a pleasure-yacht. Crowded with thirty-nine men, two hundred and eighteen dogs, and thirty ponies, she had more the appearance of an overloaded freighter or cattle-steamer, with every available deck space packed with cargo. Hard, manual labour was the portion of all alike. In addition to the regular work of the ship, the animals had to be cared for, and with the crowded condition of the decks it was a difficult matter to coal the bunkers, and all



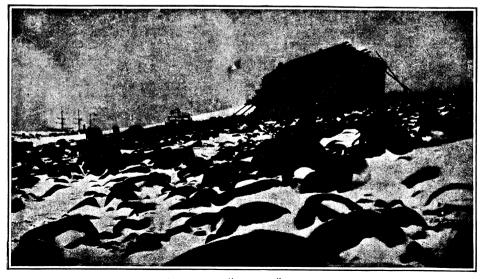
ALL THAT REMAINED IN 1903 OF THE WINTER QUARTERS OCCUPIED BY THE DUKE OF ABRUZZI AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS IN 1899-1900.

hands, Field Department members and crew, were obliged to take part in the dirty work of passing coal.

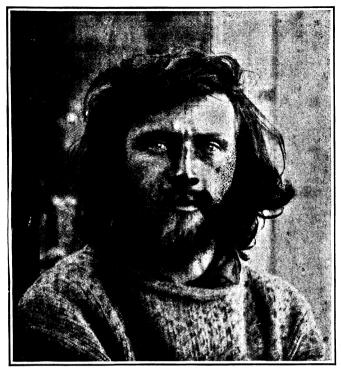
HAMMERING THROUGH THE ICE PACKS.

On July 13th we came up to the ice at 74° 51 N. Lat., 38° 37 E. Long.

We seem to have struck a late season. The ice was only then about breaking, and the great lanes of water that should have given us a passage between the floes were not to be found. We steamed slowly along the edge of floe after floe of field ice, some of the floes sixty to seventy miles long without a break. Time and time again we were obliged to steam in great circles, miles out of our course, to work around the vast, white fields. With favourable conditions the voyage from Vardo, Norway, to Cape Flora on Northbrook Island in the Franz Josef archipelago, can be made in six days; but as day after day went by, and weeks passed without any great progress north, the impatient American spirit chafed under the delay, and many a young member of the expedition took his first lesson in Arctic exploration the lesson of patience. All of July passed with but little distance to our credit. On August 7th we sighted land. Before us lay fields of heavy ice, through which the *America*



BUILDING A HOME FOR THE MEN. THE "AMERICA" IS SEEN DIMLY IN THE DISTANCE,



ANTHONY FIALA AFTER THE FIRST WINTER ON THE FIRST EXPEDITION.

charges of gun-cotton, the crew pushing the fragments out of the way with poles. Then, as the edges of the field drifted still farther apart with the action of the currents, we steamed through, arriving at Cape Flora on August 12th.

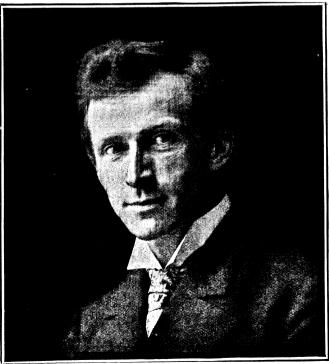
We landed here for the purpose of examining the stores left by previous expeditions.

INTO OPEN WATERS AGAIN.

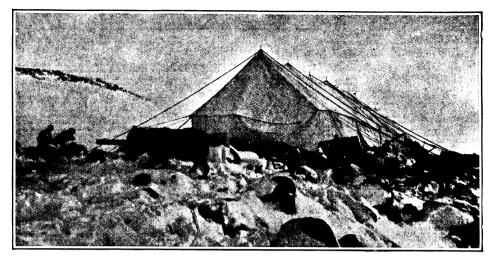
"Had been up all night and climbed the hill on the island near us several times in anxious watch of the belt of ice that separated us from the navigable water north. I turned in about one a.m., and asked Mr. Peters and Mr. Porter to watch the ice, as they were taking some angles from the

sturdily hammered her way, thanks to an armoured prow that could ram and crush without hurt to the greenheart timbers behind its iron "Bucking" the ice plates. was always an exciting experience, the ship rolling from side to side as the ice broke under her forefoot, smoke pouring in huge clouds from the funnels, the engines throbbing and pounding with the strain of their supreme effort, men lining the rigging to mark the advance towards the coveted stretch of clear water. dogs barking, and ponies stamping and stumbling as the impact of ship and floe threw them almost off their feet.

Finally, we escaped from the pack at a point where two enormous ice-fields had crashed together. These had parted a little, leaving a long, narrow channel choked with heavy cakes. We dislodged and shattered the cakes with



ANTHONY FIALA AT HOME AGAIN.

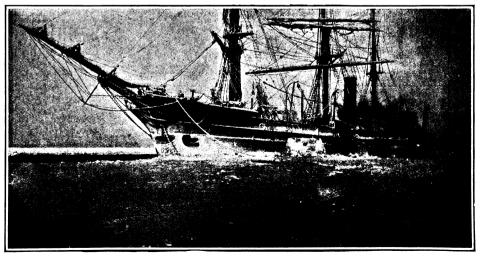


TENT BUILT FOR THE PONIES AND DOGS.

top of the hill. Tired out from many sleepless nights, I immediately fell asleep, but was awakened at half-past one by Mr. Porter, who informed me that the ice had opened. Firstofficer Haven was just climbing over the side of the ship for the purpose of going to the top of the hill, and we three went together to have our eyes gladdened with the sight of an open lane through the ice. On returning, I climbed the hill again with Captain Coffin, who gave one look, then hurried back to the ship as fast as he could go, and together we climbed to the crow's nest. A beautiful morning, lighted gloriously with sunshine. On leaving the bay in which we had found refuge, we steamed north towards Charles

Alexander Island, the beautiful, clear atmosphere revealing the fact that Leigh Smith Island did not exist, and that what was supposed to be that island was really the north-east end of Jackson Island, and that instead of the channel marked as the De Long Fjord, there was really a deep bay.

"At Cape Helland we could go no further, a wide strip of heavy ice preventing further progress north. We tied up to the ice to await further developments. Second-officer Nichols, Surgeon Shorkley, Seaman Burns, and myself took the dinghy and sounded in the bay north of Cape Helland, hoping to find a lane of separation between the ground ice and the floe, but to no purpose. We



THE "AMERICA" IN WINTER QUARTERS EARLY IN NOVEMBER, 1903. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE BY MOONLIGHT. THIS WAS THE "AMERICA'S" "FARTHEST NORTH."

then climbed the glacier, and from about eight hundred feet elevation saw the welcome sight of open sea as far as Crown Prince Rudolf Island. Returned to the ship convinced that when we did escape, it would not be through the bay, but further out in the channel.

"Felt very tired on return to ship, for want of sleep. About ten o'clock in the morning I turned in and slept soundly until 4.30. After supper I climbed to the crow's nest and noticed that the ice had opened a little, and reported it to Captain Coffin, who went aloft with Mr. Haven, and in a few minutes we were under way.

"The bugle then sounded the time of Sunday service, and while we were engaged in a devotional meeting, the shaking and pounding of the ship denoted our entrance into the ice. At the close of the service we went on deck, to find the *America* slowly forcing her way through heavy ice. Captain Coffin shouted down to me to come aloft, and I climbed to the crow's nest, where he and the first officer were. Before long we passed our last barrier of ice and were steaming in the open sea. Captain Coffin reported that when he started, the chances were slim; but as the ship advanced, the ice seemed to open and slacken, and what heavy, solid masses of ice they were! great, solid, green, shimmering; tons and tons, extending twenty and thirty feet under water.

"Westeamed past Charles Alexander Island, and towards midnight passed Cape Auk, the south cape on Crown Prince Ru lolf Island, where we could see the cache left by the Baldwin-Ziegler party in 1902. Teplitz Bay was passed in the sunlight, the skeleton-like remains of the framework of the tent, where lived the brave Abruzzi and his companions, standing out in plain view. Open water extending further north, we steamed on towards the midnight sun. On passing Teplitz Bay, Captain Coffin told me the good news that, as far as he could see, it would be safe as winter quarters for the ship."

THE "AMERICA" MAKES HER FARTHEST NORTH.

Early in the morning of August 31st, we made our highest north, the open sea north of Rudolf Island allowing us to pass beyond the 82° parallel of latitude. We



LOADING THE SLEDGES IN THE SHELTER OF A STOREHOUSE DUG IN THE SNOW DURING THE WINTER.



IN THE HUT DURING WINTER. THE MEN ENGAGED SEWING FURS FOR CLOTHING TO BE USED IN SPRING SLEDGING.

returned to Teplitz Bay by six o'elock in the morning of a beautiful, sunlighted day, a female bear and her cub paying us a visit as we tied up our ship alongside of the heavy The tent where the Duke of bay ice. Abruzzi, Captain Cagni, and their brave companions had wintered in 1899 and 1900, had been destroyed by the storms, and all that remained was the heavy framework sunk deep in the snow, and the tops of the interior tents. A great cache of food stores was found in a good condition, piled on a high, rocky point, and down near the tidetrack was a great heap of coal. The dogs were landed first, and then a gangway was constructed from ship to ice, down which the ponies were led.

After constant exertion we succeeded in getting all the good lumber, stores, and equipment ashore, but lost a small boat, some old lumber from the stable, and a number of young dogs that floated away on broken ice in a gale. The violence of the wind and the breaking of the heavy bay ice indicated to Captain Coffin the possibility that Teplitz Bay would be an unsafe harbour for the ship. He told me on September 3rd that he would be obliged to take the *America* away and look for other winter quarters, and that he would not be responsible for the ship's safety if quartered in Teplitz Bay.

But the season was far advanced, and by going further south we would have lost the decided advantage of a high base for the sledge party. After considering both sides of the question, I explained to the members of the Field Department the nature of the risk we assumed by remaining in Teplitz Bay, and then gave orders to Captain Coffin to winter the ship in that neighbourhood.

PREPARING TO SPEND THE LONG NIGHT AT TEPLITZ BAY.

A site for the house was chosen on a ridge of rocks, and building was begun. A large tent, twenty feet wide and eighty-eight feet long, was erected, in which the ponies and dogs were stabled. In another large tent room was made for the storage of food and forage for dogs and ponies. The greater part of the large cache of pemmican stored at Cape Auk by the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition in 1902 was moved by steamer to our camp site at Teplitz Bay, and then preparations were made to make the *America* snug for the winter. I had given Captain Coffin a little over half our entire store of provisions for use aboard ship, as he had the larger party. The remainder, with the entire store of sledge provisions, had been moved by the industrious members of the party to the vicinity of camp, this work necessitating hard hauling in all kinds of weather.

By early October the camp, which I had named Camp Abruzzi, assumed quite a busior four bunks. Also a little kitchen was partitioned off for the steward. In the living-room a long table was erected, and over the table was hung an arc-light, connected by wire with the ship, over six thousand feet away. The dynamo aboard the ship supplied the current for lighting the incandescent lights aboard the ship, as well as the arc-light ashore.

A well-tramped trail led over the ice of the Bay from the house to the ship, and on the wire imbedded in the snow that conveyed the electric current Engineer Hartt



TRYING THE COOK-TENT. THE DAY BEFORE THE DEPARTURE FOR THE NORTH. THE SLEDGES LOADED AND READY.

nesslike aspect, with a regular routine of duties for all the members. The ponies were stalled in the stable tent. Half of the space inside of the tent was shared by the dogs.

On a ridge of rocks overlooking the bay not far from our camp, and near the great cache of food left by the Duke of Abruzzi, our busy scientists erected the astronomical observatory, and set up the large vertical circle loaned by the Christiania Observatory. Near the shore line, about two hundred vards below the stable tent, Mr. Peters and his assistants built the little hut that was to serve as a magnetic observatory. On September 24th the house was completed, and the fifteen members of the Field Department and the steward of the ship moved their belongings to the quarters on land. The interior of the house had been divided into one large living-room and a number of little rooms just large enough for two and Electrician Vedoe had cut in three incandescent lights. The lights were mounted on bamboo poles stuck in the snow about a thousand feet apart.

THE "AMERICA" ADRIFT AND THE CAMP IN DARKNESS.

Teplitz Bay was a place of many storms. On October 22nd a gale sprang up from the south-east, shaking the house all night with its fearful blast, the velocity of the wind increasing until it reached the maximum of seventy-two miles an hour. At half past nine at night the arc-light suddenly went out, and we knew that our connection with the ship was broken. We feared that something was wrong aboard the *America*, but we were helpless to assist, for it would have been impossible to have found the ship in the storm, or to return to the house again. All sense of direction is lost in an Arctic TWO YEARS IN THE ARCTIC.



SLEDGE PARTY CROSSING THE GLACIER-

storm, the flying snow and the drift feel like a sand blast, and blind anyone exposed to their fury. During the evening of the 23rd there was a lull in the storm, and Mr. Peters and I, with lighted lanterns, ran over the wind-swept bay-ice in the darkness towards the place where the *America* had been moored.

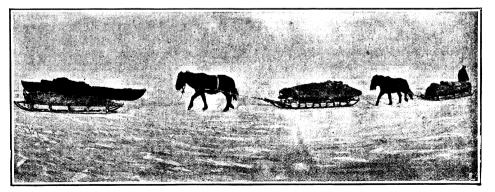
We saw no guiding light from the ship's gangway, and when we reached the place where the ship had been, to our horror we found but a wild, black sea. We ran up and down the rough edge of the bay-ice flashing our lanterns, but our ship, with over half the expedition company, had disappeared. Fierce puffs warned us of the storm's return, and we hurried back to camp, fearing that our comrades aboard the ship were lost. We reached the protection of the house just as the wind started again with increased violence. We flashed a number of signal lights, and to our joy we detected a faint glow through the driving drift which indicated an answering signal. However, a sudden increase in the wind made further signalling impossible. For three long days the storm

raged. On the fourth day our eyes were gladdened, in the twilight of noon, by the sight of our good ship steaming in from the north, her hull shining with ice, and slowly forcing her way through the thick slush and ice back to her old mooring-place. Going aboard, we learned that the ship had broken loose during the first night of the storm, and had been drifting and steering for forty hours without any knowledge of her whereabouts.

October was a stormy month. November opened clear and cold, the temperature gradually falling. The minimum thermometer registered forty-seven degrees (Fahrenheit) below zero on the morning of the 11th. The ship froze in and seemed safe, everyone was hopeful, and work for the coming spring sledge journey went on rapidly.

THE COMBAT WITH THE FLOES.

On the morning of November 12th, I was awakened about four o'clock by the shaking and trembling of the ship. I lay for some minutes listening to the groaning of the timbers under pressure of the ice, and then



-ON RUDOLF ISLAND, MARCH 8TH, 1904. A continuation of the photograph reproduced above.



SLEDGE PARTY IN THE ROUGH ICE NORTH OF CAPE FLIGELY, MARCH, 1904.

"Moses," the Captain's dog, pushed his way into my cabin and put his paws on me, looking into my eyes with his great black face. I got up and, putting on a heavy coat, went out on deck. It was so dark that I could not see very far, but could distinguish the white glare of the ice in tumbling confusion, and could see the pressure ridges diagonally across the bow and stern of the ship, with great folds in the ice off to starboard.

About six o'clock the engineer reported to me that the water was above the fireroom plate, and that he had started the pumps going. After all the sledges and material had been placed on the ice, I returned to my cabin to save some furs and records, which I placed in bags and gave to two sailors, who passed them over the side of the ship to their shipmates on the ice.

SAVING THE STORES.

About eight o'clock we received our worst squeeze. The ship was thrown over to starboard—her bow raised up on the ice. The signal for assistance was sent; and through the darkness, with flashing lanterns, the men from the camp came to our aid with ponies and sledges. The bags and equipment, piled on the ice alongside of the ship, were first moved away to a place of safety.

Later the engineer reported that the

pump was gaining on the water, and later still that the bilges were dry. The flood of water was probably caused by the bilge water running astern, as the bow of the ship was lifted up on the ice.

The ship, in her new cradle of ice-blocks, seemed to be safer than before, and the reassured crew carried their blankets back to the warm and cosy quarters aboard. Days of storm, with varying temperature, followed the crush of November 12th, and the nights were made unpleasant by the grating of the ice in motion and the groaning and shaking of the ship under pressure.

Early in the morning of Saturday, November 21st, I was awakened by the old grinding and crunching of the ice and the trembling of the ship. As I hurriedly dressed, the *America* started to shake as if on the wave of a mighty earthquake; she shrieked like a living thing in pain; every timber seemed to be under a frightful pressure to the very limit of resistance. The first officer, then the captain and the chief engineer, came to my room, while I was dressing, and told me it was best to be ready to leave, as the ice was bearing down on the ship.

THE SECOND LOSING BATTLE.

With the thunder of the ice-fields in our ears, all hands worked in sending equipment, clothing, bedding, and everything of value



THE RETREAT SOUTH. SLEDGE PARTY LEAVING CAMP ABRUZZI,



THE RETREAT SOUTH. A HALT AT CAPE FISHER.

down on the fast bay ice. A sailor was sent ashore to the men at camp, and they came over with the little ponies and sledges to move our valuables to a place of safety on land.

About 7.30 the engineer came to me and, with tears in his eyes, said that the water was entering the ash-pits, and that he could not keep up steam. Later he announced that the water had reached the grate-bars and the fires were out. The water steadily arose as the ice pressure ceased. With the failing steam, the electric lights slowly faded until they merely glowed red and dull. The donkey-pump was quiet, and a silence like death crept over the darkened ship. Under the light of a candle I was busily engaged placing small articles of value in bags, and had just filled the last one and given it to a sailor to take over the side, when a shout rose from the men on the ice -- "The ice is opening !" The engineer reappeared to say that I "had better go if I did not want a bath," and together we passed by the Jacob's ladder from the forecastle down to the ice.

But Fate postponed the complete destruction of the *America*. Another pressure raised her high in the cradle of ice, and in that position she froze, the storms drifting her in until she seemed immovable—a black, giant skeleton marooned in the icy wast of Teplitz Bay.

In the few intervals of calm that followed the great storm, we made sledge journeys over the mile of bay-ice between ship and shore. Over two hundred bags of coal were thus sledged ashore, as well as all the interior woodwork, sails, light spars, machine tools, lathes, dynamos, and a small engine. A machine-shop was built by our commissary and carpenter, under the shelter of which a boiler was constructed by the engineer and his men from an old balloon tank left by the Duke of Abruzzi. The boiler and engine were to serve for a steam launch to be improvised from one of the whaleboats. The house was enlarged to accommodate the entire company of thirty-nine men. It was far into December before we were free from the noise of nailing and hammering. Preparations for the sledge trip were not neglected, and on Thanksgiving Day, after Divine Service, I gave to the assembled members of the expedition the provisional plan for the sledge trip in the spring.



SUMMER AT CAMP JACKSON. WATCHING FOR THE RELIEF SHIP,

THE "AMERICA" GIVES IT UP AND GOES UNDER THE ICE.

December was a dark month. There was no difference between day and night. We missed the cheery illumination of the electric arc, and under the light of numerous little oil lamps we laboured, sewing our fur clothing for the sledge trip and making harness.

Christmas and the New Year passed happily. We celebrated the anniversaries with banquets, to which our hard-working steward contributed many delicacies. A Christmas edition of the *Arctic Eagle*, our camp newspaper, was printed, Assistant-Commissary Stewart making up the formes and running the press, and Seaman Montross, who had once been a printer, acting as compositor. Nearly all the members of the party contributed, and considerable amusement was the result.

January was a wild month, noted for its variable and high temperature. The maximum thermometer registered thirty-one degrees above zero on the 21st, during a storm in which the wind reached hurricane The storm continued until the velocity. morning of the 23rd, when we found that the bay-ice had been broken up, and that much of it had disappeared. In the dim glow of noontime, for the sun was on its return to us, we discovered that the glacier had "calved" for miles along its face. Several of the party explored the bay by jumping from cake to cake of ice, but no sign of the ship or the provision cache could be found, not even a case, barrel, or spar. The America had gone to her doom in the night.

THE START WITH THE SLEDGES.

A little after noon on March 2nd our eyes were gladdened by their first glimpse of the sun since the October of the year before.

In a twenty-mile wind on the morning of March 7th, we left Camp Abruzzi. The party comprised twenty-six men, sixteen pony-sledges, and thirteen dog-sledges. We reached the summit of the glacier the same afternoon, after a hard pull up the steep slope in the face of the drift and wind. Here we were obliged to camp, as everything ahead was obscured by the flying drift. On the order to encamp, the picket-line was stretched in the hard snow, the little ponies unharnessed, blanketed, and chained to the picket-line out on the face of the cold, windswept glacier.

The wind went down during the night, and in the early morning we broke camp and marched for Cape Fligely.

TURNED BACK BY STORM AND SUFFERING.

A storm raged all of the ninth and the tenth, drifting over the sledges and partially burying the little tents. The dogs burrowed deep into thesnow drifts, curled up in warm balls, but the poor little ponies encountered the blast without shelter. As long as the wind blew, it was impossible to give them hay to eat, and even the nosebags of oats would be blown away unless closely watched. The poor condition of five men, the leaky cookers, and the fact that one man had torn his sleeping-bag, and that two others complained that theirs were two small, decided me to return to camp, refit, and reduce the number for another attempt The wind subsided the morning of north. March 11th, and we tramped back over the glacier, reaching camp at 4 p.m. the same day.

With the necessary preparations and revising of weights and equipment, with the reloading of sledges, also with the delay caused by storms, it was not until March 25th that we could again leave Camp Abruzzi. On the morning of that date we left, climbing the glacier once again, a party of fourteen men, nine dog-sledges, and seven ponysledges.

At Cape Fligely, which we reached that evening, we found the sea ice in bad condition, a ridged rubble as far as the eye could see; but the next morning we set out, with six to eight men with picks always in the van, and a man with each dog-team. Sometimes four men were necessary to help with the sledges, which continually were capsizing. During a halt of several hours to give an open lead time to freeze solid, I carefully inspected the column and found a deplorable state of affairs. The dogs and ponies were standing up well, but the sledges were badly strained and splintered.

I realised at once that, under these conditions, there was no chance of breaking the record ; and, in order that the equipment might be saved, I directed a return to the camp, intending again to attempt the North the following year.

Mr. Porter, according to the original plan, after his return to camp with one of the supporting parties, was to have led a small exploring squad south, towards Cape Flora. Now he asked permission to attempt a passage towards White Land, with Assistant-Engineer Anton Vedoe. I suggested that, if the ice did not improve, he go south towards Kane Lodge, visit the cache at Coburg, and examine ice conditions in the vicinity of the British Channel, bidding him return by April 20th. We reached camp at 6 p.m. on March 27th.

THE SEARCH FOR PORTER AND VEDOE.

Porter and Vedoe had not returned by April 19th, and I instructed Dr. Vaughan to go to Coburg Island to place a cache of pony forage for the use of the party which would soon be starting south, and to look for signs of Porter and Vedoe. Dr. Vaughan returned three days later, having found the descent from the Cape Auk glacier impossible. I was anxious for news of Porter and Vedoe, and, accompanied by Steward Spencer, with a dog-team and sledge left for Coburg Island the following day.

We reached the north-west Coburg islet at ten o'clock the night of April 23rd, where we were awakened the following morning by Porter and Vedoe. It was a happy reunion. Porter brought me a valuable report on the condition of the caches and ice.

We got back to camp on the 26th, and I gave orders that those who wanted to go home should prepare for the march south. Nine silk tents, food for thirty-eight days on the trail, and ponies and dogs were told off to the party. The ponies, as their sledge loads disappeared, were to be used as food for the dogs.

Two months' provisions for the use of the party at Cape Flora were carried on the eight dog-sledges with the camping equipment. In addition to seven dog-teams that were chained up to remain at Camp Abruzzi, I wished to reserve some of the better ponies for use on the sledge trip north in 1905.

I found it necessary to lead the retreating

party in person, and on the evening of April 30th, after the column was formed ready to start, in front of our quarters, I called the little band of volunteers together, those who were to stay at the northern station, and told them that I would return to them in the summer or autumn, and that I would bring with me letters from home that were expected on the relief ship that year. We shook hands all around silently, and then I gave the signal to start on the backward march.

THE RELIEF SHIP FAILS THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

The distance between Camp Abruzzi and Cape Flora, about one hundred and sixty miles, was covered in less than sixteen days.

We were favoured with good weather and long stretches of smooth channel ice. Deep snow and rough ice caused us some trouble, but we reached Cape Flora at nine o'clock on the morning of May 16, 1904. The ice was chopped out of "Elmwood," the house in which Jackson spent three years, and one of the little round storehouses, both of which were made habitable for the large party of men. And then came the long wait for the relief ship. The men would climb the steep talus of the basaltic cape and look with straining eves southward over the icy vista for signs of smoke on the horizon.

June, July, and August passed without the breaking up of the ice or a sight of the longed-for relief ship, and for the homesick ones, as time passed, hope was lost. Many times the cry would be raised : "The ship !" "The ship !" but it always turned out to be either an iceberg with its shadow-side north, or a column of vapour rising out of some solitary water-hole.

In an ensuing number Mr. Fiala will give an account of the advance north from Cape Flora to Teplitz Bay, made in the darkness of the autumn and early winter after the disappearance of the sun—a much that occupied \$ixty-two days, full of thrilling experiences.



THE ARRIVAL AT CAPE FLORA, MAY 16TH, 1904. PUTTING UP THE TENTS AND UNHARNESSING PONIES AND DOGS.

The Girl with the Beautiful Hair.

By BARRY PAIN.

By my own unaided intelligence I chose the exactly right spot at the further end of the orchard, and with my own hand I slung the hammock. Now that the day is hot and luncheon is over, I take my book and go thither to reap the fruits of my labour. And, behold, the hammock is already occupied with four large cushions and one small girl—a solemn and inscrutable girl who hears to the end a complaint of the cruelty and injustice of her trespass, and then says kindly that I may sit on the grass.

"Thank you." I am glad you do not want all the grass as well."

I do the best that I can with the grass, and open my book, and the voice from the hammock bids me to tell a story.

"What, with no better audience than that?" It appears that this is the charm. She has never had a story all to herself before.

HERE once was a girl who had very long and very beautiful hair.

(As long as yours? Much longer and much more beautiful. And if you interrupt me again, I will stop this story, empty you out of the hammock, tie you to a tree, and teach you as much as I can remember of the French gender rules. Very well, then.)

As I was saying—there once was a girl who had very long and very beautiful hair, and she knew it. Her sisters, who were as plainspoken as sisters generally are, were in the habit of saying that she was a perfect peacock. Her hair was very much the colour of a chestnut, and she took the greatest possible care of it. It was a rule of life with her, when she had nothing else to do, to brush her hair. Frequently also she brushed it when she had other things to do. She never would have it cut. She even refused a lock of it to her own mother. When she went out for walks with her sisters, she listened attentively as people passed her, because sometimes they said things about her hair which she liked very much. Then she would try not to look pleased, and when a girl who is really pleased tries to look as if she did not care, she looks perfectly horrid. Her sisters remarked upon it.

Her father, who was a good and wise man, explained to her how wicked vanity was, especially vanity about one's hair. He showed her that personal attractions, especially if connected in any way with the hair, were worthless as compared with the intellectual and moral attributes. On the other hand, her mother took her to a photographer's and had her taken in fourteen different positions, and they all made such beautiful pictures that the photographer nearly committed suicide because he was not allowed to exhibit them in his shop window.

She reached the age at which every good Christian girl wishes to have long dresses and do her hair up into a lump, but this girl (whose name was Elsa, of course) would not have her hair done up, and stamped with her foot and was rude to the governess. In the end, of course, Elsa had to submit, for it is very wicked for girls of a certain age to wear their hair down. But she became extremely ingenious. She had ways of doing that hair so that it would not stop up, but tumbled down unexpectedly and caused great admiration. She would then pretend to be confused and embarrassed. Now, when a girl who is not in the least confused and embarrassed tries to look so, she looks simply silly. Her sisters told her so. Every single girl friend she had, and many who were only acquaintances, had seen that hair in its native glory. Some of these raved about it to Elsa's sisters, and were surprised that the sisters did not share their enthusiasm.

"She has such a lot of it," the friends would say.

"She thinks such a lot of it," the sisters would answer.

Now, Elsa and her sisters were not the only girls in the world, and they did not know all the rest; consequently a girl called Kate came to them as something of a novelty. As she was called Kate, she was, of course, quite good. Katherine may be proud, and Kitty may be frivolous, but Kate is solid. If you ask me if Kate is clever, I reply that she is a good housekeeper. If you ask me if she is pretty, I change the subject rapidly. There

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[&]quot;She had ways of doing that hair so that it would not stop up."

was nothing dazzling about this Kate. She was just Kate.

It is a sad truth that it is the people who are naturally the nicest to look at who take the greatest trouble to look nice. The woman who, so far as her face is concerned, makes the best of a bad job, is very rare. Kate was not a beauty, but she was sensible and resigned. She dressed herself very quickly in things that wore well. It was her boast that she could do her hair without a lookingglass, and everybody who saw her hair believed it. But as it happened, when Kate met Elsa, a change came over her.

"Your hair is perfectly divine," she said to Elsa.

Elsa tried to be politely bored.

"So kind of you to say so," she said. "I get frightfully sick of my old wig myself. It's an endless bother."

"And you do it so beautifully," said Kate. "I do wish you'd give me some idea for my hair, so that it wouldn't look awful."

"It isn't awful at all," said Elsa politely. "I don't think I should change the way of doing it if I were you."

Then she went into elaborate technical details and showed Kate that the thing was bad and that improvement was impossible. Of course, she did not use these words, and was sweetly delicate about it.

Now, that night, as Elsa was having her own hair brushed, a horrible suspicion came over her. She put it aside as a thing perfectly absurd. It might have been a trick of the looking-glass. It might have been her own imagination. It did not keep her awake for a moment. But next morning one of her sisters came into her room, looked at her, and said : "What an idiot you were to have your hair cut !"

"I have not had it cut," said Elsa furiously. "It's the same as it always was."

"Rubbish," said the sister. "It's three inches shorter at least."

"It's not," said Elsa; "and I wish you'd go away. I can't get on properly while you're hanging about talking."

The sister went away, and Elsa flew to the looking-glass. The cold morning light confirmed her suspicions of the night before. Her sister was perfectly right. Elsa's hair was undoubtedly three inches shorter.

That afternoon Elsa secretly and surreptitiously went to a great hair specialist. She had seen his advertisement, and she felt that here she might at any rate know the worst. He looked at her hair and said that it had become shorter from a shrinkage in the cells owing to undue epithelial activity of the cranium. It was as well that she came to him when she did. As it was, if she would rub in a little of his relaxative, she would have nothing to fear. He then sold her a fourpenny pot of pomatum for three guineas, washed his hands, and went home to tea.

But the pomatum was quite ineffectual. Every day her hair seemed to be a little shorter and a little thinner. This was particularly the case when she had been behaving like a peacock or like a spiteful cat. It reached a point when all her friends who met her exclaimed : "Why, Elsa, what on earth have you done with your hair?"

Then she would smile sweetly and say; "Brushed it. What did you think?" But inwardly she was a mad woman.

About this time she saw the advertisement of the Indian hair doctor, and she thought she could but try. I do not think the man was really Indian, I know he was not really a doctor, and I fancy he did not know much about hair. But he said that Elsa's case was extremely grave, and that in another week she would have been entirely bald. She must take a course of scalp friction ; twelve applications for three guineas the application. She took them ; and at the end of the course her hair was nearly all gone, her temper was quite gone, her money was almost gone, and she did not want to see anybody or to do anything except die.

And then unwittingly she did what was best for herself. To escape the sweet sympathy of her friends and relations she went away all by herself to live in a little cottage in a forest. It is good for a girl who has been seeing too many people to live all by herself for a while. It is good for a girl who has been long in a crowded town to go away into the forest solitude. Your soul must go to the cleaner, just like your gloves.

Now that there was no one to sympathise with her loss, and no one to attract by her beautiful hair even if she had still had it, she could begin to think of other things. And she thought about squirrels, and nuts, and blackberries, and sunsets, and streams that made silvery lines down the green hillsides. And every morning she went all by herself to a cottage two miles off and fetched milk for herself.

The old woman who kept the cows at this cottage was tall and old and always polite, but also she was always very sad. She had the face of one who never ceased to suffer. After Elsa had been two months in her cottage, she suddenly saw that this woman had always looked really sad. The sadness of other people had never mattered to her in the least before; but now one day she asked the old woman why this was, and if there were anything that she might do for her.



"Her mirror echoed the truth."

Then the old woman said: "I have a daughter, and she was very beautiful. None that saw her ever forgot how beautiful she was. And she fell ill of a strange disease so that her whole face became loathsome. No one but I can bear to look on her,

lest their dreams should be haunted for ever."

"And she lives here, this poor daughter of yours?" asked Elsa.

"Yes; she lies in the room upstairs. They tell me that she will now soon be dead."

> "I will come up and talk to her," said Elsa, "and help to nurse her, for you must often be away on your farm."

> "No," said the old woman, "that is too much for you to do. I tell you that no one but myself can bear it. You must not see her."

> "Look," said Elsa. And then she took off the big kerchief that she always wore over her head. "I had pretty hair once," she said, "and I have lost it all. I can bear anything, and I want to help you."

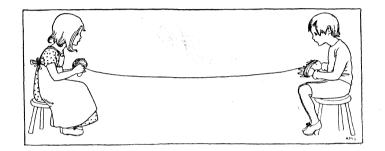
> Then Elsa went upstairs into a room which was darkened, and even in that dim light she could see that this old woman's daughter, who was once very beautiful, had now become painful to behold. Elsa was frightened, but tried not to show it, and a girl who is frightened and tries not to show it, very frequently does not look nearly such a fool as she thinks. She remained there a long time, and when she came out, her face was quite white, and she wanted to go back to her cottage and cry.

> But every day after that until the end came she went to see the sick girl who loved and adored her. And the end came one afternoon quite quietly. And the old woman did not weep at that time, but she blessed Elsa and went out, for the cows were waiting to be milked, and that must not be left.

Next morning when Elsa awoke it was very late, and the sun was streaming into her room. For a while she lay with her eyes closed, thinking over all that had happened. Each visit to the sick girl had been a separate terror to her, but now she grieved that the girl was dead, and wondered in her mind if there were none other for whom she might find something to do.

At last, since it was a shame to lie so late, she got up, and, behold, masses of beautiful chestnut-coloured hair fell far down over her white shoulders ! She rubbed her eyes and said that she must be dreaming. But no, it had really happened. Her mirror echoed the truth. The glory of her pretty head had come back to it as strangely as it had gone. So that afternoon she mused what she would do as, sitting in the garden of her cottage, she made a wreath of white lilies. And the next day she left her cottage in the wood and went back to her own home; and her sisters were all delighted to see her, and praised her beautiful hair, and were glad that it had grown again so quickly. Yet one of them said secretly to another: "Now she will be as vain and horrible as ever."

But as it happened, she was not vain and horrible; she was really quite nice, so that the prince who married her loved her as much for the sweetness of her heart as for her angel's face and her beautiful long hair.



THE CINDER-MAN.

ONCE I remembered the Cinder-Man: His hair was white, and his gown was grey; He carried the Bag and the Cinder-Can,

And the Countess carried the Tray; And the things on the Tray were this and these— Two White Mice in a Half-Moon Cheese.

And the things in the Can were this and that-

A Winding-Top and a Ring of Dew;

And the things in the Bag were—the Witch-Wife's Hat, And a Stone, and a Star or two,

And a Bit of Glass that was bright as bright, And became a Diamond Rose at night.

And the things he sought were as plain as plain—

Something that shone, and shone, and shone,

And a Shred from the Goose-Girl's Counterpane That went winding on and on.

Oh, I wish *I* could rake the cinders bare, And find what the Cinder-Man finds there!

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



For the past eleven years each Christmas Number of "The Wonderful Windsor" (as no less an authority than "The Times" has called it) has established a new record in Christmas Number enterprise. and since none but itself can be its parallel, it remains for the twelfth of these remarkable numbers to eclipse even its own predecessors in sheer value and brilliant variety of contents. The forthcoming December issue will be a

SUMPTUOUS DOUBLE NUMBER,

which will contain many new features while retaining the best qualities of the preceding issues for the same season. Some preliminary idea of the magnitude of the undertaking will be conveyed in the announcement that this number will include contributions from the following famous novelists and writers of short stories :---

ANTHONY HOPE

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P. Mrs. Thurston H. Annesley Vachell Jack London Maarten Maartens

Barry Pain Tom Gallon W. A. M. Goode Ian Maclaren **Upton Sinclair** Frank Richardson Frances Rivers

MAX PEMBERTON

Complete in this number will be published a new story by

ANTHONY HOPE.

under the " Prudence and the Bishop."

Prominent among the features of this DOUBLE NUMBER will be the opening instalment of

MAX PEMBERTON'S New Romance,

in which this clever novelist finds his inspiration alternately in London and in Poland.

title of

The other leading serial feature inaugurated in this number will be a succession of stories of business life, each complete in a number, by

IAN MACLAREN.

who, it will be remembered, has before now written stories of business career that have found as much favour as any of his charming "Kailyard" studies. In America all the leading novelists are realising the possibilities of professional work for the purposes of fiction, and if the novelist's object be indeed "to hold the mirror up to nature," he cannot ignore the actualities that make up the existence of the average man. Ian Maclaren's new series of stories, founded on fact, will be to many people more vividly interesting than the most ingenious romance.

MRS. THURSTON,

author of those enormously successful books, "John Chilcote, M.P.," and "The Gambler," contributes a long story of remarkable interest. It is a study of modern London life, which finds an effective contrast in three stories of more strenuous kind by

SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P., JACK LONDON, W. A. M. GOODE,

three authors whose knowledge of life and circumstance in more remote regions supplies some interesting "local colour."

A long story complete in this number, which deals with a strange phase of life on a desert island, is from the pen of

UPTON SINCLAIR, Author of "The Jungle."

It is a study of the psychology of a modern Robinson Crusoe, a man condemned to solitude by shipwreck, without even a "Friday" to bear him company, but with a highly developed intellect and subtle artistic temperament. The situation is treated with keen analytical skill, and worked out to a very remarkable point of interest. Other complete stories, ranging from grave to gay and back again, will be found to represent the distinctive talents of such accomplished writers as

MAARTEN MAARTENS, BARRY PAIN, TOM GALLON.

Amid this profusion of fiction by favourite novelists, however, the world of fact will not be neglected, for the special articles, and the illustrations that accompany them, will be found to cover a more varied range of interests than any one issue of a magazine has ever compassed.

The **Cartoons of Celebrities**, printed in colour and accompanied by biographical letterpress, which have formed a remarkable

PORTRAIT RECORD OF OUR OWN TIMES,

in the WINDSOR during the past year, will be continued, with yet more full-page reproductions than heretofore. The Christmas Number will contain

26 Coloured Cartoons 26

A special Fine-Art feature will include no fewer than

24 BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTIONS OF THE PICTURES OF MR. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.,

whose famous painting, "The Queen of the Swords," will be given as a special frontispiece plate. From among a notable series of articles replete with interest may be mentioned

"LIFE AT A GREAT SCHOOL," By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL,

Author of "The Hill."

"NEW MUSIC FOR AN OLD WORLD." The story of the new invention for the production of scientifically perfect music.

"TRINITY HOUSE." A lavishly illustrated survey of the history and work of a famous institution.

"THE DAY'S WORK OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR,"

an article full of interesting information compiled with the sanction of Prince von Bülow himself.

The articles mentioned above are but a few of the many interesting subjects treated in the number, which will be lavishly illustrated throughout. Here are the names of a few of the eminent artists whose services have been secured :---

Maurice Greiffenhagen Fred Pegram E. J. Sullivan Frank Craig L. Raven-Hill Cecil Aldin Dudley Hardy H. M. Paget Gunning King Penrhyn Stanlaws Cyrus Cuneo Claud Shepperson



A PARDONABLE ERROR.

"I GAVE the penny to the monkey, auntie!" "Oh! What did he do with it?" "He gave it to his father!"

At a certain village church, it was the custom of the parson to delay starting the service for a few minutes until the squire had arrived. A stranger, taking the service one day, was not aware of this, and as eleven o'clock struck, began the service by reading—

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness-""

At this juncture the verger put his scared face round the door, exclaiming—

"But he's not come in yet, sir!"



A FISHERMAN on the pier at Margate was closely watched by two small London daytrippers, who showed intense but repressed excitement when he pulled out a small, flapping dab.

"Oh, look, 'Liza!" ejaculated one in an awed whisper, "the gentleman's caught a kipper!"



A CONCLUSION.

HER eyes were blue, her gown was gauzy white . . .

That eve we swore to be platonic friends.

- I kissed her in the cab that blessed night— Where Charing Cross begins and Whitehall ends. . . .
- I know not when we passed the Rubicon Where endeth Friendship, and the Love-god wins;
- Our Friendship finished and our Love began . . . As Whitehall ends and Charing Cross begins !

Patience A. Vyne.

THE EDITOR'S Scrap-Book.

As enterprising grocer, anxious to push a consignment of tinned vegetables, called personally upon his lady customers, and invited them to come and see his assistant cook some dainty dishes with the tinned vegetables in question.

dishes with the tinned vegetables in question. "You see, madam," he said to one young married lady, "the instructions on the tins are often confusing and difficult to follow. Why, in one case, you are told to eat the beans before opening the tin."

"Eat them before opening the tin!" exclaimed the lady, laughing. "Why, that would be impossible."

The grocer stiffened.

"Heat, I should have said, madam," he replied with dignity.

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THERE may be some things a woman doesn't know, but no mere man knows what they are.



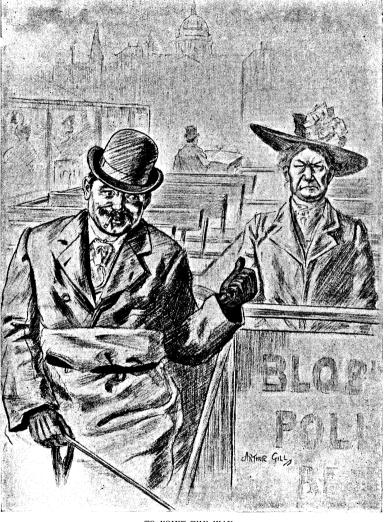
A NEW USE FOR THE PLAY.

MISTRESS (who has given her maid a ticket for the theatre): How did you like the play?

MAID: Oh, it was excellent, ma'am. You should have heard how a maid sauced her mistress!

THE "TRIPPER" QUESTION.

"TRIPPERS," he said, "are much rarer than is thought. So many condemn them without knowledge, that last holidays I tried to make the acquaintance of some, and ascertain their standpoint. I could-not find a single tripper. There were crowds of holiday-makers bearing the outward marks of trippers, but they all, I discovered, in his left hand a rusty top-hat, and wore over his head a knotted red handkerchief. 'There is nothing at all sublime about it, sir,' he repeated; 'the place swarms with trippers.' He spoke sadly, as if their tripperiness not only annoyed, but also oppressed him. But he was mistaken. I mixed with the supposed trippers, and found that there was not one so lost to right feeling



TO POINT THE WAY. "Angel, sir? 'Ere y'are!"

condemned trippers as heartily as Oakshott himself does."

"You were in Wales," said Oakshott; "you should have ascended Snowdon from Llanberis."

"I did. My first impression on gaining the summit was that nothing could be more vulgar. Others thought similarly. 'There is nothing sublime about this,' said a fat, short man who was drinking Guinness from a bottle. He carried error, and, told of my quest, said I was pursuing my shadow."

"He was right," said Oakshott firmly. "You are a tripper. You hunt scenery with the pack, and are unstirred by a view without a name. You remind me of the case of Bob Dowsland, of Bogworthy. He had a cottage on Dartmoor, facing a reach of the upper Dart. His favourite anusement was sitting in his front garden

that he did not resent the presence there of everybody else.

"I received my worst disappointment in the Fairy Glen. There was but one sightseer, and he was perched up on a rock eating from a paper bag. Another second and he would be throwing his greasy papers into the stream. A cry of exultation broke from me. The man sprang to his feet and hurried away. Next morning, in the Llandudno Witness, there appeared a letter signed 'A Lover of Wild Wales,' or 'A Wild Lover of Wales,' I forget which, wherein the writer complained that his musings in the Fairy Glen had been broken by the loud laugh of a blatant excursionist. This confirmed my belief that the Fairy Glen was the lair of

a veritable tripper. I sought out the writer, with a view to securing his help in hunting the monster. He proved to be the man I had seen eating from a paper bag, and had mistaken for a tripper. I, of course, was his blatant excursionist. But he would not admit



CONSOLATION.

CADDIE (to novice who has smashed all his clubs): Eh, mon! ye're mighty strang; ye'll mak a grand driver, but ye maun learn to hit th' bal'.



AN INSPIRATION.

JONES (who is having his first drive with his new turn-out): Now, I wonder if this is the reason the thing should be named a trap?

thinking, and his greatest trial the tourists who would break his trains of thought (empty trains) to inquire the way to the celebrated Sparrow Waterfall. 'Blessed if I' won't set up a waterfall here,' he said, 'and a tea-room. If I am to have this trouble with the sightseers, I may as well make something.' He did, but in executing his plan, altered it slightly. 'Watercourse' was the word he wanted. His first notion had been to run a waterfall with no fall, as a rival to the Sparrow Waterfall that had no water; but there the tourists have the gratification of gazing at the spot where they would have seen a waterfall had they come some other time of year. One day on the guideposts appeared a wooden hand pointing 'To the Bogworthy Watercourse, four miles,' or it might be five miles, or even fifteen. The first victim of these signs was a popular preacher, who made it a rule never to go fifty miles from London without writing a series of descriptive letters (a column and a half long) to the Worldly Churchman. He said that the Bogworthy Watercourse had suffered from overpraise. The South Devon papers resented this, and proved that the writer could have

no relish for the sublime. The guide-book writers followed suit. No tourist now could feel that he had 'done' Devon until he had seen the Watercourse and stood upon Dowsland's Knoll. This was a tiny hill that Bob said commanded the best view. Later he surrounded it with a fence (without the slightest right, for the Knoll was part of the moor), and made a small charge. To-day Dowsland's Knoll is one of the famed spots of the West. Tandems come on Saturdays from places as distant as Bristol, the riders pedalling furiously, their heads over handlebars, blind to the loveliest landscapes, in their impatience to reach it. Bob has built a large room for picknickers, and the entire community has abandoned agriculture to prepare cyclists' teas."

B. A. Clarke.

A BUSY doctor was rather annoyed by the mother remarking on the lack of progress shown by the children after measles. "William don't seem to be getting on, nor don't Eliza, nor Albert," she remarked.

"But how well little Jane is looking!" replied the doctor.

"Yes, sir," admitted the woman, "but, you see, Jane was the only one as didn't take 'em."



"LOOK 'ere, the drink-bill of this country is over £179,000,000 a year." "My eye! Don't it make yer mouth water?"

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UNIV. OF MICH. APR 17 1908



